PUNCH

Vol. CXLIV.

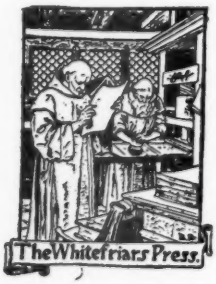
JANUARY—JUNE, 1913.

Punch.



Vol. CXLIV.

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1913.



Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ld.,
Printers,
London and Tonbridge.

Punch's Almanack for 1913.



CALENDAR, 1913.

January							February							March						
S	...	5	12	19	26		S	...	2	9	16	23	...	S	...	2	9	16	23	30
M	...	6	13	20	27		M	...	3	10	17	24	...	M	...	3	10	17	24	31
Tu	...	7	14	21	28		Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...	Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...
W	1	8	15	22	29		W	...	5	12	19	26	...	W	...	5	12	19	26	...
Th	2	9	16	23	30		Th	...	6	13	20	27	...	Th	...	6	13	20	27	...
F	3	10	17	24	31		F	...	7	14	21	28	...	F	...	7	14	21	28	...
S	4	11	18	25	...		S	1	8	15	22	...	...	S	1	8	15	22	29	...

April							May							June						
S	...	6	13	20	27		S	...	4	11	18	25		S	1	8	15	22	29	
M	...	7	14	21	28		M	...	5	12	19	26		M	2	9	16	23	30	
Tu	1	8	15	22	29		Tu	...	6	13	20	27		Tu	3	10	17	24	...	
W	2	9	16	23	30		W	...	7	14	21	28		W	4	11	18	25	...	
Th	3	10	17	24	...		Th	1	8	15	22	29		Th	5	12	19	26	...	
F	4	11	18	25	...		F	2	9	16	23	30		F	6	13	20	27	...	
S	5	12	19	26	...		S	3	10	17	24	31		S	7	14	21	28	...	

July							August							September						
S	...	6	13	20	27		S	...	3	10	17	24	31	S	...	7	14	21	28	
M	...	7	14	21	28		M	...	4	11	18	25	...	M	1	8	15	22	29	
Tu	1	8	15	22	29		Tu	...	5	12	19	26	...	Tu	2	9	16	23	30	
W	2	9	16	23	30		W	...	6	13	20	27	...	W	3	10	17	24	...	
Th	3	10	17	24	31		Th	...	7	14	21	28	...	Th	4	11	18	25	...	
F	4	11	18	25	...		F	1	8	15	22	29	...	F	5	12	19	26	...	
S	5	12	19	26	...		S	2	9	16	23	30	...	S	6	13	20	27	...	

October							November							December						
S	...	5	12	19	26		S	...	2	9	16	23	30	S	...	7	14	21	28	
M	...	6	13	20	27		M	...	3	10	17	24	...	M	1	8	15	22	29	
Tu	...	7	14	21	28		Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...	Tu	2	9	16	23	30	
W	1	8	15	22	29		W	...	5	12	19	26	...	W	3	10	17	24	31	
Th	2	9	16	23	30		Th	...	6	13	20	27	...	Th	4	11	18	25	...	
F	3	10	17	24	31		F	...	7	14	21	28	...	F	5	12	19	26	...	
S	4	11	18	25	...		S	1	8	15	22	29	...	S	6	13	20	27	...	

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"MARGARET, HAVE YOU SAID YOUR PRAYERS?" "YES, MUMMY DEAR, BUT——" "BUT WHAT?"
"PERHAPS I'D BETTER SAY THEM AGAIN, AS THEY DIDN'T SOUND QUITE RIGHT." "WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN, DEAR?"
"WELL, YOU SEE, BILLY WAS TRYING HIS NEW PEA-SHOOTER ON MY BARE FEET ALL THE TIME."

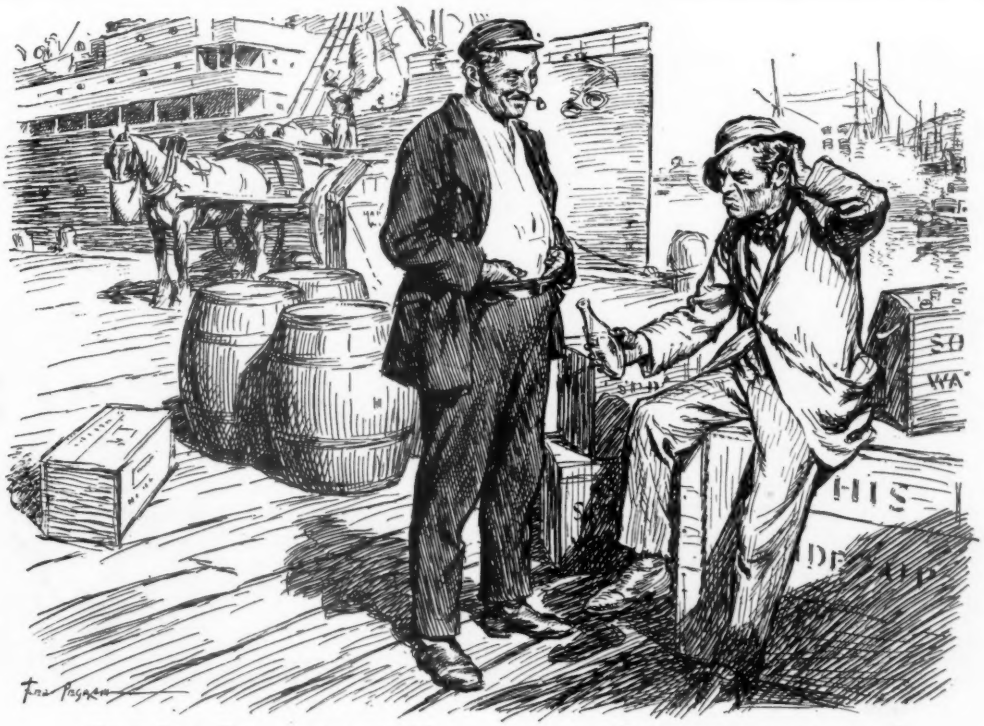


Uncle. "WELL, BASIL, DID YOU AND MUMMIE COME IN A NICE PUFF-PUFF?" *Basil.* "WELL, WE CAME IN A GREAT WESTERN MAIN-LINER. IT HAD A HIGH BOILER, A SHORT FUNNEL, A DOUBLE CONNECTING-ROD AND AN OUTSIDE CYLINDER."



Bank Clerk (to lady who has presented crossed cheque for payment). "I AM SORRY, MADAM, BUT I CANNOT CASH YOU THIS ACROSS THE COUNTER."

Lady. "OH, THAT 'S ALL RIGHT. I 'LL COME ROUND."



"HULLO, PAT! WHAT YER GOT THERE?"

"WHAT DOES IT TASTE LIKE?"

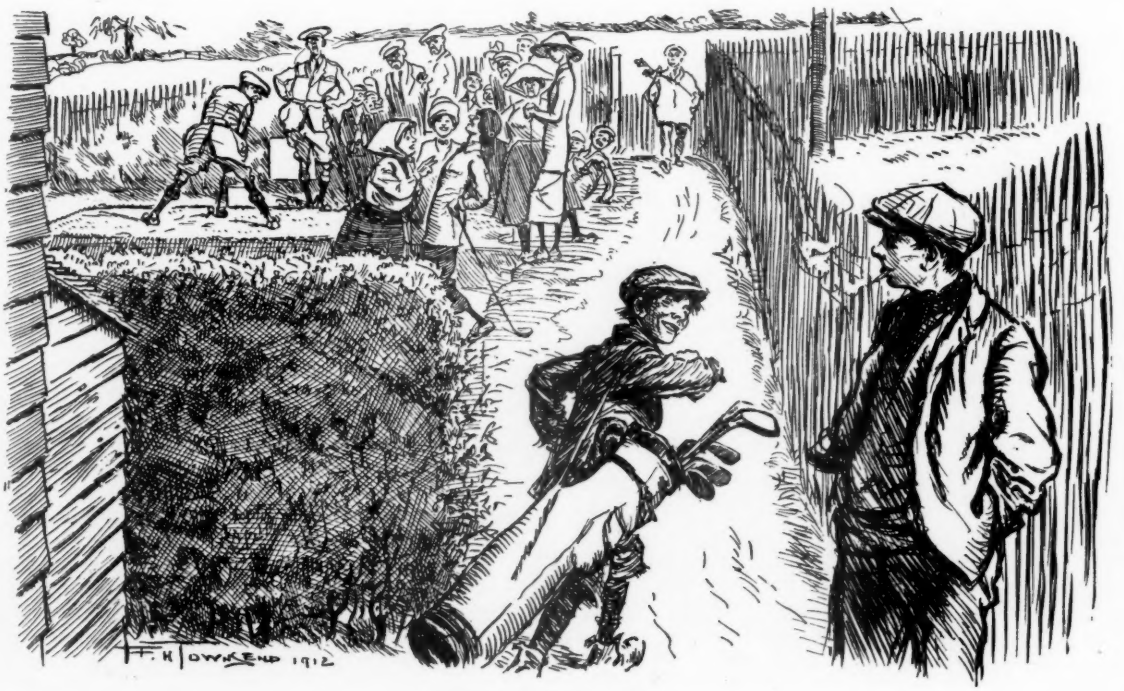
"SODA-WATTER THEY DO CALL IT."

"SHURE, IT TASTES LIKE YER FUT WAS ASHLEEP."



THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Opening of the Rockery Season in our Garden Suburb.



ONE OF THE BOYS.

First Caddie. "Who're ye foor this morning, Angus?" *Second Caddie.* "A'm foor the petticoats."

TURNING OVER A NEW CENTURY.



ACT I.
EVE OF THE 100TH BIRTHDAY.



ACT II.
THE 100TH BIRTHDAY.



ACT III.
THE 110TH BIRTHDAY.



ACT IV.
THE 120TH BIRTHDAY.

NATURE AND THE SPORTSMAN.

["It 's a gr-r-ran' view," said the great golfer, as he stood on the tenth tee.
"It 's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"it 's a gr-r-an' view whatever, *when ye 're 3 up!*"
Royal and Very Ancient Golf Legends.]



"THERE was a time when meadow, grove and stream"
(WORDSWORTH) to me meant practically *nil*;
No "glory" there, no "freshness of a dream,"
But just a playground; when I took the hill,
Like to a young gazeka, lithe of limb,
I had no thoughts too deep for mortal plummet;
'Twas just for joy of getting (curious whim!)
Up to the summit.

No Nymph surprised me nutting in the glade;
No Faun addressed me in the woodland Greek;
No sketchy Dryad, peeping from the shade
Wooed me, all blackberry smears, upon the cheek;
As for the primrose (in the river scene),
Which, rightly viewed, affects our holier feelings,
For all I cared it might as well have been
Potato-peelings.

Then dawned the lovely adolescent prime
When salad sprouts, and young calf-loves occur;
When Nature, while the new buds burst in rhyme,
Is worth considering, on account of HER;
Then, if I noticed, in its saffron dress,
Beside the same old river's marge, the primrose,
Forth from my lips, still damp with HER caress,
A jocund hymn rose.

Such periods pass, but leave their print behind.
"Never," I said, "in all my years to be,
Never again can I be wholly blind
To Nature's wish to keep in touch with me."
The waters whispered my affairs; the trees,
Communing of them, grew almost poetic,
And so I went on swallowing "fallacies"
Strangely "pathetic."

Then came a dreadful change: I took to Sport.
I could not look upon that sight most fair—
High woods where Autumn holds his regal court—
But I must think: "They 'd come well over there!"
And, though I still regarded Nature's claim,
The lust to perforate some harmless creature
Preoccupied me till the thing became
My leading feature.

Then followed worse. Ah, Scotland! I have known
Great evenings when the sea-loch's burnished gold,
Flanked by the hill's shot-velvet, green and roan,
Has left my bosom absolutely cold;
And just because, upon the windy brae,
Through inadvertence, some mere silly trifle—
Over- (or under-) sight—no deer that day
Fell to my rifle.

* * * * * *

So mused he, plodding in the gillies' track,
When "Hist!"—he dropped to earth and, crawling prone,
Got in—drew breath—took steady aim, and—crack!—
Toppled his beast, ten points and eighteen stone!
Later—his foot upon the gralloched dead—
Touching the stalker's arm still bare and gory,
"Duncan, my friend, have you remarked," he said,
"Yon sunset's glory?" O. S.

THE ROMANCE OF ITALY.

(By our Special Peace Artist.)



Tourist at Taormina (wearily). "BAEDEKER SAYS THE PLACE IS NOTED FOR THE DRYNESS OF ITS CLIMATE. MY WORTHY GUIDE TELLS ME THAT THIS IS THE FINEST VIEW IN THE WHOLE OF ITALY. THE VOLCANO WON'T ERUPT, AND I COULDN'T SEE IT IF IT DID. BUT, THANK HEAVEN, *THERE'S NO GOLF HERE!*"



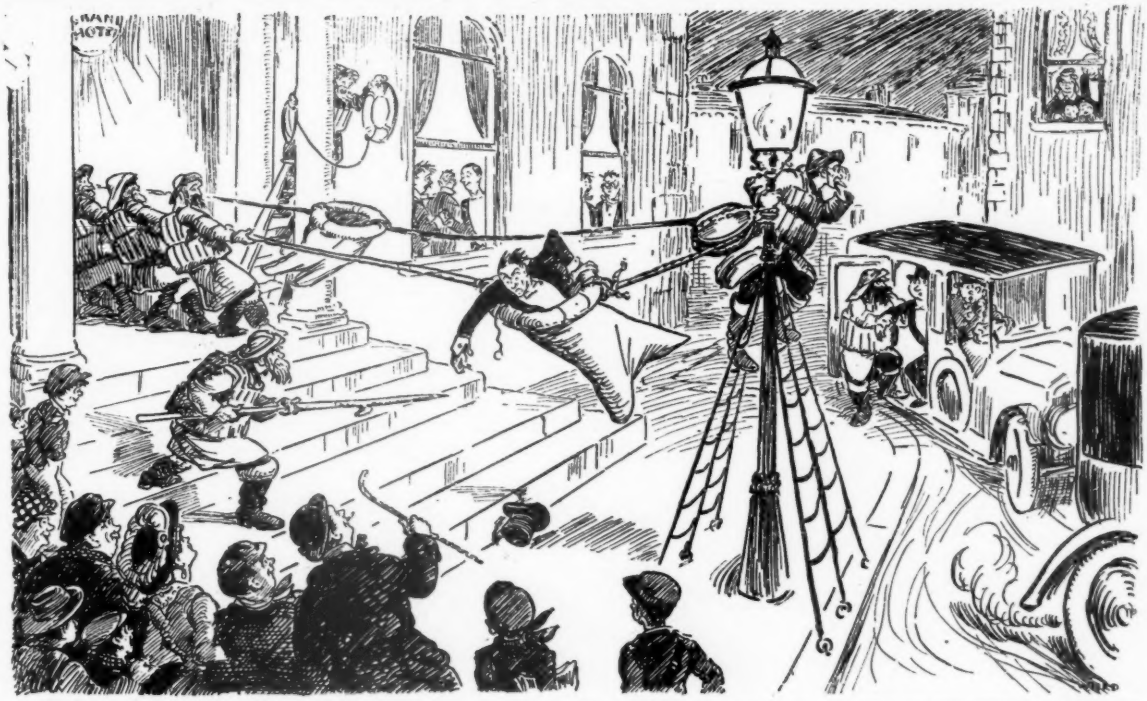
IN CASE THE NATURAL BEAUTIES OF ITALY SHOULD NOT BE ENOUGH FOR YOU, THERE IS ALWAYS HER ART. THUS, NOBODY, ON APPROACHING SORRENTO, HAS ANY OCCASION TO BE DOWNHEARTED.



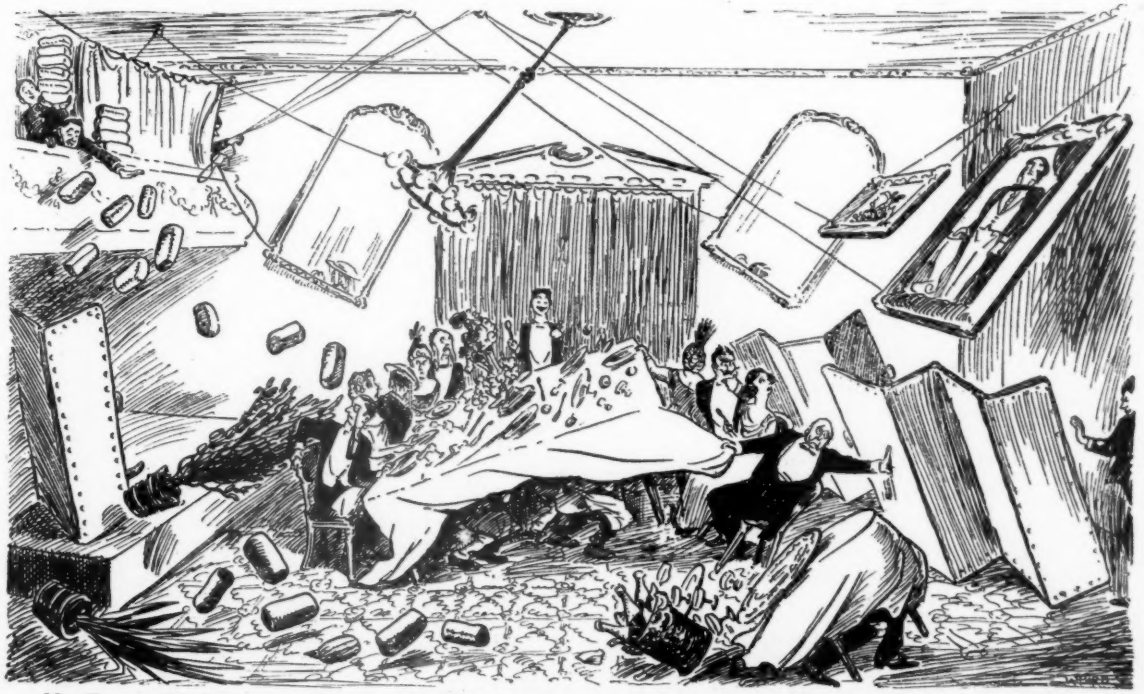
He (carried away). "SEE THAT?" (*No answer* "NOW THEY'VE BOUND 'IM, THEY'LL GAG 'IM"—(*No answer*)—"SO AS HE CAN'T SHOUT. SEE?" *She (with great difficulty).* "THEY OUGHT TO 'AVE SOME OF THIS TOFFEE OF YOURS TO GIVE 'IM."



Randolph (regarding a Christmas present "with love from Grandpa"). "I SAY, LOOK HERE! THIS IS PRETTY PUTRID WHEN YOU 'RE KEEN ON MOTORING!"

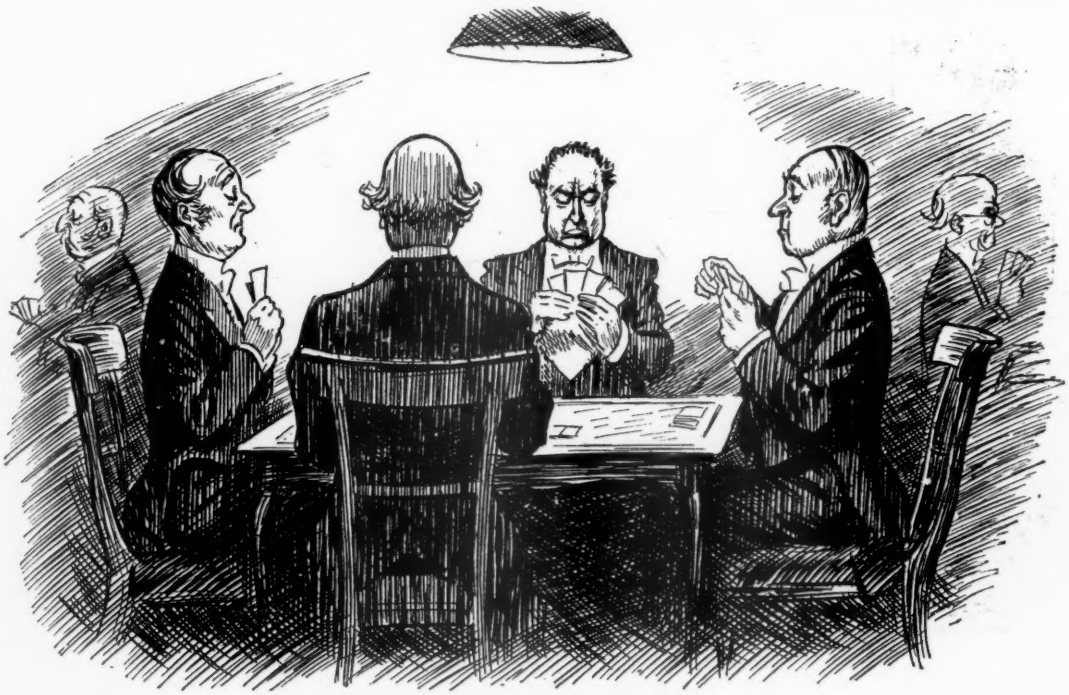


FREAK HOSPITALITY IS STILL EXTREMELY FASHIONABLE. MR. HARRY VANDERJINKS, WHO NEARLY LOST HIS LIFE BY SHIPWRECK A YEAR AGO, YESTERDAY GAVE A BACHELORS' DINNER TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ESCAPE. THE SERVICES OF A LIFE-BOAT CREW WERE REQUISITIONED AND GUESTS WERE ONLY PERMITTED TO ENTER THE RESTAURANT BY MEANS OF THE LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS AND THE BREECHES BUOY.



MR. EUSTACE H. JOY, WHO SOME TIME AGO NEARLY PERISHED IN AN EARTHQUAKE IN MEXICO, GAVE AN INTERESTING DINNER LAST WEEK TO CELEBRATE HIS HAPPY ESCAPE. JUST AS THE SOUP WAS SERVED THE HOST GAVE A SIGNAL AND A NUMBER OF CONCEALED ATTENDANTS BEGAN TO PUT INTO MOTION ALL THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF AN EARTHQUAKE. THE GUESTS THOROUGHLY ENJOYED THE NOVELTY OF THE EXPERIENCE.

THE CARD-ROOM AT THE TRUMPERS' CLUB.



As it was in the days of Whist.



As it was in the days of Bridge.

THE CARD-ROOM AT THE TRUMPERS' CLUB.



As it is in the days of Coon-can.



And as it will probably be in the near future.



Golfer (unsteadied by Christmas luncheon) to Opponent. "SIR, I WISH YOU CLEARLY TO UNDERSTAND THAT I RESENT YOUR UNWARRANT—YOUR INTERFERENCE WITH MY GAME, SIR! TILT THE GREEN ONCE MORE, SIR, AND I CHUCK THE MATCH!"



Caddie (in for caddie competition). "WON MY MATCH AT THE THIRD 'OLE, SIR." *Secretary.* "WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"
Caddie. "THE OTHER CHAP WAS TWO UP ON ME, BUT 'E 'S FELL INTO THE QUARRY POND AT THE THIRD AN' CAN'T GET OUT."
Secretary. "WHY DIDN'T YOU HELP HIM?" *Caddie.* "'E SAID 'E 'D GO ON WITH THE MATCH IF I DID."



SOME PAULO-POST-FUTURIST IMPRESSIONS.

THE ROMANCE OF ITALY.

(By our Special Peace Artist.)



Guide (at the Forum). "LADIES, AND YOU, SIRS, IF YOU PLEASE; YOU ARE NOW REGARDING ZE MOS' WONDERFUL OBJECT IN ROME!"

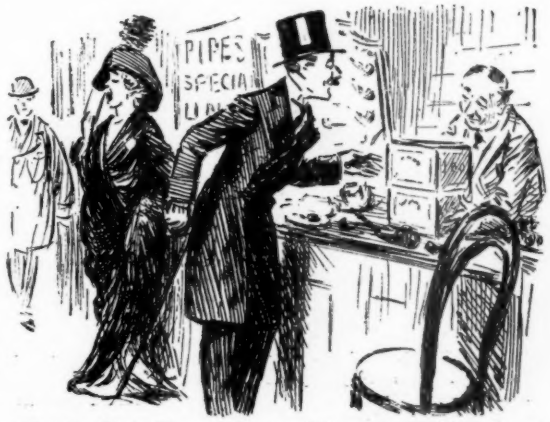


Pompeian Guide. "DERE, SAR! DAT IS MOST BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF ANCIENT ROMAN DRINK-BAR."
Exhausted Sightseer. "OH, FOR A MODERN AMERICAN ONE!"

CHRISTMAS EVE SHOPPING.



Umbrella for Aunt Jane. All too expensive, but wife remembers she wants one. Buys it. Must get something else for Aunt.



Pipe for Uncle George. Not one I'd care to give him. I want some cigars. Get them. Something else for Uncle George.



Little hand-bag for wife's sister Kate. None the right colour. But there's a ducky dressing-case, gold mounted, which wife says she must have. Wife's sister Kate must wait.



Harold has broken his mashie. Now one for him. None by favourite maker. I want some golf-balls. May as well have a dozen boxes. Perhaps something else for Harold.



Sweets for god-child. Remember in time she is rather bilious. Wife discovers new fondant. Very good. Order some boxes. Never done to have made god-child ill.



Take well-e rned rest. So tiring buying Christmas presents. Suddenly remember haven't bought any. Never mind; make up next year.

PRIZE COMPETITION FOR A CINEMA PLAY.

(By our Youngest Competitor.)



Broncho Bill is leaning against his hut wrapped in thought—perhaps thinking of home—



little knowing that his young lady, Clara, is hurrying across the Prairie with some eggs for his breakfast from her father's station.



Alas, she has been seen by that bad man, Buckjumping Ike, the Terror of Texas.



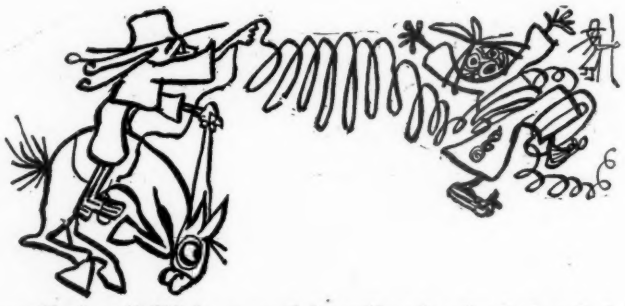
whose own horse, "Lightning," has been laid up with Rheumatism.



He steals her horse and ties her to a tree,



where she is discovered by Red Scarf, Chief of the dreaded Mizzywiggums.



But something has told Bill that someone is in trouble, so he arrives in the nick of time and lassoes Red Scarf.



As for Ike, he is arrested for Horse-stealing.



And gets imprisoned for life.



In gaol he shows remorse for what he has done. (Please show remorse of Bill in a big picture.)


LE SPECTRE DU TIMBRE.
M. Lloydgeorgevitch
&
Mlle. Saireyannska.
SAHARAZADE.
M. Victor Emmanuelkin.
(Danse arabe.)
HOME RULE
M. Schafer
in his latest Creation:
DANSE SYNTHÉTIQUE.
LE PAVILLON D'ERIN.
MM. Carsoniev & Ivan Redmondski: &
Mlle. Ulster

MR PUNCH'S RU


L'EAU BLEUE.
MM. Winstonkin
& Wilhelmski.
BAR-CANAL.
M. Taftoditch & Mlle. Panama.
VOTES FOR WOMEN!
LES SUFFRAGISTES.
M. Asquithoff &
Corps de Ballot.
Bernard Partridge

¶ And he said Right O! That will I an thou hast the Needful to pay for it withal. But she had not. So he too passed on



¶ And he set up a Dairy Farm and by strict attention to Business and giving nothing for nothing he soon amassed a handsome competence



¶ Turn we now to the third Son who fared forth with his Loaf of Bread and his Two Pieces of Gold



¶ Came unto him also the Old Woman saying Give me to eat of thy Loaf I will that, said he, for I wot well what behoveth a Third Son & by the same Token I suppose thou art she that is to befriend me.



¶ And she said Guessed First Time. That's me. And he said Catch hold then, and she caught hold and they ate Crust for Crust till all was eaten



¶ Then she said To show well that thou trustest me give me what Gold thou carriest & I will take it & return anon. And he said Right O. And she took it & straightway departed.



¶ And he waited for her to return. And he waited & still waited but she returned not again.



¶ So at the End of the Day he arose and went Home and told his Father of what had befallen and his Father said Thou Poor Fool, hast thou not heard of the Confidence Trick. And he could do nought more for him.



¶ And the Son departed & was run in for having no Visible Means of Support

THE TRUTH ABOUT 1913.

[A Prophetic Almanack, Guide and Vade-mecum for the approaching year: including Postal Information, Solar Predictions, Lunar Occultations, Tide Table, Antidotes for Poisons, Notes on Etiquette and a Guide to the Best Times for Sowing and Planting, etc., etc.]

In the past *Mr. Punch* has often wished his readers a Happy New Year, but he has never felt so certain that happiness was within their grasp as to-day, when he presents to them for the first time his Prophetic Almanack, Guide and Vade-mecum for 1913. With the aid of the almanack, his readers



THE SEER.

can face the approaching year calmly; and if, in spite of the warnings of the stars, any catastrophe should come upon them unawares, the Tide Table, the Notes on Etiquette and the Antidotes for Poisons should be sufficient to indicate a way of escape. The Solar Predictions, the Wages Table and the List of our Colonial Possessions are calculated to soothe those most in need of comfort, while the faint-hearted will take new courage when they read the Postal Information and the Table for Estimating Standing Crops. In short, it is *Mr. Punch's* belief that with the Prophetic Almanack and Guide for companion no one need fear anything from the approaching year of grace 1913.

It is just possible, however, that some may say, "On what does *Mr. Punch* rest his claim to foretell the future by the stars?" The question is a fair one. It can best be answered by recalling some of his

ASTROLOGICAL PROPHECIES ALREADY FULFILLED.

The sinking of the *White Ship*, for instance, was clearly foretold in *Mr. Punch's* Almanack for 1120 by the words "Saturn in the ninth in trine with Neptune suggests shipping troubles."

Our prediction of the battle of Agincourt in the Almanack for 1415 created a tremendous sensation. Our actual words were "Mars on the meridian denotes activity in military circles." How fully this was borne out by events which followed is known now to all the world.

"Deaths among legal dignitaries," said the Almanack for 1553, and, alas! it was in that year that His Majesty KING EDWARD VI., the chief law-maker of England, passed away.

The Gunpowder Plot was definitely foretold by the words "Uranus on the cusp of the eleventh house threatens a warm autumn," which shows how seldom the stars can err in their messages.

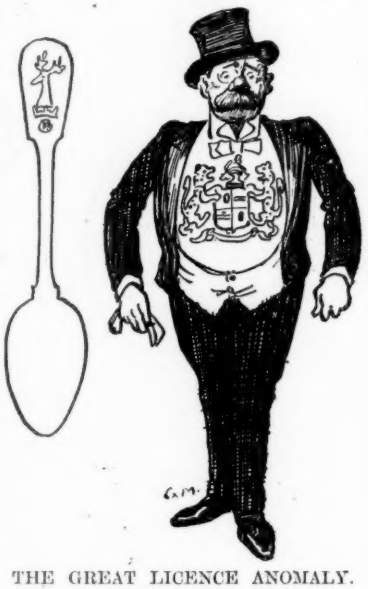
"Deaths from sickness" sufficiently indicated the Great Plague of London.

Many other prophecies have been fulfilled, such as "Scandal in Religious Circles (1567), "Deaths by Duelling" (1712), and "New Laws Passed" (1844).

Having established his claim to be in the confidence of the stars, *Mr. Punch* now proceeds to give his Prophetic Almanack, Guide and General Vade-mecum. He feels that he cannot make a better beginning than by presenting to the public his specially prepared

I.—POSTAL INFORMATION.

Letters.—For the sum of one penny the Post Office undertakes to convey a letter weighing 4 ozs. or less to any legible address in the British Isles. In these days of telephones and motor-cars, however, 4 oz. letters are but rarely written; at the end of 2 ozs. most of us find that we have said all that we want to say, and we do not grudge the Post-Office the little bit of extra profit. In some cases, of course, this profit is more than a little. It is, for instance, difficult to send out an invitation of more than 15 drams, or to answer it in more than 1oz. and a quarter. On the same day to



THE GREAT LICENCE ANOMALY.

N.B.: YOU WILL WANT A LICENCE FOR THE SPOON, BUT YOU CAN DECORATE YOUR SHIRT-FRONT FOR NOTHING.

dispatch a dozen invitations of less than an ounce and only to receive one three and a half ounce letter from Sir EDWARD DURNING-LAWRENCE gives one some idea of the prosperity of the General Post-Office.

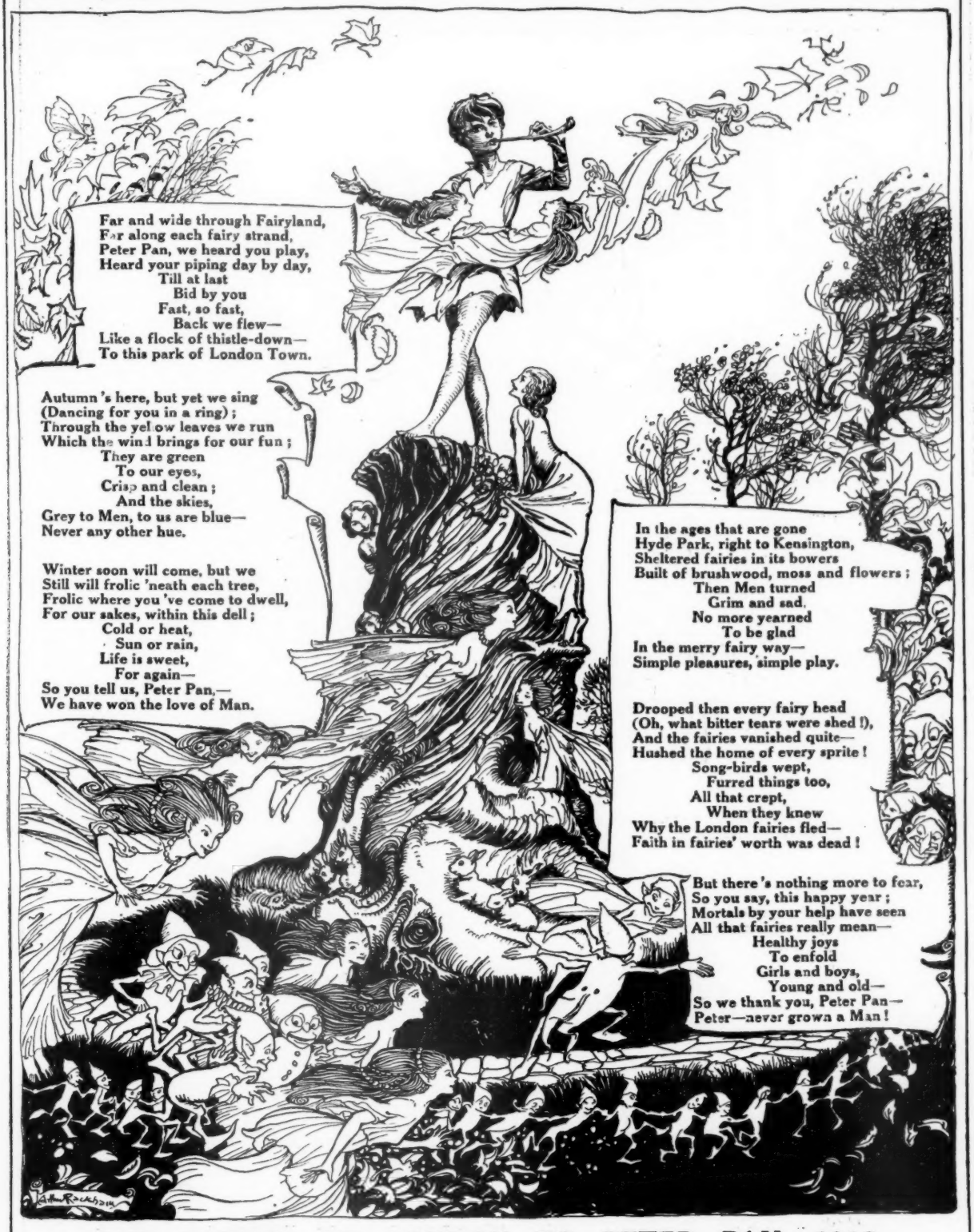
Post Cards.—These are sold at the following rates: Thin, ½*d.* each; Stout 1 for ¾*d.*, 11 for 6*d.* To the recipient the adiposity of a post-card is, however, of less importance than the writing upon the side reserved for inland communications.



"A'PENNY STAMP, PLEASE, MISS."

Dog Licences.—A dog licence may be purchased over the counter of the post-office for 7*s.* 6*d.*, the size of the dog being immaterial. Though it is illegal to keep a dog without a licence, there is nothing to prevent you keeping a licence without a dog. You have only to gum the document to your front gate and burglars will keep away.

Money by Post.—Money can be sent in an ordinary letter at the ordinary rates, whether in the form of a postal order or in solid cash. If the latter, the Post Office regulations require that it should be well wrapped up, and that the words "Key Only"



Far and wide through Fairyland,
Far along each fairy strand,
Peter Pan, we heard you play,
Heard your piping day by day,
Till at last
Bid by you
Fast, so fast,
Back we flew—
Like a flock of thistle-down—
To this park of London Town.

Autumn 's here, but yet we sing
(Dancing for you in a ring);
Through the yellow leaves we run
Which the wind brings for our fun;
They are green
To our eyes,
Crisp and clean;
And the skies,
Grey to Men, to us are blue—
Never any other hue.

Winter soon will come, but we
Still will frolic 'neath each tree,
Frolic where you 've come to dwell,
For our sakes, within this dell;
Cold or heat,
Sun or rain,
Life is sweet,
For again—
So you tell us, Peter Pan,—
We have won the love of Man.

In the ages that are gone
Hyde Park, right to Kensington,
Sheltered fairies in its bowers
Built of brushwood, moss and flowers;
Then Men turned
Grim and sad,
No more yearned
To be glad
In the merry fairy way—
Simple pleasures, simple play.

Drooped then every fairy head
(Oh, what bitter tears were shed!),
And the fairies vanished quite—
Hushed the home of every sprite!
Song-birds wept,
Furred things too,
All that crept,
When they knew
Why the London fairies fled—
Faith in fairies' worth was dead!

But there 's nothing more to fear,
So you say, this happy year;
Mortals by your help have seen
All that fairies really mean—
Healthy joys
To enfold
Girls and boys,
Young and old—
So we thank you, Peter Pan—
Peter—never grown a Man!

THE FAIRIES OF LONDON TO PETER PAN, 1912.

Punch's Almanack for 1913.

[It has been suggested that the vast army of unorganised labour in London streets should be taken over by a General Information Syndicate. Badges and bell-punches would be provided and a small fixed fee of, say, one halfpenny would be levied in all cases.]



"Here 's the kerb, Sir."



"This is your hat, Mister."



"Follow these people, Sir, and you will get your ticket at the small window on the left."



"That 's wot you slipped on, Sir, that bit o' banana-peel."



"In here, Miss."



"Suicide? Yes, Sir. You want Waterloo Bridge—next bridge west."

Punch's Almanack for 1913.

[An enterprising magazine recently had a story illustrated by drawings which were fashion-plates in addition to being illustrative of the text. Why not go further and insinuate lucrative advertisements?]



"She flung the ring on the ground and turned scornfully from him." (The above drawing is not only an illustration to our great serial story, but also gives a smart type of country suit for golfing and other outdoor exercises, from Messrs. Snooker, Jermyn Street, S.W. The pretty afternoon gown is by Vera of Conduit Street.)



"As the car flew past a dark figure sprang from the hedge with a levelled revolver." (The car shown is a small-sized 75 h.p. Gaspard—a handy, reliable car for all purposes; the revolver being a semi-automatic Smith-Northern, procurable at 201a, Haymarket.)



"'I *will* have the papers,' hissed Leroux." (We can highly recommend the roll-top desk shown in this picture. Write for catalogue of office furniture to Messrs. Liffey and Liffey, Cheapside.)



"She was discovered unconscious in the early morning." (The delightful bijou cottage in the distance is one of those specially designed for the Lushingham Garden City Co. Price £350 as it stands. Takes only 48 hours to build.)

IT befell that a certain Man had three Sons and being come near his End he sent them out into the World to seek their Fortunes

¶ Giving to the Eldeſt his Horſe & Ten Gold Pieces

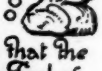




¶ And to the Second his Cow & Five Gold Pieces



¶ And to the Third nought but Two Gold Pieces & a Loaf of Bread



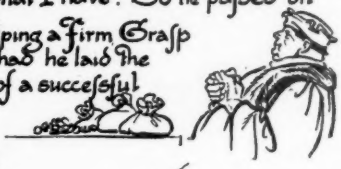
For, ſaid he Ye wit well that the Third Son & the Fool of the Family alwaye weddeth the Princeſs



¶ Then departed the Eldeſt Son on his Horſe

¶ And within a While he met with an Old Woman who begged of him ſaying, Prithee give me an Alms (But he ſaid Yes, I don't think, for I have need of all that I have. So he paſſed on

¶ And by keeping a Firm Graſp on what he had he laid the foundations of a ſucceſsful Buſineſs.







¶ Anon the Second Son journeyed forth with his Cow until he alſo met with the Old Woman who begged of him in like manner ſaying, At the Leaſt give me to drink a Draught of Milk from your Cow



should be written legibly on the front of the envelope.

Stock Exchange Dull.

II.—OUR CHIEF IMPERIAL POSSESSIONS.

Name.	How obtained.	Title of Ruler.
India	Conquest	The Viceroy
Barbados	Settlement	The Governor
Hammersmith	Annexation	The Mayor
Soho	Annexed from Italy	The Macaroni
Bayswater	Lease from Notting Hill	The Nut
Bourneville	Cession from Natives	The Cocoanut

Stock Exchange Dull.

III.—WHAT A LANDLORD MAY NOT DO.

The relations between a landlord and his tenant are so important and yet so little understood that our readers will be glad to learn their exact status in the matter. A landlord may not

(1) Stroll in uninvited, about 8 P.M., and seat himself hungrily in his (or rather your) dining-room.

(2) Kick you down your (or rather his) front-door steps if you are late with the rent.

(3) Make disparaging remarks about your—that is, his—or, rather, *the* herbaceous boarder.

IV.—WHAT A TENANT MAY NOT DO.

On the other hand, a tenant may not—

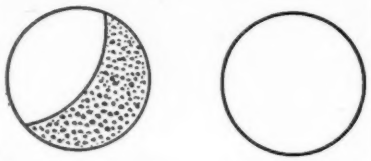
(1) Kick the landlord down the steps when he asks for the rent.

(2) Sell the house without the landlord's permission.

V.—ECLIPSES DURING 1913.

There will be five eclipses in 1913—three partial eclipses of the Sun and two total eclipses of the Moon. They will, however, all be invisible at Greenwich; unfortunately for the tradespeople of that town, who generally make a large profit out of the rush of visitors to Greenwich when an eclipse is announced as being visible there. It will be possible, however, to observe them through a smoked glass in certain parts of the Pacific.

AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.



I. Before using our Safety Razor. II. After.



Off to see the Eclipse at Greenwich.

Total Eclipse of the Moon, March 22.

This occurs in the first quarter (in advance) of Libra, and the fourth house. It indicates bad weather, and some deaths in Greenwich and elsewhere. The Stock Exchange will be depressed.

Partial Eclipse of the Sun, April 6.

This falls in the fifteenth decanate of Scorpio in the second house. (Two houses nightly.) It threatens grave danger of something happening. The Stock Exchange will be distinctly flat.

Partial Eclipse of the Sun, August 31.

This transpires in the eleventh cusp of Gemini in the third house on the left. It denotes change, together with a certain amount of stationariness. The Stock Exchange will be horribly dull.

Total Eclipse of the Moon, September 15.

This happens in the node of Cancer sideways. It points to events eventuating, or, in some cases, otherwise. The Stock Exchange will be even more sluggish than usual.

Partial Eclipse of the Sun, September 30.

This falls out in the occultation of Aquarius. It foreshadows the passing of time and indicates the presence of weather. The Stock Exchange will be absolutely torpid.

VI.—MOTTOES FOR THE YEAR.

A swarm of bees in *Jan.*
Would surprise the average man.

February fills the dykes
With skidding cars and motor-bikes.

A peck of dust in *March* doth bring
Contentment to a captive king.
Well, well; a pint of ale for me—
Quot viri, tot sententiæ.

The cuckoo comes in *April,*
Casts a clout in *May,*
Coughs full soon on the first of *June*
And sneezes all the day.

If only *St. Swithin's* is fine, then we
Shall have *one* fine day in 1—9—1—3.

Drye *Auguste* and warme doth harveste
noe harme;
Cold Auguste and wette is what we
shall gette.

Geese have broken down and wept,
All their finer nature shocked,
At the thought of dying *Sept.*
Merging into new-born *Oct.*

Complain to your Member
Of fogs in *November;*



A landlord may not disclaim all responsibility for repairs.



"Mercury rises 6 A.M."

If it's cold in *December*
Complain to your Member;
He'll see to it! Lor'!
It's what Parliament's *for*.

VII.—THE COMING YEAR.

And now the Seer approaches the dread question, "What does 1913 hold in store for England?" Here our artist has depicted allegorically the coming year. How shall we interpret it? Ah!



"1913."

In the left we see that the historic Houses of Parliament have been blown up by gunpowder. Does this indicate that a modern GUIDO FAUX is plotting in our midst? Or merely that bitter discussions will rend the House of Commons in twain? Let us hope the latter. Yet whatever happens we are glad to see England and France sitting in amity side by side; evidently the *entente cordiale* is to remain a feature of the coming year. But why does Capital (represented by the gentleman in the top hat) hold up the approaching train? It almost seems that the motive power of 1913 is to be electricity.

But what do we see now? Germany about to pull the tail of the sleeping lion! Britain must wake up or she will become even as the snail—such evidently is the message of the stars. Meanwhile the Turk and the Christian (depicted by a silly mistake of the artist's as a Hindoo) are playing cards with Death as onlooker. This seems to foretell War in the Balkans at no distant date. But not only in the Near East will there be unrest, for China is on the warpath too, while in the background some naval affair appears to be in progress. Plainly this will be a depressed year for the Stock Exchange. Yet the Seer is not altogether despondent of the future. The position of John Bull in the centre of the picture indicates that it will be a good year for trade, while the drilling of civilians in the background may even be a sign that at last we are beginning to take our responsibilities seriously and embark upon Universal Military Training. On the other hand it may indicate Civil War in Ireland. The stars and the artist are not quite clear upon this point.

Finally we have the awful figure with drawn sword in hand hovering over the scene. What terrible calamity does this portend? Socialism?—the break-up of the Empire?—a peerage for a well-known financier?—a scandal in high-life? Or is it merely a fanciful creation of the artist's to give balance to the picture? The stars—usually so communicative—have nothing to say upon this point. Let us leave this direportent and fix our last thoughts instead upon the cow in the top right-hand corner. 1913 will be pre-eminently a good year for milk.

It is a relief to turn from these dread matters to more homely questions. The Seer cheerfully resumes his Guide and Vade-mecum with his long-awaited

VIII.—TIDE TABLE.



HIGH TIDE AT SOUTHEND, APRIL 1ST, 1913.

Stock Exchange Dull.

IX.—GUIDE TO THE BEST TIME FOR PLANTING.

The influence of the moon on growing plants is now generally recognised. The reason is that the moon exerts an attractive force which varies with its position in the heavens. When the moon is not only full but also directly overhead it will exert its maximum northward pull upon anything which you have planted. On the other hand, in the absence of a moon there is nothing whatever to drag the heads of your tulips above the soil, and for all your guests see of them they might never have been planted. Try this experiment and convince yourself of the truth of this. Take a handful of walnuts and sow them at the full of the moon in good moist soil. Sow another handful in the same soil on the wane of the moon. Will the second handful come up? No.

Stock Exchange Dull.

X.—ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS.

POISON.	ANTIDOTE.
Lead	Sulphuric Acid.
Nitrate of Silver	Plenty of Salt Water.
Opium	Stomach Pump.
Stewed Rhubarb	Artificial respiration and bleeding.
Red Ink	Milk.

It sometimes happens, however, that the patient swallows the antidote first, and then there is nothing for it but to give him the poison. In the case, however, of anyone who swallowed a stomach pump it would be useless to attempt to bring him round with opium.

Stock Exchange Dull.

XI.—A FEW HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To remove moth from a fur-coat, paint the coat with a solution one part treacle and three parts brandy, and place it on the lawn at nightfall. An hour later, arm yourself with a bull's-eye lantern and a butterfly net and go out in pursuit of the moths—many hundreds of which will be found to have collected on the coat. When captured they should be placed in your killing bottle, and transferred at leisure afterwards to your collecting box.

A boot or shoe that pinches should be smacked and stood in the corner until bed-time. This will cure it of the habit.

To soften the head hold it in boiling water for three hours every day.

A disused compass cannot be put to any other practicable use.

Stock Exchange Dull.



Hall Attendant (surprised into an audible whisper). "JE-HOSH-APHAT!"
Reveller (indignantly). "NOTHING OF THE SORT—CHARLES THE SECOND."



Elderly Spinster (rather deaf). "LISTEN TO THE WAITS; AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL?"
Sarah. "SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THE ORPIN'TONS, MISS."
Elderly Spinster. "I DON'T CARE WHO THE GENTLEMEN ARE; TAKE THEM A SHILLING AND ASK THEM TO COME AGAIN."

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

In view of recent events in the Balkans, a clever statistician forecasts that on the 25th December next, 5,677,210 British Householders will make a reference at their Christmas dinner to the cutting up of Turkey, and of these 5,677,209 will imagine that they are the only persons to whom the idea of this excellent jest has occurred.

* * *

We are sorry to notice that there is a certain amount of grumbling among ladies about the newest fashions in dresses. They are complaining that these are uncomfortable, without being indecent.

* * *

"I fancy," said the lady, approaching the Professor, "we have met before." The Professor put on his glasses and had a good look at the lady. "Well, you may have, Madam," he said, "but I certainly have not."

* * *

The public are cautioned that press notices, when used to advertise books, should sometimes be taken with a grain of salt. "This is one of the most childish productions we have ever come across," remarked a contemporary in its review of a certain novel, "James Smith, the author, must surely be Master James Smith." The book is now being boomed as follows:—"One of our leading newspapers hails the author of this novel as a Master."



"Got any 'bacca?"
"Now don't you worry yourself about me, Mate."

"BUY YOUR RESIDENCE.
LIBERAL ADVANCES
ON SHOP & HOUSE PROPERTY"
says the advertisement of a Building Society. While it is quite true that Liberals are advancing on property of every kind, it seems doubtful policy for the Society in question to draw attention to the fact.

* * *

The village windband was assembled on Boxing-Day for the final rehearsal before the Grand Concert. "Where be Bill Huggins?" asked the conductor. "'E beain't quite the thing, zur," said a colleague. "Why, what's the matter wi' 'im?" "I doan't rightly know what 's the matter, zur, but we reckon as 'e 's overblowed isself."

* * *

It is well that it should be pointed out that danger lurks in the saying that every mince-pie eaten before the New Year means a year of happiness. As often as not it means a jolly bad quarter of an hour. Indeed last year we heard of a youngster who attempted to make sure that he would become in due course a blithe centenarian. He is with us no longer.

* * *

The Pluckiest Act I Never Saw:—A Cabinet Minister kissing a Suffragette under the mistletoe.

A CHECK IN THE MATING GAME.

A ladies' man Robert is *not*,
Such casual manners he 's got;
But, though I can show
Several strings to my bow,
I love him the best of the lot.

Last night we sat out at a dance,
Feeling too sentimental to "Lance,"
And I fancy he guessed
I should fall on his breast
The moment he gave me the chance.

So, a snub wouldn't hurt him a bit
(I knew he was pretty hard hit),
And I quickly rehearsed
How I 'd fool him at first
And capitulate when I thought fit.

He proposed. I demurely said "No."
He was silent a second or so,
Then sighed (from relief,
It seemed, rather than grief),
And briskly responded "Right-O."

And now I feel horribly small,
My tears are beginning to fall,
For it 's evident I
Must eat humble pie
Or never get Robert at all.

Answer to "Smith Junior." — In reply to your enquiry, *jour de l'an* is the French for New Year's Day: *jour de l'âne* is the First of April.



Lady. "I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO TO ONE OF THE HOUSES AND ASK THEM WHERE WE ARE?"
Cabby. "LOR' BLESS YER, MUM, *THEY* WON'T KNOW!"

XII.—PALMISTRY.



The art of palmistry, to which our ancestors attached considerable importance, is sufficiently explained in the above diagram. The seer is not responsible for any departure from the regular time-tables due to break-downs on the line.

d. Saturdays Only.

Stock Exchange Dull.

Mr. Punch now begs to take leave of his readers. Owing to pressure on space and the occultation of Aries upon Mercury, he has been compelled to withhold information on divers matters; the following being among the sections omitted;—

Table for Estimating Standing Crops.

What a Horse can do.

Architecture.

Etiquette of Mourning.

How to make a Hundred at Billiards.

The Influence of the Stars on Modern Thought.

Growth of the National Debt.

Twelve Rules for Saving Life at Sea

and

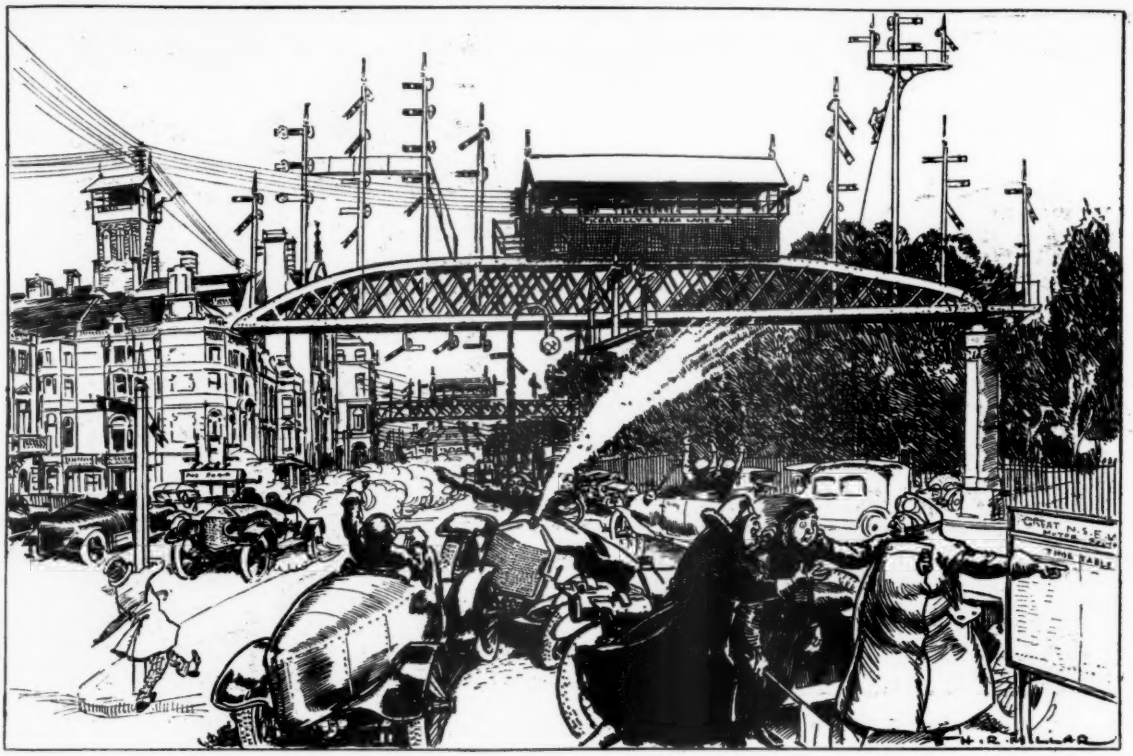
Approximate Table for Endowment Policies per £100 insured.

Nevertheless he is convinced that he has added to the sum of human knowledge, and that he has ensured the happiness of his readers in the coming year. With a final warning to Vegetarians, the Bald, and Players of Badminton to beware the month of February, the Seer makes his bow. *Valete!*

A. A. M.



THE RIGHT TIME FOR PLANTING
(*see* SECT. IX.).



A LEADING MOTOR JOURNAL SUGGESTS THAT SOME SYSTEM OF SIGNALLING MIGHT BE ADOPTED AT IMPORTANT POINTS ON OUR MAIN THOROUGHFARES FOR THE BETTER REGULATION OF TRAFFIC.

Mr. Punch offers a fancy picture of Hyde Park Corner about the year 1919.

A CENTENARY OF PROGRESS.

(*Trousers were first introduced a hundred years ago.*)

A hundred years ago. It is not mine
To sing, as others of my species may,
Of some high beacon that arose to shine
And dazzle future history. Truth to say,
Historical research is not my line,
Nor do I need it. My superior lay
Thrills to no great fight won or great king born—
I sing the year when trousers first were worn.

Small chance, until this great refreshment came,
Had any man. Whate'er his views might be,
The bifurcations on his nether frame
Ended too surely somewhere near the knee.
Whether he had a soul attuned to shame,
Or one from such refinement nobly free,
He must betray, to women and to men,
His utmost self. 'Twas legs or nothing then.

But all was changed. And meagre man could hide
His spindly weakness from the vulgar's chaff,
While even he who took a buxom pride
In the orbed turning of a conscious calf
Saw a new comfort not to be denied
In this strange gear; and, having come to laugh,
Remained to don, and won by slow degrees
A nascent modesty with this new ease.

And thus it chanced that, where the spell was cast,
Virtues beyond mere coyness grew apace—
For out of one come many—till at last
A wide urbanity assumed the place
Of the swashbuckling swagger of the past;
The West grew kindlier; and each trousered race,
Full of new worth, looks back, and finds it grow
From that great change, a hundred years ago.

And thou, O nameless One, that didst invent
These gentle togs, to be for future days
A tool of Progress and an instrument
Of Peace, accept our full centennial praise.
Nor does the poet grudge the time he 's spent
On this his ode (providing someone pays)
In memory of him who wrought this boon,
Which still endures, and shall not wither soon.

A hundred years. It seems how long to us;
And yet what is it in the cosmic view?
A fleeting penn'orth on an old-world 'bus;
And we ourselves, how paltry and how new!
It would be well to shun vainglorious fuss,
And ponder, while these garments we indue,
How, in the immemorial Eastern clime,
Women have worn them from the birth of Time.

DUM-DUM.

FANCY AND FACT.

(The Dangers of Hunting.)

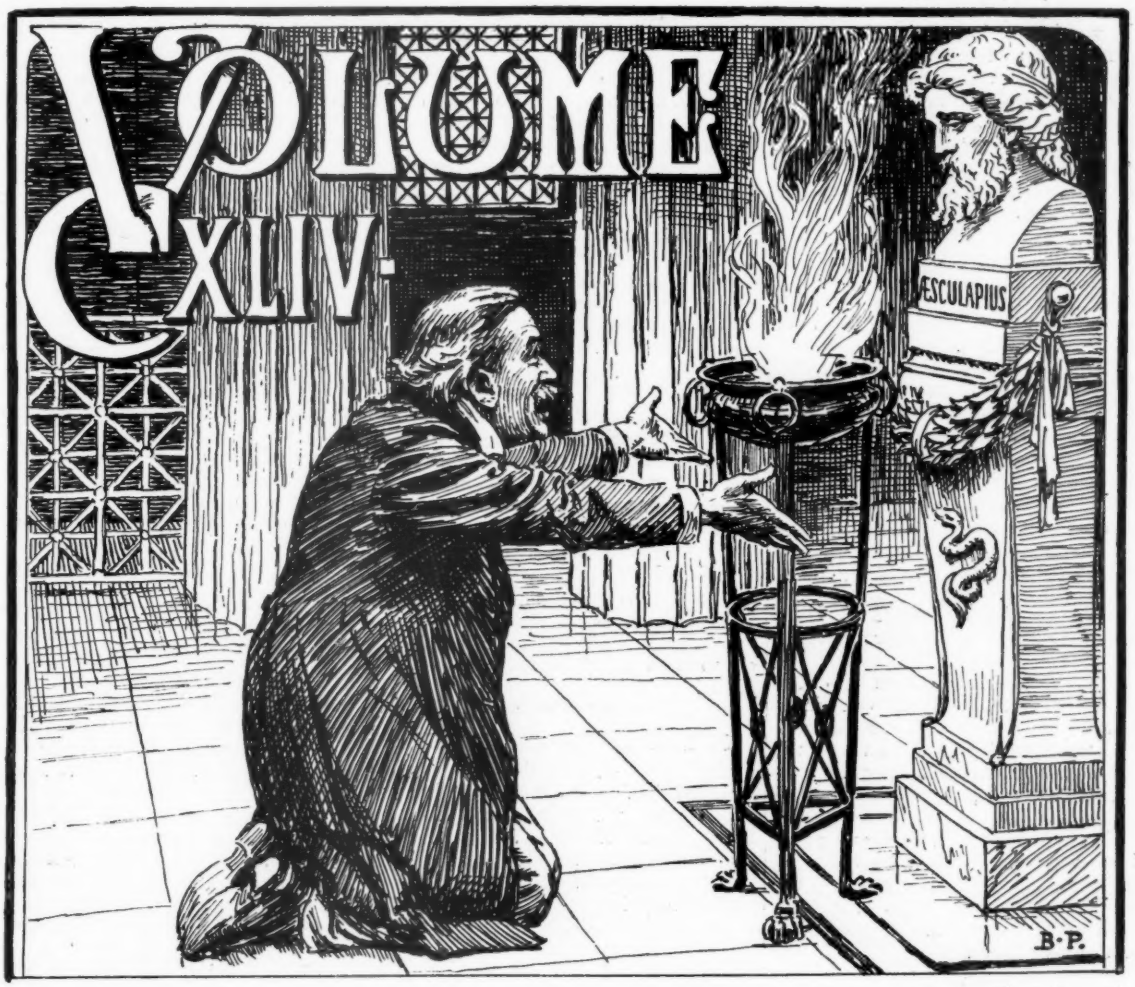


AS GATHERED BY NON-HUNTING WIVES FROM THE AFTER-DINNER CONVERSATION OF SPORTSMEN.



AS MUCH MORE OFTEN OBSERVED.


PEACE
1913
F. H. TOWNSEND 1912



PAVING STONES FOR ——.

THIS year I am going to be very circumspect and sensible. I have made up my mind to leave off many old habits. Let us not speak of "good resolutions," because they carry breakage with them; let us call them wise resolves and give them a chance; or we might go even farther and call them hopeless endeavours, and then perhaps much would result, for this is a world of surprises.

My first resolve will be to get in first with the phrase, "A happy New Year." I have never done this yet; it has always been left to me to make the trite rejoinder, "Same to you, and many of them." But this year I will be first.

I will give up being imitative and secondary in other ways, too. I will be more original. I will make a start by taking Yorkshire pudding with mutton.

I will get up earlier.

I will be punctual for breakfast.

I will remember that champagne doesn't always agree with me.

I shall, of course, go on playing golf every day of the year, because I believe that only thus can England maintain her greatness; but I hereby resolve to have more pity on those who do not play it and never talk of the game in their company.

I will read a chapter of some good author every night before going to sleep.

I noticed now and then in 1912 a tendency on the part of my friends to tell me the same story twice or even thrice. This is a serious danger and I must myself be on guard against it. I have therefore bought a little *Where is it?* and have written the names of the best stories in my repertory on the top of each page. This year I mean to write underneath them the names of all the persons to whom I tell them, and thus I can avoid repetition.

I will weed out and send back all the books I have borrowed. I will send round a note asking for mine.

I will never lend any more books.

I will be stronger. I will withhold tips from waiters, taxi-drivers and so forth who have not been attentive and capable. I will tip only the deserving.

I will make that long-deferred list of the things I want in my bag, and so for ever cease to forget the strop.

I will answer letters the same day.

P.S.—I don't think.

"Messrs. —— have discovered a Van de Velde painting in making a valuation for insurance, and have privately disposed of it for nearly £1,000."—*Daily Mirror.*

But oughtn't they to have told the owner about it?

CHARIVARIA.

IT was interesting to note that, when the newspapers reappeared on Boxing Day, after their Christmas holiday, the news had also played the game. There was none.

* * *

"A CHRISTMAS GARLAND. Woven by Max Beerbohm (2nd Imp)." Thus an advertisement. We don't know who is playing First Imp, but he must be a very clever man.

* * *

The rank of Captain having been bestowed on the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, Mr. ASQUITH is now entitled to that appellation. To avoid misconception as to their relative positions, Mr. REDMOND, it is said, intends to insist on being made a Major.

* * *

A play by Lady LEVER, entitled *The Insurance Act*, was performed the other night at the North Camberwell Radical Club. From the title we imagine the play to be a comedy.

* * *

In the new issue of the Post Office Directory a Birch Rod Maker advertises his abode, and he is said to be annoyed with one of the daily papers for drawing attention to the fact. Crowds of small boys, according to our information, are threatening to surround the house, and police protection may be necessary.

* * *

We are sorry to hear that, as a result of over one million persons having visited the Zoo this year, some of the inmates are showing signs of conceit. The Wart Hog is said to have petitioned for a looking-glass.

* * *

At Corbeil, France, last week, in the course of a trial, the judge boxed the ears of counsel. This is very seldom done over here, where our judges have other methods of raising "laughter in court."

* * *

The Standard published as a supplement the other day:—

"ITALY
Edited by Reginald Harris."

Look out shortly for:—

TURKEY
Edited by the Conference of London.

* * *

From New York comes the news that the Copper King has been divorced. These scandals in royal families are becoming too frequent.

* * *

"The claims of the married bluejacket for better treatment," says *The Express*, "are discussed in 'O.H.M.S.'" We trust that sailors' wives, whom we had never suspected of peculiar asperity, will take note of this.

* * *

"There are evidences," says Mr. FREDERICK ENOCH, "which show that caterpillars have profound intellects." It seems a pity that they should afterwards be content with a mere butterfly existence.

* * *

A scarcity of cows is reported from some parts of the country. It is thought that this may lead to the motor-bus companies once more devoting their attention to the evolution of a satisfactory cow-catcher.

* * *

Some individuals at Hanover, who call themselves Terraphages, have pledged themselves to eat nothing but earth. Now that the motor traffic so frequently makes us bite the dust, the accomplishment seems scarcely worth making so much fuss about.

* * *

"Alvin Hornberger, who was wanted for passing forged notes, was traced by the marks of his false teeth in an unfinished cheese-sandwich." Guess where this happened. "America?" Right!

CHARACTER-AND-DESTINY CHATS.

By SYBIL.

"ROSEBUD."—Dear little eighteen-year-old City Typist, yours is the sunny nature for which a sunny future seems assured. I have nothing but good news for you. If all be well, you will be very happy. The crystal tells me that at no very distant date your fate seems likely to be linked with that of another, but as to whether that other is the fair, curly-haired young man who travels with you every morning by the Shepherd's Bush Tube, or the dark young man who chatted with you on the top of a motor-bus, Isis is silent. (Would you like me to consult the Black Bowl of Buddha on this point? For this, with the extra psychic force required, I should have to charge £1 10*s.*)

"PHŒBE."—He may be all you think him, or even all you *think* you think him. Go bravely forward. When the clouds roll away from your horizon, the sky will be clear. The lock of hair you send has had a stain applied to it and has been acquainted with a well-known curler, all of which shows you to be of a hopeful, courageous disposition, determined to make the best of things. If there were more such women as you, there would be fewer of other kinds! (My fee for an ordinary reading is £1 1*s.*, not £1.)

"PREVIOUS EXISTENCE."—Yes, certainly I can, after some little concentration and preparation, take you back through *all* your previous incarnations. The fee is progressive, starting at £1 1*s.*, and doubling with each previous individuation. (From what I can sense, through your letter and the lock of hair, I should say some of your former existences have been of a thrilling and extraordinary kind!)

"ANXIOUS."—I have looked into your future with special reference to the letter you would be so glad to receive. Yes, I have seen a letter for you, but as the flap of the envelope was towards me, I cannot say what sort of hand the address was written in.

"LORNA."—You are apparently quite justified in all you think of yourself. You seem indeed to have every gift, physical and mental. Use your powers of fascination gently. Do not break hearts and desolate lives. Your handwriting is very characteristic and distinctive (there are two p's in appear), and the lock of hair is of the rarest shade of chestnut. For such a subject as yourself, to whom a singular, perhaps dazzling, destiny seems coming, the crystal and even the Black Bowl of Buddha are scarcely adequate. You had better let me consult the stars. (My fee for this, taking into consideration the strain on the eyes and on the psychic faculties and the risk of taking cold, is £2 2*s.*).

"AMBITIOUS."—There can be no doubt that you are fitted for something even higher than to be a social leader in the Garden Suburb, Popplewell Green. You wish to know if in the coming time you will realise your ambition and "get into really good society." I have looked into the golden mists of your future, and I have seen faintly adumbrated the form of a woman robed in satin and adorned with gems receiving crowds of well-dressed and evidently high-born guests; but whether that woman is yourself, time alone will show! (All postal orders sent me should be crossed.)

"JUST A LARK."—You say, in your own deplorable phrase, that you were "getting at" me, that all your statements were false, and that the lock of hair sent was cut from a pet dog. Such conduct is beneath contempt. Since receiving this second communication I have again looked into your future. I should be sorry to tell even such a person as *you* what I have seen.

"INQUISITIVE."—No, I know nothing of the methods of Rooti-Tooti-Lal, the Indian mystic, whose Psychic Parlour in Edgware Road was closed by the police.



BY FAVOUR OF THE ENEMY.

CAPTAIN ASQUITH (*observing from battlements a difference of opinion in the ranks of the besieging army*). "GOOD! IF THIS GOES ON WE OUGHT TO HAVE A CHANCE OF RE-VICTUALLING."

CLARIFYING COMMENTS.

By TIBERIUS MUDD.

I MUST offer my heartiest congratulations to *The Skittish Weekly* on its 2,000th number. The proprietors of this admirable journal have always been true to the main aim they set before themselves at the outset—to combine spirituality with "snap," the higher criticism with the personal note. Amongst those who at one time or another have enriched its pages by their contributions are Lord Soper, Sir Jenery Bunn, Sir Gulliver Stodge, the Rev. Dr. Inigo Slobb, the Countess Schunck, Mrs. Chillingham Cattley, and Professor Folsom Ould, whose "one minute sermonettes" have been such an alluring item in *The Skittish Weekly* for the last few years. I rejoice to think that the unimpaired vitality of this splendid periodical will be manifested in a number of new and unprecedented features during the forthcoming year, notably comic obituary notices of authors who are still alive; accounts of the wardrobes of Dr. JOHNSON, COLERIDGE, KEATS, G. B. SHAW and JOHN GALSWORTHY; and a series of autobiographical sketches under the attractive caption, "How I got my Peerage."

Great interest is excited by the announcement of the impending publication of a new religious weekly paper to be called *Balm*. The new venture, which will be published by the Dinwiddies, will cater not only for the spiritual but the literary needs of members of the Free Churches and will be edited by the Rev. Chadwick Bandman, pastor of Zion Church, Stoke-under-Ham. Mr. Bandman, who was recently presented with a roller-top desk and a complete canteen of cutlery and silver by his congregation on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Hephzibah Muxloe, daughter of Dr. Minsey Muxloe, is a richly persuasive preacher. Not long ago, while attending Zion Church, I saw the wife of a Cabinet Minister in a front pew, wearing the most beautiful furs, and irreproachably gowned in other respects.

I have been considerably impressed by the brilliancy of recent issues of *The Bludgeon*. For some time past one felt that literature was suffering from the unduly lax and conciliatory tone adopted by our leading journals in their literary criticisms. This tendency has found an admirable corrective in the splendid articles of the editor, Mr. Ixie Dipsett, who now intends to add a new feature to his paper under the arresting title of "The Gibbet," where "the worst book of the week" will be faithfully dealt with. I understand that the staff of the paper has recently been reinforced by the accession of that trenchant young publicist, Mr. Underwood Cutts, whom I recently had the pleasure of meeting at the hospitable board of my old friend, Dr. Doyly Springett. Mr. Cutts's novel, *Lethal Love*, published by the Dodders, is certainly a very startling work. I hear that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER read it through at a sitting on a recent week-end visit to Criccieth.

The weekly prize of 5*s.*, or a copy of the Rev. Offley Bolsover's *Soul Food*, for the best paragraph contributed to this column, has been awarded to the author of the communication relating to *Balm*. For the ensuing week the prize will be awarded to the writer of the ten best rhymes on the model of the head-lines in a recent number of *The Pall Mall Gazette*: "Can you name a Kitten? By Wilfred Whitten." As examples for the use of competitors I give "The Outrage in Delhi. By MARIE CORELLI"; "Chatter about Jane Porter. By C. K. SHORTER"; and "Are Dissenters Fickle? By Sir ROBERTSON NICOLL."

I cannot better close this week's Comments than by printing a letter handed on to me by the Editor.

TIBERIUS MUDD.

DEAR SIR,—It is with the most unfeigned delight that I see we are going to have a serial by Tiberius Mudd, entitled "The Cure of Souls." If there is an author whose works I admire it is he. They are so clean, soul-shaking and winsome.

Yours faithfully, X. Y. Z.



Lady (to Messrs. Cook's official). "I HAVE NOTHING TO DECLARE. WHAT SHALL I SAY?"
Official. "SAY, MADAM, THAT YOU HAVE NOTHING TO DECLARE."
Lady. "YES; BUT SUPPOSE THEY FIND SOMETHING?"

What to do with our Bishops.

"Bishop of St. John is Concentrated."
Manitoba Free Press.

MORE SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

VI.—THE COLLECTOR.

WHEN Peter Plimsoll, the Glue King, died, his parting advice to his sons to stick to the business was followed only by John, the elder. Adrian, the younger, had a soul above adhesion. He disposed of his share in the concern and settled down to follow the life of a gentleman of taste and culture and (more particularly) patron of the arts. He began in a modest way by collecting ink-pots. His range at first was catholic, and it was not until he had acquired a hundred and forty-seven ink-pots of various designs that he decided to make a speciality of historic ones. This decision was hastened by the discovery that one of QUEEN ELIZABETH'S inkstands—supposed (by the owner) to be the identical one with whose aid she wrote her last letter to RALEIGH—was about to be put on the market. At some expense Adrian obtained an introduction, through a third party, to the owner; at more expense the owner obtained, through the same gentleman, an introduction to Adrian; and in less than a month the great Elizabeth Ink-pot was safely established in Adrian's house. It was the beginning of the "Plimsoll Collection."

This was twenty years ago. Let us to-day take a walk through the galleries of Mr. Adrian Plimsoll's charming residence, which, as the world knows, overlooks the park. Any friend of mine is always welcome at Number Fifteen. We will start with the North Gallery; I fear that I shall only have time to point out a few of the choicest gems.

This is a Pontesiori sword of the thirteenth century—the only example of the master's art without any notches.

On the left is a Capricci comfit-box. If you have never heard of Capricci, you oughtn't to come to a house like this.

Here we have before us the historic de Montigny topaz. Ask your little boy to tell you about it.

In the East Gallery, of course, the chief treasure is the Santo di Santo amulet, described so minutely in his *Vindiciæ Veritatis* by John of Flanders. The original MS. of this book is in the South Gallery. You must glance at it when we get there. It will save you the trouble of ordering a copy from your library; they would be sure to keep you waiting. . . .

With some such words as these I lead my friends round Number Fifteen. The many treasures in the private parts of the house I may not show, of course; the bathroom, for instance, in which hangs the finest collection of portraits of philatelists that Europe can boast. You must spend a night with Adrian to be admitted to their company; and, as one of the elect, I can assure you that nothing can be more stimulating on a winter's morning than to catch the eye of Frisby Dranger, F.Ph.S., behind the taps as your head first emerges from the icy waters.

* * * * *

Adrian Plimsoll sat at breakfast, sipping his hot water and crumbling a dry biscuit. A light was in his eye, a flush upon his pallid countenance. He had just heard from a trusty agent that the Scutori breast-plate had been seen in Devonshire. His car was ready to take him to the station.

But alas! a disappointment awaited him. On close examination the breast-plate turned out to be a common Risoldo of inferior working. Adrian left the house in disgust and started on his seven-mile walk back to the station. To complete his misery a sudden storm came on. Cursing alternately his agent and Risoldo, he made his way to a cottage and asked for shelter.

An old woman greeted him civilly and bade him come in.

"If I may just wait till the storm is over," said Adrian, and he sat down in her parlour and looked appraisingly (as was his habit) round the room. The grandfather clock in the corner was genuine, but he was beyond grandfather clocks. There was nothing else of any value: three china dogs and some odd trinkets on the chimney-piece; a print or two——

Stay! What was that behind the youngest dog?

"May I look at that old bracelet?" he asked, his voice trembling a little; and without waiting for permission he walked over and took up the circle of tarnished metal in his hands. As he examined it his colour came and went, his heart seemed to stop beating. With a tremendous effort he composed himself and returned to his chair.

It was the Emperor's Bracelet!

Of course you know the history of this most famous of all bracelets. Made by SPURIUS QUINTUS of Rome in 47 B.C., it was given by CÆSAR to CLEOPATRA, who tried without success to dissolve it in vinegar. Returning to Rome by way of ANTONY, it was worn at a minor conflagration by NERO, after which it was lost sight of for many centuries. It was eventually heard of during the reign of CANUTE (or KNUT, as his admirers called him); and JOHN is known to have lost it in the Wash, whence it was recovered a century afterwards. It must have travelled thence to France, for it was seen once in the possession of LOUIS XI.; and from there to Spain, for PHILIP THE HANDSOME presented it to JOANNA on her wedding day. COLUMBUS took it to America, but fortunately brought it back again; PETER THE GREAT threw it at an indifferent musician; on one of its later visits to England POPE wrote a couplet to it. And the most astonishing thing in its whole history was that now for more than a hundred years it had vanished completely. To turn up again in a little Devonshire cottage! Verily truth is stranger than fiction.

"That's rather a curious bracelet of yours," said Adrian casually. "My—er—wife has one just like it which she asked me to match. Is it an old friend, or would you care to sell it?"

"My mother gave it me," said the old woman, "and she had it from hers. I don't know no further than that. I didn't mean to sell it, but——"

"Quite right," said Adrian, "and, after all, I can easily get another."

"But I won't say a bit of money wouldn't be useful. What would you think a fair price, Sir? Five shillings?"

Adrian's heart jumped. To get the Emperor's bracelet for five shillings!

But the spirit of the collector rose up strong within him. He laughed kindly.

"My good woman," he said, "they turn out bracelets like that in Birmingham at two shillings apiece. And quite new. I'll give you tenpence."

"Make it one-and-sixpence," she pleaded. "Times are hard."

Adrian reflected. He was not, strictly speaking, impoverished. He could afford one-and-sixpence.

"One-and-tuppence," he said.

"No, no, one-and-sixpence," she repeated obstinately.

Adrian reflected again. After all, he could always sell it for ten thousand pounds, if the worst came to the worst.

"Well, well," he sighed. "One-and-sixpence let it be."

He counted out the money carefully. Then, putting the precious bracelet in his pocket, he rose to go.

* * * * *

Adrian has no relations living now. When he dies he proposes to leave the Plimsoll Collection to the nation, having—as far as he can foresee—no particular use for it in the next world. This is really very generous of him, and no doubt, when the time comes, the papers will say so. But it is a pity that he cannot be appreciated properly in his lifetime. Personally I should like to see him knighted. A. A. M.

"Wanted from 3 to 500 acres of land for shooting."—*Advt. in "East Anglian Times."*

He should get the three acres anyway. "Three acres and a pheasant" is the birthright of every British sportsman.



Energetic Mother. "WHAT A LAZY SON!"

Ronald. "OH, I SAY, REALLY, MOTHER! HANG IT ALL! CAN'T A FELLOW LIE ON THE SOFA FOR TEN MINUTES WITHOUT BEING SWORN AT?"

TO THE LOANERS OF LIGHT.

(A New Year Thanksgiving.)

NOT to him, to the lord of the lyre, to Apollo,
Who leers at me faintly from under a hood,
Do I turn me this morning. A reed that is hollow!
I spurn, I renounce him. (Did someone say "Good?"
You are tired of Apollo, the praise of his mercies,
The roll of his titles? You can't see the need
Of these lengthy preambles? You think to be terse is——
Dash it all, my good Sir, am I writing these verses
Or are you?) To proceed:—

I was saying that not to Apollo the master,
I turn on this opening morn of the year;
He hath crumbled away like an idol of plaster,
He hath hardly been with me since August was here;
Not to him did I owe it to light or to warm me
As up to Parnassus I measured my pace
Through the wan Autumn days, unremittingly stormy,
But the Borough; I've just had their note to inform me
That this was the case.

Very godlike and fair are the ways of the Borough,
They dip not in ocean their westering feet,
But the bard is dependent on them for a thorough
Supply of illuminant, also of heat;
If I sang you a song that you fancied was sweeter
Than others, dear reader, they swelled the perfume;
It was they who inspired and inspected the meter,
It was they who installed the electrical heater
That stands in my room.

O star that lay hidden undreamt of for æons!
O fire that the breadth of a city can span!
O power that was puffed not aforetime with pæans,
Whose prophet and priest is the Council's young man!
He tells how the currents, in flashes of blue knit,
Have lighted the minstrel in hours that are gone,
When he comes to that box with a lever to tune it,
And, although I can't think what he means by a unit,
I never let on.

No oracles now have the drinkers of nectar
Who rest on the rainless Olympian hill,
But the Borough repeatedly send their inspector
(Who flirts with Elizabeth), also their bill;
I turn to them, therefore, their kindliness wooing,
And thanking them much for their boon of the past,
With a prayer that the same which I purpose renewing
May cost me much less for the quarter ensuing
Than it did for the last. EVOE.

"Windows with Guards can be left open at all times giving a healthy, sanitary condition, at the same time perfect security against Burglars or children falling out."—*Advt.*

We should hate to think of a burglar falling out of our window and hurting himself.

Thoughts on Christmas Day, 1912.

Why does an air of peace and pure goodwill
Breathe o'er the turkey, lap the brandied plum,
Like to a Sabbath morn's, but milder still?
Because to-day the Party Press is dumb!

For the passing of a Damp Year.

Wring out the Old, ring in the New.

GREEN JEALOUSY.

MY appetite for tea had been miserably spoilt by my having to listen to the virtues of a model young man whom Josephine and her mother had come across at a bazaar.

Before such excellence I was cowed into silence. However, tea at last came to an end, and her mother with exemplary tact had found an excuse to withdraw.

"I will leave my little girl to amuse you," she said archly, at the door.

"If you promise not to tell," I said to mother's little girl as I returned to the fireplace, "I 'll have that last piece of brown bread-and-butter, and you can have another cup of tea. Shall we?"

"Well, perhaps I will have just half a cup."

"That makes your fourth," I reminded her. "To-morrow you 'll come out in spots and your complexion will be ruined. Now it 's your turn to amuse," I added. "Come, amuse me! I 'm waiting, Josephine. You heard what your mother said. You know you 're not amusing me properly."

But in the end it was bound to come to it; I had to provide my own entertainment.

"The other night I went to the Maxwells'," I observed carelessly, settling back in my chair. Josephine paused with her cup half-way to her mouth and looked up in surprise.

"Why, I thought you never went to dances," she said.

"I don't, as a rule." I slipped down in the chair, prepared to enjoy myself, and, crossing my legs, gazed wistfully up at the ceiling. "It was a very nice dance," I added. "Won't you drink up your tea?" Josephine buried her face in it, and for a while silence ensued. "A very nice dance, indeed," I repeated, partly to myself. "Let me put down your cup for you!"

"Thanks, I can manage." From the corner of my eye I watched her pick up a crumb she was nursing and carefully put it into the fire. "So you enjoyed yourself?" she said, still intent on the crumbs.

"I couldn't very well help it," I replied; "I had an adventure. No, I didn't tread on anyone's frock or upset the sandwiches, if that 's what you 're thinking of. Oh, dear, no!"

"Nothing so conventional, I suppose," she murmured,—"that is, for you."

"There was one beautiful young girl in particular," I went on affably, "who took a great fancy to me. The daring way she—— Well, I 'm sure people must have noticed. Dear little girl!"—and I wafted an airy kiss at the ceiling.

"Perhaps your tie wasn't straight?" she suggested.

"No, it wasn't that. And there were no smuts on my nose, and no one had been chalking things on my back. I especially asked Henry, to make sure. He said it was clearly a case. That 's what your own brother Henry said."

"I don't believe it," said Josephine simply.

"No, neither did I, at first. Come, be a sportsman, Josephine! Don't grudge me my little triumphs! Shall I show you how I smiled at her?"

I showed her. She broke into a loud inconsequent peal of laughter, but I took out my cigarette-case and waited patiently for it to subside.

"This isn't a smoking-compartment—at least, it doesn't say so on the window, but may I? Have one, too? No, not that one; he 's put his foot through his nightshirt . . . his little bedfellow on the right."

I lit a match for her, and lapsed again into silence, musing and lazily blowing smoke rings at the shepherdess on the mantelpiece.

"She has beautiful dreamy brown eyes," I resumed, tenderly stroking my chin. "Her name 's Winnie, short for Winifred, you know—little Winnie."

"How nice!" said Josephine. Josephine's eyes are blue.

"Yes, she was," I agreed; "you 'd be surprised. Give me brown eyes, say I, for the winter months, at any rate. And as for her complexion——" Words failed me for describing her complexion. "Oh yes, and she has beautiful rich chestnut hair. Rolls and rolls of it."

"Really," said Josephine. Josephine's hair is a summer complete in itself.

"Yes, I 'm very fond of that-coloured hair. What a pity you don't take more care of your complexion! I did tell you her name, didn't I? Pretty name, Winifred."

I rolled it round on my tongue several times, to get the full flavour of it. The "fred" begins to sound rather funny at the ninth or tenth time of saying. Then I added my surname, to see how it sounded with that. The combination was distinctly melodious, tickling the ear.

"Now let us dip into the future," I said, when I was tired of repeating it.

I dipped into the future by taking out an old envelope, writing our two names on the back of it, and crossing out the letters common to both. I quietly handed her the answer.

"There you are. Love on both—— Why, what on earth 's the matter, Josephine?"

There was a suspicious noise in her throat, she had her hands to her eyes, and her cigarette had fallen to the floor. Poor jealous Josephine! It was that bit about the hair that did it; she is very proud of her hair. I got up in alarm and went over to her, but her hands resisted my efforts to remove them.

"Forgive me, Josephine!" I whispered penitently. "I was a brute, and I was only teasing you, and there isn't a Winifred at all, or—or anyone. I didn't mean to . . . at least, I did, but I didn't think you . . . For Heaven's sake, don't *cry!*"

At that she looked up indignantly, with one eye, however, still hermetically closed.

"I wasn't crying," she said, "it was the smoke. It—it went the wrong way. And, anyhow, I knew there wasn't a Winifred." So she said.

I think I did it rather well.

PET!

["... be there, love!" "Yes, pet!"—*Fragment of conversation accidentally overheard on the Telephone.*]

FORGIVE my 'phone's unwitting lapse,
Or operator's joke, perhaps,
In wafting me this snippet!
The wires, no doubt, were fused or crossed,
And tantalizingly was lost
The rest that left your lip, Pet.

But on a fairly recent date
It seemed a tea and *tête-à-tête*
Were topics "on the carpet;"
Don't be alarmed—I'll play the game—
I didn't catch your caller's name,
And don't know who *you* are, Pet!

Old walls had ears—in modern use
They 've voices, too, which reproduce
Your chatter like a trumpet;
Eavesdropping as I didn't ought,
I *had* to interrupt—I thought
I couldn't well be dumb, Pet.

So have no fear—I know no more
Of what you planned than Adam, or
A Punch-and-Judy's puppet;
And at the appointed trysting-place
(Much as I 'd like to see your face)
For one, *I* shan't turn up, Pet.

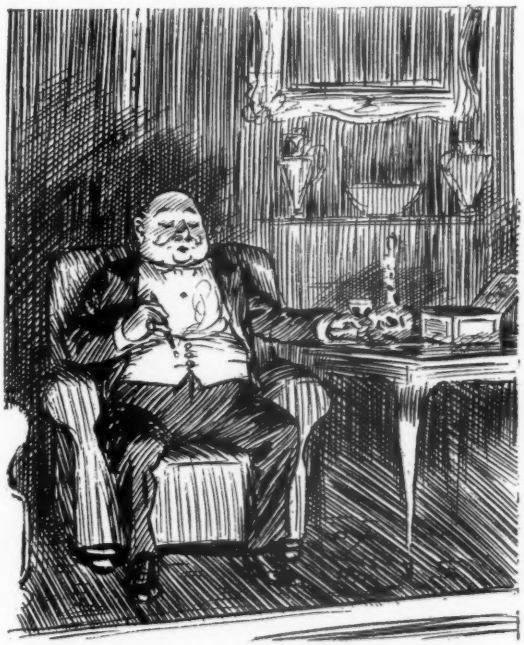
My *wanderjahr* is o'er—I roam
No longer now, but stick at home
And emulate the limpet;
Nor do I move in circles where
They call one "pet"—I shouldn't care
To clash at all with *him*, Pet!

Let other "numbers" bill and coo
And fatuously whisper through:—
"My love, my duck, my poppet!"
My bus'ness with the telephone
Is in a far more peevish tone—
There let the matter drop, Pet!

ZIG-ZAG.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

WHY SHOULD THEY BE MADE TO BE BROKEN? IT DEPENDS ENTIRELY ON THE WISE CHOICE OF ONE'S RESOLUTIONS.



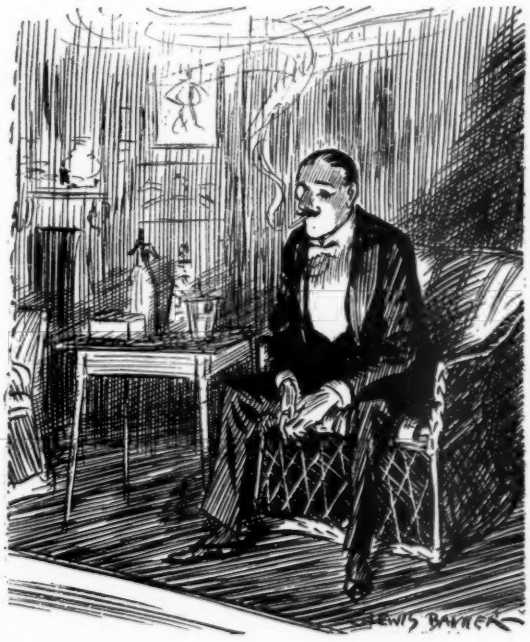
GENERAL SIR THOMAS GORGER, FEELING THAT ENGLAND IS, OR SHOULD BE, FOR THE ENGLISH, RESOLVES TO ABSTAIN FROM PATRONIZING EIGHTEEN-PENNY SOHO RESTAURANTS.



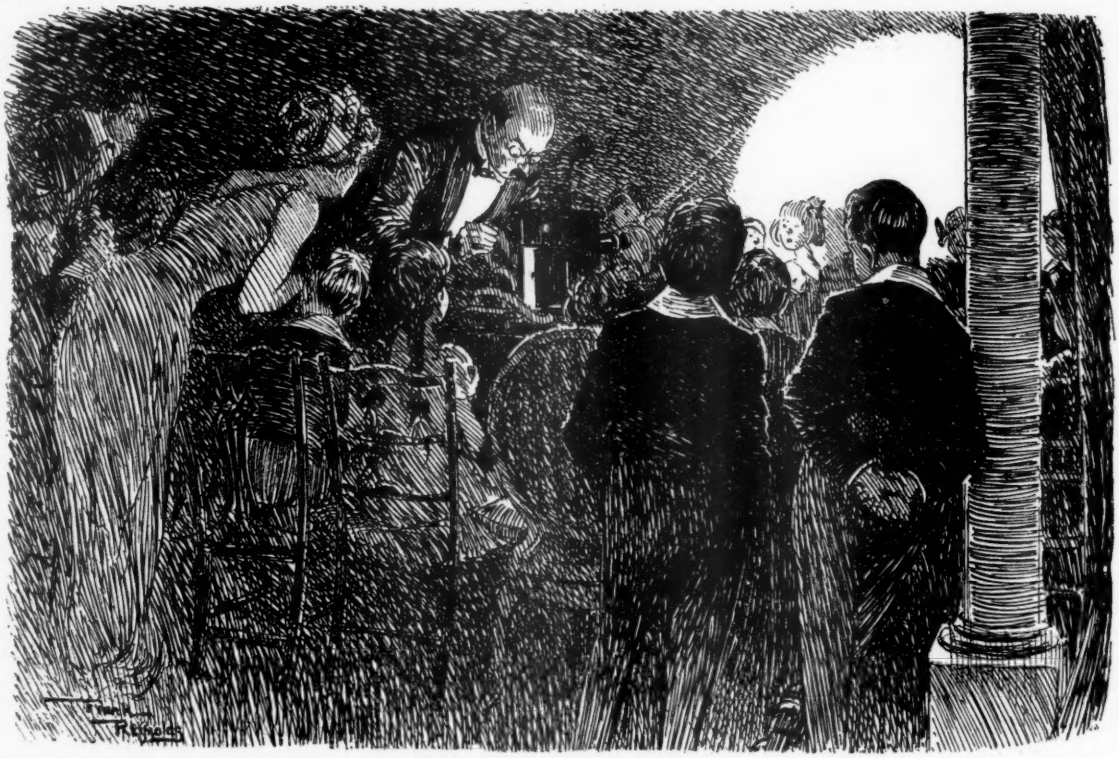
LADY TRUMPINGTON, DISAPPROVING OF THE TENDENCY OF PEOPLE WITH INADEQUATE INCOMES TO PLAY AUCTION, DECIDES TO REFUSE, FOR THE FUTURE, TO PLAY FOR LESS THAN HALF-A-CROWN A HUNDRED.



MISS LOVALL, TO CURB HER MERCENARY INCLINATIONS, DECIDES THAT DURING 1913 SHE WILL FLIRT WITH *ANY* NICE-LOOKING MAN, IRRESPECTIVE OF WHAT HIS INCOME HAPPENS TO BE.



AND CAPTAIN KEMPTON RESOLVES TO HAVE A GOOD TIME AND GIVE ONE TO HIS FRIENDS, ENTIRELY DISREGARDING THE PURELY PERSONAL DISCOMFORT OF GETTING INTO DEBT.



"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL."

Archie. "THIS IS THE LIMIT; I'M GOING." *Reggie.* "WAIT HALF A JIFF; HE MAY BURN HIMSELF."

THE SONGSHOP.

THE prospectus of the Songshop, an institution which is shortly to be opened in the heart of Bloomsbury, under the ægis of the Songsmiths' Friendly Society and in close connection with *The Minstrels' Magazine*, has just reached us and calls for immediate and sympathetic notice.

The advantages of maintaining a periodical in connection with a Songshop are convincingly driven home in the prospectus. In *The Minstrels' Magazine* they will recommend the public what to read; in the Songshop they will sell them what they have recommended.

More than that, however, they are prepared to afford special facilities to those anxious to study the art of lyrical expression under the most favourable conditions. The premises being most extensive, rooms will be let at a moderate rate to meritorious minstrels. These will be known as Nests and will be equipped with all the necessary implements of inspiration—hammocks to provide that gentle motion which is so essential to metrical utterance; paper of different vivid colours to fit the chequered emotions of the singer; Pierian fountain pens; spring mattresses for spring poets; and a constant supply of light and phosphorescent refreshment.

The songs of nightingales, larks, cuckoos, and other birds associated with poetic stimulus will be reproduced faithfully on the gramophone.

Tenants of the Nests will not be under any compulsion to produce a fixed number of lines every day, but they will naturally be expected to throw in their lot with those who are endeavouring to enlarge the borders of true art. The art of the Songshop will have nothing to say to sterile formalism, empty rhetoric, jingling rhymes or flat heavy blank-verse. Yet the line must be drawn somewhere; "formlessness is only permissible when it is absolutely necessary," and the Songsmiths "will uphold a positive distinction between prose and verse."

Lord AVEBURY, who, according to *The Sunday Times*, is a contributor to the January number of *The Poetry Review*, has permanently engaged one of the largest Nests, which is built in the form of a Beehive, where it is expected that he will shortly make things hum. The cuisine of the Songshop will be under his special charge, and he has already made a metrical list of the Hundred Best Cooks, headed with the motto, "The hand that holds the ladle rules the world." Mr. HERBERT TRENCH, the author of the famous Illuminated Symphony, who has repeatedly been pronounced by some of the most gifted press agents to be the greatest living poet, will be attached to the institution as Polychromatic Adviser, and Mr. PARIS SINGER, Mr. WILKIE BARD, Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT and Mr. HENRY BIRD will, it is hoped, form a House Committee, whose special duty will be to watch over the warblers and, when necessary, extricate them from precarious metrical positions.

"Of course, much of the interest which invested 1st Saturday's local Agamemnon was of a partisan character."—*Sporting Mail.* Unfortunately the local Armageddon, who plays full-back, was absent.

From an Osborne Cadet's examination paper:—

"*Q.* Explain the geographical position and importance of Simla.

"*A.* Simla is the place where all the notorious people of India go when Calcutta gets too hot for them."



A TANGLED SKEIN.

THE NEW YEAR. "I SAY, AUNT EUROPA, YOU *HAVE* GOT THIS THING INTO A MUDDLE. IT 'LL TAKE US ALL OUR TIME TO GET IT RIGHT."



Pat (to traveller staying at Irish inn who has rung at 7 a.m. for hot water). "SURE, 'TIS A THRIFLE EARLY FOR THE HOT WATHER, YER HONOUR, BUT I HAVE IT HERE, AN' THE LEMONS AN' SUGAR, TOO."

SNAPDRAGON.

LONG ago, long ago in the land of Shan-tung,
When the world was attractive and magic and young,
Mid the mild pterodactyls the Snapdragon slew,
And his breath was a flame of hot yellow and blue;
He 'd pounce, where they played with their primitive toys,
Upon fat little raisin-faced Chinaman boys,
And he 'd swoop with a snap, as they combed out their curls,
Upon fat little almond-eyed Chinaman girls;
And in fact he went on in so tiresome a way
That the greatest of Chams became filled with dismay,
And he said, "Lest the Snapdragon guzzle and gorge
Every kid in our kingdom, let 's send for ST. GEORGE!"

The Saint soon appeared, riding stately and slow,
On a charger as white as the new-driven snow;
His shield it was silver, his lance tough and strong,
And his two-handed sword most prodigiously long;
But his face it was gentle and merry and kind,
The best sort of face for a fighter, you 'll find,
And he pulled on his helmet and tightened a strap,
And he cried, "Where 's the dragon who calls himself Snap?"
Then the dragon rushed out and the dust and the din
Of the combat was carried as far as Pekin,
Till the Saint hammered home his most useful of smacks
And the Snapdragon whimpered, "ST. GEORGE, let 's have *pax!*"
"All right," said ST. GEORGE, for he wasn't, you know,
The sort to be hard on a well-hammered foe;
Still, the dragon despondently hung down his head,
Being frightfully sick at the life that he 'd led;
So the Saint thought a minute and then waved his sword
And the kids who 'd been eaten were safely restored
As jolly as ever; the Snapdragon said
He would live for the future on brown gingerbread
To show he was sorry and, if it would please,
He would come—as a waiter—to holiday teas.
This task he performed with most pious complaisance,
Though he always *would* hand round the almonds and raisins,
Which in consequence often appeared in a blaze,
For his breath was blue fire till the end of his days!

And after his death at a hundred-and-three,
When almonds and raisins were served after tea,
In the land of Shan-tung it was proper and right
To call them Snapdragon and serve them alight!

* * * * * * * *

And so, my dears, the fearful Beast
That ravaged once the rosy East
Is now that tastiest of myths
You met last Thursday at the Smiths';
Remember *that* next time you gorge,
And say a grace to good ST. GEORGE!

"THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW.
On December 25th, 1066, William the Conqueror was drowned."
Glasgow News.

We will remember in future.

"The Xmas holidays will be observed in Ramsey, on Wednesday, Dec. 25th, and Thursday, Dec. 26th."—*Ramsey Courier.*

Ramsey is always in every new movement.

IN A BALL-ROOM.

"TELL me all about yourself," he said. She had known him two minutes, and he had already told her his life-history.

"Why should I?" she said, raising her eyebrows.

"I'm sure it would be so interesting. Let me see. You are married, you say. You know I never caught your name. But how absurd! You don't look more than nineteen."

"I hate compliments," she said.

There was a little pause.

"We must have heaps of mutual friends," he began again a little feverishly. "Heaps."

"Why?" she asked.

"You know the Barringtons, I expect. Yes, I'm sure you know the Barringtons. Haven't I met you there?"

"I don't *think* so," she said thoughtfully. "But then I'm always so busy, when I'm there, looking at all the papers I don't get at home, that you *may* have been there and I've never seen you."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I'm sure I've never met you in the other room," she went on, "because there's only one chair there and that's always empty when I go in. You are alluding, of course, to the two dentists, the brothers Barrington, aren't you?"

"Of course not," he said shortly. "I mean the Barringtons of Barrington Hall. Are there any others?"

"Dear me, yes," she said. "Lots."

There was another little pause.

He sighed and made up his mind to go back to personalities.

"'Tip-tilted' was the word I wanted for your nose," he said, as they walked back to the ball-room. "You remember I was trying to tell you how it struck me."

"I'm sorry if it did that," she said gently. "But, if anything, it's slightly Jewish, really," and she left him with a nod.

"Now, what is a man to talk of to a girl like that?" he said, mopping his forehead.

Then he found his next partner.

"Tell me all about yourself," he said, as they sat out. "I'm sure it would be so interesting." And then, "Do you know, we must have heaps of mutual friends. Heaps." Then he looked up and caught his last partner's eye. She smiled at him amicably.

Afterwards, when he was alone, she came up to him.

"I am sorry I was so disagreeable," she said, "when you went on like that with me. But, you see, I didn't know you were doing it for a bet. How are you getting on?"

Our Athletic Dumb Friends.

"Wanted—A Confidential Pony to play polo."—*Advt. in "Statesman."*

"Parcels are being handed to customers by Polo Bears, who seem to be alive."
Advt. in "Englishman."

Everybody's doing it.



"WELL, OLD BOY, WHAT'S THE PRIZE?"
"BOOK CALLED—ER—*SHAKSPEARE*. EVER READ IT, DAD?"

A JOYFUL OCCASION.

["Why not instruct us to send one of our Fountain Pens direct to your friend for his Christmas present? If the nib does not suit, any stationer will gladly change it for him, gratis."—*Extract from a recent advertisement.*]

"ANY stationer," said my aunt's letter, so I took the first that came.

"It is too late to wish you a Merry Christmas," I said to the man behind the counter, "but I can, at any rate, wish you a Happy New Year, and that with some confidence."

"What can I do for you, Sir?" said he, a little curtly I thought. But then he did not yet know what happiness I had in store for him. I produced the presentation case.

"It is to my maternal aunt," I explained, as I showed it him, "that we are indebted for this mutual pleasure."

His face did not brighten.

"Either," I continued, "you do not appreciate what this little box contains, or yours is one of those inscrutable expressions which are no true index to the inner feelings."

I opened the box and displayed the Fountain Pen within. If possible he became a degree more glum at the prospect.

"You do not realise," said I, "that this nib does not suit me."

He frowned quite unmistakably.

"Come, come!" I pressed; "do you not see that not only does this nib not suit me but also that I am going to afford you the opportunity of changing it for me, gratis?"

The busy half-hour I spent in that shop has convinced me that the gladness of the stationer is not as the gladness of other men, or else that his way of showing it is most misleading.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

I WAS not sorrowful, but only bored
By each and all that ever I adored.

I am not forty-five, but twenty-three—
You must not think that they were bored by me.

No, on the contrary, they fluttered round,
Responsive to the music's opening sound,

Clasped me delightedly and did their best,
Talked in the intervals and let me rest.

Were they less lovely than the week before?
Was the band timeless, adamant the floor?

Did supper bring some vintage that I bar,
An old crustacean or a young cigar?

No, everything was exquisite; but what
Availed the Coney Clutch, the Clydesdale Trot?

I knew the Simian Slide, and they did not.

"The discoverers suggest a gigantic antiquity, and some of those who have examined the fragments think it was older still."
Standard.

Or even older than that.



Head of the Family (writing to the inventor, after wrestling with "The Best Puzzle of the Century"). "THE LEAFLET ACCOMPANYING YOUR UNHEALTHY INVENTION STATES THAT A PATENT HAS BEEN APPLIED FOR. YOU HAVE THE PRESENT STATE OF THE LAW TO THANK THAT A WARRANT HAS NOT ALSO BEEN APPLIED FOR."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

BUT for the scenery, which was nearly always of an exotic beauty, and some of the names, which had an Italian flavour, you would never have guessed that we were dealing with Continentals, so British was the humour, so true to the traditions of Boxing Night at the Lane. Yet, if we might believe the sign-post (in English), it was on the very frontier of France and Switzerland that the most engaging episode of the evening occurred, when *Monte Blanco* (Mr. GEORGE GRAVES), who had for eighteen years been established in this spot as a scarecrow (on a more military frontier such an object would almost certainly have attracted suspicion), recovered his ducal identity.

It was here, at a rather advanced hour, that the humour of the pantomime, hitherto largely confined to the knockabout business (in which Messrs. LUPINO and OWEN are so excellent), began to invade the dialogue, or, at any rate, Mr. GEORGE GRAVES's share of it. How much was his own and how much the authors' I dare not conjecture, but one is safe in attributing a great deal of its success to the personality of this delightful actor. It is perhaps regrettable, by the way, that political and other topical allusions are not the strong feature that they used to be in the old pantomimes. Something more might have been made out of the latest movement of the militant Suffragettes. I do trust that on a future visit I may be regaled with a Pillar-Box outrage.



Mr. GEORGE GRAVES (*Duke of Monte Blanco*) conducts his private band.

The main theme did not strictly follow the lines of TENNYSON'S *Daydream*. There were two claimants for the hand of the Sleeping Beauty. One of them (*Auriol*) had been betrothed in his cradle to the Princess in hers, and therefore had a prior claim; but the Wicked Fairy had had him mislaid shortly after the ceremony. The claim of the other (*Finnykin*) was illusory, and would never have been entertained if the embassy despatched to discover the missing child had been less anxious not to return empty-handed. He was a bumpkin of so sylvan a type that Mr. GRAVES mistook him for a woodcock. His tastes lying in a direction more congenial to his humble origin, he shrank from the greatness that was thrust upon him. Mr. LUPINO played the part with a very becoming modesty of demeanour.

The successful hero, or

"Principal Boy," should, by all that is sacred in tradition, have been a girl, but actually he was Mr. DOUTHITT. Excellent in voice, he looked a little too stalwart for the part. One expected a resounding smack when he kissed the lady out of her sleep; and a response on her side—

"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"

But then one had to remember that his foster-parents were rustic, and that he had been brought up as a gardener. The *Princess* made a pleasant point of this, while still ignorant of his lofty pedigree. "The first lady of the land," she said, "married a gardener." An admirable precedent, and, as we know,

"From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent."

I was very sorry indeed for him when the malevolence of *Anarchista*, the Wicked Fairy, turned him into an appallingly hairy monster. (Was it the Tatcho of Mr. SIMS, part-author, that did it?) Here the pathos and the grotesqueness of things rubbed a little against one another. But it brought love to the test. For it was the loyalty of the *Princess* in these trying circumstances that secured his restoration. Such was the pretty rule in Faërie, where *Puck* set forth the law that these restorations can only occur through an act of human intervention.

The slight and graceful *Princess* (Miss FLORENCE SMITHSON) lacked something of the sentimentality of the habitual heroine of pantomime; but she got well home to the hearts of her audience by the refinement of her singing. The chief honours, however, went again to little Miss RENÉE MAYER. She could not be expected to have voice enough for the part of Chorus, but there was an instinctive grace in all her movements, and whenever she appeared—an unfailing promise of some good change coming—she brought with her an exquisite air of romance.

I feel for Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, upon whom the necessity of surpassing himself must put a heavy annual strain. To say that he has done it this time would be to compromise his past record. But every year, one seems to detect a surer feeling for subdued harmonies, a nicer distaste for resonance and glare. The dim light on the great Garden scene was very beautiful, and, for contrast, the high colours of "The Blue Lagoon," were proper enough to the hard brilliance of Lake Geneva—or whatever it was.

As for the fun—*vires acquiret eundo*; and the same may be hopefully said of some of the dancing, which needed more rehearsals; but meanwhile I carried away (some time, I fear, before the end, for I am past the age when even the best pantomime is an adequate solace for the loss of both dinner and supper) a vivid impression of some very entrancing pictures, of an amazing smoothness in the work of the scene-shifters, of the most fascinating of *Pucks*, the most genial of humorous Dukes, and



Mr. BARRY LUPINO (*Finnykin*) in a golfing suit, as worn on the Franco-Swiss frontier.

the handsomest Wicked Fairy (in the person of Miss ALICE CHARTRES) that ever mitigated the charms of Malice by the beauty of her own. O. S.

"SHOCK-HEADED PETER."

Why it was I do not know, but as a child I certainly owed nothing to *Struwwelpeter*. Though we all read it, our reception of it was mild, and it was never the family book that, say, *Uncle Remus* became. As a result I could only remember, when I grew up, that *Augustus* was a chubby lad, and that *Fidgety Phil* couldn't keep still. So I cannot say whether this children's play by PHILIP CARR and NIGEL PLAYFAIR (as given every afternoon at the Vaudeville) is calculated to shock the elect or not. Obviously it does not shock me. I do not mind at all that *Philip* and *Augustus* and *Peter* and *Harriet* should be made to belong to one father, when perhaps they weren't even related in the original version. I have no feelings about any of them. What does concern me is that these four bad children should be played so delightfully by Messrs. COMPTON-COUTTS, EDWARD RIGBY, EDMUND GWENN, and Miss NELLIE BOWMAN, and that they should have had such a thoroughly happy and wicked time. Pleasant too it was to hear again such childish expressions as "Bags I" and "Beastly swizzle"—they, at any rate, owed nothing to the German. (But, dear Authors, surely we used to say "Fain I," and not "Fains I," when we wished to get out of anything unpleasant? That extra "s" gave me quite a turn.)

The little play is admirably staged. There is a very sound storm which carries off *Peter* on the crook of *Harriet's* umbrella, and a realistic burning-up of *Harriet* (who played with matches) which is positively terrifying. Indeed, it was only the calmness of the children round me which kept me in my seat during these calamities.

Shock-Headed Peter is preceded by some old English singing-games and dances, performed by children under the direction of Mr. CECIL SHARP. These were altogether charming. There is one particular singing-game called "The Roman Soldiers" which took my fancy entirely. I wonder if I could introduce it into Bouverie Street.

M.

THOUGHTS ON LOOKING THROUGH A CHRISTMAS ACCOUNT-BOOK.

JAMES has two lady friends, both near
his heart;
One is the Muses' handmaid, tall and
slim,
Whose taste is all for letters, music, art
(Concurrently with great respect for
Jim);

The other—isn't. Some have called
her vain;
Nor, to speak truth, does she so much
prefer
Jim's loftier discourse to his lighter
strain.
She 's fond of jewels. Jim is fond of
her.

At Christmas-tide Jim finds, to his
regret,
That jewels such as please a captious
sense
Of beauty cost him dear. But he can get
Thoughts from Great Thinkers (fawn)
for eighteen-pence.

The which is shameful. But, if you
were he,
(*And weren't you?*) pray, what then,
my friend? *De te*—!

From an auctioneer's catalogue:—

"159.—Works of Ciceronis Opera."

The Opera family has always been extraordinarily productive. Caesaris Opera was one of the most fruitful.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Little Thank You, which Messrs. PUTNAM publish for Mrs. T. P. O'CONNOR, is a charming idyll. It presents a sunny picture of Virginia after the war, but at a period so close to the epoch-making event that we catch many glimpses of home life in "ole Virginny." The hero of the story is a small boy who, after the occasional manner of his kind, dominates the domestic circle of which he is the centre. It would be easy to make such an one a persistent bore. Mrs. O'CONNOR handles her subject so gently and with such skill that the reader, inclined at the outset to be repelled, is conquered, and pays court with the rest. The characters in the little drama are few, but without exception are admirably drawn. The old negro nurse, probably taken from life, is delightful. *Jimps*, the dog, is in his way equally good. It is the sort of book that is especially attuned to the Christmas mood. Those who did not find the opportunity of reading it in the already passed holiday-time may take my word for it that its perusal will brighten the New Year.

One of the most agreeable entertainments that I have encountered this great while is *The Unbearable Bassington* (JOHN LANE). By now one has, of course, grown to expect verbal dexterities from Mr. H. H. MUNRO ("SAKI"), and in the present volume one certainly gets them, and something more. The book is in fact a pudding in which the greatest possible number of plums are held together by the barest modicum of suet—with the natural result that, taken in bulk, the mixture may be found cloying. In small portions, say three chapters to a meal, you can not only enjoy it delightedly yourself, but even compel the appreciation of those to whom you will be unable to resist reading the choicest bits aloud. Than this, of which I have made personal test, there can surely be no greater tribute to such a book. Only considerations of space restrain me from quoting its best things now. There is one chapter that contains the most brilliant exhibition of conversational fireworks since *The Importance of Being Earnest*. But inevitably they are of different degrees of sparkle. Not only does one get the rather mechanical humour which describes a man's beard as "lending a certain dignity to his appearance—a loan which the rest of his features were continually repudiating," but on the same page we read, "One should always speak guardedly of the Opposition leaders; one never knows what a turn in the situation may do for them," with the added remark, in reply to obvious comment, "I mean they may one day lead the opposition." This seems to me the genuine article; and, if you like it, and ever so much more that at its worst is always smart and at its best witty, you will find with me *The Unbearable Bassington* very bearable indeed.

There can be no question about it, Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE (Lady CLIFFORD) has made a very delicate and telling study of her *Erica* and the down-trodden *Lady Clow*, and the odds and ends of people who are involved in *Erica's* affairs. The hapless *Tom Garry*, who married her, is less convincing, being a trifle too stagnant for a young Guardsman; but he is a good enough background for the finely-shaded picture of his wife. As so often happens in real life, one thing after another occurred in their existence; and again, as so often happens in real life, these incidents were just incidents and led up to no particular crisis or *dénouement*. They were interesting in themselves, severally and apart, and in the telling of them the author, as shrewd and observant as ever, finds many an opportunity of expounding her simple and genial philosophy. Meanwhile, *Tom Garry* bore with his wife very patiently for a while, lost his illusions of her one by one, and ultimately died before the birth of his son. And there you have *Erica* (SMITH ELDER). There are those, and I am one, who look for a plot in a

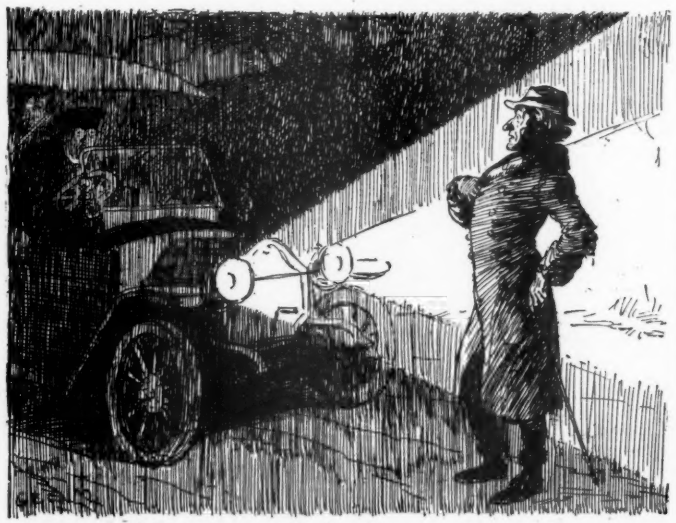


Friend (to infantry officer who has been trying to pass riding test for promotion). "WELL, PASSED ALL RIGHT, I HOPE?"

NO; SPUN, CONFOUND 'EM! THEY BROUGHT THE WRONG HORSE."

novel. Something momentous must happen, be it the expected to fulfil our hopes and fears, or the unexpected to surprise us. The only critical event in *Erica's* career is the dissolution of her engagement to *Christopher Thorverton*, and that is prior to the period of this history. Thus, when the book ends practically in the middle of a conversation and certainly in the middle of things, I am not consoled with the "*Note*:—The Author hopes in a later volume to give the further history of Erica and her son," and it is possible that I shall not read that later volume, unless I have reason to believe that it will excite my emotional as well as my intellectual approval.

To read RALPH CONNOR on Western Canada and the heroic routine of that fine service of the North-West Mounted Police is to feel young and adventurous and imperial—at too small a price. The author has a *flair* for all that is keen and clean and strong in football or love or war, and a deep and simple religious faith and feeling underlie his outlook upon life. *Corporal Cameron* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) was a Scottish International half, who lost a certain match through diluting his training with whisky, and was coming to no good in the Old Country. He finds "a man's work"—"riding on a horse and ordering people about" (as young *Reggie Kennion* defines it in *The Younger Generation*)—in the Mounted Police after some tough and toughening experience on a farm and in a survey gang. *Raven*, the whisky-runner and horse-thief, is a rare specimen of the hero-blackguard, and *Cameron's* three encounters with him make a stout yarn. The police are the finest of fine fellows, a breed of demigods—five hundred of them effectively patrolling the frontiers of an Empire. The time is in the eighties, just before the Indian Rebellion in Western Canada. I should like to have had more of the hero's Scotch friends, who are introduced with some circumstance and incontinently and unwisely abandoned—*Dunn*, the Scotch International captain; *Mr. Rae*, the lawyer with the disconcerting smile; *Miss Brodie*, and *Cameron's* sister *Moira*, bonnie lassies both.



Superannuated Tragedian (after forcing the car to pull up). "PERMIT ME, SIR, TO INDULGE FOR A FEW BRIEF MOMENTS IN A JOY I HAVE NOT EXPERIENCED SINCE MY LAST STARRING TOUR IN 1893."

In *The Trinity Foot Beagles* (ARNOLD), Mr. F. C. KEMPSON has compiled a history of the well-known pack which, under the management of undergraduates, has for more than fifty years hunted hares over the heavy soil of Cambridgeshire. Mr. KEMPSON is, I gather, a parson of the sporting sort, and he declares himself to be an "hereditary Barbarian," meaning that he is devoted to field sports as opposed to games, which are pursued, he says, by Philistines. But Mr. KEMPSON, I further gather, has been a rowing man, and he is therefore in the supreme position of being both a Barbarian and a Philistine. The book is put together, if I may say so, in a somewhat disconnected way; and here and there, it may be hinted, the writer has taken his task too seriously, and has attributed too great an importance to mere trifles. In spite of that, however, there is a general liveliness in the narrative which makes his book very readable. Still, I am bound to say that that part of his first chapter in which he discusses the ethics of the sport and tries to rebut the charge of cruelty does not strike me as a very convincing piece of work. To say, as he does, that "it is very questionable whether animals experience pain," is an absurd and mischievous piece of overstatement, which would justify a demand for the repeal of the laws directed against cruelty to animals. I must not conclude without mentioning a memoir of W. E. CURREY, the founder of the pack, delightfully written by Professor HENRY JACKSON. Elsewhere will be found some anecdotes of Mr. ROWLAND HUNT, M.P. (then nicknamed "Mother"), which show that he did not always wear that air of Boadicean gravity which now marks him in the House of Commons.

The only complaint I have to make against *The Happy Warrior* (ALSTON RIVERS) is that *Percival*, its hero, ought to have been born before page 93. Indeed, I had good reason to think that Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON, whose first novel, *Once Aboard the Lugger*, was such an unqualified success, intended to waste his talent upon a psychological study of a vulgar woman, but now I know that even if he makes a false start he is only getting up steam for something absolutely fresh and original. The plot of this story (breathless after page 93) is very slight, for, although the vulgar woman thinks that she is a peeress, and contrives a great future for her amiable but effeminate son, the reader knows that the hero is really the peer. Not, however, until the end of the book is *Percival* aware of his rank, and by that time he has formed a warm affection for the pseudo-peer, and has also "made things hum." Chafing under the restraints of village life he joined a kind of travelling show, and while living this roving existence he won the most glorious fight. "One of the real ones, one of the clean breds, one of the true-blues, one of the all-rights, one of the get-there, stop-there, win-there—one o' the picked"—is the description given to *Percival*, and I am very content to leave him at that. To those who are prepared to overlook the author's false start (I am sorry to be so insistent about that, but I resent those initial pages) and to step off the soundly beaten track of commonplace fiction, I most warmly recommend Mr. HUTCHINSON and his *Happy Warrior*.

"The second portion of the Rue Edouard VII. will be in the form of an arcade, occupied by bishops of the best class."—*London Budget.*

It is possible to overdo a good idea. We would urge that a sprinkling of rural deans and an archdeacon or two of the second class would show up the bishops better.

CHARIVARIA.

No one, we fancy, was surprised, though many were pained, to hear that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was confined the other day to his house by doctor's orders.

* * *

The WAR MINISTER is said to have advised the CHANCELLOR not to worry about the paucity of doctors for his Insurance scheme. He pointed out that the Territorials, in spite of a lack of numbers, are an enormous official success.

* * *

Southend Council has decided to extend the season next year from Easter to the middle of October. Why not carry it on till Christmas and so make sure of some summer weather?

* * *

At Folkestone last week, there was what is described as a slight earthquake shock. Although it is now supposed to have been caused by a passing motor omnibus this will not prevent the district from describing itself in future as an English Riviera.

* * *

When the French liner *Touraine* arrived at New York last week, ex-President CASTRO of Venezuela was removed by an immigration officer, and taken to the detention pen at Ellis Island. The EX-PRESIDENT showed some indignation at finding that the pen was mightier than the sword.

* * *

Nearly 600 English wild song-birds are being despatched to British Columbia. We understand that on their arrival, before being dispersed, they will give a grand massed concert at a Victoria music-hall.

* * *

We give the story for what it is worth. It is said that a sub-editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* recently submitted to an examination at the hands of a phrenologist. "Marvellous headlines!" reported the Professor.

* * *

"No Dictation!" cried *The P. M. G.* "Hooray!" shouted Tommy, whose weak point is spelling.

* * *

The Bishop of CARLISLE, in his New Year pastoral, has been inveighing against such of the clergy as "seem afflicted with incurable indolence." If matters do not mend in this respect it is thought that the spinsters of England may be called upon to cease giving to the objects of their adoration worked slippers and smoking caps, which have an undoubted tendency to encourage a love of ease and luxury.

* * *

A contemporary is advising its readers, when advertising for servants, to mention what attractions they have to offer. The newly-married couple who are able to announce that their glass and china is absolutely new and has never been broken before should be able to secure the pick of the market.



Miniature Liveried Official. "'ERE! 'OO YER GLAIRIN' AT? 'AVEN'T YER NEVER SEEN NONE OF US *COMMISSIONAIRES* BEFORE?"

It is sometimes a little difficult to know how to pass the long Winter evenings. We strongly recommend as a pass-time an attempt to solve some of the advertisements in our newspapers. For example, among its "Situations Wanted" we find the following in *The Daily News*:—

MINDER.—Whfs., Babs, Plts., ½-tn., Bk., Wk., Com., qk., exp., rel., ex. refs.

In this instance our guess at the truth would be that the advertiser is willing to look after whiffs (*i.e.* to keep cigars from going out), babies, plaintiffs, half-tons, bankrupts, workmen, commissionaires, quacks, ex-presidents, relatives, excise-men, and referees (the last presumably on Paris football-grounds).

The following notice appears in the hall of a Mürren hotel:—"The Turkey Trot and Allied Dances are prohibited in this Hotel." It was no doubt in order to avoid hurting Ottoman susceptibilities that the dances of the Allies were included in the ban.

The Ideal School.

"BUXTON COLLEGE.
Next term commences on Tuesday, September 17th."—*Advt. in "Yorkshire Post."*

"Biblical students know about Euhakore," says *The Glasgow Herald* with some truth—though personally we had to refresh our memory with the *Encyclopædia*. *The Glasgow Evening Times*, however, reproduces the statement as "Bibulous students know about Euhakore." We may expect, then, to hear something more about it on Boat-Race Night.

"The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, after which Mr. J. F. Simpson sang 'Bonnie wee thing,' while the Piper played 'My love 's but a lassie yet."—*Madras Mail.*

Mr. SIMPSON evidently thought that the Piper was playing "Bonnie wee thing."

J. H. TAYLOR, in an article entitled "Golf at Rome":

"A golfer cannot look upon the features of the dying gladiator, immortalised in the famous statue, and think of the magnificent courage and splendid devotion to his Emperor that brought him to his untimely end, without it being impressed upon his mind that the descendants of such men must possess all the characteristics that go to make a successful player."
News of the World.

Nor can a player at Stoke Poges meditate upon the wonderful flow of language revealed in the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* "without it being impressed upon his mind" that GRAY would have known what to say had he ever topped into the pond.

Then and Now.

THE damosels of long ago
Were ever nice when they said "No";
They hinted, in their honied way,
At other flowers as sweet as they,
And proffered to the blighted swain
A sister's love to ease his pain.
But things have changed in this respect,
And modern maids, when they reject,
Just give their heads the tiniest toss
And tersely snap "Abso. imposs."

"BACUP SENSATION.
POLICEMAN NOT GUILTY OF SHOPBREAKING."

Is this so unusual at Bacup?

THE PREMIER AND THE BIRD.

[Reflections on a soft Winter; with acknowledgments to his friend, Mr. W. BEACH THOMAS.]

Now any morning you may hear,
Before the pinks of dawn appear,
Where on the sombre boughs they sit,
Mavis and robin, wren and tit,
Piping their introductory bars
Without respect of calendars;
And, what is worse, without regard
To the convenience of the bard,
Caught napping in the New Year's prime
All unprepared with vernal rhyme.

These hints, which early birds convey,
That this is now the month of May
Are of a rudimentary kind,
Appealing to the common mind.
But there are other marks, not missed
By the accomplished ruralist—
More subtle signs, half hidden from us,
That don't escape my friend, BEACH THOMAS.
Thus, in his rambles round the place,
His beady orbs have marked a brace
Of slugs—a most unusual thing—
Strolling about as though 'twere Spring;
Also a snail (he noticed that)
Taking the air without its hat.

Likewise of flowers he makes report
Citing the more precocious sort.
With piercing glance he clapped his eye on
The undefeated Dandelion,
Fool's Parsley, nauseous to the nose,
Dead Nettle and the rathe Primrose.
By wooded walks and hedgerow ways he
Chatted with Kex and modest Daisy,
With Shepherd's Purse and Periwinkle
And Canterbury Bells a-tinkle,
And, quoting WORDSWORTH, line by line,
Lunched with the Lesser Celandine.

Further he saw a roomy nest,
Fruit of a gay cock-sparrow's zest,
Built for his young *fiancée's* use;
And, should the Winter keep its truce,
Our THOMAS, in a week or so,
Should hail the swallow's Northward Ho!
And in his note-book scribble, "Hark!
I hear the cuckoo's opening bark!"

Alas for faith that meets the shock
Of disillusion's nasty knock,
Of frosts that blight the ardent blood
And a sad nipping in the bud!
Yet how can simple bird or plant
Help making these mistakes? They can't.
Innocent little dears, that lack
A knowledge of the Almanack,
And think that, like last Summer (shame!)
Winter is gone before it came.
And even minds of older make
Sometimes commit a like mistake—
ASQUITH, for instance, though, you'd say,
He ought by now to know his way
About the circling seasons' schedule
And have it perfect in his head, you'll
Find that he holds the strange impression
That this is still an Autumn session!

Ye who would have your top-notes clear
When April's actual self is here,
Don't, in the depth of Winter, sing
The airs of Autumn or of Spring!
Shun the unseasonable strain,
And spare your throats; nor, like those twain,
The Songster and the Man of State,
Ignore the need to hibernate!

But, if you still insist on humming
Tunes of a day long dead or coming;
If you decline to take a rest
And *must* get something off your chest;
Then, of the two types, both absurd—
Statesman or tomtit—*play the bird!*

O. S.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

NEW YEAR'S NEWS.

West Boggleshire Manor.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Here, at Bosh and Wee-Wee's, we've been having a lovely time out with the West Boggleshire—positively the one and only motor-hunt! We all follow in motors, and the quarry is a motor-fox! Bosh, who's Master, is naturally very proud of it. He says it was the only way out of the difficulties made by those absurd farmer-people, with their complaints about their silly poultry being eaten. Our motor-fox gives us simply glorious runs, and then when hounds break him up he can quite easily be put together again. If anyone earns the brush it's just unhooked and handed to him (or her), and then it's hooked on again. By next season Bosh says perhaps he'll have a pack of motor-hounds as well.

If we were men, dearest, I'd say, "Hats off to Lady Manœuvrer!" for really and truly she *is* a clever woman, *et elle connaît son monde* as well as any of us, and better than most. This is a preface to the news that one of the twins is actually—but wait!

Marigold and Bluebell, as you know, what with their height, their twinhood, their constant rushing round and chattering about nothing, their everlasting, "Oh, isn't it absolutely top-hole!" and their mother's strenuous efforts on their behalf, have been, for quite several years now, a sort of double landmark, poor dear things! (It was Norty who first called them *Reculvers.*) Well, last July, when everybody left town, the Manœuvrers went to rusticate in some remote spot, and nothing more was heard of them till one began to meet them again in the autumn at country houses. And then, my dear, one noticed a change. Marigold, it appeared, had retired from business and made over her share of the joint stock-in-trade, the high spirits, rushing round, chattering about nothing, and "Oh, isn't it absolutely top-hole!" to Bluebell. She was quiet, silent, *préoccupée*, wore a diamond marquise on her left third, and a dreamy, always-thinking-of-*him* expression on her face. There she sat, twirling her ring and smiling to herself. And several men who before had scarcely seemed aware of her existence became quite *épris* of her in this altered state of things, and made immense efforts to get her to talk and laugh as she used; but they were answered either at random or not at all.

Of course Marigold was asked about her engagement, but all she would ever say was, "We're going to keep our little romance quite to ourselves. We don't want it spoiled by being announced in the papers and gossiped to rags by all of you. He's gone back to his duties in India and he'll be coming home by-and-by, and that's all you're any of you going to know!"

Of those who fancied the idea of cutting out this absent hero of romance, the chief was the Duke of Derwent, whom the Manœuvrers gave up in despair ages ago. Derwent, who never yet wanted anything unless it belonged to somebody else, was quite in the first flight of Marigold's new-found *soupirants* and by degrees became utterly and entirely set upon eclipsing the Absent One. The more Marigold wouldn't pay any attention to what he said and the more she sat in corners twirling her ring and dreaming, the more Derwent persisted, till at last, when they were both at the Dunstables' with a large party, he succeeded in persuading her to forget "the other fellow" and elope.

They went to town, and were married "on the 20th of December, suddenly, at the Registrar's," as Norty put it. Of course, when the knot was fast tied, Derwent was sorry. But there was still a drop of sweetness in his cup. "How long will it be before that other fellow knows you've shunted him and found someone you like better?" he asked with a chuckle when the 'moon was about a week old. His new duchess flung her arms round his neck. "Oh, Bobby darling," she yelled, for all and more than all her old high spirits had come back, "you're the only man in the world for me. There's *no* 'other fellow,' and there *never was!* It was Mamma's idea that one of us should



TURKEY IN WONDERLAND.

TURKEY (*observing fabulous Phœnix rising from its ashes*). "THAT 'S A TRICK EVERY BIRD OUGHT TO KNOW. WONDER IF I 'M TOO OLD TO LEARN IT."



THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

Growler (to distressed harrier). "KEB, SIR?"

seem to be engaged, and we drew lots, and it fell to me; and Mamma bought that ring and coached me up in the part; and *didn't* I do it well? Oh, Bobby darling, wasn't it absolutely top-hole!"

Talking of runaway marriages, there's quite a small slump just now in regular, conventional, white satin and orange-blossom functions—St. Agatha's and half-a-dozen bishops, church crowded, everybody there—and people are taking to sneaking off to some weird church in the City or the suburbs and being married without a sound. The Oldlands went to town last week for the wedding of Veronica, the eldest girl—quite a nice match, with everyone's approval. The afternoon before the marriage-day, when everybody in town was at Oldlands House for the "Wedding Present Tea," in walked to-morrow's bride and groom in travelling kit. "Awfully sorry, people," said Veronica, "that you've all been asked to the show to-morrow, because there won't *be* one! Teddy and I were married this morning at St. Hildred's, Islington, and we're off now to Friesenberg for the ski-ing."

Oh, my dearest and best, such a simply horrid thing has happened here! I'm afraid '13 will be a most odious year for your poor Blanche! On New Year's Eve we were all *enormously* careful about the proper observances—13 being such a sinister number. Bosh said he'd tried to get some hunchbacks to meet us, but all the hunchbacks were engaged ages ago for the New Year! Josiah, who's abroad on business, sent me a wire during the evening with such stodgy, Victorian wishes for the New Year that we all quite shrieked over it. As midnight approached we looked about for our First Foot. The darkest man in the party was a Col. Briggs, whom Bosh and Wee-Wee met abroad somewhere last year. He had black hair and moustaches. He didn't seem enthusiastic about the job, but at five minutes to twelve we sent him out at a side door, and the front door was set open to let in the New Year and the First Foot. Then we danced the St. Sylvester's waltz, with the dear old custom of one's partner saluting one as midnight begins to strike. Someone said the salute should be given at the *first* stroke of midnight, and someone else said it should be given at the *last* stroke. Norty said they'd better make sure of being right by giving it at *each* stroke! And so we danced, and midnight struck, and the bells of West Boggleshire church rang out, and the Briggs man came in, and we all wished each other everything nice.

Next day, when some of us were chatting it over, someone said suddenly, "I wonder if the Briggs man is *really* dark!" "But what a hideous thought!" I cried. And then a sort of panic seized us. Piggy de Lacey suggested, "I might get my fellow to ask his man. But it wouldn't be quite cricket, would it?" "Never mind that," we all gasped; "our happiness, our very lives depend upon it. Go, best of Piggies, and find out." And Piggy went. Presently he came back. He looked at us with a composite sort of expression on his face. "Well?" we all asked in chorus. "Well," said Piggy, "I got my fellow to ask his man." "Well," we shrieked, "and what did he say?" Piggy looked round at us all again. "He said, 'Before the Colonel's 'air turned *grey* it was *red!*'"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

MORE SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

VII.—THE ADVENTURER.

LIONEL NORWOOD, from his earliest days, had been marked out for a life of crime. When quite a child he was discovered by his nurse killing flies on the window-pane. This was before the character of the house-fly had become a matter of common talk among scientists, and Lionel (like all great men, a little before his time) had pleaded hygiene in vain. He was smacked hastily and bundled off to a preparatory school, where his aptitude for smuggling sweets would have lost him many a half-holiday had not his services been required at outside-left in the hockey eleven. With some difficulty he managed to pass into Eton, and three years later—with, one would imagine, still more difficulty—managed to get superannuated. At Cambridge he went down-hill rapidly. He would think nothing of smoking a cigar in academical costume, and on at least one occasion he drove a dogcart on Sunday. No wonder that he was requested, early in his second year, to give up his struggle with the Little-go and betake himself back to London.

London is always glad to welcome such people as Lionel Norwood. In no other city is it so simple for a man of easy conscience to earn a living by his wits. If Lionel ever had any scruples (which, after a perusal of the above account of his early days, it may be permitted one to doubt) they were removed by an accident to his solicitor, who was run over in the Argentine on the very day that he arrived there with what was left of Lionel's money. Reduced suddenly to poverty, Norwood had no choice but to enter upon a life of crime.

Except, perhaps, that he used slightly less hair-oil than most, he seemed just the ordinary man about town as he sat in his dressing-gown one fine summer morning and smoked a cigarette. His rooms were furnished quietly and in the best of taste. No signs of his nefarious profession showed themselves to the casual visitor. The appealing letters from the Princess whom he was blackmailing, the wire apparatus which shot the two of spades down his sleeve during the coon-can nights at the club, the thimble and pea with which he had performed the three-card trick so successfully at Epsom last week—all these were hidden away from the common gaze. It was a young gentleman of fashion who lounged in his chair and toyed with a priceless straight-cut.

There was a tap at the door, and Masters, his confidential valet, came in.

"Well," said Lionel, "have you looked through the post?"

"Yes, Sir," said the man. "There 's the usual cheque from Her Highness, a request for more time from the lady in Tite Street with twopence to pay on the envelope, and banknotes from the Professor as expected. The young gentleman of Hill Street has gone abroad suddenly, Sir."

"Ah!" said Lionel, with a sudden frown. "I suppose you 'd better cross him off our list, Masters."

"Yes, Sir. I had ventured to do so, Sir. I think that 's all, except that Mr. Snooks is glad to accept your kind invitation to dinner and bridge to-night. Will you wear the hair-spring coat, Sir, or the metal clip?"

Lionel made no answer. He sat plunged in thought. When he spoke it was about another matter.

"Masters," he said, "I have found out Lord Fairlie's secret at last. I shall go to see him this afternoon."

"Yes, Sir. Will you wear your revolver, Sir, as it 's a first call?"

"I think so. If this comes off, Masters, it will make our fortune."

"I hope so, I 'm sure, Sir." Masters placed the whisky within reach and left the room silently.

Alone, Lionel picked up his paper and turned to the Agony Column.

As everybody knows, the Agony Column of a daily paper is not actually so domestic as it seems. When "MOTHER" apparently says to "FLOSS," "Come home at once. Father gone away for week. Bert and Sid longing to see you," what is really happening is that Barney Hoker is telling Jud Batson to meet him outside the Duke of Westminster's little place at 3 A.M. precisely on Tuesday morning, not forgetting to bring his jemmy and a dark lantern with him. And FLOSS's announcement next day, "Coming home with George," is Jud's way of saying that he will turn up all right, and half thinks of bringing his automatic pistol with him too, in case of accidents.

In this language—which, of course, takes some little learning — Lionel Norwood had long been an expert. The advertisement which he was now reading was unusually elaborate:

"Lost, in a taxi between Baker Street and Shepherd's Bush, a gold-mounted umbrella with initials 'J. P.' on it. If Ellen will return to her father immediately all will be forgiven. White spot on foreleg. Mother very anxious and desires to return thanks for kind enquiries. Answers to the name of Ponto. *Bis dat qui cito dat.*"

What did it mean? For Lionel it had no secrets. He was reading the revelation by one of his agents of the skeleton in Lord Fairlie's cupboard!

Lord Fairlie was one of the most distinguished members of the Cabinet. His vein of high seriousness, his lofty demeanour, the sincerity of his manner endeared him not only to his own party, but even (astounding as it may seem) to a few high-minded men upon the other side, who admitted, in moments of expansion which they probably regretted afterwards, that he might, after all, be as devoted to his country as they were. For years now his life had been without blemish. It was impossible to believe that even in his youth he could have sown any wild oats; terrible to think that these wild oats might now be coming home to roost.

"What do you require of me?" he said courteously to Lionel, as the latter was shown into his study.

Lionel went to the point at once.

"I am here, my lord," he said, "on business. In the course of my ordinary avocations"—the parliamentary atmosphere seemed to be affecting his language—"I ascertained a certain secret in your past life which, if it were revealed, might conceivably have a not undamaging effect upon your career. For my silence in this matter I must demand a sum of fifty thousand pounds."

Lord Fairlie had grown paler and paler as this speech proceeded.

"What have you discovered?" he whispered. Alas! he knew only too well what the damning answer would be.

"*Twenty years ago,*" said Lionel, "*you wrote a humorous book.*"

Lord Fairlie gave a strangled cry. His keen mind recognised in a flash what a hold this knowledge would give his enemies. *Shafts of Folly*, his book had been called. Already he saw the leading articles of the future:—

"We confess ourselves somewhat at a loss to know whether Lord Fairlie's speech at Plymouth yesterday was intended as a supplement to his earlier work, *Shafts of Folly*, or as a serious offering to a nation impatient of levity in such a crisis. . . ."

"The Cabinet's jester, in whom twenty years ago the country lost an excellent clown without gaining a statesman, was in great form last night. . . ."

"Lord Fairlie has amused us in the past with his clever little parodies; he may amuse us in the future; but as a statesman we can only view him with disgust. . . ."

"Well?" said Lionel at last. "I think your lordship is wise enough to understand. The discovery of a sense of humour in a man of your eminence——"

But Lord Fairlie was already writing out the cheque.

A. A. M.



Householder (awakened). "WHAT THE—— OH, LORD! *ANOTHER* CHRISTMAS-BOX, I SUPPOSE?"

THE WINTER SPORTSMAN.

My wife, my Oxford son, my daughters three
(Named Mary, Ralph, Iseult, Elaine and Nesta)
Have flown off to the Engadine to *ski*
And skate and risk their limbs upon the Cresta,
Their view of life, so far as I can see,
Being to make it one continual *festa*;
While I, the patient drudge in duty's mill,
Remain in town and drive the daily quill.

Think not, however, that I mean to "make
A song about it," piteously appealing
For sympathy because my children take
Their walks abroad while I remain at Ealing;
I haven't got a "travel-thirst" to slake;
Davos no more attracts me than Darjeeling;
I loathe the cold; hotels are uninviting;
And, lastly, London 's hugely more exciting.

There 's not a crossing but some taxi-cab
May start you running for your life and floor you.
There 's not a 'bus but women try to jab
Their horrid hatpins in your face and gore you;
The skies, I own, are dull, the outlook drab,
But here the human beings never bore you,
With militants who war on all in trousers,
And Letts who run *amok* with murderous Mausers.

Here not a week can pass completely by
Without a missive from some moneylenders
Offering me untold gold—I know not why;
I just return it stampless to the senders;
Wine-merchants for my custom daily vie
With cider-makers or with whisky-blenders,
As keen about replenishing my cellars
As if I were the best of ROCKEFELLERS.

Then as for games, why should I search for sport
In the vicinity of Chiavenna,
When I can to the gallery resort
And see Tartaric Tim give "Shawn" Gehenna,
Or hear the Taffies truculently snort
Defiance at the maladroit MCKENNA,
Or watch the daily cranial distension
Of Ministers whose names I need not mention?

Moreover, here, and here alone, one knows
The joy of tasting Mr. GARVIN's leaders,
Fresh and red-hot, as forth the lava flows
And scarifies all Unionist seceders,
Or proves the triumph that awaits our foes
If we become a nation of free-feeders.
(They get them two days later up at Sils,
But there they miss his name upon the bills.)

You 'll say the grapes are sour. Perhaps they are.
The point is personal and matters little.
I only know that Switzerland is far;
That bobsleighs seem to me extremely kittle;
That falls, on *ski* or skates, the system jar,
And bones, when men are elderly, grow brittle;
And, if I must take part in a *gymkhana*,
Let it be held in London, not Montana.

THE PARTY.

"WHAT," I said, "is this rumour about a party?"

"Rumour?" said Francesca. "I have heard no rumours. And, if it comes to that, what is a rumour?"

"A rumour," I said, "is evidently something which you know you have not heard. It therefore follows that if you heard it you would recognise it, and, that being so, you must know what it is, for otherwise——"

"For otherwise," she said, "I should know what I don't know, and I should not be expected to wait here half the morning in order to answer idle questions."

"Since the word 'rumour' gives you pain," I said, "I will withdraw it, expressing at the same time my most sincere regret at having said anything which might——" (Loud cheers, in which the conclusion of the hon. member's sentence was lost). "But what," I added, "is all this about a party?"

"A party?" she said. "Who has said anything about a party? What *can* you mean?"

"Francesca," I said with determination, "I will be plain with you——"

"No, no," she interrupted, "not that. But, after all, why should I complain? Good looks are nothing."

"Good looks," I said, "are better than a ribald tongue."

"But some people," she said, "have got both, and that must be splendid for them."

"Evasions," I said, "will not help you. What is all this about a party on Saturday next?"

"Oh, *that*," said Francesca. "If that 's what you mean, why couldn't you say it before?"

"Apparently," I said, "that *is* what I mean; and I have been saying it over and over again since I began."

"You should guard," she said, "against repetition. It is wearisome and unnecessary."

"What is the nature," I said, "of next Saturday's party?"

"Its nature is that it isn't really a party at all. If I said it was I have deceived you. It is a children's dance."

"But a children's dance," I urged, "is a party. It has all the qualities that distinguish a party. It causes inconvenience. It gives no enjoyment."

"You couldn't persuade the children of that. Tell them it 's not to come off, and see what they say."

"Poor dears," I said, "they are ignorant. It would be useless to appeal to them. But, if they enjoy it, why are they so solemn and silent? Tell me that."

"Oh! that 's only at first," said Francesca. "If you come into this room after they 've been at it half-an-hour you 'll find them enjoying it all right."

"Into *this* room?" I said. "Francesca, you are forgetting yourself. This is *my* room."

"Of course it is; and it 's the largest room in the house, and much the best for dancing; and you 're going to lend it to us for that day, like a generous true-hearted British father."

"And," I said, "all the furniture will be taken out and all my papers will be disturbed and lost, and the carpet will be removed, and the books will be put into the shelves in their wrong places. Is this what you propose?"

"Something like that," she said, "will probably happen. You wouldn't have them dance in all this litter."

"I wouldn't have them dance at all," I said. "Francesca, I forbid the moving of my writing-table."

"The writing-table," she said, "will be the first to go. But you talk as if you 'd heard of all this for the first time."

"And that," I said, "is the solemn truth. No man in England is less easily surprised than—me or I; which is it, Francesca?"

"And," she said, "you don't even know your grammar. To think that an ungrammatical man should dream of stopping a children's dance."

"I will circumvent the grammar," I said. "I am the least easily surprised man in England, but to-day, I own, you have startled me. Not one word of this dance have I ever heard whispered or——"

"No," she said, "you haven't. Every day for the past three weeks I 've shouted it at you."

"Your gentle nature would never permit you to shout," I said. "But I do remember that some time ago you said quite casually that it would be a nice thing for the children to have a dance."

"There you are," said Francesca; "didn't I say so?"

"And I replied that this modern craze——"

"I know perfectly well what you replied. It did you no credit and you mustn't say it again."

"And from that moment," I went on, "you have, I suppose, been stealthily planning this dance. And Muriel and Nina and Alice were in the conspiracy, of course. But what of Frederick, my little five-year-old barbarian? How did you secure his silence? Surely he cannot approve of dancing?"

"The barbarian mind," she said, "is susceptible to the promise of ices. He believes that on Saturday a world entirely composed of ices is to be at his disposal. You had better resign yourself to the dance."

"Francesca," I said, "something dreadful ought to happen to you."

"Something dreadful," she said, "has happened."

"I know," I said. "The man who plays the piano has got the influenza."

"Worse than that."

"The greengrocer has sprained his ankle and cannot come in to pour out lemonade."

"Worse even than that," she said. "Your Aunt Matilda, who likes children in their proper place, has announced herself for a three days' visit from Friday next."

"Which serves you," I said, "absolutely right."

"And, of course," said Francesca, "you will have to devote yourself to her on Saturday. After all, she has a kind nature in spite of her sharp tongue, poor old dear."

R. C. L.

BY THE OPPOSITE ROUTE.

WHEN he was called he turned over and went to sleep again. When he got up he decided that he would get himself shaved professionally on his way to the office.

He read the newspaper solidly through breakfast. On two occasions he contradicted his wife. He took the odd piece of toast. In putting on his boots he swore quite wantonly (on the testimony of his wife).

He continued the day in the same strain of dogged laxity. At lunch he prolonged his usual interval of ninety minutes to one of a hundred-and-twenty minutes. By 5 P.M. he had smoked six cigars.

Then he telephoned to his wife to come and have dinner in town and go to a theatre, knowing that she would refuse. He thereupon carried out his programme *en garçon*, in the teeth of her imperfectly transmitted resentment.

Arriving home, he had a last unnecessary whisky and soda. Finally (as he tramped upstairs in his boots) he murmured with satisfaction, "Now you know what to expect, New Year!"

On the 2nd of January he returned inevitably—like everyone else—to the happy human mean of moderate imperfection. But—contrary to everyone else—he had the satisfaction of feeling that he was being a better man than he had set out to be.

FLIGHTING.

DEEP the ditch and very muddy,
And the time seems very long;
There's a sunset wild and ruddy,
The West roars a song;
And the dusk is just a-falling
And it 's lonesome as can be
Ere the geese come in a-calling
Off the cold wet sea!

Yes, 'tis lonesome in the ditches
(Where's the whistle of the wings?)
And the dusk is full of witches
And of Big Black Things;
Funk, blue funk for him who strikes it
Has the bogey-haunted bog,
And the only one who likes it
Is a red wet dog!

He 's a-twitch to hear the whicker
Of the pinions down the sky,
While the ghosts they bawl and bicker
And the gusts boom by;
And you pat him for protection—
Ah, you hardly would suppose
So much comfort and affection
In a cold wet nose!

Hark, the gaggle! Up the gun, then—
'Twas the neatest left-and-right;
"Fetch 'em, boy, and we 'll be done, then,
Two 's enough to-night;
Leave the shadows to their sinking,
Leave the ghosts their howling glee,
It 's yourself that will be thinking
Of your hot wet tea!"

AFTERMAS.

A PROJECT is on foot, supported by a number of influential tradesmen, to inaugurate a New Season of present-giving, supplementary to Christmas and New Year's Day, to be called Aftermas. It will, it is believed, fill a long-felt want.

The origin of Aftermas is the disappointment with her own gifts recently experienced by a well-known Society lady on viewing those of her fellow guests in a country house at Yule-tide.

"Why," she exclaimed, "you seem to have received everything that I really wanted!"

"But," was the natural reply, "were you not asked what you would like?"

"I was," she said, "but I couldn't for the life of me think. Now I know."

This charming person had struck on a basic truth of life, namely that envy is stronger than choice, and it is this fundamental human foible which the New Season will do much to satisfy.

The root idea of Aftermas is the giving of the presents which we know beyond question that our friends will like. Everyone will admit that Christmas and New Year's Day rarely leave us with the best things; Aftermas will do so. To some extent, it may be urged, New Year's Day ought to do so now, since it is a week later than Christmas. But as a matter of practical politics this is not so. Christmas itself is a *dies non* (as the learned say). Boxing Day is another of the same Latin bunch, and the days that immediately follow are not adapted for correspondence, even if one's friends were disposed so soon to go shopping once more, an ordeal from which they naturally shrink after their recent terrible experiences.

Thus, as a corrective to the maladroitness of Christmas benefactions, New Year's Day is of little use. But Aftermas should fulfil every condition, since it has been decided to put the date well forward, even as far as the end of January, to give everyone time really to examine the presents of their friends and make up their minds absolutely. Lists will then be sent in and —well, they will see what they will see.

Arising out of this Aftermas movement is a scheme, much favoured in Bond Street, to set apart the second Monday in every month throughout the year as a day on which friends should exchange valuable gifts. A plan to bring back the glories of February 14 with really expensive valentines is also afoot, and there are supporters also of the birthdays of Messrs. ASQUITH, BONAR LAW, REDMOND and MACDONALD as occasions to be car-marked for genial contests in generosity among friends. But at present the weight of the attack is being directed to the solid establishment of Aftermas.



Lift Attendant. "FOURTH FLOOR: LADIES' COSTUMES, MILLINERY, BOOTS, SHOES *AND* 'OSIERY." *Breathless Old Lady (hopelessly lost).* "I-I-IREMUNGRY."
Lift Attendant. "RESTAURANT, TOP FLOOR." (*Whisks her up.*)



Mother (after relating pathetic story). "NOW, REGGIE, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GIVE YOUR BUNNY TO THAT *POOR* LITTLE BOY YOU SAW TO-DAY WHO HASN'T ANY FATHER?" *Reggie (clutching rabbit).* "COULDN'T WE GIVE HIM FATHER INSTEAD?"

THE RENEGADE.

(*A memory of Yule, and dedicated to Mr.* GEORGE RUSSELL, *who writes innocently in "The Manchester Guardian": "Still, let not the vegetarian lift up his horn against the meat-eater: I have seen gross excesses committed in plum-pudding."*)

THIS is the tragedy of Mary Smith
(My cousin), who supposed that it was criminal
To slay one's brother ox and eat him with
Mustard and what not. Bless your heart, some women 'll
Believe in anything. Each crank 's a prophet.
Mary became a veg. Just now she 's off it.

It started when, some month or more ago
(I will say this, that Mary did not err long),
She haled me to that house of fear and woe,
The restaurant of Mr. Ambrose Furlong:
And all about us sat (ye saints, deliver us!)
The glum-faced armies of the graminivorous.

There was a deathly silence o'er the place,
Save only when, amid the murk and stillness,
A nut went off; the food I could not face,
But trifled with some tracts on "Human Illness,"
"The Way to Better Life: Flesh Food and Nemesis,"
Till Mary finished, and we left the premises.

* * * * * *

The scene is changed. It was the festal board,
Graced with the various honours vowed to Yuletide;
The turkey queened it, and the beef was lord,
But Mary, by the doctrines of her school tied,
Though wistful glances stole across her features,
Disdained to batten on her fellow-creatures.

Till, ringed with dancing flame, divinely brown,
With white hair glistening and with scarlet berry,
The Bacchant pudding in the cloth came down,
Hailed by a revel cheer; and, now grown merry,
Ev'n she, the death's head, scouting melancholy,
Was fain to eat, and cut into the folly.

When "No," I said, and stayed her with the thought,
"This is your kinsman. No, you must not do it.
The fare you ask for, by some god distraught,
Is principally made of best beef suet.
In pomp of old he ranged betwixt the hedges
(All but the plums). Where, traitress, are your pledges?"

And Mary heard, and Mary's cheek grew pale;
Her spirit strove and underwent contortion,
Then yielded suddenly, and chanced the bale.
"Hang it," she cried, and took a hefty portion.
Since when, apostate proved, she daily smothers
Her natural feelings and devours her brothers.

EVOE.



MARKING TIME.

MARY ANN *(during a hitch)*. "SHALL WE EVER GET TO THE DOCTOR'S?"

CHAUFFEUR LLOYD GEORGE *(hopefully)*. "OH, YES; SOONER OR LATER."

MARY ANN. "WELL, I THOUGHT I 'D ASK, 'CAUSE I SEE THE TICKER'S GOING ON AS HARD AS EVER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



HOGMANAY IN LONDON.

At the New Year's Eve Supper, given by the Senior Liberal Whip by way of consolation to the Scottish Members, the Brothers WASON bring down the house.

House of Commons, Monday, December 30.—Members back again after shortest Christmas recess known to history. Nervous anxiety prevalent in Whips' Room reflected on Treasury Bench. Ambush apprehended. BANBURY'S famous manœuvre, with its practical result of adding a full week to uncanny extension of session, might encourage further effort on same lines.

Apart from other considerations effect of the successful ambush has been distinctly favourable to the Party for whose repulse it was arranged. Confident in an overwhelming majority Ministerialists had grown slack in attendance. Snap division altered that. Majorities that used normally to be somewhere about the round hundred have advanced by a score, occasionally two.

Nevertheless this first night of re-assembling of House looked forward to with apprehension. Whip circulated urging attendance of all sections of Ministerialists. Specially requested to be in their places promptly on commencement of public business. Summons loyally obeyed. Glance round benches at Question time indicated to all whom it might concern that if there were ambuscade within precincts of House patriotic gentlemen recruited for the purpose might as well stroll in with unconcerned looks as who should say, "What a wet Christmas we *have* had, to be sure!"

Ministers themselves careful to turn up. Treasury Bench even inconveniently crowded. Others full both above and below Gangway. At 6 o'clock, when first division was taken, Government majority ran up to 131, with total vote of more than two to one.

Business done.—Time-table for Report Stage of Home Rule Bill arranged.

Tuesday.—If you have ever observed a middle-aged gentleman of bland countenance and military bearing strolling down a country lane, coming to what looks like innocent wisp of hay, stooping down to examine it more closely, and finding that it covers a wasps' nest, you will get some idea of to-day's adventures of Sir REGINALD POLE CAREW, K.C.B., C.V.O. Started afternoon in quite good form. Had on paper group of questions designed to confound SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. When SEELY, after manner of Ministers, attempted to evade attack, POLE down upon him with further question "arising out of that answer."

Possibly it was mellow satisfaction suffused by this successful sortie that lured the gallant General to destruction. However that be, debate on Report Stage of Home Rule Bill not far advanced when he came to the front. Had, he remarked, heard it said that the Opposition regarded Ireland as incurably disloyal. "I," he protested, shaking his fist at Nationalists below the Gangway, "have no feeling of that sort. But," he added, "so long as Nationalist Members preach disloyalty, so long as they practise a form of tyranny in the shape of boycotting, so long as they go

about preaching rebellion, there must be disloyalty in Ireland."

Not to be supposed that utterance of these soothing remarks ran as smoothly as they are here printed. They were punctuated by interruptions from Irish camp. DEVLIN'S scornful "Oh! oh!" rising above the din, POLE turned upon him with withering glance and remarked, "The honourable Member for Belfast is the worst of the lot." Reference to boycotting bringing from same quarter enquiry, "What about the doctors?" POLE, drawing himself up with mingled air of sorrow and dignity, observed, "A very irrelevant observation."

Irrelevancy was the one thing he couldn't a-bear. Catching sight of SEELY laughing on Treasury Bench he turned aside to inquire whether SECRETARY FOR WAR had taken into his confidence his military advisers on the Committee of Imperial Defence on subject of military position of this country in event of establishment of Home Rule Parliament in Dublin? An interpolated remark from SEELY found POLE quite prepared to discuss in detail circumstances attendant upon Union of Great Britain and Ireland.

The GENERAL not only delightfully irrelevant himself but cause of bewildering irrelevancy in others. He brought to his feet that kindred spirit, WILLIE REDMOND, who stirred the SPEAKER to anguished protest.

"I have," the right hon. gentleman said, "not the faintest idea of what the honourable gentleman is alluding to, or what the resolution is, or what was the body that passed it."

This brought up GILBERT PARKER, bent on making an awful example of himself as a warning to others. WILLIE REDMOND had accused POLE CAREW of having used "disgraceful and defamatory language." GILBERT PARKER wanted to know whether such remark was in order.

"I myself," he humbly added, "was reproved by a former SPEAKER for using the word 'disgraceful.'"

SPEAKER again interposed in sterner mood. "The House," he said, "has very little time. It is called upon to discuss an important clause, and the whole of the time is being wasted in ridiculous talk."

Ridiculous talk, forsooth! WILLIE REDMOND swelled visibly like an offended turkey-cock, though he had not been mentioned. The SPEAKER'S accusatory remark had been couched in general terms. But WILLIE not to be comforted.

"Sir," he said, amid cheers from Mr. FLAVIN, "I have the very greatest respect for you, but as to the character of the remarks I feel called upon to deliver I will take leave to be the judge myself."

"Very well," said the SPEAKER, "let us assume that you have disposed of the honourable and gallant gentleman (POLE CAREW) and come to the clause under discussion."

Thus gently but firmly led back, attention was again turned upon the important measure with respect to which well-grounded complaint is made in some quarters that sufficient time is not supplied for discussion of its clauses.

Businessdone.—Proposed new clauses to Home Rule Bill dealt with.

New Year's Day.—Home Rule Bill on again; minds of Members more



"Ridiculous talk, forsooth!"
(Mr. WILLIE REDMOND.)

engrossed by rumours of alleged happenings at supper given last night by wily Whip to Scotch Members. When PREMIER proposed that House should re-assemble on Monday, the next day's sitting bridging the space between the Old Year and the New, a cry of horror and despair went up from Scottish quarter. True patriots they, how could they see the New Year in amid the mirk of London town? Happy thought illumined ILLINGWORTH'S mind. Why not ask them to supper and welcome the budding year at the bountiful table of the Hotel Cecil? So it was arranged, and the Scots Members turned up to a man as did their forbears at Bannockburn.

Proceedings of course private. But it is no secret that greatest success of the evening was the sword dance performed on the stroke of midnight by the Brothers WASON, clad in the national garb. Gog and Magog were never before seen in such apparel. It was voted most becoming.

Business done.—Guillotine working its way through Amendments on Report stage of Home Rule Bill. GENERAL CARSON, K.C.'s amendment, excluding Ulster from its operation, defeated by 294 votes against 197.

THIS BUSY WORLD.

(*With acknowledgments to Mr. Punch's contemporaries.*)

MR. JOHN JONES has been appointed Town Clerk of Twllony.

Struck suddenly by an idea as he was crossing the market-place yesterday, Alderman Smith-Pidson, of Bury St. Edwins, fell in a trance, from which he has not yet recovered.

Flying from tree to tree and uttering its cry as in spring, a cuckoo has been seen by an auctioneer and surveyor of Savernake.

At the age of ninety-two a labourer named Melchisedek Bo, who has lived in the same cottage for ninety-one years near Peterborough, has just died of troubles connected with third-teething.

Wagering with another man that he would drink a gallon of petrol in five minutes, a chauffeur named William Heape is now lying in a precarious condition in the Middlesbrough dispensary.

Splashed by mud from a passing motor-car, in which was a party that included Miss Dyzie Sweetling, of the Gaiety Theatre, and her *fiancé*, Lord Orde, an elderly woman named Eliza Cressbrook fell and fractured her knee-cap at Oswestry.

Accused of talking in his sleep at Bermondsey, an aged man named Samuel Wigster struck his wife, a woman of sixty, so severely on the head that she is not expected to live more than twenty years.

A Long Wait.

"Even the more youthful and boisterous of the assembly waited in expectant silence while yet another twelvemonth passed."
Nottingham Guardian.

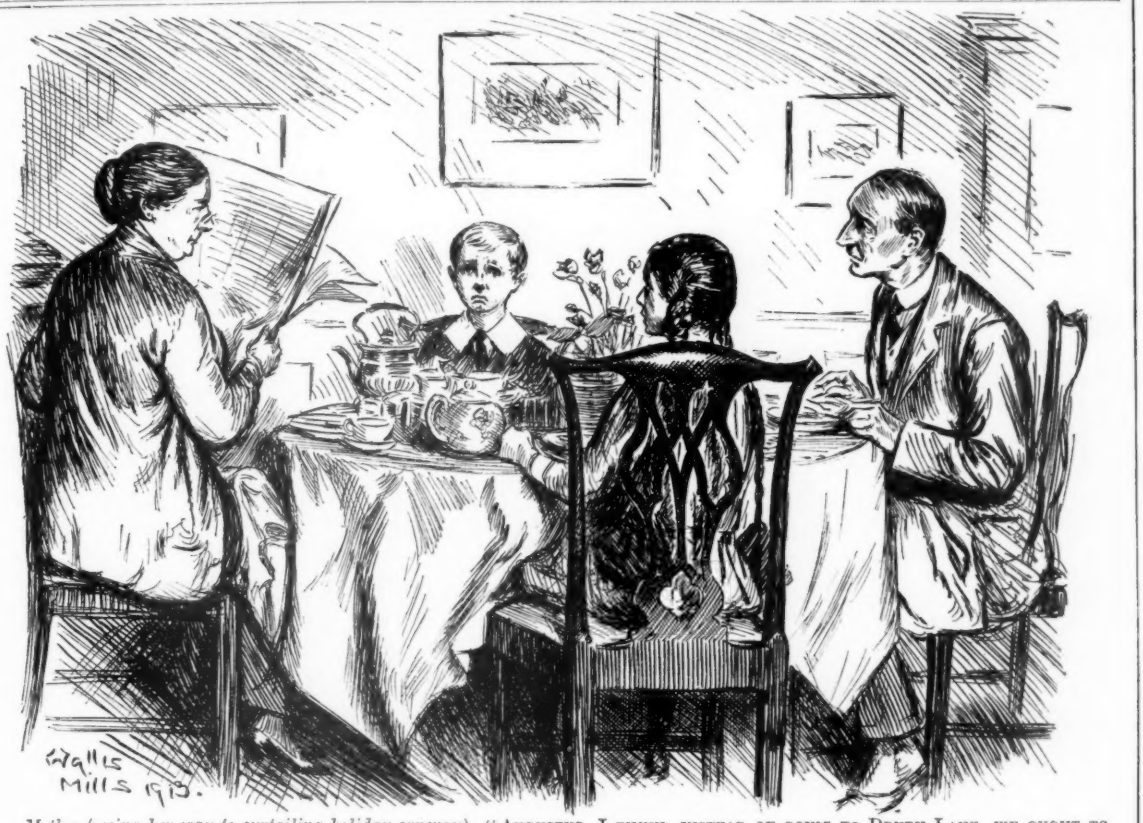
"ALARM OF FIRE ON TUBE RAILWAY.
PASSENGERS ALIGHT IN A DARK TUNNEL."
Daily News.

Alarmed Passenger. "Help! Auntie's alight again!"

From a Transvaal Notice Board:—

"Motor cyclists and others are warned against riding at an excessive speed through the village, which is at present a source of great danger to the community."

In England, too, it is widely felt among motorists that villages are a source of great danger to the community and ought to be wiped out. We look to the Road Board to do its duty.



Mother (seeing her way to curtailing holiday expenses). "AUGUSTUS, I THINK, INSTEAD OF GOING TO DRURY LANE, WE OUGHT TO TAKE THE CHILDREN TO SEE ST. PAUL'S. THEY MAY NOT HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE. I SEE IT 'S CRACKING ALREADY."

LAST—AND LOST.

["December 27th .. Sun rises 8.7 a.m.
December 28th .. Sun rises 8.8 a.m.
December 29th .. Sun rises 8.8 a.m.
December 30th .. Sun rises 8.8 a.m.
December 31st .. Sun rises 8.8 a.m.
January 1st .. Sun rises 8.8 a.m.
January 2nd .. Sun rises 8.8 a.m.
January 3rd .. Sun rises 8.7 a.m."
Extract from Almanack.]

DAY! (It is BROWNING'S phrase, not mine)—
Day! As the Night grows faint and dies,
Like sudden meteors there shine
Aurora's splendid eyes.
O Goddess, lucent-limbed, divine,
Unknown to me (as yet) by sight,
Sparkling in gold, like ginger-ale
(So they have said who know), all hail!
Hail, dawn! Hail, day! Hail, light!

So to himself Adolphus sang—
Adolphus, reader, being I—
While all the dim-lit bedroom rang
To that melodious cry;
For the alarum's strident clang
Had shocked me from my sleep thus soon,
Who am not wont to break my rest,
Nor to inflate my tuneful chest
Till pretty nearly noon.

I 'd set it with my own right hand,
That harsh alarum, five hours back,
Having just previously scanned
Whitaker's Almanack;
"So," I had said, "I understand
This is the last day when the sun
Gets up comparatively late
(Though all too early), viz., 8.8.
Now should the thing be done!"

Yes, this was January 2.
I filled my lungs, I sang again:—
The Dawn, by poets hymned, of hue
Brighter than Golden Rain
That on November 5 floods through
The velvet night with brilliant sheen!
Then lie not there and grossly yawn,
But rouse thyself and see this dawn
Which thou hast never seen!

Arise, arise, Adolphus! Shame
That thou, sworn votary of the Muse,
Hast never watched that ardent flame
The radiant East suffuse!
Fate will not bring to thee the same
Rich chance till many months have sped.
Have courage! Cease those coward sighs!
Brave the chill morning! Up! Arise!
(Adolphus stopped in bed).

A Way they have in Australia.

"MELBOURNE, Friday.—Mr. Higgs (Queensland) was upended in the House of Representatives this afternoon."
Brisbane Daily Mail.

We at home have more respect for the dignity of Parliament.

The Luck of No. 13.

"A London newspaper of 1776 asserted that . . . 'Washington had 13 toes and 13 teeth in each jaw.'"

A stiff mouthful. GEORGE, like so many lovers of immaculate teeth, must have put his foot in it.

From a leading article in *The Westminster Gazette*:—

"New Year's Day is a Milestone which the least observant of us can hardly fail to pass unnoticed."

The writer, though, has failed easily. Indeed, it hardly looks as though he had tried to pass it unnoticed.

"Born on November 27 last, the little boy will, should things remain as at present, one day become Marquess of Lansdowne."
Manchester Evening News.

Not, however, if the present Lord LANSDOWNE remains as at present.

AT THE PLAY.

"HULLO, RAG-TIME!"

I SUPPOSE that if you call a thing a "Revue," it is meant to be a satire on persons in the public eye and on current vogues and events, and I therefore assume that all the chorus-part of Messrs. PEMBERTON and DE COURVILLE'S production at the Hippodrome was designed to satirise the choruses of Musical Comedy. If, as I hope, I am right, the imitation here given of the old meaningless banalities was almost too perfect, for its intention clearly escaped the intelligence of the audience, who received it with loud and unsuspicious approval, as if it were the real thing. I am not sure that even the chorus itself recognised what it was there for. But Miss ETHEL LEVEY knew all about it, and her Musical Comedy methods in the duet with the foreign huzzar were very delightful for those who appreciated her humour. On the other hand, Mr. JAMIESON DODDS, who played the part of the gallant officer, seemed to take it quite seriously.

But for the interludes between the choruses, the "Revue" would have been a tedious business, for the ugliness of rag-time dances soon gets on the nerves. The *clou* of the evening was an "Extra Turn," entitled "The Dramatists get what they want." It was almost



THE SPIRIT OF RAG-TIME.
Miss ETHEL LEVEY.

unbelievable that this was from the same pens that wrote the rag-time part, yet the programme mentioned no other authorship. The protestations of the artistes from the Music-halls—a decent dog-trainer and his wife, a perfectly respectable acrobat, with six children in common—against the questionable character of the words they were given to say in a sort of Stage Society drama, were exquisite fooling; and here again Miss ETHEL LEVEY was the soul of the fun, though Mr. HEGGIE, in a smaller and less exacting part, was just as good. It was a delightful little burlesque, and deserved a much more responsive audience.

Another excellent interlude was the Sentimental Drama of the mother and her lost child (allusive to *The Tide?*), with interpolations from the body of the house. Here Miss DOROTHY MINTO was in happy vein, and the attempts made by the child (first a real child, and then, after objection raised by the L.C.C. because of the lateness of the hour, a grown-up member of the staff, quite as old as the mother) to secure paternal recognition from just anybody that came along were most acceptable.

There was nothing topical in the American dialogue between those admirable artistes, Mr. LEW HEARN and the lady who calls herself "BONITA," but it was extremely amusing. Indeed the large American element did most of the funny work of the evening, and even the actress who played *Britannia* in a Union Jack had apparently been imported from over the Atlantic, to sing the merits of the "red, white and blyew." I don't know where the chorus came from, but they were well above the average in good looks.

A few public characters were introduced, but in many cases we were left to gather their identity from the programme or the dialogue. Worse likenesses than those of Messrs. CHURCHILL, F. E. SMITH, GRANVILLE BARKER and the PRESIDENT of the Divorce Court it would be very difficult to produce. The representative of Mr. MARTIN HARVEY was more like the original, but *The Only Way* is too established an institution to ridicule at this time of day even if the impersonator had got Mr. HARVEY'S voice right. But a really excellent imitation of Mr. GEORGE GRAVES was given by Mr. CYRIL CLENSY in the midst of playing the character of *Sir Wilkie Bard*; and Mr. GERALD KIRBY successfully assumed the manner of Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, though he could hardly hope to reproduce his legs.

For a satire on the passing hour this "Revue" was not quite catholic enough in its allusions. Its authors over-estimated the part played in our lives by the stage. There really are other things. Still, after all, there are few interests that more closely touch so many types. For the camps of the Higher Drama, the Legitimate, and Musical Comedy have little traffic with one another, and the way of the true devotee of the Halls lies apart from them all.

The audience at the Hippodrome was made of all these types—a sprinkling of the first two and strong contingents of the others; and it is matter for



The One. "Hullo, ASQUITH!"

The Other. "Shut up, AUSTEN. Can't you see I 'm WINSTON?"

The One. "Well, I 'm not AUSTEN either. I 'm F. E. SMITH in the programme."

compliment that the authors of this miscellany and their versatile cast should have given so much pleasure to so mixed a crowd. O. S.

From the programme of a concert at Kew:—

"'Polonaiseina' . . *Chopin.*
'Toreador' . . . *Carman.*"

Give us Faust's "Nocturneinaflat" all the time.

From a notice-board at Leicester:—

"—— HOTEL.
ESTABLISHED IN THE 13th CENTURY,
RE-OPENED
UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT."

No doubt the change of management was necessary, but the old place will never seem the same again.

"The eighth annual meeting of the Peace Conference was held at St. James' Palace this (Wednesday) afternoon."
Staffordshire Sentinel.

The dilatoriness of Turkey is becoming a scandal.

"Le travail de M. Knochblauch (*Kismet*) est un bon divertissement pour des peuples moins avancés en civilisation que nous ne le sommes."—*L'Opinion.*

We hope that the thousands of Britons who saw the play at the Garrick, and enjoyed it, will not take the above too much to heart.



Belated Sportsman (arriving just as hounds are moving off after breaking up their fox). "I 'VE SEEN YOUR HUNTED FOX; HE 'S BEHIND, JUST OVER THE ROAD." *Huntsman.* "THE 'UNTED FOX IS INSIDE MY 'OUNDS, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *John of Jingalo* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN lets out a number of bees that have been swarming in his bonnet (or ought I rather to say his toque?), some of which have very acute little darts concealed about them; others, I think, are content, like the telephone, with a mere intermittent buzzing. *Jingalo* is a country whose capital may be described in the good old phrase as situated not a hundred miles from Whitehall, and it is only by an ingenious system of transpositions, and by the device of alluding quite frequently to England as a co-existent European state, that the author prevents us from saying at every turn, "How on earth could anyone dare to publish a book like this?" Mr. HOUSMAN'S main thesis is that *Jingalo* is governed by a class of office-seekers (represented at any given moment by the Cabinet), who are wholly unsupported by the voice of the people, and use alike the democratic will and the institution of monarchy to serve their bureaucratic ends. Having tumbled down the palace staircase upon his head, *King John* begins to "see things," and the scope of his vision is further enlarged by conversations with his son *Max*, a Max with whose cynical detachment we somehow seem familiar. It will not come as a shock to anyone to learn that the Dramatic Censorship and Women's Suffrage are cases in which *King John* sees fit to set his counsellors at defiance; but these are only two and not, I think, the sharpest of the points which Mr. HOUSMAN has made. I admire most the monarch's decision to revive the ceremony of washing beggars' feet on Maunday Thursday, attended by the whole Order of Knights of the Thorn in full robes; and the epilogue: "And when their ordeal by water was over then the twelve beggars—all of guaranteed good character though not actual communicants—received with delight each a new pair of shoes and stockings, which they were able to sell immediately at fabulous prices to collectors of curiosities, chiefly Americans. And that same night twelve very happy beggars, all more or less drunk, made their appearance on the largest music-hall stage in the metropolis, where the whole scene was elaborately re-enacted in *fac-simile*, followed by a cinematograph record of the actual event." That bee stings.

I have been reading an extraordinary, not to say nightmarish, book about the Mysterious East. It is called *The White Knight* (MURRAY) and begins on board a P. & O. liner, passengers on which were *Denis Grey* and *Howell*. The former, I gathered, had come out to Egypt as the guest of his Oxford friend, *Howell*, who was not only "one of the quietest men in Balliol," but on his mother's side a Bedouin Arab. Naturally this unusual combination was not without startling results, because, as it happened, there was a high-pressure blood feud going on at the time between *Howell's* tribe and another; and hardly had the two travellers disembarked at Port Said when events began simply to hum. I have a fixed idea that had I been *Grey* I should have called the visit a failure. To begin with, having expressed a wish (the least he could do) to join his host's brotherhood, he found himself bound hand and foot and involved in the most terrifying entertainment of gongs and green lights

and brandings. Later, he had to fight for his life in a four-days' desert battle, and was only rescued by the heroine in the very moment of defeat. Well, really, I mean—— Amongst other questions that occur to the sceptical reader is, "Where was Lord KITCHENER?" Briefly, Mr. T. G. WAKELING has written a sometimes exciting, but more often rather nonsensical, story about a country that he evidently knows and loves. The interest would have been stronger if the author had been less eager to combine it with instruction. The characters have a disconcerting habit of holding long natural-history dialogues in question and answer, such as I take to be unusual for men in moments of emotional stress. But the big fight in the last chapters is tremendous fun, and justifies the making of the book—for those who like that sort of thing.

In *The Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope* (JOHN LANE) Mr. STIRLING provides some fascinating reading. The collection is designed to form a continuation and conclusion of two earlier works, *Coke of Norfolk and his Friends* and *Annals of a Yorkshire House*. The contents of the *Letter-Bag* mainly consist of correspondence addressed to or written by JOHN SPENCER-STANHOPE, who lived and saw wide variety of life between the years 1787 and 1873. It is impossible in the limited accommodation of this "Booking-Office" adequately to deal with the teeming pages of volumes which picture the social existence of two generations and record gossip and confidences exchanged over half a century. If the book did nothing more than rescue the memory of Lord COLLINGWOOD from undeserved oblivion its publication would be welcome. His share in the great victory of Trafalgar was outshone by the dazzling glory of his commander and friend, NELSON. Full justice is at length done him, partly by publication of his own modest account of the great fight, though the part he played in it is only incidentally referred to. His description of the battle is a masterpiece. A passage in one of his letters of later date, protesting against a tendency on the part of the Admiralty to neglect the duty of maintaining the efficiency of the Navy, will by its exact terminology commend itself to the present FIRST LORD. "I have always found," COLLINGWOOD wrote, "that kind language and strong ships have a very powerful effect in conciliating the people." Another apophthegm, a favourite remark with JOHN STANHOPE, may recommend itself to one of Mr. CHURCHILL'S Cabinet colleagues: "The great advantage of being of old family is that you are further removed from the rascal who founded it." Both NAPOLEON and WELLINGTON figure in the correspondence, in which appear vivid glimpses of Paris after Waterloo.



FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.

THE KEEPER OF THE KING'S CONSCIENCE HANDS IN HIS RESIGNATION TO RICHARD III.

Casting about me for an epithet by which I may most suitably describe *Following Darkness* (ARNOLD), I think I shall select that often misapplied word "subtle." There is none that comes nearer to Mr. FORREST REID'S peculiar method of telling half a tale, and suggesting the rest, which you may then find out for yourself if you have interest and imagination enough. Only the other day I saw that Mr. REID was writing on "The Boy in Fiction," and certainly the list of his own books would seem to give him some claim to speak with authority. All his stories are in fact studies, extraordinarily clever and detailed and painstaking, of certain types of adolescence. In *Following Darkness*, the boy, *Peter Waring*, who is its central character and tells his own tale in the first person, is drawn with an ingenuity that is quite merciless. The result is a picture attractive, almost in spite of itself, from this quality of sincerity. For it must be confessed that on no other ground could *Peter's* be called an engaging personality. Moreover, let those who demand from a novel that it shall have a symmetrically rounded plot, or for whom boyhood, with its elusive moods and contradictions, its romance and happiness and despair, has no sufficient charm, avoid this book. The others will accept it with appreciation and gratitude for work of a kind both beautiful and rare. Despite some obvious faults of construction (of which the Preface seems to me to be one), *Following Darkness* deserves to linger pleasantly in the memory when two-thirds of the fiction of to-day has been willingly forgotten.

There is one article that might very well have been included in *The English Character* (FOULIS) by SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES, but has somehow or other got left out—an article on the varying value of externals. Any unprejudiced reader who took up this book and considered the very tasteful crimson-linen binding, the hand-made paper, the coloured illustrations, the wide margins, the clear lettering and the style of the printing—every chapter begins with a whole line in capitals and ends with two shortening lines like the tale of Fury and the Mouse in *Alice in Wonderland*—might be pardoned for saying eagerly, "Here is CHARLES LAMB at least." But with all due respect to Mr. HUGHES (who was so well-known as the *Sub Rosâ* of *The Morning Leader* and has now transferred his bower to *The Daily News*) I think he would be a little disappointed. Mr. HUGHES has one or two good stories to tell, and his observation is sometimes shrewd enough. But, oh dear! there are some sad platitudes in these pages and (can it possibly be because they first appeared in the form of diurnal columns?) they are woefully periphrastic at times. But never mind. Mr. HUGHES has doubtless plenty of admirers, and he will not be annoyed if I reserve the larger share of my gratitude for Mr. FOULIS.

Winter Sport.

"THE SOUTH OGFORDSHIRE FOGHOUNDS."—*South Bucks Free Press.*

CHARIVARIA.

SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM CLARKE has decided to take the title of Lord Sydenham. An attempt will no doubt be made to sell him the Crystal Palace as a residence worthy of his new dignity.

* * *

It is thought that the decision of the Royal Geographical Society in regard to the admission of women as members may have the result of turning the attention of an increased number of women to the study of geography. We fancy, however, that they will still ask the way of good-looking policemen.

* * *

It has been discovered that big game in Central Africa nourish the organisms that are the cause of sleeping sickness. A number of notices bearing the words "Kill that Lion!" are to be sent out at once, and a charitable lady has, we hear, offered to provide 20,000 fly papers of an extra-large size.

* * *

Nearly forty cheeses, weighing together more than a ton, and valued at over £2 each, were stolen last week from a wholesale storehouse in Oakley Street, Lambeth. There were signs that some of them had not surrendered until after a plucky struggle.

* * *

The lengths to which some persons will go in sacrificing themselves for the amusement of others is amazing. One of the guests at a party at Kettering, in endeavouring, last week, to blow out a candle blindfolded, burned off half his moustache.

* * *

A Melbourne baker claims to have discovered a liquid compound which, if applied to a loaf of bread three or four days old, will restore all its original freshness. By the by, we believe it is not generally known that a thin coating of brown boot polish will convert a slightly soiled white loaf into an attractive-looking whole-meal loaf.

* * *

"There is no ideal girl," says Mr. SANDOW. In view of this definite pronouncement it is thought that many gentlemen will now give up the fruitless search.

* * *

Of the Sydney Edition of *Bacon's Essays* a contemporary remarks:—"In its buckram covers and general appearance this edition surpasses every edition that we remember at this price." As the price is the unusual one of six shillings net, this notice is not quite so handsome as it sounds.

* * *

A number of inmates of the prison hotel at Parkhurst, who took part in the recent disturbances there, have been sent back to Portland. They are said to be extremely annoyed at this. They had hoped that they would merely be expelled with ignominy and that His Majesty's Government would refuse to have anything more to do with persons who take an unfair advantage of their hospitality.

* * *

Last week, apparently, if one had kept one's eyes open, one would have seen at every street corner little groups of citizens discussing an alarming report—for, says *The Observer*, "The rumour that A. W. Gamage, Ltd., supply only the Gamage Motor Tyre is not correct." Who, we wonder, is responsible for starting these wicked *canards*?

"Young lambs are very prolific in St. Erth district already."—*Hayle Mail.*

We confess that we cannot approve of this precocity. In any case we think that these young mothers would have been better advised to wait for the Government's maternity benefit.



Rustic Passenger (as express dashes by). "BY GUM, THAT WERE A NEAR SHAVE!"

TO AN ELDERLY FEMALE.

(A January Idyll.)

In the January chill
I beheld you on the hill,
O most angular old Jill,
Tall and gaunt;
Unapproachable and prude,
With a face of Don't Intrude,
And a general attitude
Of Avaunt!

By a mincing step and stiff,
By a short and tentative
And most disapproving sniff
Now and then,
By a prim, tea-party air
And a penetrating stare,
I could tell you couldn't bear
"Hateful men!"

Elegant, if ancient wreck,
How that mincing gait found check,
How you slewed that scrawny neck
With a twist,
Startled, yes, but still refined!
Then you ambled up the wind,
Yeld and venerable hind
That I missed!

The Line of Least Resistance.

THE waiter, in wishing me good morning, remarked that the day was much colder. I had as a matter of fact thought it particularly close and muggy, but I agreed with him.

At the cloak-room, where a man, at a daily remuneration of sixpence, takes charge of a hat and coat that would repose on a chair beside me for nothing had I any courage, I was told that the weather seemed much more promising; and again I agreed, although I had no such belief.

Finally, the splendid creature who, in return for more money, blows the whistle once for a cab for me, said that it was a nice day on the whole; and once more I agreed.

But what I want to know is, what does the Recording Angel do about this kind of thing?

"Madame Butt's majestic stature appealed to critics hardly less powerfully than her voice."—*New York Correspondent of "Daily Telegraph."*

At this rate of computation what would LITTLE TICH be worth? A threepenny bit?

"Charge of Robbing a Solicitor."—*Times.*

Difficulty has always been the whetstone of enterprise.

THE GREAT TWIN TERRORS.

"Tory Members are trembling before the remorseless propaganda, the unerring arithmetic, of Mr. Chiozza Money and Sir Alfred Mond."—*P. W. W. in "The Daily News and Leader."*

WHENCE comes this pallor which bedims
The Tory Party's sanguine faces?
Who puts the palsy in our limbs,
As when a cobra's fierce grimaces
Reduce to pulp the paralytic bunny?
It is the leonine CHIOZZA MONEY.

Who is the other terror? Who
The basilisk that makes us shiver
Turning our red corpuscles blue,
Setting our marrow-bones a-quiver,
Causing a kind of hiccup in the heart?
It is Sir ALFRED MOND, the gifted Bart.

And if you care to call in doubt
The wiles of these astounding wizards;
If you would know some more about
Their power to petrify our gizzards;
With my inspired authority I 'll trouble you—
It is the trusty scribe, P. double W.

'Twas he from whom I heard the trick
That makes them such a pair of wonders:
He says it 's their arithmetic
Which absolutely *never* blunders;
Ask them, if proof you want, to say at sight
How many beans make five—they 're always right.

'Tis this that puts us in the soup,
A wriggling mass of vermicelli;
By this they catch us when we stoop
So that we tremble like a jelly,
Because we cannot cope with men of lore
Who see at once that two and two are four.

They know addition, oh, and lots
Of darker matters; they define us
The meaning of those "little dots,"
And cryptic things like + and − ;
They even do their sums (or so 'tis said)
Not on the fingers, but inside the head!

Deadly at economics, they
Can tell by lightning calculations
The blow that threatens, some fine day,
To knock the Tariff-ridden nations;
Nor, on the Free Food stump, can hecklers stand a
Moment against their ruthless propaganda.

In lurid lights, that leave us dumb,
They paint the ruin, swift and heavy,
Of those who tax the People's tum,
Barring, of course, the Liberal levy
(A little thing, a mere ten million touch)
On currants, coffee, cocoa, tea and such.

But we, a trembling chicken-brood,
We dare not say we find it funny
That Liberal taxes laid on food
Are naught to MOND and *nil* to MONEY;
And, after all, a mere ten million—what 's a
Trifle like that to ALFRED or CHIOZZA? O. S.

Extract from *The Nervous System of Vertebrates*:—

"There is no such thing as a pars supraneuroporica of the lamina terminalis."

Personally we never said there was.

OUR COURTSHIP COLUMN.

EVERYBODY'S AUNT EMMA.

BY all means, Jemima, make it up with your William. No one is perfect, and we all lose our tempers at times. Besides, you say the boot did not actually hit you, and you can easily get a new chandelier. Do you think he can have been anticipating in a clumsy and indirect fashion the custom of throwing a shoe after the wedding carriage? In any case make him a present, as you suggest, as a sign of forgiveness; a pair of very soft bedroom slippers would be a thoughtful gift.

Lucy is engaged to a man who is most high-minded and honourable, but unfortunately he is not clever and he has very little hair on his head. Still, I think she had better stick to him. There are many preparations for the hair (see our advertisement columns), and many great men have been bald, *e.g.*, CÆSAR and Fra LIPPO LIPPI. As to cleverness, that is not everything. The poet says, "Be good, sweet maid," and it is better to meet nice people, even if they are rather bores, than to be robbed by a witty dramatist or bludgeoned by a thoughtful poet.

I am at a loss, my dear Mary, to know what to say to you. Yours is a most distressing case. Use all your womanly tact and perhaps you will reclaim him. Next time he wants to enter a picture palace draw him aside, saying, "Come, Walter, I see a dog-fight at the other end of the street."

Philip thinks he has been very clever, but he has not; he has done a cruel unkind thing. It is not merely the crockery; hearts are broken by acting in that way.

You were quite right, Lily. A man who could behave like that is unworthy of any affection, let alone a consuming passion such as you describe yours to be. When next he calls, summon him to that latticed window of which you speak so feelingly, and empty a jug of cold water over him. If he remonstrates you might reply with some little badinage, as for example, "Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink." Then close the window and retire to rest.

Your heart is not touched, Amelia, but I think you are a little bit wrong in the head.

I can quite understand, Constantia, that you miss the visits of your Henry. His eyes must have been excessively blue. But his habit of imitating a green parrot no doubt grew tiring and, as you say his income is so small, I feel certain that your heart cannot really have been touched. If Percy's diamonds are genuine (and a visit to the nearest jeweller will settle this point) I think I would forget Henry. But you must be very careful not to display anything like a mercenary spirit, for there is nothing that the rich dislike so much.

I should advise Clara to see a beauty specialist. Hers is a most distressing face.

"Contemplating the eyes of this woman, one thought of elemental passions. If the eyes were her great feature, the mouth gave more key to her true self. The short upper lip curled outward enough to make visible a shadowy line above itself, when the light came upwards to her face. The skin over the eyeteeth showed that slight fulness indicative of animalism."—"*Bystander*" *Short Story.*

The sort of woman one escapes from by the skin of her eyeteeth.

"The macaw of British Honduras says a lecturer resembles many people in wearing fine clothes, making a great noise, and in being good for nothing else."—*Evening News.*

A caustic bird, the macaw.



THE SWAN-SONG.

PRESIDENT TAFT (*singing*). "ARBITRATION I ADORE,
SOMETIMES LESS AND SOMETIMES MORE.
IF YOU LOVE YOUR DYING SWAN,
KEEP IT UP WHEN HE IS GONE."

[PRESIDENT TAFT, after proposing to repudiate the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, has at last, within a few weeks of the close of his term of office, lifted up his voice in favour of a sort of arbitration on the Panama tolls.]



"WHAT 'S ALL THIS ABOUT AN INSURANCE ACT? HAVE TO LICK STAMPS OR SOMETHIN', WHAT?"
"DON'T KNOW, OLD THING. SEEMS TO HAVE BLOWN OVER."

MILLENNIAL MEETINGS.

STIMULATED by the example of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON in his *pronunciamiento*, "1913," in *The English Review*, several of our leading publicists have delivered themselves on the subject of Anglo-German relations, and the best way of promoting the peace of Europe.

Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, speaking at the annual meeting of the Bacup Baconian Society last Friday, observed that they lived in stirring times. He was, however, hopeful, nay sanguine, that peace would be preserved if the legitimate aspirations of Germany could be reconciled with a due regard for our own Imperial obligations. Personally he had no doubt whatever that this could be done easily on the basis of a simple deal. Let Germany take SHAKSPEARE (giving us LUTHER in exchange) while we kept BACON. He felt convinced that she would acquiesce in an arrangement so fraught with pacific possibilities. Germany would save her face, and we would save our BACON. (Great applause.)

The Chevalier WILLIAM LE QUEUX, who was the principal guest at the quinquennial banquet of the Rochester Revolver Club, adumbrated a remarkable scheme for maintaining the interdynastic relations of Europe on a harmonious basis. He proposed a Conference of Crowned Heads to be held in the Republic of San Marino, before which he was prepared to submit his plan of settling all international disputes by reference to an official, to be called the Cosmic Conciliator, who should be elected by the assembled Sovereigns and hold office for life. If the choice fell upon himself, as he had good ground for believing it might, he would not shirk the responsibilities of the post or fail to deal faithfully with recalcitrant potentates.

Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, the famous conductor, fresh from his triumphs in Germany, addressed a meeting of musicians at Finsbury Park last Saturday evening. He said that the treatment of German bands was the only outstanding question between the two countries. He had begun to conduct overtures with Sir EDWARD CARSON with a view to their establishment in Ulster under Home Rule in case his efforts to secure their repatriation failed.

Sir WILLIAM BYLES, M.P., who presided at an extraordinary meeting of the Bradford Branch of the Mad Mullah Protection League, criticised Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON'S proposal to surrender various portions of the Empire as timid and half-hearted. It was no good giving up Egypt, Malta and Gibraltar unless we also decided to give back India to the Indians and Australia to the aborigines. In view of the GERMAN EMPEROR'S fondness for yachting, Sir WILLIAM added that it would be a gracious as well as politic act to present him with the Isle of Wight as a summer residence.

The Suicide Club.

"BIG DYERS' STRIKE.
5000 OPERATIVES GIVE NOTICE TO EXPIRE IN A WEEK."
Dundee Evening Telegraph.

"Many a wintry wind this fine old tower has defied, the scorching sun has shone its rays on its four sides for centuries."
Bury Post.

No need to bother about a south aspect here. The north is as good as any of them.

MORE SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

VIII. (*and Last*).—THE EXPLORER.

As the evening wore on—and one young man after another asked Jocelyn Montrevor if she were going to Ascot, what? or to Henley, what? or what?—she wondered more and more if this were all that life would ever hold for her. Would she never meet a man, a real man who had *done* something? These boys around her were very pleasant, she admitted to herself; very useful, indeed, she added, as one approached her with some refreshment; but they were only boys.

"Here you are," said Freddy, handing her an ice in three colours. "I 've had it made specially cold for you. They only had the green, pink and yellow jerseys left; I hope you don't mind. The green part is arsenic, I believe. If you don't want the wafer I 'll take it home and put it between the sashes of my bedroom window. The rattling kept me awake all last night. That 's why I 'm looking so ill, by-the-way."

Jocelyn smiled kindly and went on with her ice.

"That reminds me," Freddy went on, "we 've got a nut here to-night. The genuine thing. None of your society Barcelonas or suburban Filberts. One of the real Cob family; the driving-from-the-sixth-tee, inset-on-the-right and New-Year's-message-to-the-country touch. In short, a celebrity."

"Who?" asked Jocelyn eagerly. Perhaps here was a man.

"Worrall Brice, the explorer. Don't say you haven't heard of him or Aunt Alice will cry."

Heard of him? Of course she had heard of him. Who hadn't?

Worrall Brice's adventures in distant parts of the empire would have filled a book—had, in fact, already filled three. A glance at his flat in St. James's Street gave you some idea of the adventures he had been through. Here were the polished spurs of his companion in the famous ride through Australia from south to north—all that had been left by the cannibals of the Wogga-Wogga River after their banquet. Here was the poisoned arrow which, by the merciful intervention of Providence, just missed Worrall and pierced the heart of one of his black attendants, the *post-mortem* happily revealing the presence of a new and interesting poison. Here, again, was the rope with which he was hanged by mistake as a spy in South America—a mistake which would certainly have had fatal results if he had not had the presence of mind to hold his breath during the performance. In yet another corner you might see his favourite mascot—a tooth of the shark which bit him off the coast of China. Spears, knives and guns lined the walls; every inch of the floor was covered by skins. His flat was typical of the man—a man who had *done* things.

"Introduce him to me," commanded Jocelyn. "Where is he?"

She looked up suddenly and saw him entering the ball-room. He was of commanding height and his face was the face of the man who has been exposed to the forces of Nature. The wind, the waves, the sun, the mosquito had set their mark upon him. Down one side of his cheek was a newly-healed scar, a scratch from a hippopotamus in its last death-struggle. A legacy from a bison seared his brow.

He walked with the soft easy tread of the python, or the Pathan, or some animal with a "pth" in it. Probably I mean the panther. He bore himself confidently, and his mouth was a trap from which no superfluous word escaped. He was the strong silent man of Jocelyn's dreams.

"Mr. Worrall Brice, Miss Montrevor," said Freddy, and left them.

Worrall Brice bowed and stood beside her with folded arms, his gaze fixed above her head.

"I shall not expect you to dance," said Jocelyn, with a confidential smile which implied that he and she were above such frivolities. As a matter of fact, he could have taught her the Wogga-Wogga one-step, the Bimbo, the Kiyi, the Ju-bu, the Head-hunter's Hug and many other cannibalistic steps which, later on, were to become the rage of London and the basis of a *revue*.

"I have often imagined you, as you kept watch over your camp," she went on, "and I have seemed myself to hear the savages and lions roaring outside the circle of fire, what time in the swamps the crocodiles were barking."

"Yes," he said.

"It must be a wonderful life."

"Yes."

"If I were a man I should want to lead such a life; to get away from all this," and she waved her hand round the room, "back to Nature. To know that I could not eat until I had first killed my dinner; that I could not live unless I slew the enemy! That must be fine!"

"Yes," said Worrall.

"I cannot get Freddy to see it. He is quite content to have shot a few grouse . . . and once to have wounded a beater. There must be more in life than that."

"Yes."

"I suppose I am elemental. Beneath the veneer of civilisation I am a savage. To wake up with the war-cry of the enemy in my ears, to sleep with the—er—barking of the crocodile in my dreams, that is life!"

Worrall Brice tugged at his moustache and gazed into space over her head. Then he spoke.

"Crocodiles don't bark," he said.

Jocelyn looked at him in astonishment. "But in your book, *Through Trackless Paths!*" she cried. "I know it almost by heart. It was you who taught me. What are the beautiful words? 'On the banks of the sleepy river two great crocodiles were barking.'"

"Not 'barking,'" said Worrall. "'Basking.' It was a misprint."

"Oh!" said Jocelyn. She had a moment's awful memory of all the occasions when she had insisted that crocodiles barked. There had been a particularly fierce argument with Meta Richards, who had refused to weigh even the printed word of Worrall Brice against the silence of the Reptile House on her last visit to the Zoo.

"Well," smiled Jocelyn, "you must teach me about these things. Will you come and see me?"

"Yes," said Worrall. He rather liked to stand and gaze into the distance while pretty women talked to him. And Jocelyn was very pretty.

"We live in South Kensington. Come on Sunday, won't you? 99, Peele Crescent."

"Yes," said Worrall.

* * * * *

On Sunday Jocelyn waited eagerly for him in the drawing-room of Peele Crescent. Her father was asleep in the library, her mother was dead; so she would have the great man to herself for an afternoon. Later she would have him for always, for she meant to marry him. And when they were married she was not so sure that they would live with the noise of the crocodile barking or coughing, or whatever it did, in their ears. She saw herself in that little house in Green Street with the noise of motor-horns and taxi-whistles to soothe her to sleep.

Yet what a man he was! What had he said to her? She went over all his words. . . . They were not many.

At six o'clock she was still waiting in the drawing-room at Peele Crescent . . .

At six-thirty Worrall Brice had got as far as Peele Place . . .

At six-forty-five he was back in Radcliffe Square again . . .

At seven o'clock, just as he was giving himself up for lost, he met a taxi and returned to St. James's Street. He was a great traveller, but South Kensington had been too much for him.

Next week he went back unmarried to the jungle. It was the narrowest escape he had had. And he would have hated Green Street. A. A. M.

HULLO, WALTZ-TIME!

THE Great Central Hall of the Hop Market was the scene, on Monday last, of a remarkable meeting, convened by the Society for Promoting Graceful Deportment, and presided over by Mr. Cecil Ffoulke-Loring, the famous terpsichorean professor, with a view to reviving the famous Old English dances associated with the Merrie England of the past.

Before addressing the meeting, Professor Ffoulke-Loring read letters and telegrams from several distinguished sympathisers with the movement.

Lord CURZON wrote: "I cordially approve of the aim of the meeting. Decorum is the inalienable heritage of the British race, though the exhibitions witnessed in modern ball-rooms suggest that we have exchanged the cult of Terpsichore for that of St. Vitus. It should be our duty to call in the Old World to redress the outrages of the New."

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE telegraphed: "Am with you heart and sole."

Mr. FILSON YOUNG wrote: "Modern life is sadly lacking in dignity and distinction, and it is strange to note in persons of birth and breeding a tendency to relapse, in moments of exhilaration, to the simian contortions of the primitive savage. Any effort to combat this retrograde tendency will receive my most cordial and italic support."

Professor Ffoulke-Loring, who was very heartily received, drew the attention of his audience to the circumstance that unless steps were at once taken there was every danger of certain of the dances to which the feet of our ancestors and ancestresses kept happy time remaining for ever in the oblivion in which they were now buried. This would be a very regrettable calamity. Records of the past told him that the waltz, the polka and the lancers were once ingredients of the life of Merrie England, and he had himself conversed with persons who could recall these measures and the pleasure they had taken in footing them. At a house in Mayfair he had found a comely lady of forty who distinctly recollected waltzing (as it was called) at a ball in London. There was nothing, she was convinced, in the rag-time dances of the present—the Hugs and Trots and Cuddles and Strangles and Tangos—which could compare with the waltz for enjoyment.

He had discovered, the Professor continued, that musicians had existed who wrote nothing but music for this particular dance, and in Vienna, which he had recently visited, there were persons still true to it. It was indeed from the notes which he had taken in Vienna that he hoped to reconstruct the waltz for the purposes of their Society.

As to his adventures in search of the correct steps of the other obsolete dances which he had mentioned—the polka and the lancers—he would at the present moment say nothing.

What was very strongly felt, both by himself and his committee, was that, if only a few negroes could be induced to take them up, all these dances would instantly be received into favour by the Smart Set of England and their prosperity be assured.

Mr. Ffoulke-Loring then read the list of subscriptions towards the great work to which he had set his hand, including £50, ear-marked for waltzing reconstruction, from Messrs. Giddy and Giddy. He had also had a promise of support from the well-known pugilist and bridegroom, Mr. JACK JOHNSON. (Great enthusiasm.)

A resolution in favour of urging the Government to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the Decadence of Dancing having been unanimously passed, the meeting broke up to the strains of the "Mabel" Waltz.



Maid. "YES, MUM; AND SHE WALKS OUT REGULAR AT NIGHTS WITH MR. BROWN, THE BUTCHER, AND EVEN TAKES 'IS ARM; AN' MR. BROWN 'S A MARRIED MAN, AN' SHE KNOWS IT AND 'E KNOWS IT, TOO."

A FLUTTER ON THE FLAT.

WHEN we were married, Elmira's aunt gave us a picture of JONAH and the Whale, and after considerable discussion we decided to hang it in the bathroom. There is nothing indelicate about the work—if you knew Elmira's aunt you would be quite certain of that—and indeed it is difficult to be sure what precise moment in the Scriptural drama the artist endeavoured to seize. The prophet is fully clothed, and there is a kindly, almost quizzical expression on the face of the sea-monster. Neither of us, Elmira nor I, considers the thing very beautiful, and, except when Miss Tompkinson seemed likely to call, we felt that the bathroom was the most suitable home for it. It hangs just over the geyser and looks, I think, rather well.

At four o'clock last Thursday afternoon the dreaded event happened, and, in accordance with the pre-arranged scheme, as soon as I heard the drawing-room door closed on our visitor I took a chair and a bamboo-stick and, successfully gaffing the masterpiece, hastened towards my study with it. Unhappily, before I could get there, the drawing-room door opened again. Without a doubt, Elmira's aunt intended to be shown round the flat, and since my study is opposite the drawing-room there was nothing to be done but to take refuge in the kitchen. As Fate would have it, this was, of course, the very room which Elmira's aunt immediately wished to inspect. Perhaps she wanted to look at the colander—I know there is a colander because I have paid for it, but I have never yet been allowed to see it at its work; or it may have been the nutmeg-grater—I am told we have a very beautiful nutmeg-grater. Anyhow, before they came in I bolted with a cry of alarm into the larder and slammed the door. Then I realised that I was trapped again, for there is no bolt on the inside of the larder door. It would have been absurd for the master of the house to be discovered weltering amongst the remains of the cold mutton, clasping the representation of a Biblical crisis under one arm. So I crawled with some difficulty through the larder window on to the roof—ours is the highest flat in the buildings—and dragged the seascape after me.

It is a great pity that people should go and leave unnecessary nails sticking out of window-casements and that it is not someone's business to keep the slates of London roofs clean. I made my way, however, with a little trouble, to the sky-light over the landing and dropped down opposite our front door. I was just going to let myself in when I heard voices on the other side. Apparently Elmira's aunt was just going to leave. I felt that she must have been disappointed at not seeing her picture, but it was too late to bother about that now—at any rate, she had not seen it over the geyser. The one thing to do was to escape, and, since our lift is temporarily disabled, I ran downstairs into the street—it was the only way. Several people looked at me rather curiously when I got on to the pavement, and I suppose it is a little unusual for an English gentleman to take the air in a rather grimy condition with no hat on and a large rent in his trousers, and carrying a bamboo stick in one hand and a large picture of a devotional nature in the other. I did not see the joke myself. To avoid ostentation I summoned a taxi-cab. "Where to?" shouted the man at the wheel, and I said, rather recklessly perhaps, "The Royal Academy." When we were about half-way there I decided that the coast must be clear, and told the man to turn round and go back. Still rather unmanned, but feeling considerably relieved, I let myself into the flat and immediately came face to face with Elmira and her aunt.

"Oh, you've got it!" said Elmira (I married Elmira partly for her quick intuitions), clasping her hands and positively beaming. "I was just telling Auntie that we broke the glass of her beautiful picture while we were trying to hang it in the drawing-room this morning, and that I had sent you off to get it mended at once."

If you stay at our flat you will probably notice the picture of JONAH and the Whale while you take your morning tub; it imparts an air of salt water. It is placed just over the geyser, and on the wall opposite I have hung a bamboo walking-stick.

"The daily round, the common task."

"Marriage Licence £2; Special about £30."
Letts's Diary.

This comes under the general heading of "Daily Wants Dictionary." Some people are always drifting into habits.

Record Foot-Wear.

"His Honour Judge Gent, at the Launceston County Court, delivered judgment in the case of Ashton v. Cann, concerning the alleged purchase of defendant's sock for £2,000."
Devon and Exeter Gazette.

"Dr. Waldie was a native of Linlithgow, and the anniversary of his birth occurs this year."—*Scotsman.*

There is always something remarkable about a Scotchman.

THE TORTURE.

["And the hooféd heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root."
—*Atalanta in Calydon.*]

Is there Até for the drunkard?
  Is there sorrow for the fool?
Is it dreadful to be bunkered?
  Is there pain when love grows cool?
Ah, but hope more surely withers,
  Pleasure dies and joys are o'er
When I 've failed to tell old Smithers
(Best of chaps, but how he blithers!)
  That I 've heard the little story that
    he wants to tell before.

Mere politeness starts the error;
  He dislikes to think it stale;
Ah, but the unholy terror
  On my lying lips and pale
As he turns on me his glances!
  How I tremble in my joints
As the anecdote advances,
As I fail to seize the chances
  Of the proper mode of laughter for
    the prefatory points!

Will he tell it as my father
  Told it me when I was young?
Will he use the version rather
  That the poet CHAUCER sung?
Thoughts like these begin to harrow
  As he quarries that antique
Shaft of humour like an arrow
From an early English barrow
  While the perspiration oozes and
    comes trickling down my cheek.

Yea, and what if some suspicion
  Cross his mind before the end?
What if by some thought-transmission
  He should find me out? O friend,
You who read the subtle novels
  Of the school of HENRY JAMES,
You can guess the imp that grovels
Darkly in my cranial hovels
  As the jest winds slowly seawards to
    the full-mouthed roar it claims.

Ay, and if the end completed
  All the anguish, all the pain;
If those moments tense and heated
  Passed, and I might breathe again;
No, for sometimes mid the thunder
  Of my mirth the man recalls
How he split his sides asunder
Whilst I sat in wan-cheeked wonder
  When we heard that joke last Christmas cracked upon the music-halls.

EVOE.

From a letter in *The Standard*:—

"Sir,—Never at any time noted amongst nations for good manners, I find on my return from abroad after an absence of ten years that English manners are now utterly a thing of the past."

The writer is too diffident about himself. We happen to know that Holland was charmed with his behaviour.

THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

THERE was no possible mistake about it. "Billiard-room"—those were the words; and as a billiard-room was a *sine qua non*, and the rest of the description of the house seemed satisfactory and its situation was agreeable, I chartered a car at enormous expense—no one can call tenpence a mile anything but enormous expense—and hurried away with an "order to view."

It was not a bad house. The agent's printed words and the edifice cannot be said exactly to have run in double harness; but it was not a bad house. I don't say I should myself have called it precisely "old world," but then I am rather fastidious about epithets; and it was obvious that if one of the alleged seven bedrooms was used as a dressing-room the number of the bedrooms would be reduced to six; that is to say, the house possessed either seven bed-rooms and no dressing-room, or a dressing-room and six bedrooms, but under no conditions seven bedrooms as well as a dressing-room, as the specification would have you think. Still, it was not a bad house.

Having seen all over it I asked the "caretaker on premises" if I might now look at the billiard-room.

"Billiard-room?" she said vaguely.

I showed her the agent's list, with the smiling announcement in black-and-white.

She read it, but was still nonplussed. At last a light broke in. "Oh, yes," she said, "I suppose they mean the attic;" and she again led the way upstairs to a point on the top landing beneath a trap-door in the ceiling.

"They mean that," she said. "Would you like to go up? There's a ladder close by."

I declined. A half-size bagatelle-board might conceivably be insinuated through this trap and erected on the unstable floor; but nothing bigger or heavier; and as for light . . .

This—and many similar experiences—make it necessary to address to the house-agency profession (or is it craft?) the following epistle:—

DEAR SIRS,—May I draw your attention to an old aphorism, "Honesty is the best policy"? Not that I think you exactly dishonest—that is perhaps too strong a term for deviations from accuracy which are prompted, I am convinced, by no more culpable motives than the desire to see properties change hands, house-hunters satisfied, and yourselves the recipients of commission. None the less, there are only two things: truth and that which is not truth; and you might just as well pin your faith to truth as to the other fellow. For consider how short a run your untruth has. It is discovered almost instantly.

I suppose that to suggest that you should yourselves see all the houses on your lists is to become unpractical. I feel sure I shall be told so. Let that point then go. But since you cannot conduct your business thoroughly and are content to recommend pigs in pokes, in defiance of sound commercial principles, may I implore you to take such a simple precaution as to ask the owners of the houses on your books for measurements? That surely would be easy and save many fruitless journeys on the part of house-hunters.

The other day one of your fraternity sent me into the country to a distant spot to see a "Grange." Will it be believed that when I reached it I found a semi-detached villa? And this after I had given a full account of the kind of isolated dwelling I desired!

But enough. You are for the most part amiable gentlemen and I like to watch you. And no doubt when one is, so to speak, not a real business man at all but a commender of other people's wares and a dependent upon commission, one gets into florid habits of persuasive speech. All the same, I am convinced you would lose nothing in the long run if you occasionally saw a house for yourselves and if you always aimed at a frugal accuracy in describing them.



"PARDON ME, MADAM, BUT YOU 'RE STANDING ON MY FEET."
"IF YOU WERE ANYTHING OF A MAN YOU 'D BE STANDING ON THEM YOURSELF."

"The manager . . . has been sent on a tour of the European countries to collect specialities and luxuries of cuisine in each country [for the new Hamburg-American liner]. Sweden will be represented by Stockholm's speciality hors d'œuvres, Russia by caviare and bosch (soups)."—*Daily News and Leader.*

Caviare is, of course, a clear soup. You should see P. W. W. and the other young tigers of *The Daily News* renewing their youth on it!



OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

Good-natured Sportsman (on receiving a cup of tea). "WELL, CHEER-O, EVERYBODY!"

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

["At the Zoological Gardens the axolotl, a large newt living entirely in water, has been induced to change into an amblystoma, a typical land-animal."—*The Times.*]

"You 're merely idiotic, with your talk of special diet—
As if a dish of dragon-fly would serve to keep me quiet!
It 's anger, Sir—an anger I am powerless to bottle,
Which ruins my digestion," quoth the pallid axolotl.

"Come, frankly, Mr. Keeper, Sir—explain to me, what *is* it
That makes me pine in solitude for days without a visit?
While, if a stranger does appear, immediately the brute
Hurries away, remarking, 'Ugh! A creepy-crawly newt!'"

"Er," said the keeper thoughtfully,—"or—well, the public taste
In matters zoological is shockingly debased,
And so——" "You can't imagine that your superficial rot 'll
Impose upon," the other said, "a clever axolotl?

"No; let me own the horrid truth: though very lithe and active,
The sad conviction dogs me that I cannot be attractive!
Now if I were an elephant, a kangaroo, or someone——"
"Why, then your course is plain enough," the keeper said; "become one!

"Become one, axolotl dear! Imagine the sensation!
The Times will print a paragraph about your transformation!
If in making a selection I can be of any use, you
Have only got to mention it. Now do let me induce you!

"The lion is a noble beast, the panther is unpleasant,
The monkey—no, the monkey-house is over-full at present;
The skunk is reckoned fetching, though a rather strong aroma——"
"*Eureka!*" cried the happy newt, "I 'll be—an amblystoma!"

"Good!" said the keeper, skilfully dissembling his amaze;
"You couldn't choose a better if you thought of it for days!
An ambly . . . that 's the very thing to suit the Gardens nicely!
You 'll work the trick, I think you said—at *what* o'clock precisely?"

"Good Sir," replied the other, "pray consider the unfitness
Of (so to speak) disrobing in the presence of a witness!
As soon as you have disappeared the process will be started.
Hence, hence, away, immodest man!" The keeper then departed.

Forthwith the gallant newt began some complicated movements
Essential to "extensive alterations and improvements,"
Till finally, relapsing in a state of placid coma,
He slept—an axolotl; and awoke—an amblystoma!

DECANUS.

Scylla and Charybdis.

"Dean Inge in an interview yesterday said that no stone would be left unturned to stop the scheme for a tramway beneath St. Paul's."
Daily Sketch.

The DEAN'S threat strikes at the very foundations of the cathedral.



WHO 'S AFRAID?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



TIM HEALY, while HAYES-FISHER was speaking, "took a census."

House of Commons, Monday, January 6.—As the 15th of January approaches, bringing fulfilment of promise of 5*d.* for 4*d.* through operation of Insurance Act, Questions designed to hamper accomplishment of the beneficent work fall off in number. To-day there was, by exception, remarkable recrudescence. Probably a final foray, it beat the record. Of eighty-six Questions on paper the first thirty-one were addressed to FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY. Each presented a more or less cleverly constructed conundrum suggesting difficulties in working the Act. The number was increased by ten, MASTERMAN, Ready as usual to take on fresh work, answering for CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER to whom they were addressed. This made forty-one Questions, nearly one-half of the whole replied to by a single Minister.

Statement only partially represents the case. With few exceptions each of the Questions was a congeries of interrogation. Thus whilst they numbered up to forty-one they actually presented ninety separate and distinct enquiries, each calling for detailed reply. Nor is this all. Ministerial answer was invariably followed by crowd of Supplementary Questions. The minimum was two; the average three; sometimes the number ran up to six. Taking the average as three we have 123 supplementing what may be called the mother questions, bringing up the total to 213.

Purists in Parliamentary procedure might be disposed to describe this as disorderly debate, outraging fundamental principle upon which the practice of seeking useful information from Ministers is based. Not at all. It is the latest development of the Question-hour. If some score of Members who, in obedience to Standing Order, have given notice of their Questions and duly placed them on the Paper, find the list closed by time limit before their names are called on, it is their misfortune. They should either ask Supplementary Questions or give private notice to a Minister of intention to cross-examine him on a particular point. By this last device they would gain the privilege of reading their Question aloud, a delight denied to the commonplace Member who subjects himself to the spirit and the letter of the Standing Order governing the Question-hour.

Business done.—Clause 13 of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill added in Committee. Long debate left undetermined the crucial question, "What is a layman?"

Tuesday.—Read sometimes in the papers of the silver market going "up" or "down" so many points. Don't know why it should do either, or indeed why it shouldn't. Equal mystery broods over recently born absorbing passion of RUPERT GWYNNE, known in smoking-room conversation as "Silver-Market" GWYNNE. To-day he rose ten points—I mean ten times—with searching inquiry about that purchase of silver (or was it a sale?) on account of Indian Government. India Office, in reply to questions with which they have been bombarded during last couple of months, state that by clever management the City firm entrusted with the business outwitted group of market operators and saved the Treasury £100,000. "Silver-Market" GWYNNE, whose intimacy with intricacies of the trade is extensive and peculiar, knows better.

Hence severe catechism to which from time to time he subjects representative of India Office. Of late has eased off a little. Sometimes whole week passes without our hearing from him. Then, as to-day, he starts afresh. Ever in the same unimpassioned manner, the same monotonous tone, and withal the same unmistakable air of conveying to House impression that if he were to tell all he knew he would make its flesh creep and its hair uprise in affright.

By accident there are two Members seated in close proximity below Gangway, each bubbling with possession of secret information, both restrained by fetters of Parliamentary procedure from

telling all they know. How different is their manner of comporting themselves! "Silver-Market" GWYNNE, standing by Front Bench, from corner seat of which COUSIN HUGH is periodically evicted, is depressed with secret knowledge of dark doings in the City. Mr. GINNELL, rising from second bench behind him, is ebullient with information that makes mystery of robbery of Crown Jewels from Dublin Castle clear as noonday. Whilst one, putting his question, remains impassive, looking as if a silver florin wouldn't melt in his mouth, the other is almost blatant in desire to impart his private information. On Monday he started at a gallop, resolved to make a complete exposure. Commenced to cite a list of names of noble lords and others alleged to be implicated, when SPEAKER hastily interposed and he was compelled to resume his seat.

Up again a moment later, prepared to go on fresh tack. Has invented and developed improved system of putting Supplementary Questions. Others trust to inspiration and spur of moment; Mr. GINNELL brings down with him Supplementary Questions more or less illegibly written out on scraps of paper, which sometimes get mixed up, with hopeless result. Proposed to read one of these, but SPEAKER called on Member next in order on Question Paper, and, before Mr. GINNELL knew where he was, House was led off on quite another line. So he perforce remained seated, studying with puzzled countenance his perverse memoranda.

Business done.—In Committee on Home Rule Bill. Amendment carried by overwhelming majority embodying principle of proportional representation in new Irish Parliament. But, though sound of division bell brings in a crowd, desolate appearance of benches while debate goes forward remains. TIM HEALY, most constant in attendance, confided to House that while HAYES-FISHER was speaking he "took a census." He found there were present twenty-one Liberals, fifteen Tories, and seventeen Nationalists; total fifty-three. This interesting return accurately represents measure of interest displayed in Bill, for discussing Report Stage of which an allotment of seven days is denounced as shamefully inadequate.

Friday—Should a red herring be expected to touch the point? Question arises upon remark interpolated by SCOTT DICKSON in debate on Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. ROCH arguing that it is easy to distinguish between a churchman and a member of a nonconformist body, SCOTT DICKSON testified that there would be great difficulty in Scotland in distinguishing between a U. F. Churchman and a Free Churchman.

This knocked ROCH over; but only for a moment.

"I will not," he said, recovering his breath, "follow the right honourable gentleman into the realm of Scottish metaphysics or Scottish ecclesiasticism. I feel the difficulty that, whereas the short but practical English Catechism begins by asking what is your name, the Scottish Catechism starts with the puzzler, 'What is the ultimate end of man?'"

"That," promptly retorted SCOTT DICKSON, "is a very good red herring. But it does not touch the point."

Complimentary allusion to quality of an opponent's fish was in good taste, maintaining high level of courtesy in Parliamentary debate. But it leaves undetermined the problem whether a red herring, good, bad or indifferent, may reasonably be expected to "touch the point." If answer be in the affirmative, it would be interesting to know what consequences may be expected to follow upon impact.

Business done.—Week wound up with Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill still in Committee. Ministerial majority steadily maintained at or about six score, being something like twenty above normal.



SECRET INFORMATION TO MAKE YOUR FLESH CREEP.
Mr. GINNELL (Crown Jewels) and Mr. GWYNNE (Silver Market).

MOTTO FOR UNIONISTS.—*Foi et Lot!*

THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM SOLVED.

IN consequence of the success attending the new style of advertisement for domestic help, *Mr. Punch* begs to announce that he has opened a column on similar lines. Harassed mistresses will do well to adjust their old-fashioned ideas to modern requirements, for, as the subjoined specimens show, it is by alluring and attractive advertisement only that the heart of the independent domestic can be reached.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

COOK.—Age and salary to suit applicant. Outings, day a week, week-end month, every Sunday. Mistress good-tempered and short-sighted. Master deaf and easy-going. Neighbourhood noted for handsome policemen. Followers winked at in kitchen. Gramophone in scullery. Lib. perks; no cap. Good time guaranteed.—Apply, MRS. BATEHAM, Whitelands, Park View, New Dulwich.

NURSE-HOUSEMAID.—3 children, 2 could be disposed of during day. Well-trained baby. Vacuum flask for night bottle. Luxurious nursery. White pram, smart uniform provided. Choice of walks, no questions asked. Novelettes not objected to.—Apply, The Nest, Meadowside Road, Brondesbury.

PARLOURMAID.—£35. Sobriety and cleanliness not essential. Outings by request. Family entertain at restaurants. Spare time for blouse making and hat trimming guaranteed daily. Frequent gifts from Mistress's smart wardrobe. Servant's hall overlooks *street*. Young superior tradesmen call daily. Use of piano and bicycle. Free ticket for Cinema twice a week. No cold meat.—Apply, The Oasis, Fitzwilliam Hill, Hampstead.

GENERAL.—Comf. home. Wages £42. No tax, no stairs, no windows, no children, no coals, no washing. Daughters willingly undertake heavy work. Servants' relatives welcomed and entertained in kitchen. Fancy-work encouraged. Early riser preferred, but not essential. No cap, no flues; feather bed.—Apply, MRS. HOPE, The Moorings, Winchmore Hill.

Intensive Culture in the East.

"They are nipping in the bud the seeds, which they are endeavouring to sow in the interest of the upheaval of Indian women on the lines of modern European civilisation."
Allahabad Leader.

FIDO.

LAST week the idea came to me in a bright moment to call upon Suzanne and make her an offer of marriage, and as it was four in the afternoon I decided to put on my best suit and commence immediately. Ushered into her mother's drawing-room, I found her alone on the sofa holding in her lap what appeared at first sight to be a piece of disused hearthrug.

"Hullo, James, dear old thing," she said, "come and be introduced to Marmaduke."

I advanced and poked the object with some idea of discovering its nature.

It gave vent to a horrible squeal, and I sprang back in alarm.

"My goodness," I said, "the thing's alive."

"Of course it is. What did you expect?"

I approached again and looked at it closely.

"But what is it?" I asked.

"Why, it's a dog, of course."

"A dog!"

"Yes, a dog. What did you think it was?"

"I thought it was a pen-wiper."

Suzanne pouted.

"You're a very fine dog, aren't you?" she said, addressing the insect.

"Good old Fido," I said.

"His name isn't Fido," said Suzanne. "It's Marmaduke."

"Oh! What makes you think that?"

"Why, bless the man," she exclaimed, "I call him Marmaduke, so he *is* Marmaduke, isn't he?"

"No," I said, "he isn't. I always call dogs Fido; and I see no reason now to abandon the custom, so I shall continue to speak of him as Fido."

Suzanne made a gesture of impatience.

"Oh, well, ring for tea anyway," she said.

I had got the best of the argument, and I rejoiced about it at the time, but I am inclined to think that a little diplomacy would perhaps have been wiser.

I had not however called upon Suzanne that afternoon for the sole purpose of putting her right in the matter of her dog's name. I had a more delicate feat to perform, and, while wearing an air of easy nonchalance and touching lightly on the topics of the day, I deftly approached the question which lay so near my heart.

With the advent of tea I began to skirmish about the bush.

I helped myself to a fair-sized muffin. It is a good thing to have something substantial to hold on to in a crisis.

"You may have noticed, my dear Suzanne," I began, "that I have been paying you what I may describe as marked attentions for no little time."

I took a bite of muffin and gazed at her over the top of it to observe the effect of my words.

"I come round here on fine afternoons," I pursued, "when I might be—working. I take you to dances and for your sake endure sleepless nights—and—sleepy days. I give you boxes of chocolates in season and out of season. In short, I would appear to be decidedly . . . *épris* . . . if you know the word . . ."

"Of course I know the word," she interrupted. "Why, I believe you learnt it from me."

"Possibly," I said. "But that is beside the point. The point is why—why do I do all this?"

"Goodness knows."

"I will tell you. It is because I am, in fact . . . *épris*."

Suzanne, overcome with sweet modest blushes, gazed with downcast eyes at Fido curled up in her lap, and vouchsafed no reply.

"And yet," I continued, "neither your father nor your mother has made bold to ask me my intentions. Rather singular, isn't it?"

I took another bite of muffin.

"I might, without exaggeration, say very singular."



Mother. "LUCKY BOY, GERALD. UNCLE CHARLES SAYS HE'S GOING TO TAKE YOU TO DRURY LANE AGAIN THIS YEAR. WELL, YOU DON'T LOOK VERY PLEASED."

Gerald. "OH, IT'S VERY KIND OF UNCLE AND ALL THAT, BUT ON THESE OCCASIONS HE ALWAYS BEHAVES JUST LIKE A KID."

"In their absence," said Suzanne, "I must apologise for them. They are both a little forgetful."

"That may be," I replied with dignity, "but it remains to be said that most men would have taken advantage of this and gone off and been lost altogether. However," I added, "I am made of different stuff or cast in a different mould—I forget which—and I have come here to-day to make a voluntary declaration."

"You overwhelm me!" exclaimed Suzanne.

"I ought perhaps to tell you that this is not at all the sort of marriage I expected to contract when I started out in life. I thought then that I should probably wed a society beauty and have my photograph in *The Tatler* . . . but somehow you have crept into my heart—or whatever the technical expression is—and . . . and, in short, I . . . love you."

At this critical point in my declaration Suzanne, shaken no doubt by a very natural emotion, spilt some hot tea on to Fido. It was, of course, a pure accident, but the little beast worked itself up into a fearful state about it, squealing in a more horrible manner than before.

She caught it up in her arms, kissing it and begging to be forgiven.

"My poor darling! Was it scalded, then?"

It was too much.

"Come, come," I said, "you really must leave your toys alone now and attend to me. Let us put Fido away in the cupboard."

Suzanne stood up, panting with indignation. Then she gnashed her little teeth. I became alarmed. It seemed as if no language would occur to her mind sufficiently frightful to meet the situation.

I felt somehow at the time that it was not a propitious moment for my proposal, but I had put my hand to the plough, and I am of the race that, having done this, never lets go.

"Joking apart," I said, "I love you, and I want you to be my wife."

There was a long, a very long pause. You could have heard a pin drop. (But I have observed that in real life pins rarely fall at such times.)

"*My* wife," I repeated. "Think of that."

Suzanne gazed at me in solemn silence. She was, to all appearances, thinking of it. Then she kissed Fido.

"You may have the refusal of me for seven days," I added. "An option."

She re-seated herself, and spoke at last with great deliberation.

"Marmaduke and I," she said, "take the very earliest opportunity of declining your kind offer."

I could hardly believe my ears. A lifelong confidence in those features was rudely shaken.

"But surely," I cried, "surely you love me?"

Suzanne looked me straight in the face, with an expression of perfect candour in her big blue eyes.

"Yes, James," she said, "I do. I will not conceal the fact. I love you deeply."

"Then why," I exclaimed, "why this diffidence? It is due to some girlish whim."

"No, James," she replied, "it is the mature decision of a woman ripe in years and wisdom."

I could not understand her attitude. It is a matter of common knowledge that Suzanne is only nineteen.

"I need a second muffin," I said. "This unlooked-for development finds me unprepared."

With tears in her eyes she handed me the muffin dish.

"Now," I said, "if you love me what is the impediment to our marriage? I know of no family feud. Can it be Eugenics? Is it that I am a confirmed muffin-eater?"

She shook her head.

"It is because you do not really love me," she said.

I gasped. I could think of no adequate reply. I had so obviously been in love with her for weeks.

"Will you kindly explain?" I said at last with a sort of calm resignation.

"How shall I begin?" she asked.

"Begin with a few introductory bars," I said patiently, "and then announce the principal theme *con amore* on the wood-wind."

"Well," she said, "you know the old saw or adage that goes, 'Love me, love my dog'?"

I felt misgivings.

"Yes. Well?"

"Do you love Marmaduke? Assuredly not. Then how can you love me?"

I felt competent to deal with the difficulty. I can depart from the truth as gracefully as most men when the occasion demands it.

"Indeed," I said impressively, "I have the greatest affection for Fido."

"How do you show it? You come in here this afternoon and greet him with a heartless prod. You wilfully mistake him for a pen-wiper. Subsequently you propose putting him away in the cupboard, and, worst of all, you insist on calling him Fido when you know his name is Marmaduke."

I saw that the evidence was strongly against me. I tried another line of defence.

"After all," I said, "what are proverbs? Wise men make them and F-F-Fido repeats them."

Suzanne raised her eyebrows.

"Marmaduke, I presume you mean?"

At this moment the door opened and a lady visitor came in.

"Back at last," she said; "and thanks so much, dear, for looking after my darling pet."

Suzanne introduced me.

"Is that your dog?" I asked. "Such a nice affectionate little thing. And what do you call it?"

"Topsy."

LOCAL INFLUENCE.

ENVIRONMENT, not man-made laws,
Is Public Virtue's primal cause.

This is a truth we may apply
To London's many motor-bi.

You've never seen the virtuous
Apparent in the motor-bus?

Then go to Whitehall and behold
The monsters being as good as gold,

And note how cautious, quiet and slow
A nicely mannered bus can go;

Not only one, but one and all,
It is a sight to see them crawl—

Bi, which in any other place
Go at a most appalling pace.

Why is it then that Whitehall should
Inspire the bad and make them good?

This Whitehall, which, a month agone,
Was where they used to carry on

As nowhere else? What influence
Promotes this new-born innocence?

Myself, I like herein to see
A *locus pœnitentiæ*.

(Or, spoken in the modern way,
A *locus pœnitentiæ*.)

Let not the cynic say, "Mayhap,
This Whitehall has become a trap."

Gems of Style.

"Kings, presidents and cabinets are but pawns in the great international game of bluff, yet the winning card is seldom played."
—"*The Torn Card*," *by William le Queux, in* "*The Story-Teller*."

Hitting wildly to leg at a fault from his adversary's mashie he scored a well-deserved goal.

Our South American Supplement.

"He: 'I wonder how it is a girl can't catch a ball like a man.'

She: 'Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch.'

The fruit trees in general are similarly affected, light yields being the rule. The prices are well sustained.

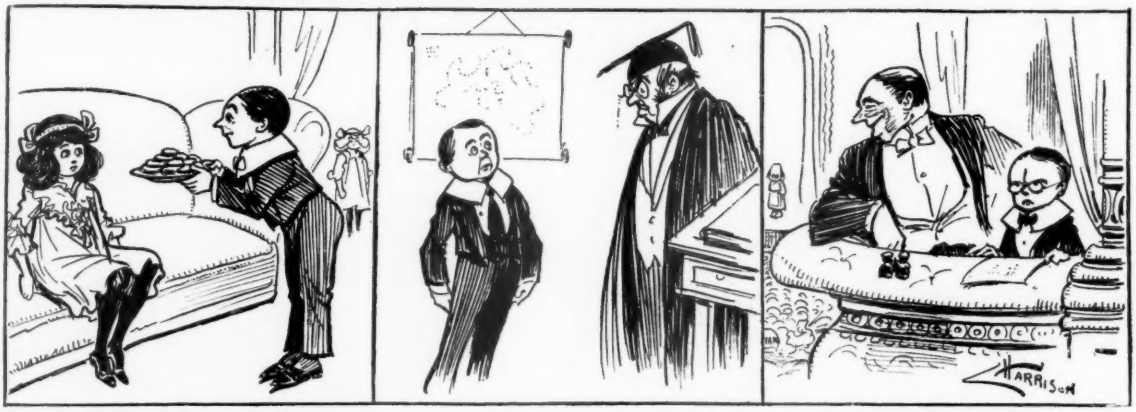
A heavy fine is to be imposed on any defaulter to the agreement, the proceeds of which are to be given to the fund raised on behalf of the newspaper vendors in this city.

The list of prize-winners was as follows:—"
Buenos Aires Herald.



THE LITTLE BLACK MARKS THAT MEAN SO MUCH.

AFTER THE CHILDREN'S WELFARE EXHIBITION.



"I CAN CORDIALLY RECOMMEND THESE CAKES, MISS GLADYS; THEY ARE MADE WITH A LIBERAL PERCENTAGE OF ALBUMEN."

"I'M AFRAID, SIR, I SHALL HAVE TO LEAVE YOUR SCHOOL. THE SUBSOIL I FIND IS CLAY—SO CONDUCIVE TO RHEUMATISM."

"YES, FATHER, THE PANTOMIME 'S AMUSING ENOUGH, BUT THIS HEATED ATMOSPHERE IS NO DOUBT IMPREGNATED WITH BACTERIA."

THE ROMANCE OF A BILL OF COSTS.

It has lately been my good fortune to be enabled to study an old bill of costs sent in to their client by Messrs. Ginnyfee, Ritter and Server, formerly (and still, for aught I know) a well-known and highly-respected firm of solicitors. Set out, as it is, in the unadorned but convincing style of a lawyers' document it has a certain homely eloquence of its own and reveals qualities which have made some Englishmen what they are.

The hero, if I may so term him, of the story appears to have leased a little house at a rent which he cheerfully neglected to pay. There are no circumlocutions about the beginning of the narrative, no investigations into obscure matters of heredity and early history. It plunges head-first into the thick of things in the following fashion:—

> "18—, July-August. Costs of obtaining judgment against Mr. T. F. Hartupp for possession of 33, Culverwell Gardens and for £70 5*s.* 0*d.* arrears of rent due 8th July, 18—, in the action of yourself *v.* Hartupp, as assessed against Mr. Hartupp by Master Wackerley on 21st August, 18—, £8 10*s.*"

That sounds conclusive, and "yourself" no doubt thought that the matter was settled and his cheque in the post.

The resources of civilisation, however, were far from being exhausted. They had scarcely been tapped, as the following items show:—

> "Upon receipt of your letter, instructing us to receive possession if no payment made and no reasonable proposition put forward, writing acknowledging same."
>
> "Attending Mr. Hartupp's solicitor, when he said he expected to see his client and would communicate with us."
>
> "Attending him later, when he asked us to postpone appointment to 4 P.M. as he had not yet seen Mr. Hartupp."
>
> "Attending Mr. Hartupp's solicitor, when he said no proposal could be made at present and possession would be given up."

This again has all the outward semblance of a triumph—but where was the money, the much-desired but elusive cheque for £70 5*s.* 0*d.* and costs?

I omit some trifling matters in order that I may carry the story forward swiftly to its next stage:—

> "Attending Mr. Hartupp's solicitor, informing him that we should proceed to enforce judgment unless matter dealt with at once."
>
> "Writing him to same effect and threatening proceedings in Bankruptcy."

With the mention of this smashing and portentous word Mr. Hartupp ought to have been defeated, but he wasn't:—

> "Attending by appointment to serve Mr. Hartupp with Bankruptcy Notice at his solicitor's office, when he did not attend; but his solicitor stated he would inform him that unless he called by following day at 12 o'clock noon we should apply for an order for substituted service."
>
> "Attending to serve Bankruptcy Notice at Mr. Hartupp's solicitor's office, when Mr. Hartupp did not keep appointment."

The business now lingered about the purlieus of the Bankruptcy Court for a good many days. Instructions for the petition were given, it was drawn, it was engrossed, and there was an item of one shilling "Paid Parchment." During all this time Mr. Hartupp was described as "keeping out of the way." This, indeed, seems to have been his favourite fighting method:—

> "Upon receipt of letter from Mr. Hartupp's solicitor that he had asked his client to attend at his offices at 12 o'clock to be served, attending at solicitor's offices accordingly, when he stated that his client had not arrived and asked us to call again at 2 o'clock."
>
> "Attending again at 2 o'clock to serve petition, when Mr. Hartupp did not come."

By this time we had passed from July into December and the end was not yet in sight. There were again dark rumours of what is called "substituted service," on the ground that Mr. Hartupp was still keeping out of the way and could not be served personally. A "joint and several affidavit" was drawn, a Commissioner was paid the paltry sum of 3*s.* 6*d.*, and a shilling was charged for "copy order for sealing to serve folios three." Finally Mr. Hartupp seems to have relented. Feeling that he had done enough for the time, he brings his wife into the story:—

> "Attending Mr. Hartupp's solicitor, when, on behalf of Mrs. Hartupp, he paid £50 on the terms of our agreeing to the dismissal of the petition against Mr. Hartupp, and allowing two months' further time for payment of balance of debt and costs."

I wonder what happened when the two months were up.



Archie (meeting friend). "HULLO, THOMPSON!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I OWN to a most pleasant feeling of friendliness for the stories of Mr. THOMAS COBB. In any case, his latest, *A Marriage of Inconvenience* (MILLS AND BOON), would have enlisted my sympathies by its attractive title. Those familiar with the author's methods will hardly require to be told what it is all about. Nothing really, or at least nothing that mightn't happen to any of us. But as usual we are introduced to a set of quite delightful people, who sit about in each other's houses (and they all live in the jolliest parts of London) and discuss their slender intrigues over lunch or tea in a manner that I have found exceedingly agreeable. I fancy that Mr. COBB has (if I may put it so without offence) a strong feeling for the place that food fills in social intercourse. I hardly remember a story of his that has not a meal of some kind in almost every chapter. And there is no writer who is more generous with conversation; so much so that now and again I have not been able to resist the suspicion that the characters were chattering less to further their own development than to help Mr. COBB to fill out another novel. Anyhow, *A Marriage of Inconvenience* is just as pleasant as all its predecessors. You can see from the name that she marries him in the end; and the inconvenience of the match (chiefly objected to by his party because her mother was such an impossible person that for a long time I thought there was going to turn out to be no real relationship between them) seems unlikely to be very overwhelming. Indeed on the last page the happy pair are left with both a luncheon and a dinner-party in prospect. So that's all right.

I am in a position now to understand the feelings of the Hired Murderer in the fairy stories, who repents at the last moment and refuses to slay the Child. Ever since I read in a daily paper one of the silliest column-articles I had ever encountered, I had been, so to speak, lying in wait for Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. I said to myself: "Mark me, a time will come. Some day I shall have to review a novel by this fellow. Then I will let myself go." Sure enough, along came *St. Quin* (ALSTON RIVERS). I smiled grimly, reached down my club, and gave it a twirl. A moment later it had dropped from my grasp, and I was wondering how I could have entertained for a moment the idea of maltreating this fascinating little stranger. From now onward, Mr. CALTHROP has my permission to write what he pleases in the daily papers, if only he will keep his novels up to this standard. In *St. Quin* he has hit on a fundamental truth, to wit, that the great majority of human beings are struggling all their lives to keep from getting fat. To some of us bodily fat is the bogey. *Edmund St. Quin* was troubled by a horror of the fatness of the soul. "We are fat," he says. "That is it. We are hideously fat. We are so fat that we cannot see the stars or the daisies;" and the story is an epic of his campaign against the insidious curse. All the conditions are against him. He is rich; he has centuries of it-isn't-done traditions to prevent his taking spiritual Swedish exercises: a thousand forces are at work to urge him to lie back in his arm-chair and put his feet up. But his love of Romance is too strong for all of them. He breaks away, and finds his salvation, at last, in company with the wife whom he has always considered a very queen and leader of the it-isn't-done army, but who, unknown to him, has all the time been taking soul-exercise as thoroughly as he himself.

MRS. ANDREW LANG has an ingratiating habit of assuming in the reader all manner of knowledge which it is quite possible (and in one case quite certain) the reader does not possess. There is indeed about *Men, Women and Minxes* (LONGMANS) an awesome air of long familiarity with odd volumes and MSS. and crumpled faded letters, and the pleasantly discursive papers range from "Pitfalls for Collectors," the most engaging summary of a Frenchman's history of famous fakes, to "The Fairchild Family," an interest in which not even the author's genial desecration of those sad old bones can create in my bored and stubborn breast. I liked best to read of an eighteenth-century Scotchwoman, a MURE of Caldwell, writing of an earlier generation: "The booksellers' shopes were not stuffed as they now are with novels and magazines." It is indeed because of the inordinate increase of every sort of such stuffing that a quiet, pleasantly learned and leisurely volume like Mrs. LANG's brings such relief. She gossips of Madame DE GENLIS—"everyone is acquainted with the main facts of this strange woman's career"; of PAUL DE ST. VICTOR; of Lady LOUISA STUART, granddaughter of Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU; of the Buckinghamshire VERNEYS; of RICHARDSON'S *Pamela* and *Clarissa*; of ROUSSEAU'S *Nouvelle Héloïse*; of DE FRENILLY'S recollections of a life in troubled times; of Scotch and American ladies of an earlier day; and even, by way of justifying her title, of "French and English Minxes." I rise from the perusal feeling, for the moment, gratifyingly erudite and old-fashioned, and can commend the experience.

If you were a titled and more or less confirmed bachelor, the owner of three tumbledown castles and a corresponding number of hungry acres that ate up all the rents, and if you preferred hunting to work, what would you do to replenish the exchequer—your own, I mean, not the CHANCELLOR'S? The friends of *Lord Peter*, the hero of Miss R. RAMSAY'S book, *The Impossible She* (CONSTABLE), thought that he, in like case, ought to marry money, and with that end in view they let one of the castles—useful pieces sometimes when you want to mate—to a beautiful young American heiress. But, though she put hot-water pipes into the draughty old rooms and passages, neither they, nor her charms, nor her dollars were able to raise the temperature of *Peter's* heart. He left her at home with the cold comfort of the hot-water pipes while he hunted and hulloed and had many a rattling day with a poor relation of hers, a little slip of a girl with her hair down her back, who knew how to ride. And even then, for *Peter* was a backward sort of a lover, it is only after burning down the castle, like the ancient Chinese when they wanted bacon for breakfast, that Miss RAMSAY is able to bring him up to the scratch by flinging the flapper into his arms. I need hardly say that in the end she turned out to be anything but a poor relation, though how Miss RAMSAY manages to make her a Dollar Princess I will leave the reader to find out for himself. I could wish that she had not introduced into her story the decadent American youth who only escaped the electric chair by being shut up for a time in an asylum. The type doesn't seem to me to fit in with the kind of writing in which she excels—pleasant descriptions of the hunting-field with a seasoning of ordinary English love-making.



AT THE TATE GALLERY.

Dutiful Nephew (doing the sights of London for the benefit of his aunt from the country). "THIS IS THE FAMOUS 'MINOTAUR' BY WATTS. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

Aunt. "WELL, IT 'S A *SHORT-HORN*, WHATEVER ELSE IT MAY BE!"

I have finished *The Cahusac Mystery* (HEINEMANN) with the feeling that my leg has been pulled. Readers' legs were made, no doubt, for that purpose, but I think that mine has been rather hardly used on this occasion. Here is a regular, downright murder mystery, nerve-racking, brain-twisting, disquieting and soothing in due course, but to the student of the subtleties of human motives neither here nor there; sufficient maybe to keep him out of bed till he has unravelled the last tangled skein and brought the villain to book, but nevertheless all my eye and Betty Martin. The villain and his puppets, though they work harmoniously to produce a plot which, mechanically speaking, leaves nothing to be desired, have little in common with the people of this world. So far as they are concerned, it depends on the reader's own astuteness and experience of six-shilling crime and intrigue whether or not he is deceived. But there are also the innocent blue-eyed *Alice Lanceley* and *Lorrie Madesson*. Though the latter is a glorious creature, an expert hand at the game of life, and worth a dozen of *Alice*, it is *Alice* upon whom the misunderstood hero dotes and whom the villain gets into his clutches. At the end, when *Alice* is freed from her engagement to the villain, the hero, now thoroughly understood and appreciated as such, is still doting upon her. Does he then marry the girl? or, rather, does the girl marry him? No; she pulls my leg instead, and *Lorrie* aids and abets. I am taken entirely by surprise when two human beings emerge from this atmosphere of unreality and do two very human things. To K. and H. HESKETH PRICHARD my thanks for an artful enough melodrama and one genuine touch of life.

"The Peterborough Isolation Hospital is again threatened with complete isolation."—*Daily Mirror.*

Well, what does it want?

CHARIVARIA.

CERTAIN politicians are now putting forward the view that the cracks in St. Paul's are of supernatural origin, and are a sign that the English Establishment must go the way of the Welsh.

* * *

It is announced that Sir VICTOR HORSLEY, having been adopted as prospective Liberal Candidate for the Harborough division of Leicestershire, will not continue to nurse North Islington. If the latter needs further nursing it will have to resort to one of Mr. GEORGE'S panels.

* * *

Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, who is shortly to appear at the Palace Theatre, has announced his impending retirement from the London County Council. Taken in conjunction with one another, and with the title of his late play, *The Turning Point*, these facts seem to have a painful significance.

* * *

A diphtheria outbreak at one of the schools at Whitley Bay is declared to have been caused by the children placing pens and pencils in their mouths. The Little Ones' Own Mutual Protection Society now proposes that all holders should be made of high-class sugar-stick.

* * *

The suggestion that alcohol shall be used instead of petrol by our motor vehicles has called forth an angry protest from the British Topers' Society against what is referred to as "a prostitution of this magnificent spirit."

* * *

Taking up her berth at the King's Arms Quay at Salcombe, Devon, the Hull schooner *Mary* forced her bowsprit through the window of a room in Prospect House where Mr. G. H. JONES was asleep. We are ashamed of you, *Mary*.

* * *

We understand that the appointment of Sir SYDNEY OLIVIER—musician, dramatist, poet and essayist—to be Permanent Secretary to the Board of Agriculture is partly due to his having written a capital "Ode to Spring," which showed no little knowledge of weather conditions.

* * *

Sir JAMES CAIRD has sent the Council of the Zoological Society £1000 to be used in building an insect house. This is good news. The existing arrangement, by which the monkeys and the insects are kept in the same building, is unsatisfactory.

* * *

"Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD," we read, "has offered to the corporation of Edinburgh a bronze statue of THOMAS CARLYLE." To judge by Mr. FITZGERALD'S statue of Dr. JOHNSON in the Strand, Scotsmen, if they accept the offer, will find that CARLYLE is not so big a man as they had imagined.

* * *

The new Divorce Court was opened last week, and it is anticipated that this handsome, well-ventilated building will lead to a large accession of business.



Foreman Builder. "NOW THEN, YOU; HURRY UP, CAN'T YER!"
Labourer. "OH! RIGHT, BOSS; ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY."
Foreman Builder. "NO, P'R'APS NOT; BUT I WASN'T FOREMAN O' THAT JOB."

"As we lie . . . in our comfortable beds . . . let us remember with admiration the very ordinary figure of the common seaman, unpolished, coarse in language and in habits . . . who knows perhaps better than any other man alive how to go to certain death as one of the usual risks of his avocation."
Dublin Daily Express.

After a certain number of fatal experiences, it becomes a habit.

"The Little Less and what Worlds away!"

The following footnote is appended to a feuilleton appearing in *Le Matin*:—

"M. Higgins, directeur d'une société parisienne, nous ayant demandé de modifier le nom de notre mystérieux héros, ce dernier s'appellera désormais Iggins."

So the delicate affair arranges itself, and no breath lost. They manage these things better in France.

Nautical Note.

"G. Noronha, a steward on the P. & O. S. Novara, was charged with having rushed towards the third officer, John W. Bennett, whilst the latter was on duty, and bitten the second finger of his left hand contrary to the Merchant Shipping Act."
North China Daily News.

The Act particularly stipulates that it must be the right hand.

THE BLACKLEG'S CONVERSION.

(*A few minutes with the Taxi-Drivers.*)

THE three peaked-capped, leather-breeched, black-legginged gentlemen in the coffee shop, following the usual custom of improvidence when most providence is needed, were regaling themselves with unwonted lavishness. Two of them, moustached and upright, bore rather the stamp of the ex-soldier. The other was of the "droopy" order, with weak, indifferent features and an expression of sullen determination upon them which contrasted strangely with the care-free, almost debonair attitude of his two companions.

"Wot's the matter wi' you, 'Arry? You got a face like a church door. Don't you like restin'?"

The speaker, who answered to the name of "Nobby," was wearing a little white badge that bore the mystic words "December Clearance." He continued his meal without any apparent anxiety to have his question answered.

"No, I don't," replied the droopy one, "and I ain't doin' it much longer."

"What—goin' back to navvyin'?" asked No. 3.

"No, goin' back to drivin'. I've 'ad enough of strike pay when there's money to be made. I'm goin' up to the garridge to-morrow mornin' *and I'm goin' to take a car out.* So now yer know."

Two knives and two forks were placed deliberately upon two tin plates, and four disgusted and astonished eyes were levelled at the budding blackleg.

"'Ave you gone up the pole, or what?" asked Nobby.

"What, I should think. You can all go on strike till the cows come 'ome, but I'm finished: you don't catch me."

Nobby was very calm. "Oh," he said, "well, if *I* 'appen to catch you, you'll go through it, don't forget that. Do you think it'll pay you to make a few quid now, and go against all yer pals, and then when the trouble's settled be kicked out of the garridge? Why, if you were 'alf a man . . . ."

In the midst of the heated words that followed a mysterious stranger in a greasy frock-coat and a top hat that looked as if it had been brushed with a fire hose in full play, sat himself down next our trio and ordered his sausage and mash.

"'Oo's 'is nibs?" asked Nobby of No. 3.

"I dunno. Looks too 'appy for a mute, don't 'e? Never mind abaht 'im. We got to persuade this 'ere blackleg."

"'Ow's the strike goin', mates?" asked the stranger affably. "Are we down-'earted?"

"Oh, no, we ain't down-'earted. But 'ere, what would you think of a bloke that wanted to turn it up as soon as this, eh?"

"Well, I should think 'e was misguided," replied the stranger. "I know somethink abaht your troubles. Do I understand it's our friend 'ere?"

Silence answered in the affirmative.

"My lad"—the stranger addressed 'Arry as if he were talking to his son—"you think again. D'ye know that nothink worth 'avin' was ever got without a fight? 'Ow dare you set up your puny intelligence against that o' thousands?"

He pushed a bit nearer and thrust his face closer to that of the astonished blackleg.

"Are you goin' to be the only one to fly in the face o' this chanst what 's given you to stand up for yer rights? Do you know that the time of the general strike is close at 'and? Can't you symperthise with the noble spirit that's spurrin' your mates on to 'old out till the cupboard's bare?"

"Yus, but——"

"'Ave you sunk so low that you would go out and deliberally take advantage of your own fellow-workers by pocketin' the money what they ought to 'ave only won't cos o' their principles?"

The stranger stopped for breath.

Nobby and No. 3 at once took up the cudgels that the stranger had momentarily laid down, and in five minutes the convert was won.

"Now I 'ope you won't never think like that again," said the stranger earnestly, and very well pleased with himself. "You and your mates is out to win. Don't forgit that. Well, will you 'ave a cup o' corfee with me, the three of yer? We'd go over the road and 'ave a pint each, but I 'aven't time just now. I've got to be movin'."

With a lordly "take it out o' that" air, he threw a ten-shilling piece on the table to pay for the coffees and his own meal, and then rose to go.

"Well, so long, boys," he said, and shook hands with all three quite effusively. "I'm glad we all agree. Go in and win, mates, that's what I says. Keep on strikin' and you'll strike oil. Yus, and cheap oil at that. So long. Be good."

"Ain't a bad old stick," said No. 3 when the stranger had departed.

"'Oo *is* that bloke?" asked Nobby of the waitress who happened to be passing at the moment.

"What! 'Im with the tall 'at? Don't you know 'im? That's old Charley Barnes. 'E drives a 'ansom cab. Made a pot o' money the last week or two. I'm thinkin' o' walkin' out with 'im."

ENGLISH BARDS AND AMERICAN REVIEWERS.

IN the *Lyric Year: a Great Symposium of Modern American Verse*, a minstrel of the day proclaims the right of independent judgment in the following fearless lines:—

"To tell the truth about you, Robert Browning,
I bring no wreath of laurels for your crowning."

In humble imitation of this isolated effort we venture to submit a few further specimens of much-needed protest against the tyranny of Old-World conventions. The following quatrain, inspired by a perusal of Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE'S illuminating pamphlet, may assist BACON'S greatest and most persistent champion in his holy task of dethroning the Stratford impostor:—

"I pay no homage to the SWAN OF AVON,
A bird as fabulous as Athene's owl:
I put my money on POE'S peerless *Raven*,
A far superior fowl."

The popular adulation of the late Laureate, again, finds a salutary corrective in the following couplet:—

"Mark well my words, I cannot give my benison
To any of the works of ALFRED TENNYSON."

Comparisons are to be deprecated as a rule, but they are occasionally forced on us by a regard for the truth. The claims of America's greatest poet can be treated in no other way:—

"As the petulant crowing of shrill cocks
Compares with the lilt of the thrush,
So, matched with the magic of WILCOX,
Old SAPPHO is shown to be slush."

This is a theme, however, that invites further variations:—

"Before the shrine of WILCOX (ELLA WHEELER)
HOMER, were he alive, would be a kneeler;
And ALEXANDER, who was born at Pella,
Would yield his crown to WHEELER WILCOX (ELLA)."

But other Transatlantic bards and authors must not be forgotten:—

"Great VOLNEY STREAMER, of Magnolia, Ill.,
Plies an untiring and momentous quill;
KEATS was a trickling rill, a puny dreamer,
But VOLNEY is a Mississippi Streamer."

"The soaring muse of talented BLISS CARMAN
Flies higher than the aeroplanes of FARMAN."

"The bays that formerly old DANTE crowned
Are worn to-day by EZRA LOOMIS POUND."

"HERODOTUS was prone to talky-talky;
Not so AUGUSTUS KEELER of Milwaukee."

"Why prate of WALTER SCOTT and LAMB and SHELLEY,
CARLYLE, MACAULAY, GROTE?
You have no names like RAPHAEL PUMPELLY,
Or AMOS STOTE."

"Great is Apollo when his lyre he twangs,
But greater far is our JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,
Who, born just fifty years ago at Yonkers,
'Bangs Banagher' and RUDYARD KIPLING conquers."



THE SCHOLAR-POACHER.

[Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, whose interest in the Land Enquiry is well known, has (according to Lord HALDANE) announced his intention of throwing himself wholeheartedly into the Government scheme of National Education.]



THE CIVIL WAR.

Doctor's Wife (just returned from visiting). "I SAW DR. BROWN'S WIFE THIS AFTERNOON."
Husband. "OH! DID YOU SPEAK TO HER?" *Wife.* "NO, INDEED! I CUT HER. SHE WAS WEARING A 'PANEL' SKIRT."

HOW TO LOOK ON.

ONCE and for all, the Public must learn that it is to be seen and not heard. Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S recent manifesto to theatre audiences, in which he asks them to refrain from laughter and applause, has already, we understand, done much to mitigate an evil which had gone far in the direction of turning our theatres into mere resorts for recreation and amusement. We should like to see more self-restraint on the part of the Little Ones at Drury Lane, but that too will come in time.

It is, we know, often contended that expressions of approval act as a stimulus to the performer. "It bucks him up to find them biting back a bit," as we have heard. But surely such approval can be expressed by some other and better means than mere barbarous uproar? We ourselves have long ago adopted the method of taking occasion of any interval that may occur to approach the performer and convey to him, according to his status and the nature of his art, our gratitude and appreciation by (1) a slap on the back, (2) a warm pressure of the hand, or (3) a dig in the ribs.

But it is not only in theatres that the Public must learn to observe some measure of decorum. The time is ripe for a sweeping, root-and-branch reform in the matter.

Thus, the custom of shouting personal remarks to football players must be put a stop to. It is exasperating, to say the least, for those of us who have paid our money with the object of witnessing a keenly contested game, to have to submit to repeated interruptions, as is now the case, while one player or another bows his acknowledgments or replies to a greeting from a pal in the grand stand.

The Cinema Theatre is another case in point. There can be no excuse whatever for the whispered comments, ejaculations and cat-calls which often punctuate the performance; and nothing could be more detrimental to the smooth running of a film. A favourable impression can surely be conveyed by other means than these—as for instance in the form of a private letter of eulogy addressed to the manager.

Again, the habit of snoring in church cannot be defended. It must be distracting to the officiating clergyman, who is not improbably doing his best.

Even at political meetings one can seldom hear a pin drop.

And emphatically there must be no more "laughter in court." Our magisterial wits must make up their minds to forgo this temporary recognition and content themselves with the more lasting satisfaction to be obtained from appreciative notices (generally ample in scope) in the Press of the following day.

"Bands of Turco-Albanians, after pillaging, set fire to the dwellings and warehouses of Santi Quaranta, a small seaport of Yanina. . . . The losses sustained by the unfortunate inhabitants are estimated at £20,000.
(Other Peace News on Next Page.)"
Evening Standard.

"Other" is good.

"France will have another President before London has another issue of *The Observer*."
The Observer, Jan. 12.

But the latter is, of course, the more intriguing event.

THE HUMAN HANDICAP.

"FAR be it from me," said the man with the onion—"far be it from me to decry the industry for which the ant, the bee and other insects and birds are—justly or unjustly—famous, but, nevertheless, I am reasonably certain that these little creatures are not compelled to—ah—dig out for their living to anything like the extent to which we—Mankind—are compelled to—ah—dig out . . . I have studied the question. . . ."

I had encountered him sitting on the edge of the chalkpit past which runs the road to the golf links. He was operating with considerable *élan* upon an onion, bread, and some rather remarkable cheese. His friendly smile, as I approached, seemed to light up the whole of a tolerably spacious landscape, and I liked him at once, adventurer fallen on evil times though all the visible evidence proclaimed him.

He appeared to like me also, for he very generously offered me half his onion and bread and cheese, which, in common humanity to the mixed foursome to which I was proceeding, I was compelled to decline.

He had made a few casual remarks on industrial unrest—very restfully indeed—and therefrom had passed to a brief consideration of animal and insect labour.

"Man digs out for many things, insects for one only," he said thoughtfully. "I have been watching an ant throughout lunch . . . Far be it from me to belittle an ant—but we cannot ignore the fact that this little crustacean works only for food. Food only." He took a bite at his onion, and I wondered vaguely if (like the "crustacean") he had worked for that.

"We—Mankind—on the other hand, have to work for food and many other things. And there you have in a nutshell the reason why birds, insects, wild animals and many domestic ones, including fowls, are always happy—given good health. . . .

"This afternoon, for instance, dull though it is, the air is full of the songs of the birds. But I hear no song of man, listen where I will. And the reason? Man has something else to do. Like the birds, man (generally speaking) has already worked long enough to-day to earn his food. But, unlike the birds, he has not finished—he has still to put in enough labour to pay for, say, a pair of trousers . . ." He gazed absently at the tasselled ends of his own. Then he roused himself.

"Clothes generally, that is. The trouble is that clothes don't grow on a man, and feathers do grow on birds," he said, with a remote irritation in his voice. "Think that over," he added. "It is an interesting and not particularly pleasing side of the question. . . "

He concluded the onion, and produced a packet of cigarette papers and a small roll of brown paper.

"Birds again have not to put in a part of every working day in order to provide themselves with tobacco," he said with a melancholy smile, "or substitutes for tobacco." He began reluctantly to pick off shreds of the brown paper. I did not realize at first that he intended to smoke the shreds when he had unravelled them, and it was not until he placed the stuff in position on the cigarette paper that I apologised and offered him my cigarette case.

"Try tobacco," I said, rather foolishly.

"Thank you, I will," he replied, wanly, and cleared the case. Holding the cigarettes tightly in the warm-looking hand which had gripped the onion, he smiled at me.

"*Some* men would," he said, almost playfully, "take the lot, I mean . . . *Never* present your case to a tramp, my friend . . . ." He sighed and offered me the handful of cigarettes. "My joke," he said; "I only require one."

But somehow I felt as though I should not care to smoke that afternoon, and so I presented them all to the drifter.

"Very well—if it is your wish," he said, and concealed them deftly in his rags. He was the raggedest drifter I have yet encountered. "To return to our subject. Animals, then, triumph over us in the matter of procuring clothes. They get a suit for nothing. And, equally, they triumph in the matter of wear. Compare the lasting qualities of an average coat with the feathers of a bird, the shell of an ant, or the hair of a rabbit. We have constantly to be renewing our clothes! Theirs are everlasting. You see where we are at a disadvantage?

"Now as regards rents and rates. Every living thing but man is a born builder. Some build nests, some bore holes, some use hives, and nocturnal animals, such as bats, are furnished with hooks on their elbows to hang themselves up with when they have finished out-of-doors. But—and here is the weak point—only about one man in a thousand can build a house for himself, and so we have to waste another part of our working day in providing for the cost of the builders' output—time, remember, which the bird sets aside for song. You will see already why man must work so long and ceaselessly . . . why the song of man is not often heard in the land. Speaking for myself, I *never* sing. . . .

"Then—and this is almost the last straw—there are our luxuries to earn. Birds and things do not use luxuries. But we have made life a mad and frenzied struggle in pursuit of luxury. Motors, hothouse peaches, Havanas, venison and champagne—we *must* and *will* have them!" His eyes began to sparkle and he shook his tousled whiskers in the wind, tossing his head like an old war-horse who hears afar off the strident blaring of bugles. He was using capitals now and a font of larger type. "Fur-coats, Cognac, Lobster Salad, Asparagus and Oysters!" He passed the back of his hand across his mouth and began carefully to pack up the relics of his lunch. "Turkish Coffee, Yachts, *Pâté-de-foie-gras*, Salmon Trout, and Derby Winners—ha! really it makes one wonder whether the birds have got the laugh of us after all! Luxuries! But expensive ones! Caviare and Diamonds, Egyptian Cigarettes and Polo—no wonder the birds sit upon boughs and sing. They could sit there and shout hurray if they only knew the price of luxuries, the toil and worry it takes to pay for them.

"Finally—I do not say this in any spirit of jealousy, but as a matter of simple fact—there is existent a dangerous habit of viewing the *methods* of birds and things too indulgently." A real indignation manifested itself now in his voice as in his gestures. "For instance, all birds are thieves—encouraged and protected by Act of Parliament. My friend, I assure you that I have seen a blackbird flap into a cherry-tree, and steal half a peck of fruit, and spoil another half-peck. Was she shot at? No. Not even scared out of it. People don't seem to care. 'Oh, it's the birds,' they say simply. But I put it to you that if *I* had flapped up to that cherry-tree and started eating fruit. . . ."

He ceased abruptly with a dry gulp, rose and slowly gathered his goods together, his eyes wandering across the downs along the road to the workhouse.

"Far be it from me to belittle the birds, to decry the industry of the ant," he repeated, "but . think over what I have said. . . ."

We moved along the road to the foot of the downs.

"It 's a big subject," he concluded, absently. "Almost as big as astronomy;" and so drifted leisurely away.

Pro Merito.

"An experienced gentleman desires engagement as assistant in an office or position of trust, would accept small retribution."
Advt. in "Egyptian Mail."



The Knight of the White Elephant (to damsel he is rescuing). "LOOK AT THAT; I'M TOPPING ALL MY SHOTS TO-DAY. THAT COMES OF HAVING A LESSON FROM THE PROFESSIONAL."

A CHOSEN SAINT.

(*St. Tobias and the Angel Rafael, National Gallery.*)

SAINTS live in paint
Within Trafalgar Square;
The nicest Saint
Of any of them there,
Most radiant and most rare,
Is no austere ELIAS,
All steadfastness and care,
But little ST. TOBIAS—
A youth of joyant air!

Mark what befell
Upon a pearl-winged prime:—
Great RAFAEL,
Though Heaven's harps did chime
A rhapsody sublime,
Forsook the choir most pious
By vale and hill to climb
With little ST. TOBIAS
All in the summer-time!

They walked along
Till meads were dark with dew;
The lark's high song,
The speedwell's lowly blue
Made music for the two;
No questions that defy us,
Nor problems we pursue,
I think that day TOBIAS
Or e'en the Angel knew!

Deep glowing still
The pigments do portray
River and hill,
And those who passed that day
So gracious and so gay.
Lest sterner saints decry us,
Now grant it that we may
Have little ST. TOBIAS
About us on the way!

More Sex Problems.

I.

"The Metropolitan at once secured an average daily traffic of between 35,000 and 40,000 persons, and on the great day of the entry into London of Queen Alexandra, who was then Prince of Wales, the number rose to 60,000."
Dundee Telegraph and Post.

II.

"W. Dixie (late Miss Martin), Church Street, Atherstone, begs to inform the inhabitants of Atherstone and District that he has taken the above premises for motor and cycle repairs."—*The Atherstone News.*

"Sermons in Stones?"

"Signal service is being done by the Bishop of St. David's, who last night spoke in Flint."
Daily Telegraph.

The Manchester Guardian refers to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL as Dr. HERBERT SAMUEL. It looks as if the Government recruiters had got him for the Panels.

ARE WE TOO BUSY TO THINK?

THERE is, we believe, a "symposium" on the above subject going on in one of our contemporaries, but that is no reason why people should send their opinions to *us*.

Mr. ASQUITH, the well-known Premier and strenuous coalitionist, goes straight to the heart of the question: "Yes, I *don't* think," he writes; adding, "REDMOND does it for me."

Mr. CHURCHILL, the eminent naval specialist, writes with the knowledge that comes only from long intercourse with pathological cases: "Thinking is merely a matter of concentration. Some have got the power, some have not. I, for one, even with the whole weight of the Admiralty (including all the Sea Lords) on my shoulders, am never too busy to think or I wouldn't be where I am. Before I get up to speak I think what I am going to say; when I'm speaking I think of what I'm saying; and when I sit down I think a lot of what I've said."

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, the trenchant casuist and the greatest authority on "What's Wrong with the World," writes: "The reason why we're all too busy to think is that we're all too busy thinking."

"PER PRO."

"How," said Francesca, "would you answer this man?"

"There are," I said, "a thousand ways, all equally good, of answering him. There is the familiar way; there is the haughty third-person way, which involves a presentation of compliments and a tangled web of pronouns; there is the stern curt business way; there is——"

"I did not ask," she said, "for a complete essay on correspondence. I wanted to know how to answer this particular man."

"Quite so," I said; "I was coming to that. Would it not be well to let me see his letter first?"

"There may be something in that," she said. "Yes, it is a good idea." And she handed me the letter, which I read.

"The case," I said, "presents no difficulty. This man says he understands that you take an interest in beautiful furs. He solicits the honour of being allowed to show you a unique consignment just received from Hudson's Bay. He declares that special circumstances enable him to offer them at an extraordinarily cheap rate for cash; and he adds that, unless you come to a quick decision, the furs will be snapped up and you will lose the chance of a lifetime. He signs himself, 'Hammelstein and Ladenberger, per pro. A. F.,' and he writes from an address in Clerkenwell."

"The rapidity with which you have mastered the contents," she said, "is amazing. But tell me, what does 'per pro.' mean?"

"It is," I said, "a Latin expression."

"But do you think that Hammelstein and Ladenberger are Latin scholars? And why should they throw their silly Latin at me?"

"It is just possible," I said, "that both Hammelstein and Ladenberger toy with Latin verse in their leisure moments. Perhaps they are devoted to the Classics. At the same time it would be rash to infer too much from a mere 'per pro.'"

"It would be rash," said Francesca, "to infer too much from anything; but you haven't told me what it means."

"Francesca," I said, "I will not deceive you. Your dreams of a classical firm of furriers are not warranted by this letter. 'Per pro.' means that Hammelstein and Ladenberger have not written this letter themselves. They have delegated the duty. They have, as it were, given a power of attorney to A. F. They have made A. F. their proctor. Francesca, they have put you off with a clerk. Yes, he is probably a clerk and much underpaid."

"But how," she said, "does an underpaid clerk know that I am interested in beautiful furs?"

"There are mysteries in Clerkenwell," I said, "that we cannot attempt to fathom; but we can, at any rate, draft an answer to this letter. Come, Francesca, we will tackle them in the third person, and first we will date our reply. Write down 'Jan. 15, 1913.'"

"But why," she said, "give them a date? I never worry about dating ordinary letters and they seem to get there all right."

"It is always done in business circles," I said, "but, of course, women are not brought up with business habits. They do not understand banking-accounts or pass-books or book-keeping by double entry."

"And all these matters," she said, "are perfectly understood by Hammelstein and Ladenberger and by you. We are, no doubt, an inferior sex, and we mostly date our letters 'Wed.' or 'Sat.' Let us date this one 'Wed.'"

"We will do nothing of the sort," I said. "We will date it in full, 'Wednesday, Jan. 15, 1913.' Now for the body of the letter. Francesca, we will be calm and sarcastic. How will this do?" I read it out as I wrote it down:—

"'Mrs. Carlyon presents her compliments to Messrs. Hammelstein and Ladenberger——'"

"'Per pro. A. F.,'" said Francesca. "You must put that in. It sounds so cutting."

"'—to Messrs. Hammelstein and Ladenberger, per pro. A. F., and fails to understand why they have understood——'"

"That doesn't sound quite right," she said.

"I will continue," I said, "as if you had not interrupted me; —'and fails to gather'—remember that word, my dear—'why or from whom they have understood that she is interested in beautiful furs.'"

"But I *am*," she said. "I'm simply frightfully interested in them. It's no use pretending I'm not."

"No one," I said, "is expected to be absolutely truthful in the third person. Besides, I haven't said you're not interested in them. Let me go on:—'Mrs. Carlyon regrets that she is unable to afford Messrs. H. and L.——'"

"Sarcasm, again," said Francesca. "The initials are deadly."

"'—to afford Messrs. H. and L. the opportunity of showing her the consignment of furs they have lately received from Hudson's Bay.' What do you think of that, Francesca?"

"I think I know a better way of answering," she said.

"What's that?"

"I shan't answer them at all."

R. C. L.



IF GOLFERS' KNICKERBOCKERS BECOME MUCH MORE VOLUMINOUS WE WOULD SUGGEST THAT THEY SHOULD BE PUT TO SUCH A USE AS TO MERIT THE NAME OF GOLF-BAGS.

Victims of Machinery.

Chorus of retired cab-horses, on reading advertisement of a "Mechanical Chauffeur": "Ha! ha! Revenged!"

"The question of a remedy is, of course, a national one, but Manchester, as the chief sufferer in the country from air pollution, has a right to squeak first."—*Daily Mail.*

What Manchester squeaks to-day, &c.

"The bride going away in a coat and skirt of Wedgwood-blue ratine, with chiffon bodice to match, and a black velvet hat trimmed with mole feathers."—*The Lady.*

The mole in question was one of a covey which had been shot by the bride's father.



Guttersnipe (after dashing into the darkness to get a cab). "'ERE Y' ARE, SIR! 'AIN'T NO TAXIS; KEBS ALL GONE; WON'T GET NOTHINK ELSE TO-NIGHT, SIR!"

THE CHARM AND WONDER OF IT ALL.

(*Contributed.*)

I HAVE done a bit of shopping in my time, but never under such perfect conditions. My first surprise was when a commissionaire on the pavement opened the door of my cab and spread an umbrella for me; my second, the attentions of a polite gentleman in a well-fitting frock-coat who met me just inside and inquired with the utmost solicitude as to my wishes. This, I said to myself, is not only business but pleasure. Having told him what I wanted, I followed his directions and made my way to the required department, passing *en route* crowds of happy traffickers, each of whom carried a little parcel which, from the expression of their faces, had obviously cost only half as much as in any other shop and was twice as good. For these articles money had been paid and receipts given, the establishment being a model not only of excellence and despatch, but also of organization. As a lady near me remarked to her astonished companion, "It 's just as I told you, dear, you get a receipt for everything!"

Meanwhile on all sides the civil salesmen and saleswomen—for in this marvellous place both sexes are employed and, I am convinced, work amicably together — were displaying goods on wooden counters made expressly for that purpose and kept spotlessly clean, and were doing it with such ingratiating tact that life-long friendships with customers were being formed. As another lady near me remarked, "Now you see what I said: the assistants *serve* the customers here."

Passing on in a very dream of rapture, I came at last to the room where my own modest needs were to be supplied and where naturally my critical sense would be most exercised. My every hope, I say at once, was more than fulfilled. The articles I wanted were either in stock or would be procured; the assistant treated me with respect, possibly even admiration; my money was instantly accepted; my receipt was in order; in short, I was in a commercial paradise and knew it. A little scrap of conversation which I overheard at this time fortified my own opinion. "Whatever they haven't got," said a lady to her friend, "they always promise to get;" and her friend's expression of bewilderment, gratitude and joy will not soon fade from my memory.

And so I came away from this fairy palace, a little piqued, possibly, at not receiving a parting gift of a five-pound note, but otherwise in a glow of enthusiasm for everything connected with the place and its superb and startling efficiency.

N.B.—The foregoing article is at the disposal of any firm that sees profit in it. Prices on application.

"Mr. Asquith quoted with impressive effect the famous lines (*sic*) of Virgil:

'Tantae molis erat
Romanam condere gentem.'"
"*H.J.*" in "*The Daily Chronicle.*"

We notice, by the way, that this couplet does not rhyme. The *P. M. G.* however makes a more interesting observation on the passage. "He bravely quoted," it says, "a Virginian tag which even his Minister of Education may have recognised."

Mr. ASQUITH (*bravely*). As one of the old poets of Virginia has it, Sir:

"Shine, shine, moon,
While I dance with Dinah dear."

Mr. PEASE (*with a sigh of relief*). Ah! that 's all right. Thought it was going to be one of those Roman johnnies.



Jarge (disturbed by the motion of the cart). "PUT THE BRAKE ON, MISSUS." *Mrs. Jarge.* "I'VE GOT UN ON, JARGE." *Jarge.* "WULL, DAMMY! TAKE UN OFF! I KNEW 'TWERE SUMMAT!"

THE MORNING AFTER.

NAY, mother, nay. Though I be weak and wan,
Fetch not the doctor, mother, I beseech;
It is but megrims—it will pass anon;
Oh! mother, not the leech.

Mother, I fear the man. He is not fair.
He does not come to pity or condole,
But to unclothe my being and lay bare
My frail and fluttering soul.

And he is cruel. At his questioning
My very secret tongue must I obtrude;
He does not weep to see the piteous thing:
It only makes him rude.

Nay, more. With icy skill he drags to light
Those very details that the coy would shrink
From deeply probing: how I spent last night;
My food; alas, my drink;

Whither I fared, and when regained my couch,
And other truths that are not his to seek:
For some, indeed, I could not wholly vouch;
Of others, would not speak.

So he goes, primed; and, knowing that I ail,
(Coward!) he sends—oh, mother, this to me—
Some draught enough to make a strong man pale,
For which he asks a fee.

Then, mother, though my tortures cut like knives,
Though all my molten cockles be in flames,
Call not the cunning man—if he arrives,
It is all up with James.

But, if 'twill solace your maternal mind,
Seek now the chymist—there is one that hangs
Out by the corner—he, no doubt, will find
Some easement of my pangs.

He has great store of simples, low in price,
Comely and void of taste and prompt to heal
To swallow, with a little water, thrice,
One after every meal.

Be his the choice. And, ere the day go by,
We will remit these humours and this pain;
But let not the physician come to pry
Till I am well again.

DUM-DUM.

"He [Mr. Forbes-Robertson] came to the couplet:—

'Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman Forbes!'

But in thinking of his brother, perhaps in connection with the cast of a play he was shortly to produce, he rendered it thus:

'Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman Forbes!'"

Interview with Sir John Hare in "Toronto Star Weekly."

On the whole and after due consideration we prefer the second version.

"I left Whitehaven by the 8.30 rain in the morning, intending to go to Barrow. After leaving Ravenglass the train ran into a heavy snow-drift. The driver, the soker, and the guards tried their utmost to proceed, but so deep was the snow that the task proved an impossible one."—*Interview in "Daily News and Leader."*

And the stoker had to go without his T.

Commercial Candour.

"Gentleman's best boxcalf boots, just made, unworn, uncomfortable, small sevens, 15/6."—*Bazaar, Exchange and Mart.*



NOT LOST, BUT LEFT BEHIND.

(By request of the Ship's Crew.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, January 13.—Fog outside; fog inside; plenty of room for it here. As it broods over half-empty benches one seems to recognise a coronetted head suggestive of House of Lords taking look round, preliminary to making quick end of a measure that has occupied full forty days of labour in the Commons.

"Fee, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman,"

was the remark, clear in drift if faulty in rhyme, of an ogre familiar in childhood. Fee, fi, fo, fum. House of Lords smells the blood of another Home Rule Bill and means to drink every drop of it.

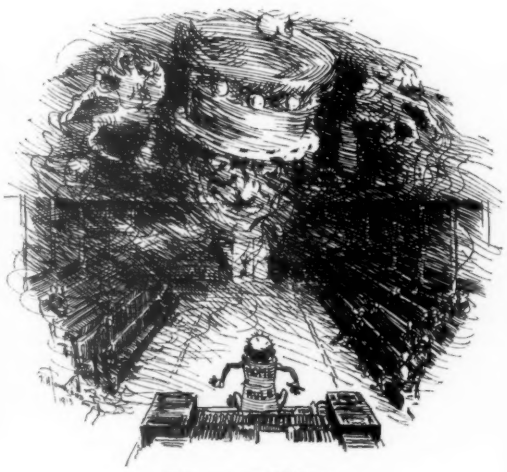
The SPEAKER, looking up after Questions were over, very nearly varied long career of correctitude by a curious blunder. Catching sight of humanised figure of the Fog standing at the Bar he was about to say, "Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the Table." Just in time realised actual situation. Adroitly coughed by way of intimating that so far from having intended to make a remark it was only the Fog that had got into his throat.

Weird effect increased by glimpses caught in Gallery facing SPEAKER'S Chair of faces apparently bodyless. These were the strangers peering through the Fog wondering what had become of His Majesty's Ministers. With the exception of two they were certainly not in their places when Questions were called on. As for Front Opposition Bench, it was, save for the Fog, tenantless. Later, when House resumed consideration of Home Rule Bill on Report Stage, BONNER LAW turned up and, as ever, obedient to call of duty, contributed a speech criticising Clause 40.

Straightway had occasion to wish he had been altogether lost in the Fog on his way down. MASON (of Coventry), following him, administered castigation so vigorous that as he spoke the Fog in his immediate neighbourhood judiciously cleared away, leaving him standing out as it were in a halo of light.

"The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION," he said, "does not appear to understand the Bill in general or this Clause in particular. . . . The right honourable gentleman has attended several debates, but evidently has not profited by listening to them, or he would not have made so foolish a speech."

"Puerile," "childish," "absurd," were other descriptive epithets applied to the discourse.



FOG IN THE HOUSE.

Incident evoked one of those outbursts of self-sacrificing loyalty that from time to time ennoble Parliamentary debate. From corner seat behind Front Opposition Bench GILBERT PARKER listened with anguished feelings to this attack on his esteemed LEADER. Rising when MASON resumed his seat, the reassured Fog again closing in, he declared, "The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION has said nothing with which I do not agree."



"OUTBURST OF SELF-SACRIFICING LOYALTY."

"The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION has said nothing with which I do not agree."

(Sir GILBERT PARKER.)

Burst of hilarious cheering from Ministerial Benches testified that in spite of appearances the occupants are not wholly unsympathetic with lofty sentiment and chivalrous impulse.

Business done.—Eighth day allotted to debate on Report Stage of Home Rule Bill following on twenty-seven days in Committee. House rapidly approaching state of coma. On stroke of midnight, Ministerialists roused themselves to pitch of hearty cheer when Report Stage was brought to conclusion.

Tuesday.—Home Rule Bill awaiting Third Reading; Welsh Church Bill gets a look in. Welsh Bill and Irish Bill resemble each other inasmuch as mere mention of Order of the Day is signal for stampede. When, immediately after Questions, the first Order is read by Clerk at Table — to-day, for example, "Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill; Committee"—it behoves the Sergeant-at-Arms to advance to Table and remove the Mace, which lies upon it only when, with SPEAKER in Chair, House is in full session. Of late this has become a practice as perilous as crossing Trafalgar Square at high-tide of traffic. Stream of Members hurrying out threatens to catch up Sergeant-at-Arms and carry him forth on crest of wave. Only natural grace and long-trained habit enable Sir HENRY ERSKINE to stem the current with dignity, not to speak of personal safety.

Those who remain to carry on debate make up in vigour of speech for lack of numbers. Considering we are talking about a venerated Church, with its retinue of bishops, rectors, vicars, and all that, not forgetting the charwoman, our language is occasionally awful.

Charwoman, probably engaged elsewhere, turned up quite late in sitting. Was armed in by JONES of Merthyr-Tydvil. Question arose on proposal to compensate lay patrons and lay holders of freehold offices in the Church. It was here that EDGAR JONES dramatically appeared on scene with simpering charwoman on his arm. If compensation was going round she, he insisted, had as much right to it as had the

rector, and if she got it in common with the rest "practically every penny the Bill proposed to take away would get back into the pockets of the Church."

Here broke forth flood of vituperation before which even the charwoman winced. Earlier in sitting, LORD BOB, who is thoroughly enjoying himself, described UNDER SECRETARY FOR HOME OFFICE as "the villain in a melodrama." COUSIN HUGH, not to be out of it, declared "the Government ought to be ashamed of putting words into a clause with a view to secure by law that injustice should be accomplished." As to EDGAR JONES and the charwoman, CRIPPS, fresh from the cooler Court of Arbitration, telephoned the assertion that "Welsh Members approach the Bill with sole desire to see what plunder they can get." *Tout le* MOND (ALFRED) venturing to do a few sums on an imaginary blackboard, LYTTELTON scornfully alluded to "his more malignant associates," rude reference that caused BRYNMOR JONES to blush to the roots of his hair.

Unkindest, least deserved cut of all was slashed at the MAD HATTER. GOULDING moved closure. The MAD HATTER, at the moment seated in deep thought, stirred himself and said, "After the smashing speeches delivered on this side the only Member who ventures to rise from opposite benches wants to have the Question now put. There is nothing more to be said."

Metaphorically wrapping his blanket about him, after fashion of the Red Indian whose customary formula for bringing his remarks to a finale—Top-of-the-River has spoken!!—he paraphrased, he resumed his seat. And what does the British public think was the response this dignified interposition met with?

"Go on, Harlequin," one, happily anonymous, cried from Opposition Benches. Harlequin, quotha!

Cry taken up in various quarters. MAD HATTER rose again; greeted with roar of contumely; above it, clarion-tongued, rang his voice: "On a point of order, Sir."

Just on stroke of half-past ten, whilst Opposition roared and MAD HATTER, during momentary pauses, shouted "On a point of order," blade of guillotine fell. Division took place; Charwoman Amendment defeated by 291 to 179.

Business done.—Getting on nicely with Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Thursday.—Home Rule Bill read a third time. It is now on the knees of the Lords.

Most interesting episode in two nights' not oppressively brilliant debate was PRINCE ARTHUR'S dilemma in the opening passage of speech moving rejection of the Bill.

"The whole course of our proceedings reminds me," he said, "of those old comedies of intrigue in which the chief schemer goes to each one of the subordinate characters in turn, and, giving a different version of his object, induces them by separate methods to carry out his policy and finally leaves them all dupes."

Hereupon, ripple of cachinnation rising from Treasury Bench swelled into hilarious roar of laughter and ironical applause. PRINCE ARTHUR stood a moment in silent amazement. Turning round, he asked BONNER LAW what it meant. BONNER sagely shook his head.



"Armed in by JONES of Merthyr-Tydvil."

"I thought," said PRINCE ARTHUR, when uproar had subsided, "I was not unusually slow in detecting what the House expresses in the least articulate fashion. But honestly I do not know on this occasion how I have earned the warm approval of so many gentlemen on both sides by the same observation."

Here there were fresh outbursts of genial laughter.

"None but he," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, looking admiringly at his old favourite, "a master of phrases, could with equal brevity, more accuracy, and fuller measure of the picturesque, have described his own position when, ten years ago, he, being Premier, was manœuvring round Tariff Reform."

Business done.—Home Rule Bill read a third time by 367 votes against 257.

Asking for it.

"While a party were returning by motor car from Onich to Fort William, the car skidded near Dearrieehoarochan."—*The Scotsman.*

THE RED HEADS.

A GREAT meeting was held in the Scarlet Town Hall, under the auspices of the Rufus League, on Friday last, to discuss the alleged decrease in the numbers of red-headed people and to devise means to defeat it. The Rufus League, we may add, was originally founded by the Norman king of that name, and has always consisted of twenty-two members, who are known familiarly as the Twenty-two Carrots.

The Chair was taken by the President, Sir RUFUS ISAACS, who, in accordance with the rules, opened the proceedings by singing "O Ruddier than the Cherry," the anthem of the League. He then called on the Secretary, the Right Hon. Lord Justice Cherry—to whom we believe HANDEL dedicated the song in question—to read the letters from various members and sympathisers who were unable to attend. Foremost amongst them was a spirited contribution from Mr. RUDDY KIPLING, two lines of which we are allowed to reproduce by kind permission of his publishers:—

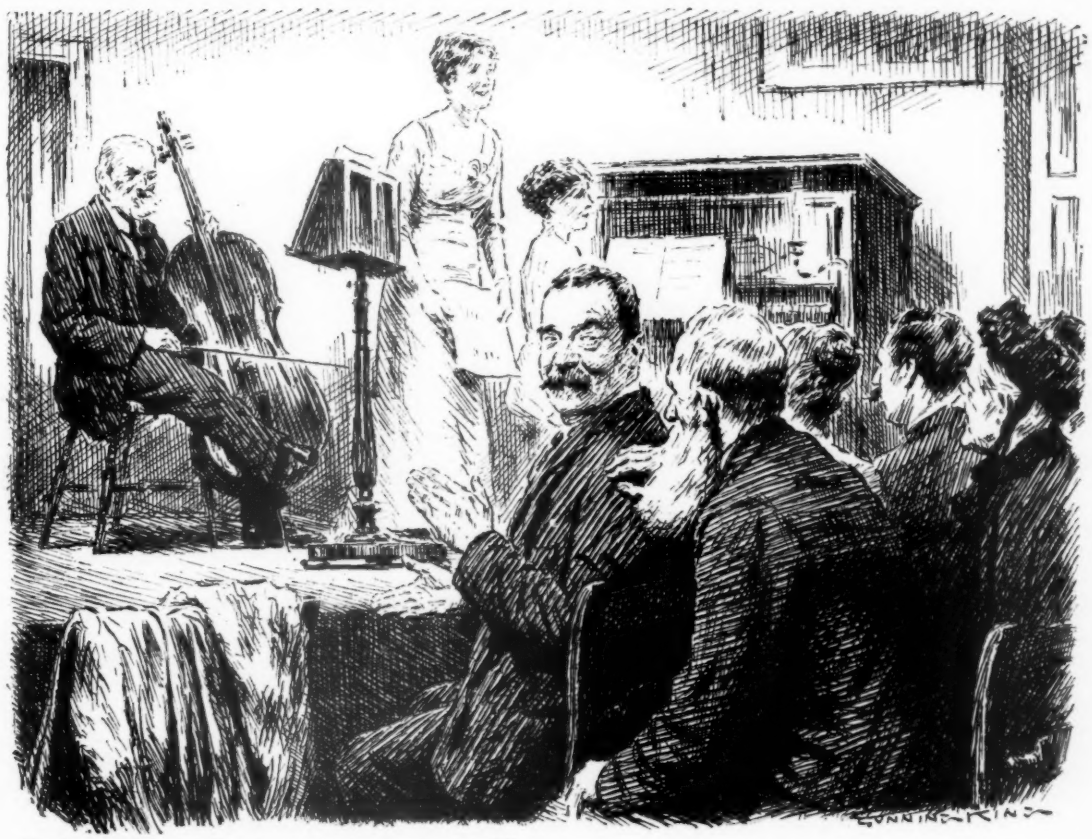
"Never the dingo dozes, never the bulrushes shoot
But a red-polled son of England starts out on the All-Red route."

The POET LAUREATE in a remarkable letter pointed out that GOLDSMITH began one of his most famous poems with the words "Sweet Auburn."

Mr. HALL CAINE, who enclosed a photograph of himself taken by the new chrono-chrome process, wrote that, if he might be permitted to jest on such a subject, nothing was red about BACON except his works, while SHAKSPEARE, like BAYARD and Another who should be nameless, favoured in his *chevelure* the hue immortalized in the portraits of TITIAN.

Dr. C. W. SALEEBY, the famous Professor of Eugenics, sent a brief but momentous memorandum on the best means of fostering the red corpuscles which conduce to the pigmentation of the capillary follicles. In his opinion this could be best arrived at by a diet of tomatoes, ginger and beetroot, washed down by liberal potations of Burgundy, Barolo and Chianti.

Sir RUFUS ISAACS, who was much moved during the reading of the last letter, then addressed the meeting. He began by reminding them that his own presence there in such an exalted position was due rather to his name than his mane. He then went on to enumerate the losses which England would suffer if this picturesque feature of her rural and civic life were allowed to die out. A red-haired man, wherever seen, never failed to bring into the



Man in Second Row. "THE LADY SEEMS TO PLEASE YOU?"

Man in Front Row. "THE ACCOMPANIST PLEASES ME, SIR. THE TONE HE GETS OUT OF THAT 'CELLO FOR A MAN WITH A WOODEN LEG IS WONDERFUL."

prospect that warm touch which artists as different as COROT and LANDSEER so esteemed; while a red-haired girl, wherever seen, was like a glint of gold. (Loud cheers.) Were they to disappear, what would become of that curious enactment of nature which provided that whenever one met a red-haired girl one could see at the same time a white horse? Scientists had for centuries puzzled their brains to explain why this was, but in vain. Yet the strange fact remained. As to what were the causes of the decrease in red hair no one could rightly say. Many Unionists believed that the Government at large, and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in particular, had discouraged it, and were to be blamed in the matter. But when they remembered that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was named after DAVID, the ruddy antagonist of the Philistines, they could hardly accept this view. He himself saw some hope for the future from Canada, in view of the notoriously red hair of General WOLFE. (Cheers.) Whatever they did, they must not lose hope. He himself, as a member of the most optimistic Cabinet of recent times, would never do so. (Renewed cheers.)

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who apologised for being not so fiery as he once was, the alloy of old age having dimmed his furnace—in other words, grey hair having supervened—then spoke. He said that as a descendant of OWEN ROE O'NEILL and a sympathiser with the Red Hand of Ulster, though at the same time a fervent supporter of maintaining the Green above the Red, he fully approved of the aims and objects of the League. He called upon his twenty-one fellow Carrots to pledge themselves to do everything in their power to impress upon Society the merits of ruddiness. He himself was writing a play to that end. (Cheers.) With Dr. SALEEBY's excellent programme he found himself in agreement, except as regarded the beverages. For the wines named he would suggest substituting ginger ale—(marked depression) and red ink—(groans). Only on those conditions could he retain his membership. (Uproar, during which the meeting resolved itself into a free fight, everybody seeing red.)

The Cannibals.

"The restaurant was also doing a large business, many dinner parties being held to partake of the special men which had been provided."—*Bombay Gazette.*

A correspondent, whose heart is in the right place, complains of the way in which her letters have been treated in the pillar-boxes. They come to her, she says, "smeared all over with suffragetted hydrogen."

"The offertory box inside the church porch, at St. Paul's Church, Fairhaven, was broken open between Monday at noon and yesterday."

"If you want a fine dramatic treat, go and see 'The Thief' at the Pier Pavilion to-night."—*Lytham Standard.*

"In connection with a possible association of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the late Samuel Coleridge Taylor, it is stated that such is not the case."—*Musical News.*

So now we can all breathe again.

AT THE PLAY.

"GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD."

IN my anxiety to be a true admirer of America and her genius, I would give a lot to know that the plays which she is now sending us were composed exclusively for our market, just to see to what lengths the dull Britisher would let his silly leg be pulled before he found out. But unhappily all these dramas come trailing clouds of glory accumulated in the course of prodigious careers on the other side; and this means, if it means anything, that the samples which they give us of vulgar roguery on the one hand and stupid cupidity on the other have been warmly acknowledged by the American public as representative of typical features in the national character. I cannot bear to believe this, and yet I may not do our friends the effrontery of disputing their opinion of themselves as reflected in their own mirror of life.

This opinion was further endorsed by the U.S.A. colony in London, who figured in great force on the first night. All the humours of Mr. COHAN'S play were received by them with a very loud enthusiasm, in which I could seldom join, though I must have seen some of the points. Every American present seemed to have a financial interest in the enterprise, or at least to regard the national honour as being staked on its success.

One thing I am thankful for: we need never again worry about an enigma that must often have troubled the thinking mind—how it is that in America, where everybody is so smart, there is so much money to be made and so quickly. How can they even make a living by taking one another in? Well, I gather from *Ready Money* — and the revelation is supported by *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*—that our minds had been abused; that we were wrong in imagining that all Americans are smart. It seems that the mugs over there enjoy a numerical superiority of at least ten to one.



J. Rufus Wallingford (Mr. HALE HAMILTON) to *Horace Daw* (Mr. JULIAN ROYCE). "Why don't you get a smile like mine? It comes off every time."

It was a flaw in the new play that its mugs were such "easy fruit." The leading rogue never found an opponent worthy of his steel. In *Ready Money* it was a square fight all through—diamond cut diamond—with the detective force. Here the only trouble, and soon settled, was with a pretty typing-girl.

I see in a *brochure* published by the Management that the play "points that excellent moral, 'Honesty is the best policy.'" Let me, as a moralist, warn the British public against this misleading statement. It so happens that a stroke of fortune gives a crown of unpremeditated honesty, in a technical sense, to a scheme conceived and executed in a spirit of the purest fraud. These rogues do ill by stealth and wake to find it fame. It was no fault of theirs.

Let me also warn this same innocent public against their persuasive charm. Mr. HALE HAMILTON, with that insinuating voice and accent and smile of his, was irresistible for his victims on both sides of the footlights. There is something almost Greek in his catholic feeling for the joy of life. Our British stage-villains—burglars always excepted—are not built that way. They take their vices, as the virtuous take their pleasures, with a spice of sadness. And this, of course, is morally sound.

But, put your morality aside as you enter—there are cloak-rooms provided in all modern play-houses — and you will get a lot of simple fun out of *Wallingford*. But you must not mind the noise and rush; the constant incursions, at full speed, of negligible people all busy in establishing an atmosphere of American hustle; or the endless introductions of one unimportant person to another which constitute the dominant feature of the last Act. And your sophisticated minds must bear with the simple irony, mildly Sophoclean, by which the villains offer to take the audience into their confidence.

And at the end, if you have not laughed quite as freely as you were told you were going to, do not cast doubt on the American sense of humour, but put the trouble down to your British lack of it. This is the true hospitality.

"BILLY'S FORTUNE."

The maker of *Billy's Fortune*—I refer to his adoptive father, and not to Mr. ROY HORNIMAN—was never seen by us, for he was a corpse before the curtain rose; but if his last will and testament revealed the man he must have been something of a humorist. For in the first place he disappointed his relations of the bulk of his fortune, leaving it to *Billy*, a "pauper brat";



BEAR-BAITING.

Mr. Bradley (Mr. E. M. ROBSON) tries to conciliate *Billy* (Master JOHNNIE BROWN) with a present for a good boy.

and, secondly, he bequeathed £100,000 to whichever family *Billy* should elect to make his home with, after a three months' test of each. Though ignorant of this condition, *Billy* at once recognises that he is meant to be spoiled, and lends every possible assistance to that end. Six months have elapsed and we see him in the hands of No. 3 of the spoilers. He has developed into a sort of "Buster Brown," and has the whole ménage under his little heel; his wildest freaks of behaviour being tolerated, since correction is unthinkable if his hosts are to secure a favourable report. What with loss of self-respect, and mutual suspicion as between the competitors, it is a sad revelation of some of the most deplorable aspects of human nature.

This kind of thing is only possible on the stage if it goes without a check to the laughter; and, to be frank, the Second Act had its intervals of repose. But there were hilarious moments, as when the entire household paraded, as a military band, in various sketchy uniforms, under the dragooning of the Napoleonic infant.

In the Third Act we find *Billy* transferred to the care of an ideally happy young couple. They, too, would be glad to touch the money, but are not going to sacrifice their own souls—or *Billy's*—in the process. Accordingly, on the very first evening (Christmas



'Arry. "THANK 'EAVEN FOR THESE EARS; I ONLY WISH THEY WAS 'ORNS!"

Day, too) the rod comes out, and the spoiling of the child is over for ever. By 10 P.M. he is one of the family, sitting in pyjamas round the fire and listening contentedly to a fairy-tale, a thing he had never done before. It was a refreshing scene, made pretty by the mother and children, and restored our belief in humanity. And if there was just a suspicion of priggishness in the voices of the parents, this defect of virtue should be easily remedied.

"Train up a child," says SOLOMON, "in the way he should go, and . . . he will not depart from it." It was therefore no shock to me in the last Act when *Billy* elected to take up his permanent residence with this admirable family.

I trust that the character of little Master JOHNNIE BROWN, who played *Billy* with considerable intelligence and aplomb, will not be unfavourably affected either by the preliminary booming of him in the Press or by his early contact with the seamy side of human nature. Of the grown-ups, that delightful actor, Mr. O. B. CLARENCE, as one of the designing relations, bore the chief burden in a part that suited his distressful methods, though I can imagine him funnier. The others fell easily into the picture; but a kindly Providence has given Miss MANSFIELD too genial a countenance for the austerity of such a *rôle* as that of *Aunt Fanny*.

Altogether a quite pleasant and innocent little comedy, for which the brief time it occupied (two hours gross) was ample allowance. O. S.

"*Florence.*

Yesterday evening at the Lyceum before a large and distinguished audience, Oscar Browinug Efg delivered a lecture on the English priests of the last century. The lecturer related piquant anecdotes, hitherto unpublished, concerning Bayron, Skelley, Fwnibourne, Pennyson, Broaning, G. Eliot, with all of whom he was intimately acquainted."—*La Tribuna.*

One regrets the veteran *littérateur's* reticence on the subject of his lifelong friendship with Sir Flip Spakeshear and Skidney.

"Wilshire tells us that infantile paralysis is caused by a germ conveyed by a stable fly."
Daily Herald.

These microbes are getting very luxurious in their methods of locomotion.

"DATE OF THE OAT RACE."
Evening Standard.

There must be some mistake. Our information is that both Universities have decided to give the adversary beans.

"Complexions removed."
Advt. in "Daily Express."

At owner's risk, we presume.

THE LONDONER EXULTS
(over the cracks in St. Paul's).

I MAY be undersized and thin,
I may be drab and mean,
The smallest sort of fragment in
An infinite machine;
Both Fame and Fortune may have passed
And left me on the shelf,
But I 've begun to see the vast
Importance of myself.

It makes my modest bosom throb
With pride to note the rout
Of Art and Faith before the job
Of moving me about;
The 'buses roar, the trains pursue
Their subterranean track—
I must be served and swifty too,
Though half the town should crack.

I thunder down to work each morn,
And some historic shrine
Must have its matchless fabric torn
To get me there at nine;
And when I gather up my traps,
As sundown sets me free,
A nation's monuments collapse
To take me home to tea!

"He insisted on searching Sir Edward, and, to the latter's horror, two acres were found up his sleeve and one in his pocket."
Paignton Observer.

Where was the cow?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Sheringham and Others (MILLS AND BOON) is the latest production of that clever lady, Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK, and displays her art in various lights all good, if not quite the best. *Mr. Sheringham*, you should be told, is a long short story, almost a novel. The *Others* are short short stories, and some sketches so slight as not to be stories at all. *Mr. Sheringham*, however, is capital fun—a tale with all the right elements of popularity: a poor heroine, friendless in Paris, and some wicked adventurers who almost murdered her to obtain some valuable shares, which she carried about with her, as heroines do, in a little bag. This, of course, was after she had been enriched by the gifts of a kind uncle, a financier, who, having presented her with stock certificates worth fifty thousand pounds, left her quite alone in a strange land, at the mercy of a couple so patently villainous that one's flesh crept to read about them. You will now not be astonished to hear that comic relief is supplied by a page-boy (red-haired) and a friendly cook, who fulfil their obvious purpose by helping the heroine in moments of urgent need. You will also be prepared for my statement that the whole thing shows Mrs. SIDGWICK as a teller of effective stories, such as many writers could manage with equal success, rather than as the creator of anything so exquisite as, for example, *The Severins*. But for the moments when one demands no more than an honest improbable tale of love and crime and adventure, told with just enough distinction to preserve the self-respect of the reader, *Mr. Sheringham* will be found very agreeable company.

I have discovered a jolly winter evening game for the inhabitants of Manford and Salchester on the banks of the river Irsley. They must buy copies of Mr. GILBERT CANNAN'S new book, *Round the Corner* (MARTIN SECKER), and go through it carefully, trying to identify the names of local streets and buildings through the not too difficult fog of aliases with which the author has enshrouded them. They will like the game, I think, but I am not at all so sure that they will like Mr. GILBERT CANNAN. For he has very few good things to say of what he calls "the darker half of our town on the north bank of the poisoned river." And when I read such sentences as "he walked to the station through the dark railway arches, through Town Hall Square with its statues of John Bright, the late Bishop, the Prince Consort, and a local philanthropic sweater," I envy with a deep envy the task of the man who reviews this book for, let us say, *The Salchester Guardian*. But, to turn from the background to the characters, Mr. GILBERT CANNAN has made a sporting if rather too ambitious attempt to chronicle the doings and inter-relations of a large clerical family (there were ten of the *Folyats*, counting the parents), an attempt that has hardly been rivalled, perhaps, since the days of Miss CHARLOTTE YONGE, though what that good lady would have said to her successor's tiresomely emancipated views on life and love, as expressed through the lips of *Serge*, the Bohemian eldest son, I shudder to think. They were an unhappy family, the *Folyats*, from little *James*, who fell off the roof on page 46, to *Frederick*, who shot himself in the train on page 332; and the whole book is undeniably gloomy; but Mr. GILBERT CANNAN writes well, and, except when he is moralising, is always interesting. But, if he ever gets a whack on the head from half-a-brick while he is walking through Edward Square, Manford, he must not complain. He is simply asking for it.



A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

Kindly Suburban Resident (to itinerant Plant Merchant). "YES; I'LL TAKE ONE AS YOU SAY YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN ARE STARVING. JUST PUT IT ON MY HAT; YOU WILL FIND A SOVEREIGN IN MY LEFT-HAND WAISTCOAT-POCKET. I'LL WAIT HERE TILL YOU BRING THE CHANGE."

Her name was *Barbara Burdone*, and she was called by her old nurse *Lady Bab*. When her father, *Lord Branchester*, married again she got on quite badly with her step-mother. So, after a tempestuous interlude in a scholastic establishment for young ladies and an incident on the high road, where *Barbara* turns a gentleman cut-purse's pistols upon himself, we find her at sea in a war-ship, *en route* to join her banished brother in Canada. And because the ship is French you get the quaint experience of hearing the English fleet spoken of as the enemy; indeed, there is even an engagement, ending with honours easy—though I own to having been a little surprised that so fiery a piece as *Lady Barbara* did not blow up something and hand the vessel over to the British admiral. However, she arrived in Quebec safely, and instituted a further series of adventures with Red Indians and such. I ought to tell you that she has been invented by Mrs. ALICE WILSON FOX, who gives to the book the certainly very appropriate title of *A Regular Madam* (MACMILLAN). It is a story of simple but pleasant and entirely wholesome happenings chiefly intended for the daughters of gentlemen, to whom indeed it should make a strong appeal.

"Adult members of Chagford Parish Church Choir, ringers, churchwardens, and sidesmen were entertained to supper at the Rectory on Thursday by the Rector. The latter part of the evening was spent in harmony."—*The Western Morning News.*

We wonder what had happened earlier. A little trouble perhaps over the apple sauce.

CHARIVARIA.

No women are allowed on the territory of the newest Republic, Mount Athos. An expeditionary force of Suffragettes is, we hear, to be fitted out at once.

* * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, at the National Liberal Club, proposed the health of the members of the Liberal Insurance Committee. In the present congestion the health of the Insured will have to look after itself.

* * *

There is still a good deal of misconception in regard to the provisions of the Insurance Act. The wife of a Liverpool carter who presented her husband with a complete set of quadruplets last week was evidently under the impression that she would be entitled to four maternity boni.

* * *

The L. C. C. has decided that undertakers shall be exempt from the half-holiday under the Shops Act. It was no doubt realised that a holiday might render them unbecomingly cheerful.

* * *

Lecturing on "Heredity of Sex" at the Royal Institution, Professor BATESON said that there was a certain amount of truth in the theory that sons took after their mothers and daughters after their fathers. Our experience, however, is that the modern child insists on taking before its parents.

* * *

At the same time we can offer no objection to the title of the lecture—"Heredity of Sex." There can be no doubt that sex is hereditary, children almost invariably being of the same sex as one or other of their parents.

* * *

"VICTOR GRAYSON
WANTS A REVOLUTION"
"Daily Herald" poster.

A few public-spirited men are, we hear, thinking of clubbing together to buy VICTOR a ticket to South America.

* * *

It is pointed out that a house at Chertsey, which is now for sale, was the scene of *Bill Sikes'* burglary as set forth in *Oliver Twist*. We should have thought this would have been a questionable attraction to purchasers, for, no doubt, every fine Sunday a number of well-read burglars make a pious pilgrimage to this house from the Metropolis, and stand gazing up at it, hat in hand.

* * *

Dr. FRANK MALLORY, of Harvard University, has, it is announced, isolated the whooping-cough germ. It is to be hoped that the noisy little beggar has been confined in a soundproof cell.

* * *

A comedy called *The Joneses* is to be produced as soon as a suitable theatre can be secured. A play with this title should do well, if only all the Joneses go to see whether they are mentioned in it.

* * *

With reference to the burning of *Tom Jones* at Doncaster, in order that the morals of racing men may not be imperilled, it always seems to us something of a mystery that many of our modern novels do not perish from spontaneous combustion.

* * *

From Paris it is announced that ladies' dresses are to be fitted up with pockets. So it is all over with man's one point of superiority over the other sex!

* * *

"TIME-TABLES NEEDLESS,"
announces a certain railway company. It will be interesting to see whether the idea spreads, and a certain other company announces "TIME-TABLES USELESS."

* * *

In a new edition of a well-known cookery book some strictures are passed on the French to be found on our average *menu*. We certainly think that it should always be accompanied with an English version, for the sake of our French visitors.

* * *

The interview, last week, between Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and the Fishwives must have been somewhat piquant. It is said that one of the ladies cried out, "Mr. GEORGE, where would you have been without Billingsgate?"



Wife of his Bosom (in course of domestic difference). "COWARD! BRUTE! RUFFIAN! PIG! MONSTER! BEAST! OH, I WISH YOU KNEW WHAT I THOUGHT OF YOU!"

Practical Joking in the House.

"M.P.'S SEAT.
SOME OBSCURE LEGAL POINTS RAISED."
Liverpool Echo.

"As he sits before you at the breakfast table—for the breakfast table is his time for talk—he seems the most light-hearted and untroubled of men. Even little Megan, who passes you the jam—for you help yourselves in this informal household—does not seem more gay, nor the black pug that snores on the hearthrug more free from care."—*From a character sketch of Mr. Lloyd George in "The Daily News and Leader."*

Original and boldly innovating in all things, the CHANCELLOR, it will be noticed, dispenses with the servants, who, throughout breakfast, in less informal houses, stand behind one's chair.

"Dr. McClure, the headmaster of Mill Hill School, has been granted six months' leave . . . to attend a Sunday-school."—*The Presbyterian.*

It sounds rather a stiff course.

"One vice at a time, please," urged her husband, helping himself to a gammon of bacon."
From one of Messrs. Srxxxxxxx's sparkling articles in "The Westminster Gazette."

Breakfast over, he resumed his injections of morphine.

"Governess, to take full charge of 3 children, including mailcart."—*Advt. in "Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury."*

To be precise, what is really wanted is a Groom-Governess.

"Recommended experienced chauffeur-mechanic, 4 years last situation, 75 years' private driving."—*The Autocar.*

The year 1838 will always be remembered for the impetus which it gave to the motor industry.

Winter Fashions.

"Early in the morning, shortly before 9 o'clock, His Royal Highness was seen around the magnificent grounds of 'Ravenscrag,' and at 9.30 he issued forth clad simply in a short overcoat, and with gaiters to protect his legs against the cold."—*Montreal Star.*

THE CONSCIENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

[For once in a way the Party Whips were taken off and Members were allowed, on the Women's Suffrage question, to vote according to their consciences. Partly owing to atrophy of this organ, some very strange and complicated intrigues resulted from the Cabinet's dispensation.]

WHAT mean these most unusual cries
That hurtle through the deafened lobbies,
Cross-questions and oblique replies
From those who back their several hobbies,
All, like the polyglots of Babel,
Talking as hard as ever they are able?

What should portend this curious breach
Of Liberal tie and Tory tether;
Old foes embracing each with each
And friends at fisticuffs together,
So that you get no sort of clue
From party labels as to who is who?

Can Reason from her throne have fled?
Over some riddle, dark and knotty,
Has Parliament mislaid her head
And gone (in vulgar diction) dotty?
Nay! 'Tis the voice, long out of use,
The still small voice of Conscience breaking loose.

Conscience at play! Ah, picture how,
Ever the sport of cruel lashes
Laid by the Whips on back and brow,
All pink and blue with weals and gashes,
Trodden beneath the tyrant's boots,
Goaded and herded like dumb driven brutes—

Picture, I say, how when the yoke
Was lifted from his neck, poor martyr,
Like an emancipated moke
Free to enjoy the winds' wide charter,
Each Member tossed his happy heels
And filled the air with blithe, discordant squeals.

Look how their hearts and lungs expand
For joy of Freedom's fair amenities!
How bright, but (on the other hand)
How tragically brief a scene it is!
Too soon will they be summoned back
To play once more the hopeless party-hack.

Alas! so strong are habit's reins,
Meekly they 'll reassume their fetters,
Cease to employ their private brains,
Sworn to the bidding of their sweaters,
And soak in that abysmal sink—
The life where nobody 's allowed to think.

O. S.

Note received by a Liverpool doctor:—

"Mrs. —— regrets not being able to keep her appointment with Dr. —— owing to sickness to-day at 12 o'clock as arranged."

"Lost between Walton and Ormskirk, three Brown Hampers and one White one, named Seddon."—*Ormskirk Advertiser.*

We once had a bag that answered to the name of Gladstone; and it came to a l a l end.

"In connection with the Highweek Church Sunday schools the annual treat was held on Thursday afternoon. . . . Miss —— gave a disgraceful dance, which was highly appreciated."

Devon and Newton Times.

Human nature will out, even at a Sunday-school entertainment.

ALL THE WORLD'S A SCHOOL.

HAVING noticed in a contemporary an interview with Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, in which the great actor said not only, "I am completing my education by touring the world," but "I hope my holiday may be beneficial to my art, and therefore a benefit to the public," the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society at once hurried to the home of the illustrious histrion with the purpose of putting a number of supplementary or "arising-out-of" questions.

He found Sir HERBERT three deep in the paraphernalia of travel. Moccasins and snowshoes jostled mosquito nets and sombreros. Here was an alpenstock, there an ice hatchet; guns, boots, howdahs, pith helmets were everywhere. GALTON'S *Art of Travel* lay on the floor, and beside it copies of *Near Home* and *Far Off*. Medicine chests were being filled; crates containing beads and gaily coloured cloths (for the natives) were being packed; busts of STANLEY and Captain COOK stood on the mantelpiece, each wearing a wreath.

In the midst of this confusion was Sir HERBERT.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, with his profound and unfailing courtesy.

"Observing," replied the visitor, "that you have selected travel as the medium by which you are to complete your education, I thought it would be interesting to inquire how far you mean to go?"

"My plans are not too definite," said Sir HERBERT. "I shall wander where I like."

"May I ask where you are going first?"

"To Moscow," said Sir HERBERT.

"And what particular mental vacuum do you expect that city to fill?"

"I am proposing there to take lessons in dancing. I think of attending the same school which sent forth the divine NIJINSKY to enchant the world."

"Good," said the geographer, taking out his note-book. "And Austria?"

"Among the Tyrolese eminences I hope," said Sir HERBERT, "to perfect my jodelling."

"In China?"

"In China I intend to immerse myself in those ancient humours and emotions of the Celestial Empire which have just blossomed so gloriously at a neighbouring theatre managed by one of my knighted colleagues."

"You will return, I take it," hazarded his visitor, "when the education is complete—when the receptacle can hold no more?"

"Well, yes; let us leave it at that," said Sir HERBERT.

"That is to say, if you were on your way to Patagonia," continued the geographer, "and found at Buenos Ayres that you knew all, you would not proceed to Patagonia, but hurry back in order that the public might at once begin to 'enjoy the benefits'?"

Sir HERBERT TREE boughed, as to the manner born. "But," he said, "I must ask you now to excuse me. I have to leave in two hours."

"Certainly. But one more question, and the last," said the geographer, reaching for his hat. "How long do you expect to be away?"

"About a week, I think."

"The thing will be to see . . . the factory girl married to young Wakes."—*English Review.*

Other things to see will be "Our Liz" married to August Bankholiday, young Jeffcote eloping at dead of night with Hindle Town Hall, and our Dramatic Critic getting the play into his head.



THE SURREY RIVIERA.

FATHER THAMES (*singing plaintively*). "I KNOW A BANK WHERE THE FOUL SLIME FLOWS."

[London is beginning to recognise that it is high time to set about correcting the unsightliness of the Right Bank of the Thames.]



"HULLO! WHATEVER'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, BERTIE?"
"ROTTEN LUCK, OLD MAN; GOT AN ATHLETE'S HEART PLAYIN' 'COON-CAN.'"

THE MILO MEASURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I wonder if you will be sweet enough to act as my advance agent in booming a little practical feminine invention which I am about to place on the market. As you know very well, the Venus di Milo represents that absolute ideal of proportion which every woman aims at, though, of course, the lady in the Louvre is on the large side and a little battered about the extremities. As no doubt you are also aware, some years ago certain artistic experts took the measurements of the statue and reduced them to normal human scale and have supplied the world with the measurements which are exactly those which the Venus di Milo would have possessed if she had been a living woman of 5ft. 4in. in height. Now, this table has hitherto apparently represented a hopelessly unattainable ideal, until quite recently the feminine world was fluttered by the news of an American girl whose measurements are claimed to approximate to those of the famous statue. It was then the business of *The Daily Mirror* to find a successful rival in England, and, that being speedily accomplished, I think I may say without exaggeration that the interest in Milo measurements has become so universally keen that nearly every woman of average height on both sides of the Ocean has been busy with a tape measure.

I was lately assisting at one of these private *séances*, and it was when I noticed how frightfully bucked my friend was to find that her neck and ankles, for instance, were all right, and how disheartened she grew to find her waist and fore-arm, shall we say, were all wrong, that a great inspiration for the benefit of my sex flashed across my brain.

That inspiration has now borne fruit in "The Milo Measure," price 1/- in untarnishable nickel case (patent applied for). I guarantee that this dainty toilet necessity, on which the Milo measurements are marked out—7·4 inches for ankle, 13·2 for calf, 26 for waist, and so on—will make Venuses of all women of average height, and thus brighten the entire feminine outlook and bring a rosy atmosphere of classical beauty to many a grey suburban home.

All that the purchaser has to do in order to make her proportions come out identical with those of the Milo is to grasp the end of the Measure between the thumb and finger of the left hand, place the thumb and finger of the right hand firmly on the particular number of inches required, and apply the Measure to each limb or feature in turn. The Measure will do the rest.

Yours very sincerely, EVA.

P.S.—I am confidently counting on your assistance, dear *Mr. Punch*, as my advance agent, so I think it is only right to inform you that "The Milo Measure" is made of elastic web.

"According to the 'Board of Trade Labour Gazette,' the greatest proportionate increases in food prices in 1912, compared with 1911, are as follow:—

Lead, 28.2 per cent.
Copper, 25.8 per cent.
Pig iron, 14.8 per cent.
Coal, 11.1 per cent."

Liverpool Echo.

And with food like this our teeth, too, will cost us more.

RUPERT.

RUPERT, the horse, came to us with the best references, and I'm sure he always meant well and tried his hardest, but we all have days when things go wrong and we feel like slamming the door or smashing something, and I think that was Rupert's trouble on the ill-fated morning.

Papa has an excellent custom of riding about the neighbourhood on horseback to shake up his—to keep him fit, and that was where Rupert came in; and, as I was saying, he was a conscientious horse and as a rule did the job well.

On the morning in question Papa had gone out riding and I was doing the housekeeping, and was in fact in the kitchen expounding the Insurance Act to the cook for about the twentieth time. It seemed to her unreasonable that she might not immediately begin to draw in some benefits, and I was at great pains making it clear to her that the game couldn't begin till she got ill or married or something, and that for the present she must derive what satisfaction she could from contemplating her card, which really looked very pretty with the stamp-collection on it.

The discourse was interrupted by the advent of Papa, who came in rather furtively through the back door with his hair awry and a lot of mud on his clothes. There was not the least doubt what had happened to him.

"Ah, Felicity," he began, "I—I've just returned—rather unexpectedly."

"Oh, Papa," I cried, "have you fallen off?"

"Certainly not," he answered with dignity. "Riding-men never fall off. Sometimes they are thrown, of course."

"Yes, I meant that. Are you hurt, dear? How did it happen?"

However, Papa was disinclined to relate the adventure in the presence of cook, naturally enough, and it was not till he had changed his clothes that I learned the details.

It appeared that all had gone well until they reached the open country, where they encountered two disreputable tramps, who joined hands and executed a dance in front of the horse. Rupert, unable to contain his indignation, reared up, and Papa lost his balance and slid off over his tail.

"And what did you do then?" I asked.

"I came away. I was too indignant to discuss the matter with them at any length: I could find no excuse for their behaviour. If they wished to dance they should have waited until a suitable occasion presented itself. It's a growing scandal, you know. Bad enough for people to go about without visible means of support. They should at least observe the common courtesies of the highway."

"Yes," I said, "advice would have been wasted on them; but what did you do with Rupert?"

"Well," he said, "it was rather a problem. He was a little difficult to deal with, and as the tramps offered to close in on him and bring him home when he appeared to be in a more reasonable frame of mind I accepted their proposal. It was, I thought, an opportunity to repair to some extent the mischief they had wrought."

"Papa, they'll steal him," I cried.

For a moment he seemed to brighten at the suggestion, but then he shook his head.

"I doubt it," he said. "They did not appear to me to be horsey men at all. I don't think they would have much use for Rupert."

And Papa proved to be right, for while we were sitting at lunch the tramps came up the drive with the horse in tow.

After some hesitation Papa went out to parley with them, and I kept an eye on the proceedings from behind the window-curtain.

It was soon evident that they were demanding most extortionate sums for salvage, and I began to be afraid that Papa would be unable to cope with the situation, so I decided on immediate action, and, raising the sash, leaned out.

"Papa, papa," I cried.

"Yes, my dear."

"An awful thing's happened. The bloodhounds have escaped. They've eaten the under-gardener and they're tearing round the shrubbery."

The tramps threw up the game at once. In five seconds they were out of sight.

It took some time to reassure Papa, who at first believed that there really were bloodhounds concealed about the premises.

"Well, I thought you might have got some, Felicity," he said; "I never know what you'll do next."

As a matter of fact we haven't any dog at all. The idea was mooted a short time ago, but Dora the cat and Stephen the hedgehog filed a petition against it and the proposal was dropped.

For some days the fate of Rupert was the chief topic under discussion. Papa said he felt he could never be reconciled to him again and refused even to go near the stable, and in the meanwhile Rupert took life easily and ate his head off.

"We'd better give him a month's notice," I said.

"Not at all," said Papa. "You don't do that with horses. The thing to do is to send the groom up to TATTERIDGE'S with him and sell him; and I hope the man who buys the brute will enjoy himself."

This worked out all right. The TATTERIDGE people said there was no difficulty. If we would let them have the horse and furnish them with a description for the catalogue they would do the rest.

"We must try to get a real pen-picture of Rupert," I said, "so that he'll go off well."

I took a lot of trouble with it. It went like this. You might like to hear it if you are interested in Rupert:—

"Good horse; very little worn; stock size; colour, vandyke brown; amiable; industrious; sober. To sell, or would exchange for nice sable stole and muff."

"I don't want a stole and muff, though," said Papa when I showed it him for criticism and appreciation.

"No, but you will soon," I said.



First Blood. "HAVE YOU READ THIS ABOUT THE DECLINE OF THE BIRTH-RATE?"

Second Blood. "YES; MAKES ONE RATHER ANXIOUS. AFRAID IT'LL LEAD TO CONSCRIPTION!"

"When?"

"When my birthday comes next month."

However, the people at TATTERIDGE'S entered him as a "Good hack. Quiet to ride for a lady." The red tape there is about as bad as in any Government department. I'm sure with my testimonial he would have gone off very well, instead of being knocked down, as Papa said, for a mere song. Rupert wouldn't like that.

And so for a time Papa was horseless and went about like ordinary people; but it didn't suit him. His temper began to get fretful. I decided that he must have something to jog his—to exercise him, and I came and talked to him seriously.

"Why don't you get another horse, Papa?" I said.

"Another one?"

"Yes; get a nice tame one, you know."

"Oh, no," he said. "That wouldn't do at all. I want a horse with a lot of mettle. Of course it must have some self-control as well."

"Well, couldn't you get one like that?" I suggested. "You oughtn't to give up your riding, you know."

"Yes, I daresay I could," he said. "I'm a pretty fair judge of a horse. I'll look in at TATTERIDGE'S to-morrow and see if I can find one to suit me."

I would have gone with him, but I had a party on that afternoon—Blindman's Buff and Coon-Can, I think it was.

I got back from it rather late and found Papa already returned, fearfully pleased with himself and looking very horsey with a large cigar in his mouth and a whisky-and-soda on the mantelpiece.

"What success?" I asked.

"Picked out the very horse," he said. "Rather expensive. Cost a good deal more than Rupert, but well worth the money."

"Where is he?"

"I rode him back. He's in the stables. Come round and see him."

He showed him off with great pride. I walked all round the horse. He winked at me and whisked his tail towards Papa.

"I suppose you didn't meet any tramps on the way down," I said.

"No. Why?"

"Well, if you had, he might have given himself away."

"Who might?"

"Rupert."

The X-Ray Eye.

"I have been sitting at the window making note of the number of 'buses, and the contents of passengers."—*Letter in "The Hampstead and St. John's Wood Advertiser."*



IS ENGLAND DECLINING?

The Old Hand. "THIS 'LL GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF WOT THINGS IS COMIN' TO. WHY, A FEW YEARS AGO A TIN LIKE THIS WOULD 'AVE 'AD A COUPLE OF SARDINES IN; P'R'APS THREE."

Commercial Candour.

"GENUINE SALE,
FIRST FOR FIVE YEARS."

Advt. on the window of a shop in Oxford Street.

Letter from a native who runs a regimental coffee-shop at Meerut:—

"Sir,—I am extremely sorry to bring to your kind notice of running short about ham in my stock on account of Xmas. I hope to get it very soon from Bombay. No sooner I will receive it I will let your honour know all of a sudden. Hoping for an excuse for this refusal and obliging very much for the trouble of forgiveness, I beg to remain, Sir, yours obediently," &c., &c.

How to Attract a Congregation.

"The REV. W. F. LOFTHOUSE,
M.A. (Birmingham),
Will preach at 11 and 6.30.
ALE CORDIALLY INVITED."
Shrewsbury Commercial & Literary Chronicle.

"English Mistress for small high-class Day School in London. Degree or equivalent, and experience in high-class private school work. Churchwoman. Non-res. £100 and mid-day dinner, increasing."—*Journal of Education.*

After three months the lady expects to make nothing of an ox roasted whole.

"A suffragist tea-shop has been set up within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"Stone's throw" is good.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE successful appearance of the banjo at the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts on Saturday week is, we are glad to learn, likely to be followed by a further invasion of the orchestral preserves by instruments hitherto deemed unworthy of such an honour. The prospectus of the New Romantic Orchestral Concerts, just issued, announces that on April 1st Mr. Oliver Pilditch will produce a new symphony by Professor Quantock de Banville, entitled "The Brontës," dedicated to Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER. The symphony, which will occupy ninety minutes in performance, is not only scored for every one of the instruments employed in MAHLER'S Seventh Symphony, but also includes parts for a quartet of penny whistles, and a solo "Brilliantine Zither-Comb," which will be played on this occasion by Mr. SHORTER himself.

Another novelty to be produced later in the season is a Mystical Tone Poem, entitled "The Wandering Jew," by Mr. Hamish MacSlazenger, the young Russo-Scottish composer who is already known as the Moscow-Glasgow Strauss. In a brief but alluring account of the new composition Mr. Oliver Pilditch informs us that no key signature is affixed to any of the fifteen movements of which the work is made up, and that it has practically no tonality at all. A wonderful effect is produced in the *Scherzo*, in which four barrel-organs are introduced, each playing different tunes in different keys and each surmounted by a monkey wearing a red coat, while the motto theme, or *idée fixe*, is always given out by a group of Jew's harps, specially constructed for the occasion and called the "Magnifico Pomposo Solomon Glory-Harps." These, it is reassuring to hear, will be played by real Rabbis. The score of the Symphony, which occupies just under two hours in performance, measures $4 \times 4 \times 2$ parasangs and weighs almost exactly 62 poods.

Mr. Odo Gurglitz, the manager of Mr. Bamberger, writes to us with reference to the tragic experiences of DANIEL MELSA, the Polish violinist now performing in London, on which so much stress has been laid in the Press. In the biographical sketch of DANIEL MELSA, which is now being circulated, we read how during an anti-Jewish pogrom at Lodz in 1905 his playing melted the heart of the Cossack leader and saved the fiddler's life.

Mr. Gurglitz observes that he has not the smallest intention of disputing the absolute accuracy of the above statement. All he wishes to point out, in justice to Mr. Bamberger, is that on at least four several occasions he (Mr. Bamberger) was exposed to dangers compared with which the ordeal of DANIEL MELSA was a trivial experience. The occasions were as follows: in September, 1907, Mr. Bamberger was captured by the Fifofumi cannibals in New Guinea and was *partially eaten* before he was rescued by a punitive expedition commanded by Mr. Gurglitz and the famous ex-cannibal chieftain, Gobolo, whose beautiful daughter, Ispowispop, entertained a romantic but unrequited affection for Mr. Bamberger. The second occasion was in Odessa in 1909, where Mr. Bamberger was blown up by Nihilists while he was playing the piano, and came down unhurt at a distance of nearly 200 yards, although the piano was smashed to atoms.

Mr. Bamberger's third escape was in 1910 from a boa constrictor of the deadly pompelmoose variety which, entering his bungalow at Delhi while he was asleep, wound itself round the form of the great musician. On awaking to his peril, Mr. Bamberger never lost his nerve for a moment. He just simply said, "I am Bamberger," and the great serpent submissively unwound itself, sat up in the corner with a pleading expression until the Maestro had played a brief *morceau*, and then joyfully undulated out of the apartment. Fourthly and lastly, in February, 1912, when his father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L., was closely observing the contents of the crater of Vesuvius and inadvertently fell in, Mr. Bamberger leapt into the boiling gulf and brought him out in a parboiled but otherwise well-preserved condition.

The list of the Queen's Hall Orchestra is—if we believe in the proverb *nomen omen*—an interesting study. It has a BRAIN for one of its principals. It has a CAMBRIDGE to strengthen its appeal to academic hearers; while two QUAIFES should endear it to cricketers. Lastly, literature and journalism are represented by a GYP, a CONRAD, and a GARVIN. We note with interest that Mr. GARVIN plays the trombone.

For Bargain-hunters.

"DETECTIVE TALES,
3½*d.* each.
3 for 1*s.*"

Notice in bookseller's window in Bridlington.

OUR BOOMING TRADE.

"YES, indeed! things *are* looking up," said a chatty undertaker to his colleague last week.

"How's that?—and with all this warm weather?"

"Well, they're all broken-down doctors on our panel, and they've each got three thousand patients."

The above short dialogue illustrates the prevailing optimism, of which we can give several other instances.

The decreased takings of many thousands of shop-keepers through the operation of the Shops Act have spelt prosperity to a large number of newly-appointed bankruptcy clerks and brokers' men.

Corset-designers are saying they never had such a time. Every day some new "curve" is displayed in the advertisement columns of our contemporaries. The four-o'clock model will soon be outmoded by the "Stop-press" stays of the Late Special Edition. Fabulous sums are now being earned by lightning fashion artists.

Princely salaries also are the reward this season of favourite football professionals. They are now "cornered," like any other commodity in demand. Enterprising club-managers are "bulling" and "bearing" their little gold-mines on the Soccer Exchange.

The soaring prices of petrol and the consequent shortage of taxis have restored the lost art of pedestrianism and set the boot-making trade on its feet again, together with the ancillary manufactures of brown-paper soles and composition boot-heels.

The prosperity of rag-and-bone-time merchants, with their parasites of the hurdy-gurdy and the German band, is going up by leaps and bounds. Meanwhile the railway returns show heavy advances, due to a strong desire in the less nutty circles of society to escape from this obsession.

The above are only a few of the indications, beside the figures of the Board of Trade, that the outlook for England is of the most encouraging.

ZIG-ZAG.

Municipal Frankness.

From the agenda of the Lahore Municipality (11th January, 1912):—

"Papers regarding an expenditure of Rs. 150 for provision of pipe-water for gwalas (cow-keepers) living in Gual Mandi, with a view to improvement in milk-supply."



FASHION NOTE.

SCENE—*A popular seaside resort in winter.*

She. "OH, MR. BROWNE, IF YOU SEE MY SISTER, TELL HER I'VE GONE IN. DON'T KNOW HER? OH, YOU CAN'T MISS HER, SHE'S DRESSED JUST LIKE ME."

THE DUEL.

(*To a vine-grower of Provence now sojourning in England for the purpose of acquiring her language.*)

You came to a clime where agues rack us,
And the chill wind never stops;
You came from the yards of young Iacchus
To a realm of malt and hops.

You came with your pleasant sun-made manners
And a bolder taste in ties;
The South on your cheek flew crimson banners,
And her songs were in your eyes.

And ever I dreamed, as sorts of weather
On weather of sorts were piled,
This courtesy soon must reach its tether—
But ever you smiled and smiled;

Flattered our rain-washed air as bracing,
And London as *gigantesque*;
Her streets you never got tired of pacing
And her views were picturesque.

And I thought anon of the morn of Crécy,
And the hour of Poictiers' field,
And the slime grew worse and the streets were messy,
And I said, "This man must yield."

The light in his eyes—is there naught can dim it?
No thrust that his heart can wrench,
And wring from his lips, "Your land 's the limit,"
Or whatever that is in French?

I have it. The fog! He will pass some stricture
When he sees that ghost-filled gloom;
When, writhen and foul, like a Futurist picture,
The street coils into the room.

And the fog did come—particular, proper,
And brewed of the broth of peas;
You could cut great chunks of it off with a chopper
And hand it about like cheese.

It was horrible, octopus-armed, unnerving;
But I found you amid the press
Gay as a June-tide grig, preserving
Toujours la politesse.

One might have thought you were eating honey
As the maze of the murk you thrid;
I asked if you liked the taste. Oh, sunny
Child of romance, *you did.*

I yielded then; I knelt on a glad knee.
"London," I said, "resign!
Lady of soot, thou art Ariadne,
And this is the lord of wine."

Not soon shall memory lose that glitter;
Full oft when the vapours crawl
I shall cry for a stoup of English bitter
And drink to the grace of Gaul.

EVOE.

"From now till spring arrives Devon branch lines will daily carry 40 rabbits to every passenger."—*The Standard.*

Season-ticket holders ought to be allowed eighty each.



"YOUR HUSBAND'S A DOCTOR, ISN'T HE?"
"NO, INDEED! HE'S IN THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS!"

THE NICE PEOPLE.

THIS is a true story and the idea of it is to show how awfully decent—but you will see what I am driving at as you read on.

I had special reasons for ringing up my friend Burgess, but I did not know his number. I knew it had a 1, a 7, an 8 and a 4 in it somewhere, and was Mayfair; beyond that I was misty. Passing these figures in review, I decided it was 1478, and asked for that.

A pleasant voice came back, "Hullo!"

"Is that you, Burgess?" I said.

"No. There is no one of that name here."

"But isn't that Mr. Burgess's telephone?"

"No. What number did you want?"

"Oh, I'm frightfully sorry. I've made a mistake."

"Never mind. Don't mention it. It doesn't matter in the least."

I then asked for 1748.

A pleasant voice came back, "Hullo!"

"Is that you, Burgess?"

"No, this isn't Burgess. What number do you want?"

Again I apologised profusely; again the reply was sympathetic. "Don't trouble. It's all right."

I next asked for 1874.

A pleasant voice came back, "Hullo!"

"Hullo!" I said. "That you, Burgess?"

"No."

"Is Mr. Burgess in?"

"Mr. Burgess does not live here. What number did you ask for?"

Again I apologised, and again the reply was kindly: "It's all right. Some mistake of the operator, I expect. It doesn't matter."

Once more I decided to try, and this time I asked for 1784.

A pleasant voice came back, "Hullo!"

"Hullo!" I said. "Is that Mr. Burgess's number?"

"No, it's not."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. The fact is I've forgotten it."

"Isn't it in the book?"

"No, he won't have it there."

"What a nuisance! How very unfortunate for you! But why don't you ring up the enquiry office? They'll tell you."

"Thanks awfully, I will."

"It's all right. Good-bye."

Now wasn't that jolly? Not one of all that crowd angry or even irritated. All as nice about it as they could be.

I then rang up the office and found that Burgess's number (as I at once remembered) is 1847.

A waspish voice came back, "Hullo! Who's there?"

"Is that you, Burgess?"

"Yes, of course it is."

"All right, old chap. It's me—Harrison."

"I know it is. Do you suppose I can't recognise your voice? Why on earth haven't you rung me up before? Here have I been waiting here for hours"—and so forth.

And they were all strangers, and this was my friend!

"The members of the Cabinet are understood to be at present divided on the subject of woman suffrage as follows:—

For.	Against.
Sir E. Grey	Mr. Asquith
Lord Haldane	Mr. Churchill
Mr. Lloyd George	Colonel Seely
Mr. Birrell	Mr. Harcourt
Lord Morley	Mr. McKenna
Mr. Runciman	Lord Crewe
Mr. McKinnon Wood	Mr. Herbert Samuel
Sir Rufus Isaacs	Mr. J. A. Pease
Lord Beauchamp	Mr. C. Hobhouse

Doubtful.—Mr. Buxton, Mr. Burns."
The Times, January 23.

It seems rather a pity that, with two teams so nicely balanced (the weight perhaps being slightly in favour of the side on which Lord HALDANE figures) they could not have settled it by a friendly Tug-of-War on the floor of the House. The two captains could easily have tossed for Messrs. BUXTON and BURNS.



RAG-TIME IN THE HOUSE.

[Sir EDWARD GREY's Woman Suffrage Amendment produced some curious partnerships.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO WOMEN.

Indignant Chorus. "WE'LL SOON ALTER *THAT*!"

House of Commons, Monday, January 20.—MAD HATTER enjoyed rather a good day. Most diligent in attendance; always in his place when crisis arises. Ever ready to take charge of disturbed affairs and smooth them out. Thus, when just now in Committee on Welsh Disestablishment Bill only three Tellers lined up before the Mace to declare result of division, he rose promptly to occasion. The missing link was BARLOW, one of the Tellers for Opposition. Having counted his men it occurred to him that he would have time to take a cup of tea and a buttered bun before figures were announced. So he trotted off. Meanwhile the other three Tellers stood, all forlorn, waiting for their ranks to be filled up.



LORD BOB throws the cap.

Whilst CHAIRMAN sat helpless in this new dilemma and Members looked on in consternation the MAD HATTER interposed, claiming that the absent Teller's vote should not be included in official return of division. CHAIRMAN pointed out that as Tellers don't vote there was nothing to count.

Something of a poser this; but the intention was good.

Three hours later, LORD BOB, "hearing a smile," as did Lord CROSS on a historic occasion, administered sharp rebuke to "honourable Member opposite who appears to devote his talents to becoming the buffoon of the House."

No name mentioned; but the MAD HATTER, with unerring sagacity assuming gibe was directed against him, appealed to CHAIRMAN for protection against such attacks. CHAIRMAN suggested withdrawal.



The MAD HATTER catches it.

"Certainly," said LORD BOB. "I am ready to withdraw if the honourable gentleman thinks it offensive to be described as the buffoon of the House. I thought that was his object."

These merely incidents in the day's

round. Great achievement was vindication of the rights of British citizens grossly assailed under cover of the Shops Act. According to his story, told in the ear of a thronged and deeply moved House, there is a carrier—(no, Sir CHARLES ALFRED, not *Cripps*)—trading between Bristol and Portishead, having for sole retinue a small but hungry boy. For some time it has been his custom of an afternoon to present largesse to his escort in the form of "a pennyworth of biscuits purchased at a refreshment room in Pill." Avowedly under coercion from the Shops Act, the purveyor of biscuits declines to trade on an early-closing day, arguing that "biscuits are confectionery, not refreshments."

And so, as in the case of Mother Hubbard's dog, the poor boy had none.

He might, of course, swallow Pill. But there are contingencies which naturally make the carrier unwilling to undertake responsibility of administering it. In his dilemma he brought the matter under notice of the MAD HATTER, who left it in hands of HOME SECRETARY, with request that he "will issue a memorandum or order to make it clear that carriers' boys and other travellers may ask for biscuits, even in small amounts, without being refused on the plea that biscuits are only sweetmeats and not proper food."

Business done.—In Committee on Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill.

Tuesday.—Great slump in Silver-Market GWYNNE. In accordance with recent habit, spent week-end in his study, wet towel bound about his manly brow, preparing fresh set of conundrums for India Office about transaction in silver carried through London market a year ago. Question paper bristled with them. Not your ordinary questions drafted by amateurs like KINLOCH-COOKE or JOHN REES (late of India). Each one equivalent to argumentative speech on topic to be handled only by a specialist.

This bad enough had it stood alone. Merely preliminary procedure. FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO WAR OFFICE, who in absence of MONTAGU answers for India Office, faces ordeal with commendable courage. Reads without quaver in his voice or trembling in his limbs matter-of-fact answers in reply to allegations and insinuations pointing to something like criminal conspiracy on part of India Office and a City firm to pocket what in America is known as "graft." When he resumes his seat up gets GWYNNE with automatic regularity and in slightly different phrase repeats conundrum.

Hitherto SPEAKER, jealous for full play of freedom of speech, has permitted this sort of thing. To-day's experience too much for patience whose long-suffering sometimes amazes House. At outset of GWYNNE'S performance SPEAKER insisted that notice should be given of Supplementary Question proposed to be put.

Regardless of the snub, GWYNNE put twelfth question, when slump alluded to took place.

"These Supplementary Questions," said the SPEAKER, "are all in the nature of arguments suitable for discussion, but not for the purpose of obtaining information."

Later, when PERSEVERING PIRIE proposed to open upon SEELY battery



"PERSEVERING PIRIE."

of Supplementary Questions, SPEAKER, amid general cheering, again interposed.

"Complaints," he said, "are made to me that the end of Questions on Paper is rarely reached, many of which notice was duly given being barred by number of Supplementary Questions in the nature of argument."

The MEMBER FOR SARK, who has been saying this with perhaps tiresome reiteration through two sessions that have seen unrestrained growth of indefensible irregularity, naturally gratified at this ruling by supreme authority.

Business done—Still (Welsh) harping on Church Bill.

Friday.—There is a matter, perhaps trifling in itself but strikingly illustrative of the systematic belittling of Woman by Man, not alluded to in to-day's debate on Suffrage question. On entering the Ladies' Gallery, whether with or without intention of chaining themselves to rail, visitors are confronted by a card hung in prominent position. On it is printed in large type the word "SILENCE!" Why should this designedly offensive injunction be flaunted in the Ladies' Gallery? Immediately opposite is the Strangers' Gallery, where men do congregate. You may search its walls and its approaches in vain for repetition of this command.

"We 'll soon alter *that*," murmured a section of the company crowding Ladies' Gallery this afternoon.

Nor is intention to snub exhausted by this mean device. Withdrawing from Gallery to Tea Room at the back, Ladies approaching the fire-place observe boldly carved over the mantelpiece the brusque command, "Get Understanding." It need hardly be said that this insolent injunction, with implied suggestion of mental density more or less nearly approaching imbecility, is reserved exclusively for womankind. It is not to be found within sight of any part of the House where Members sit, whether above or below the Gangway.

And yet how much more urgent is necessity in their case!

Business done.—In Committee on Franchise Bill ALFRED LYTTELTON moved EDWARD GREY'S amendment deleting the word "male" defining persons privileged to exercise Parliamentary Franchise. Debate adjourned.

"When the Cat's away."

"A CONGREGATION WITHOUT A PREACHER.—Owing to the stormy weather and the deep snowdrifts, the preacher advertised to take the meeting in the Good Templar Hall last Sunday evening was storm-stayed. There was no service in consequence.

"A very successful dance followed, nearly forty couples spending a very pleasant time under the guidance of Mr. Mills."

The Midlothian Journal.

"The annual dinner will be held at the Co-operative Hall at 7 o'clock. Members should get their tickets as soon as possible from their Divisional Secretaries. Dress, Uniform without belts."—*Lincolnshire Echo.*

A very thoughtful provision. We wish them all a hearty meal.

"I am unable to discover any mechanical or physiological purpose served by a chin."—*Sir Ray Lankester, quoted in "Edinburgh Evening Dispatch."*

Dear Sir RAY LANKESTER,
Can't you be simple,
And own that a chin
Was made for a dimple?

"Following 12 degrees of frost in the Lake District snow fell heavily from the early morning, and with a 70-miles-an-hour south-easterly wind blowing the drifts of snow at Bassenthwaite Lake were five feet deep. Some of the country roads are impassable."

Preston Herald.

Still, a 1,000 h.p. car might manage them.



SCENE.—*Home of the highly-paid Child Actor.*

Male Phenomenon. "LOOK HERE, MY GOOD PARENT, I SEE YOU 'RE SMOKING ANOTHER OF THOSE COSTLY CIGARS. MILLICENT AND I DON'T EXPECT OUR HARD-EARNED MONEY TO BE SIMPLY *FRITTERED* AWAY LIKE THIS."

THE DANCE.

WHEN good-nights have been prattled, and prayers
have been said,
And the last little sunbeam is tucked up in bed,
Then, skirting the trees on a carpet of snow,
The elves and the fairies come out in a row.
With a preening of wings
They are forming in rings;
Pirouetting and setting they cross and advance
In a ripple of laughter, and pair for a dance.

And it 's oh for the boom of the fairy bassoon,
And the oboes and horns as they strike up a tune,
And the twang of the harps and the sigh of the lutes,
And the clash of the cymbals, the purl of the flutes;
And the fiddles sail in
To the musical din,
While the chief all on fire, with a flame for a hand,
Rattles on the gay measure and stirs up his band.

With a pointing of toes and a lifting of wrists
They are off through the whirls and the twirls and the
twists;
Thread the mazes of marvellous figures, and chime
With a bow to a curtsey, and always keep time:
All the gallants and girls
In their diamonds and pearls,
And their gauze and their sparkles, designed for a dance
By the leaders of fairy-land fashion in France.

But the old lady fairies sit out by the trees,
And the old beaux attend them as pert as you please.
They quiz the young dancers and scorn their display,
And deny any grace to the dance of to-day;
"In Oberon's reign,"
So they 're heard to complain,
"When we went out at night we could temper our fun
With some manners in dancing, but now there are
none."

But at last, though the music goes gallantly on,
And the dancers are none of them weary or gone,
When the gauze is in rags and the hair is awry,
Comes a light in the East and a sudden cock-cry.
With a scurry of fear
Then they all disappear,
Leaving never a trace of their gay little selves
Or the winter-night dance of the fairies and elves.

R. C. L.

Another Rebuff for the Mother Country.

"Hector MacLean, 25, Pine Street, Brockville, Ont., Canada, will exchange Canadian stamps with any country but England."
Young England.

"Although Mr. Wade had his hair, moustache and eyebrows singed in his efforts, it was found that the fire had obtained too firm a hold to be dealt with in this way."—*Isle of Wight Herald.*

Mr. WADE clearly did his gallant best. But some fires are so grasping.

AT THE PLAY.

"TURANDOT, PRINCESS OF CHINA."

I FEEL almost certain that 7.0 P.M. is too late for a *matinée* and too early for an evening performance. As I made my way to the St. James's at this ambiguous hour—an hour sacred to the memory of Boxing Night at the Lane—it seemed that only pantomime could be my natural reward. And pantomime it was, with just a sad little echo of the old Savoy that left us on the verge of tears.

In point of colour *Turandot* is a gorgeous spectacle, but the costumes of



TRYING HARD NOT TO LOSE HIS HEAD.

Ca'af .. .. .. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE.
Turandot .. .. Miss EVELYN D'ALROY.

the Far Orient—and there was no pretence to confine them strictly to Chinese patterns, the noblest of all being something in the style of the Samurai—do not make for a very pronounced beauty of form. I am not sure that this kind of spectacular romance, though the traditions of pantomime are against me, is not best conducted in a serious vein throughout. We are always being asked to keep one half of our face fixed in astonished admiration and the other half crinkled with laughter. I speak not only of the figures of the pageant, part beautiful, part grotesque, but of the words, which kept on shifting from an atmosphere of passion and intrigue to one of wanton flippancy. *Calaf*, for instance, the successful suitor, never relaxed from the key of high sentiment, but *Turandot* was all over the gamut.

However, one is habituated in pantomime to the mixed quality of the entertainment; the real trouble here was the incredible poverty of the fun. I am forced to entertain one of two suspicions, each alike repellent to me. Either, when Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER witnessed the performance of Dr. VOLLMOELLER's play, the weakness of its humour escaped him through lack of familiarity with the language; or else Mr. JETHRO BITHELL, its translator, has done injustice to the German version. In this painful dilemma, I incline to the former theory.

There are rumours, indeed, that we have been spared even a worse disaster through the action of Messrs. SASS and NORMAN FORBES in revising their parts. If this is so, I assume that they gave time and care to the task, though there is historical precedent for improvisation. For GOZZI, of the eighteenth century, who adapted at Venice the old Persian theme, and introduced from local sources the four alleged comedians, *Pantalone*, *Tartaglia*, *Brighella* and *Truffaldino*, wrote no text for these characters, but trusted to the actors' native gift of gag.

I suppose it is too much to hope that the authorities should at this late hour repent themselves and cut out all the words. The general verdict seems to be that the play is a thing (like little children) to be "seen and not heard." But I am afraid there are points in it—the riddles, for example—which could not be expressed by dumb show. And it is not only the humour that could be spared; for more rotten riddles it would be hard to imagine, and the third of them, of which the answer was "love," was the most unlikely thing in the world to come from the lips of so ruthless a creature as *Turandot*.

And what does the author mean by that tag of poetry in which he speaks of the lady's heart as being "cold as the snows of yesteryear"? Surely VILLON would never have enquired as to the whereabouts of *les neiges d'antan* if he hadn't known that they had long ago melted.

As for the acting, I don't know what we should have done without Miss EVELYN D'ALROY. There was a delightful piquancy in her mincing voice and manner. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE was a brave figure, but his personality was of no particular period. Miss MAIRE O'NEILL was attractive in the small part of *Zelima*. Of the humorists, Mr. SASS, as *Pantalone*, and Mr. FRED LEWIS, as *Brighella*, came nearest to being funny. The background was always effective; but the stage of the St. James's was not designed for pageantry and seemed badly overcrowded in the riddle durbars.

I am sorry not to foresee a very great future for so sporting a venture, unless of course it can be reproduced on a kinemacolor film.

"THE HEADMASTER."

A four-act comedy, preceded by a four-act music-drama, makes a heavy programme for a dress rehearsal matinée that begins at 3.30, and many of the actors in the audience had to slip away before the finish. Critics, too, with a First Night performance before them (to which nobody asked me, so it is not my affair), had to choose between their consciences and their stomachs, and I can easily guess which won.

The title of *The Headmaster* gave promise of a school play, but it was largely misleading. The scholastic element was little more than the incidental environment of an ordinary plot turning upon two rather commonplace ideas—(1) a clergyman's passion for preferment, (2) an innocent remark misinterpreted as a proposal of marriage. Complications ensue from the fact that the designing widow who thus entraps the reverend gentleman is the very person to whom he is to owe his offer of preferment, and that his chance of a bishopric is his chief attraction in her eyes. But unfortunately this lady (very soundly played by Miss IVOR) is not constructed on the lines of Miss LOTTIE VENNE, but is large and domineering and in deadly earnest—all which is apt to get on our nerves almost as much as upon those of her harassed victim.

But Mr. CYRIL MAUDE as an absent-minded Headmaster of the last generation was a glorious figure, and his scene with those two clever schoolboys, Masters ERIC RAE and KENDRICK HUXHAM, who came to him for a confirmation class, and not, as he imagined, for a swishing, has never been bettered in realistic comedy. All the others,



THE BRIDE (SELF-)ELECT.

Mrs. Grantley .. .. Miss FRANCES IVOR.
Rev. Cuthbert Sanctuary Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.

too, were excellent, from the *Portia* of Miss MARGERY MAUDE, most sweet and sympathetic, and her sister *Antigone*, very nicely played by little Miss KATHLEEN JONES, to *Pallisser Grantley* (Mr. ARTHUR CURTIS), a perfect prig of an usher, and Mr. JOHN HARWOOD'S school sergeant, the real manager of the academy. Mr. JACK HOBBS was a quite human prefect, in love, of course, with the Headmaster's daughter; and Mr. COMBERMERE (*Jack Strahan*), the junior master who won her heart, had really the air of a 'Varsity Blue (a rare thing on the stage), even if he did not make the most convincing of lovers. And I shall have left nobody out when I have mentioned the truly decanal performance of Mr. BIBBY as the *Dean of Carchester*.

In the end the play drifted off into a pleasant series of detached episodes, with a touch of serious sentiment which did no harm.

It is a great pity that it did not start a month ago and catch the school-boy; but its whole atmosphere, if a little thin in parts, should appeal just as closely to all who have ever been young; and I look hopefully, as a good uncle must, to seeing it run on into the Easter holidays.

In Haarlem there Dwelt is a pleasantly sordid little music-drama for three. A young Dutch peasant-girl, bored by her dull dog of a husband, arranges openly to fly with her lover, but changes her mind at the last moment on finding a message pinned to her husband's coat requesting her, before eloping, to mend a hole in it. If I had been arranging a removal of this kind, I should not have been put off by a thing like that; but of course it is a question of taste.

The play was practically wordless. This did not trouble the husband, who read the paper at meals and had a most extraordinary gift of taciturnity The music and the action did nearly all that was needed, with the help of notices that popped up from the orchestra, saying, "Three months' interval," "Six months' interval," "Two days' interval." As usual, the music took its own time, and the action and what words there were had to wait upon its convenience. But it was impossible to be discontented so long as Miss MARGERY MAUDE was on the stage. She made an exquisite picture and played with the very nicest intelligence. O. S.

"CHENG NAM JIT POH (NEWSPAPER). We b g to inform the public that this paper will begin publishing on the 1st of January, 1913. Being an up-date Chinese newspaper and having for its object to publish only what is right it enjoys the largest circulation ever obtained by any other paper."
The Singapore Free Press.



"ADVANCED GOLF."
(*With apologies to* JAMES BRAID.)

IN A CITY RESTAURANT.

(*Founded on Fact.*)

ALL my meagre dishes come
Stamped in the accepted way,
But a more impressive thumb
Seems to mark their edge to-day;
Waitress of the beating heart,
You 're a novice in the art.

From the depths you soared to fame,
From the kitchen, I 'll be bound,
Like Eurydice you came
Panting from the underground;
Orpheus brought her back to earth;
You arrive by solid worth.

She, alas! did not remain.
May you meet a brighter fate!
When you find a trusty swain,
When you need no longer wait,
May you rise to wealth and bliss:—
Here 's a penny for you, Miss!

Clearing the Ground.

"On the whole any confidence there may be as to success seems to be upon the side of the opponents of the extension of the suffrage at this particular juncture, rather than upon the side of its opponents."—*Yorkshire Observer.*

An anxious correspondent, who has been suffering from the great servant trouble, writes that since the latest form of servant-hunting has reached the point of advertising to prospective maids the attractions of neighbouring churches, cinemas and barracks, we appear to be very near something like this:—

House parlourmaid wanted at once in the Pytchley country; mount supplied, also caps and aprons; outings on all meet days and Sundays; near kennels. Splendid mixed shooting and free choice of doctor. A little occasional work necessary, but manicurist kept.—Apply ——. Advertiser will send car.

THE PROFESSIONAL REMOVER.

WHEN first Mrs. Robinson told Robinson that she had every reason to believe that Mrs. Smith, who lived next door, was as anxious to get to know Mrs. Robinson as Mrs. Robinson was determined not to get to know Mrs. Smith, and warned him against any effort on the part of Smith to get to know him in order to assist Mrs. Smith's object, Robinson pooh-pooh'd the suggestion, as far as he was able to follow it. He promised, however, to keep his eyes open and, doing so, he could not conceal from himself that Smith's comings and goings did seem to coincide to a suspicious extent with his own. So he obeyed his wife's instructions and avoided him, a process which involved many deviations and sudden changes of programme, much waste of time and even some lies. Eventually he confessed to his wife that there could be no doubt of Smith's fixed determination to follow him about and force a meeting. Indeed, he became very incensed about it.

The climax was reached in his barber's shop. Robinson had sat there for twenty long minutes in order to secure the attention of his special artist. His patience had just been rewarded, and himself wrapped up for his hair-cutting, when who should come in but Smith, and where should he seat himself but in the next chair to Robinson? The position was impossible: Robinson could not be crudely offensive, and so, sweating with suppressed emotion, he spoke a reluctant "Good morning. . ."

Later he vented his wrath in the presence of his friends and acquaintances at the persistence of a man who followed him even into his barber's! "I wish I knew," he said, "of a means of removing from existence those persons, the constant effort and strain of avoiding whom make a misery of one's whole life!"

A week later his office-boy announced that a man, who withheld his name and otherwise behaved mysteriously, desired to see Robinson. He would not indicate the nature of his business; he would not send a message. He must see Robinson and see him alone.

"Show him in," said Robinson, and there appeared a soberly clad, secretive man carrying a small black hand-bag. He had the exact appearance of a travelling dentist, if there are such things.

"Your name?" asked Robinson.

"Is irrelevant," came the answer.

"Your business?"

"Requires leading up to. . . . Murder, I submit, is a practice justly looked down on, but it is the motive and not the achievement that is so disliked. It is the malicious purpose or the mischievous purposelessness of it that offends against good taste. A worthy object may relieve manslaughter of half its blame; a pre-eminently worthy object may even popularize it. Take war, for instance."

"Don't go and tell me that you are only a soldier," said Robinson, with a trace of disappointment in his voice. "Your preface had led me to hope that you were an assassin."

"I am the latter," said the man. "I do not kill promiscuously in the service of my country. I kill specifically on the commission of private individuals."

At first Robinson was inclined to suspect that this was too happy a coincidence to be genuine and to see in the whole affair some ingenious scheme for attracting attention to a patent medicine. But, observing the man closely and remembering that his (Robinson's) wishes with regard to Smith were known to others, he changed his mind. "Someone," he suggested, "has mentioned my name to you?"

The man nodded.

"Is the Removal of Persons One is Constantly Having to Avoid . . .?"

"My business? Yes. But, if you will hear me out, I hope to disabuse your mind of the prejudice you might have at first blush against my calling."

"We will not trouble you," said Robinson, judicially, "for we are already in your favour."

The man gave vent to a sigh of relief. "Then we may at once proceed to the real object of my visit," he said.

Robinson smiled. "I can guess it. You are anxious to exert yourself in what I will call the case of Smith and me?"

"That is what I was proposing to do, if you will excuse me."

"I will certainly excuse you."

"And bear me no malice?"

"None whatever," said Robinson, raising his eyebrows. "Why should I?"

For the first time the man looked almost surprised. Then he pulled himself together. "Why should you? Why, indeed?" he muttered. "Is life as valuable as all that? Then, I take it, I have not only your approval but your definite permission to proceed?"

"Not only my permission, but my authority," said Robinson.

The man opened his bag and displayed the instruments of his craft. "What particular means do you prefer should be employed?" he asked.

"I leave that to Smith," said Robinson. "It is only fair to consider his convenience as far as possible."

The man paused. "Pardon," he said, "but Smith has left it to you."

Robinson, frowning a little, asked the man to explain how Smith came to mention the matter.

"Most certainly," said the man, as he produced a piece of rope from his bag and tied Robinson politely but firmly to the chair in which he sat. "I thought you had understood that Smith was the someone who mentioned your name to me. He has tried, he says, to discredit the suggestion first of his own wife and then of his own eyes, and to believe that it was only coincidence that so often brought you together. That proving impossible, he has tired himself out in his efforts to avoid you, and, however worrying and inconvenient the process has been, he has, up to now, hesitated to resort to the extreme measure of employing me in the affair. But, he says, the thing goes too far when he cannot even go into his barber's to be shaved without finding you there waiting for him."

A PICTURE WITH A MESSAGE.

I PAINTED a picture yesteryear
  Of a child of angel mien
Resignedly quitting this earthly sphere
  Ere he reached his earliest 'teen;
At the sight of this poignant work of mine
  I felt that a heart of stone
Would add to the parents' painted brine
  A silent tear of its own.

But critical dealers waved it back,
  Nor hesitated to say,
Since life itself could be grim and black,
  All art should be glad and gay;
Till a blight spread over my wonted joys
  To think I was like to be
Saddled for years with a "Dying Boy's"
  Dispiriting company.

So I added a maid with a laughing eye,
  Who bade their grief begone
By waving a box of pills on high
  (The label was blank thereon).
A pill proprietor called; the string
  Of his purse he quickly loosed;
I put in his name, and he's had the thing
  Extensively reproduced.

"The Hon. E. S. Montagu left last night by the Punjab Mail for Udaipur.

The Hon. E. S. Montagu, M.P., Under-Secretary of State for India, left Calcutta, on Tuesday night for Madras."

The Englishman.

We shall watch this serial with interest.

"DRY ROT.—Interesting article sent free to any address."—*Advt. in "The Manchester Evening Chronicle."*

We wonder what they call the uninteresting ones.



A "NUT" WITHOUT ITS SCREW.

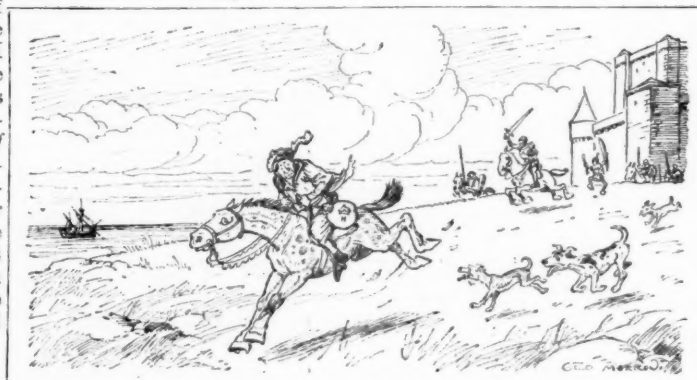
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A WORD of serious warning to those about to read Mr. OLIVER ONIONS' latest novel, *The Debit Account* (SECKER). Be careful not to do as I did and miss an inconspicuous note opposite the dedication, in which it is stated that "This novel is complete in itself, but the early history of its protagonists, and the events leading up to the situation with which the story opens, are to be found in a previous book entitled, *In Accordance with the Evidence*." If you should neglect this, and if (again like myself) you should be so unfortunate as not to know the earlier book, your enjoyment will be marred by an exasperated perplexity as to what on earth the characters are driving at. Not until page 108 do you get any clue to the special position of the hero, *Jeffries*, with regard to his girl-wife. Briefly the explanation is that he himself had—for a good and sufficient motive, not to be set down here—killed her previous *fiancé*, and escaped punishment for it. This book shows how in the end he does not escape. It is a clever tale, exceedingly well told, tracing out logically and truthfully the developments inherent in the situation with which it starts. Mr. ONIONS has an amazing gift also of making ordinary things not perhaps beautiful but new and uncommon. Whether he speaks of setting up house in a jerry-built cottage at Hampstead, of a business-dinner at the Berkeley, or chops and tea at a model club in Chelsea, he makes of each a thing challenging outside expectation. And you never know what he will say next—which is a rare and refreshing stimulant. *The Debit Account* is thus certainly a book for all who admire quality in fiction—but I repeat my advice that you should know first what debt is being paid.

This is the age of artistic restraint. Dramatists are taking to the "quiet curtain." Comedians in farce, in moments of embarrassment, stand like statues instead of zig-zagging about the stage and slapping people on the back; and novelists with a lurid story to tell become almost dry in their manner. To this school belongs Mr. ANTHONY DYLLINGTON. His earlier novel, *The Unseen Thing*, had as weird and sensational a theme as one could invent, but his style and restraint gave it a dignity which raised it above the merely lurid. His latest work, *The Stranger in the House* (WERNER LAURIE), belongs to the same *genre*, and once more he has been completely successful in avoiding crude sensationalism. It was not an easy task. I wonder what the manufacturers of the old three-decker would have made out of the same material. They would certainly have been fascinated by the central idea—of an evil spirit entering into a woman's body at the moment of death, as her soul left it. And I seem to see them gloating over "the Boy," the idiot heir of *Lord* and *Lady Brayden*. Mr. DYLLINGTON'S art carries him triumphantly past all the pitfalls of his story. He has himself admirably in hand at all times. He has a great gift of condensation. I commend to authors who cannot do without plenty of elbow-room a perusal of chapter seven of this book. It is a fifty-thousand-word novel in sixteen pages. The only drawback to the story, to my mind, is that which mars all novels of the supernatural, namely that what should be the climax becomes something of an anti-climax owing to the fact of the reader's having adjusted his mind to contemplation of the horrible. The great moment in all these stories is about half-way through, when the reader begins to suspect. When he knows, the tension slackens. None the less *The Stranger in the House* is to be commended highly.

If two people are to lose each other in the heart of London; if all the efforts of Scotland Yard and the agony column are to be of no avail; if, moreover, to increase the poignancy of the situation, they must needs live within a stone's throw of each other in Soho, it is essential, I suppose, that one of them at least should suffer from a lapse of memory and a change of name. This, at any rate, is what happens to *John Faithful*, who mislays his daughter *Marcelle* in Chapter I. of SOPHIE COLE'S *In Search of Each Other* (MILLS AND BOON). But if there is something a little too mechanical about her plot I must congratulate the authoress heartily on her choice of characters. The young gentleman who extracts teeth in *You Never Can Tell* is a butterfly sort of creature at best. Here we have a dentist light-hearted enough when he chooses, but of sufficient serious merit to make a worthy husband for a sweet and *spirituelle* young girl. And who marries *John Faithful* (for he is a widower) when he remembers his right name and recovers his daughter? Who, out of a hundred guesses, but one of those delightful ladies who do the fashion sketches with figures like the Tower of Pisa, and write of love and dress and infantile ailments for the weekly feminine magazines? Never before have I had the heart of one of these oracles laid bare to me any more than I have pierced behind the veil which shrouds odontological domesticity. *In Search of Each Other* is a pleasant if rather superficial tale, and whatever one thinks of it the authoress has at least resisted the temptation to call it "Behind the Throne" or "Crowned with Gold."



A KEEPER OF THE KING'S PRIVY PURSE INTERPRETS HIS TITLE LITERALLY.

Upon my word, I hardly know what to say about *The Friendly Enemy* (MILLS AND BOON). I have no doubt about my own feelings in the matter; I was absorbed. But then I like being preached at, providing the preacher is a humorous and observant fellow, obsessed by no tiresome cranks and free from prejudices and limitations. Mr. T. P. CAMERON WILSON is all that and more also, but I doubt if he is sufficiently definite in his conclusions to appeal to everybody. He is an idealist and a cynic, but he allows neither his idealism nor his cynicism to blind him to the facts as they are; in the end he leaves the reader alive to many new and oppressive problems, possessed of the solution of none of them and uncomfortably obscure about life and his proper attitude to it in general. There is no actual story in the book, but a series of well-connected and mutually relevant instances. All are taken from the meaner streets of London and most of the characters are urchins. A fairy godfather descends upon these and takes them out of their squalor into the fresh clean country, where one might expect them to thrive. So far from doing that, they find the country lacking in something as essential to life as it is indefinite; they insist upon returning to their squalor forthwith, and when they get there they are still unsatisfied. Unhappily, the author does not go on to tell us what to do about it. If you wish your emotions to be stirred on broad and easy lines, go elsewhere. If you are ready to have your intelligence exercised while your sympathies are being enlisted; if you are prepared to be left to form your own philosophy, or, having had your eyes opened, still to go on without one, read this book. At any rate I can promise you some most amusing types and three really delightful urchins of the true Cockney breed.

My bristles are always mildly agitated by a novel in which I am introduced to a writer whose work is never revealed to me. *Mr. Bravery*, in *Lot Barrow* (SECKER), was a milk-and-watery young man who wrote essays. Apart from the sympathy which he entertained for a maid-of-all-work, his life was lacking in colour; I hoped, therefore, that he was going to write something that would atone for his amiable unimportance. And on page 102 Miss VIOLA MEYNELL raises the cup of expectation to my lips, only to dash it abruptly to the ground. "Mr. Bravery sat at a little table, with his manuscript before him. He began to read aloud, and we shall hear a little of what he read. But, on the whole, no. Those who wish may discover it for themselves." Frankly, I felt no craving for this research work; and since the author declined to appease my curiosity, I let it go, and with it the faint interest I had ever felt in the man. Throughout this novel, which has for its setting a most delightfully fragrant, gillyflowery farmhouse, Miss MEYNELL is excessively careful of the nerves of her readers. Perhaps that is why she spared us *Mr. Bravery's* essays. But I am always glad to have my nerves tried, and though I can do with an occasional rest I must have something more than atmosphere, however wholesome or rarefied. *Lot Barrow* is, in short, the kind of book that many people profess to like, but very few find time to read. It is a pity that this is so, for great care and not a little distinction of phrase have gone to its making.

The Book of Woodcraft and Indian Lore, by Mr. ERNEST THOMPSON SETON (CONSTABLE), ought to be in the hands of every Boy Scout, and I would advise those elders who put it there to avail themselves of the rare occasions when it will be free, and dip into it on their own account. A good many of Mr. SETON'S preliminary pages are devoted to clearing the Red Indian of accusations of cruelty, laziness, uncleanliness and treachery with which prejudice has loaded him. This is a matter which possibly is of more moment to American readers (for whom the book was written) than English, though the information gathered is full of general interest. One of the unwritten laws of Indian etiquette, for instance, is the charge: "Do not talk to your mother-in-law at any time, or let her talk to you." This, however, is by the way. The real part of the book is its woodcraft. Here is one of seventeen tests which the young Brave in Mr. SETON'S suggested organisation must pass in order to qualify as a Tried Warrior: "Light fifteen successive fires with fifteen matches all in different places and with wildwood stuff." If an ordinary smoker could do that, there would be no more tragedies of the last wax vesta.

"Mrs. —— celebrated her one hundredth birthday yesterday. She was visited by her twin sister, age ninety-five."—*South Wales Echo.*
The absence of the third member of the triplet, an old lady of eighty-two, was much regretted.

CHARIVARIA.

DENYING that any member of the Government would resign on the Suffrage question, Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL said that the Government "had too many great tasks in hand to justify a quarrel upon this one issue." We are afraid that the Pillar Box Outrages have embittered the INFANT SAMUEL.

* * *

Referring to Mr. BONAR LAW's suggestion that the veto of the KING might be revived in order to prevent the passing of the Home Rule Bill, Mr. JOHN REDMOND said that a greater insult to the KING had never been offered. Mr. REDMOND must brush up his Irish history.

* * *

The question whether women are entitled to be admitted as solicitors is to be settled by a Court of Law. One of the advantages of the proposed innovation would be, no doubt, that the solicitor's gown, which is at present a thing of extreme ugliness, would be bound to be brightened up.

* * *

"£6,666 REWARD FOR LORD HARDINGE'S ASSAILANT," announces *The Liverpool Daily Post*. And very often we leave our heroes to starve.

* * *

It is rumoured in Oxford that, in view of the national service now being performed by Magdalen College, its President is about to be given the official title of "WARREN the King-Maker."

* * *

The Observer declares that "La Joconde" was never abducted from the Louvre, but that one of the official photographers accidentally spilt a bottle of acid over her face. It is not impossible that she may one day reappear at the gallery under the title of "La Misérable."

* * *

"Or take Mr. Hamilton Hay's 'Still Life,'" says Mr. KONODY in a review of the latest exhibition of Post-Impressionist paintings. We are very sorry, but we really cannot.

* * *

Reading that two Constables had been damaged by a visitor at the National Gallery, a dear old lady remarked that these assaults on the police were becoming far too frequent. The obvious absence of all intentional malice must be the lady's excuse for reviving this ancient pleasantry.

At a fire in Islington last week a householder, regardless of the risk, rushed upstairs and succeeded in rescuing his pet canary from the flames. The bird, in a transport of gratitude, is said to have embraced his rescuer again and again.

* * *

The suggestion made in the course of an action last week that a sardine is not a fish but an animal, has caused no little satisfaction in sardine circles, and fishermen report that since then, when passing through shoals of the little fish, they have heard a distinct purring noise.

* * *

"CURED WHILE YOU BREATHE" is the heading of the latest invaluable specific. And, to be sure, there is no life like the present.

* * *

"To dress well," says Mlle. GABY DESLYS in *The Royal Magazine*, "the real gentleman always wears the clothes which you do not see—until you have seen them twice." It is necessary, we are told by a patron of the music-halls, to look twice, sometimes, to see what Mlle. DESLYS has on.

* * *

The Express tells us of a New York broker who fell in love on meeting the lady for the first time at a dinner-party, proposed, was accepted, and married her the next day. But then, in America, marriage is a much simpler thing. Couples are only united till Divorce do them part.



Inspector (to arrested woman). "WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"

Woman. "JEST RUN FROO THE NIMES O' THE CABINICK MINSTRELS, WILL YER, OLE DEAR? I'VE FORGOT FOR THE MINNIT OO'S MY 'USBING!"

[According to the Press it is understood that it is an agreed Suffragette plan for women who are arrested to give the names of Cabinet Ministers' wives. The idea may spread to other types that come into collision with the Police.]

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

OUR Paris Correspondent writes:—The discovery of an Elixir of Life by a famous French scientist is by no means so recent as his announcement of it. I happen to know that some fifteen years ago he prepared at great pains a bottle of this specific, which, however, mysteriously disappeared and was never heard of again until the other day, when an old woman living in a poor suburb of La Ville Lumière confessed to the theft. I translate her statement into idiomatic English: "I was the charwoman who scrubbed out the gentleman's laboratory," she said, "and one night, feeling something come over me all of a sudden like, I went to his cupboard and took out the only thing to drink that I could find. It did me a world of good at the time, and I feel sure it must have been the stuff there 's so much talk about in the papers, for when I took it I was only forty-five, *and now I am sixty.*"

From a City Outfitter's advertisement:—

"We have only a small quantity of these gloves and the price we offer them at should quickly make them change hands."

As soon as they begin to go bad you just make them change hands and wear them front side behind.

"GENERAL, for Cricklewood; £24; 4 in family; no housework; no basement; help given."—*Advt. in "Evening News."*

No doubt they will find her something to do in the garden.

"Jumping into an arabich, he drove furiously to the British Agency, exclaiming, 'I want to save Lord Kitchener's soul.' However, he was foiled in the attempt."

The Near East.

Better luck next time.

LOVE AND THE MILITANTS;

OR, HOW I BECAME AN ANTI-SUFFRAGIST.

I HAD deferred to speak my heart
Until the bloom of Spring was here,
For LOVE, according to the chart,
Does best about that time of year;
"A fortnight more of fog and mud"
(Thus to my restive bosom spoke I),
"Then let your passion burst in bud
Contemporaneous with the croci."

But, ere the mists of Jan. had gone
(Supposed a barren month and bare),
Pacing my plot, I lighted on
The flower in question flaming there!
I stood a moment stricken dumb,
Then took and pulled myself together,
Saying, "The crucial hour is come,
Accelerated by the weather!"

I wrote: "Dear Lilian, just a line
To say I love you much the most;
Will you, or will you not, be mine?
Please answer by return of post.
Say 'Yes'—I live; or 'No'—I die!"
Addressed it, duly signed and dated,
Enclosed a stamp for her reply,
Slipped it within the slot—and waited.

Two days—and her response arrived.
It wore (besides a pungent scent)
The air of having just survived
A chemical experiment;
I oped it—every pulse aglow,
My outward mien remaining placid—
And found her "Yes" (or else her "No"?)
Deleted by corrosive acid.

And 'twas a Woman's female hand,
Fingers that LOVE may once have pressed,
Which did not spare (oh shame!) to brand
HIS correspondence with the rest!
A postal order, spoilt that way,
I could—and easily—afford her,
But ah! a Young Thing's "Yea" (or "Nay"?)—
That is a far, far larger order.

So, while I bear once more the strain
Till four-and-eighty hours are flown
(To wire were crude, and then, again,
She isn't on the telephone),
Racked in a hell not much above
The lowest depths explored by DANTE,
A Woman's despite done to LOVE
Has wrought of me a raging Anti! O. S.

Hygiene and Hobbles.

"The home trade is 'spotty,' and the dining departments can hardly be doing well; indeed they have not recovered from the damage done by the ugly tight skirts."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Though we never liked to say so, we always felt that a tight skirt might hurt the "dining department"—to adopt our contemporary's graceful phrase.

From a report in *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph* of Professor J. O. ARNOLD's lecture on Scientific Steel Metallurgy before the Royal Institution:—

"Since 1386 Sheffield steel in the form of table knives had been in almost everybody's mouth."

A splendid record of valour.

TEDDY AND EDWIN.

THE statement made in last week's *British Weekly*, that Mr. ROOSEVELT is about to undertake a searching investigation into The Mystery of Edwin Drood, has naturally caused profound sensation on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. TAFT, who has been interviewed on the subject by a representative of *The American Bird*, stated as his opinion that the Drood Case clearly called for international arbitration, but that the constitution of the Hague Tribunal was not such as to afford a guarantee that the identity of *Datchery* would be satisfactorily established. For the moment, however, he thought that the diversion of the "Bull Moose" Party into the paths of literary mystery was a subject for national rejoicing.

Dr. WOODROW WILSON has declined to commit himself to any precise statement as to the political significance of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S latest move. He observed, however, that if it led him on to the Man in the Iron Mask or the Letters of Junius the peace of the United States might be assured for another decade.

Great excitement prevails in Rochester, the scene of DICKENS'S famous romance, in view of the rumour that Mr. ROOSEVELT will shortly take up his residence in that city. At a public meeting held last week it was unanimously decided to invite Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD to execute a colossal statue of the ex-President to commemorate his visit. A proposal to import some lions and other big game, in order to furnish Mr. ROOSEVELT with relaxation during his research, was also favourably considered.

Interviewed by a representative of *Brainy Bits* Sir ROBERTSON NICOLL stated that negotiations were pending with a view to induce Mr. ROOSEVELT to accept the post of Contributing Editor of *The British Weekly*. The scheme would involve a considerable extension of the paper, as it was proposed to place an amount of space at Mr. ROOSEVELT'S disposal equal to that allotted to CLAUDIUS CLEAR. His weekly contribution would, it was hoped, take the form of a strenuous commentary on current events under the heading of "A Cowboy's Causerie."

It only remains to be added that for the moment calm reigns in Oyster Bay.

The Progress of Education.

[Definitions from a "General Knowledge" paper set at a Derbyshire school.]

Sporran.—(1) A heathen god; (2) a track of country in Russia.

Boomerang.—A monkey that lives in the jungle.

Aurora Leigh.—An earthquake.

Wielding the willow.—Caning.

The devouring element.—(1) The mouth; (2) Insurance Bill.

Galaxy.—A language of the Gauls.

Weaker vessel.—German warship.

The better half.—Conservative.

Carillon.—A term of endearment in Italy.

Liebig.—A German love-song.

["Carillon mio," as we say at Covent Garden, "trill me a Liebig."]

In a *Daily Mirror* interview the following remark is attributed to the Editor of *The Tailor and Cutter*:—

"At this time of the year everybody with the means and the leisure tries to get away to the Riviera for the winter sports in Switzerland."

Ah! but how few succeed! There is, of course, some good ski-ing to be done on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice; and there is the famous ice-run from La Turbie to the Casino; but it isn't Switzerland.



THE BAYARD OF BUKHAREST.

ROUMANIA (*politely to Bulgaria*). "I AM SURE, DEAR OLD FRIEND, YOU WILL WISH TO RECOMPENSE ME FOR NOT STABBING YOU FROM BEHIND IN THE PREVIOUS BOUT; AND I AM THEREFORE PROPOSING TO ANTICIPATE YOUR KINDNESS BY MAKING OFF WITH YOUR COAT."



HOW MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES ARE MADE.

Caddie (to visitor). "THAT 'S THE OLD GREEN TO THIS 'OLE, SIR. IT GETS FLOODED, SO THEY 'VE GIVE IT TO THE LYDIES!"

THE ROSE BOWL.

AN EXCURSION INTO ART.

(*In the manner of one of the Critics of the New Post-Impressionist Exhibition.*)

WHAT do the Public make of Mr. Van Slosh's exquisite "Rose-bowl and Roses," this masterpiece of truth of things as they *are*, and not as we see them? Do they see only a gilt frame, and three or four irregular rhomboids splashed with paint?

Let us endeavour to explain what *we* see, in words that the coarsest and crudest of the savage daubsters and realists of old, the Velasquezes, the Corots, the Meissonniers, and the Whistlers, could follow.

First we consult our catalogue—this, alas, is still necessary, even to us, who are acolytes of the new mystery of Art. Then, little by little, *very* little by little, for we too were once unbelievers, it permits us to understand.

And then? A mystic and other-world odour steals upon our senses—blossoms that are not, and never will be! Marvels of marvels—artistry satanic and angelic both! The nosiness of the nose, the rosiness of the rose, the bowliness of the bowl; and bowl and roses are *not there* on the canvas!

Not there? Yes, they *are* there. They are coming through the fog of our perceptions, as a barge comes through a fog on the Thames—and they are strangely like barges—four barges—barges imbedded—abreast in a *pasticcio* of tidal mud. Yes, we see them now; and surely it is our triumph as much as the master's?

What has the artist done? *He has shamed, upon perishable canvas, the Sham, Insincerity and Vulgarity of Nature!*

Here are roses, oh, such roses! The roses that poets have dreamed of, and singers have sung of, and amateur gardeners through all time have lied and boasted of in the 9.1 train. Thank Heaven that roses like these do not grow on this earth—for the sob of their scent, the exquisite pain of their parturition, would be too much for mortals!

Look at them closely, now that you *know*—those four (or is it five?—they *do* run together so) irregular rhomboids. Look at the passion of them, the delirium of them, the disdain of them, the supreme *asafœtida* which their fragrance exhales. "Roses all the way"—the way that Nature has missed and that Art, which for ever shrinks from the crudities of Nature, has found. Note the petals—of course *they* are not there; Mr. Van Slosh has outsoared Nature's meticulous details—but note them nevertheless. Note the stem—it is not there; for the roses of Mr. Van Slosh have grown in the unsupporting æther of Paradise—but note it nevertheless. Note the thorns! What joyous caprice is this of the master, that the thorns *are* there, pushed from beneath the canvas, in an ecstasy of mockery of this Public who only know roses when they have pricked their fingers!

Lastly, note the bowl, so consummate in its utter absence that one of the dear roses (or rhomboids—*what does it matter?*) has fallen out of it; and the water, that should be in it, is streaming instead from your eyes in tears—or in what other emotions! Ah! what?

Never again will we look on real roses. Never again will we lay our face on that harsh texture of coarse blowsy petals. Never again will we inhale without nausea that vitiate, brutal aroma. The very word "pergola" is henceforth abhorrent.

But will—oh will—the Public *ever* understand?

"FRUIT FROM THE CAPE.
Record-sized Lobster at Smithfield Market."
Manchester Evening Chronicle.

This must be the South African equivalent of our crab-apple.

A FLASH OF SUMMER.

THERE is a street in London called Cranbourn Street, which serves no particular purpose of its own, but is useful as leading from Long Acre and Garrick Street to the frivolous delights of "Hullo, Ragtime!" and serviceable also in the possession of a Tube station from which one may go to districts of London as diverse as Golder's Green and Hammersmith. These to the ordinary eye are the principal merits of Cranbourn Street. But, to the eye which more minutely discerns, it has deeper and finer treasure: it has a shop window with a little row of cricket bats in it so discreetly chosen that they not only form a vivid sketch of the history of the greatest of games but enable anyone standing at the window and studying them to defeat for the moment the attack of this present dreariest of winters and for a brief but glorious space believe in the sun again.

And what of the treasures? Well, to begin with, the oldest known bat is here—a dark lop-sided club such as you see in the early pictures in the pavilion of Lord's, that art gallery which almost justifies rain during a match, since it is only when rain falls that one examines it with any care. Of this bat there is obviously no history, or it would be written upon it, and the fancy is therefore free to place it in whatever hands one will—TOM WALKER'S, or BELDHAM'S, or Lord FREDERICK BEAUCLERK'S, or even RICHARD NYREN'S himself, father of the first great eulogist of the game. Beside it is another veteran, not quite so old though, and approaching in shape the bat of our own day—such a bat as LAMBERT, or that dauntless sportsman, Mr. OSBALDISTON ("The Squire," as he was known in the hunting field), may have swung in one of their famous single-wicket contests.

Beside these is even more of a curiosity. Nothing less than the very bat which during his brief and not too glorious cricket career was employed to defend his wicket, if not actually to make runs, by the late KING EDWARD VII. when he was PRINCE OF WALES. For that otherwise accomplished ruler and full man (as the old phrase has it) was never much of a C. B. FRY. He knew the world as few have known it; he commanded respect and affection; he was accustomed to give orders and have them instantly obeyed; but almost anyone could bowl him out, and it is on record that those royal hands, so capable in their grasp of orb and sceptre, had only the most rudimentary and incomplete idea of retaining a catch. Such are human limitations! Here, however, in the Cranbourn Street window, is HIS MAJESTY'S bat, and even without the accompanying label one would guess that it was the property of no very efficient cricketer. For it lacks body; no one who really knew would have borne to the pitch a blade so obviously incapable of getting the ball to the ropes; while just beneath the too fanciful splice is a silver plate. Now all cricketers are aware that it is when the incoming man carries a bat with a silver plate on it that the scorers (if ever) feel entitled to dip below the table for the bottle and glass and generally relax a little.

So much for what may be called the freaks of this fascinating window. Now for the facts. A very striking fact indeed is the splintered bat with which Mr. G. L. JESSOP made a trifle of 168 against Lancashire. I wish the date was given; I wish even more that the length of the innings in minutes was given. Whether the splinters were lost then, or later, we should also be told. But there it is, and, after seeing it, how to get through these infernal months of February and March and April and half May, until real life begins again, one doesn't know and can hardly conjecture. And what do you think is beside it? Nothing less than "the best bat" that Mr. M. A. NOBLE ever played with—the leisurely, watchful Australian master, astute captain, inspired change-bowler and the steady, remorseless compiler of scores at the right time. It is something to have in darkest February NOBLE'S best bat beneath one's eyes.

And lastly (for I set no value upon brand-new bats covered with Colonial autographs) there is a scarred and discoloured blade which bears the brave news that with it did that old man hirsute, now on great match-days a landmark in the Lord's pavilion, surveying the turf where once he ruled—W. G. himself, no less!—made over a thousand runs. Historic wood if you like; historic window!

No wonder then that I scheme to get Cranbourn Street into my London peregrinations. For here is youth renewed and the dismallest of winters momentarily slain.



P.C. X. "'OW'R YER DOIN', BOB?"
Commish. "A 1. THIS 'ERE PAYS BETTER 'N PICTURES."

"Davies and Cheesman were continually feeding the English threes, and another score would have resulted but for some heavy talking by André."—*Football Star.*

Poulton (to Coates). "He's swearing in French. I *must* stop and listen."

Consummation.

["To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive."—*R. L. Stevenson.*]

SOME philosopher has stated
That to strive for things is vain,
That success is over-rated
And the prizes we obtain
Disappoint us when we get them;
one example will explain.

Here before the mirror shaving
With a trembling hand and blue,
Well I recollect the craving,
Little beard, I had for you;
Do I cherish, now I've got it, this
appendage? *Pas du tout!*



"HAVE YOU SEEN HOUNDS PASS THIS WAY, BOY?"
"YES, SIR; BUT I 'M AFRAID THEY AIN'T STICKIN' TO THE ROAD, SIR."

THE TACTFUL TENANT.

(A Model for Flat-Dwellers.)

A POND, a strip of heath, two lines of trees—
  Such is the prospect that my gaze is skimming;
But every morn there passes, if you please,
  A girl with a mauve hat. I hate the trimming.

Therefore I wrote our landlord: "I am loth
  To seem to make a mountain of a mole-hill,
But some things constitute a breach of troth:
  This hat" (I sketched the outline) "makes my soul ill.

"Others might dwell upon our bathroom pipe,
  Prate of the patch of damp that spoils a ceiling;
Others, again, a crude litigious type,
  Might call your notice to the paper's peeling;

"I do not. I am silent. I forbear
  To ask in what near pub., in what low quarter
Lurks (when we want the coal brought up the stair)
  Steeped in eponymous carouse, the porter.

"I make no plaints, I roll no catalogue
  Of crimes at No. 6. I calmly swallow
The ululations of their so-called dog;
  I brook their gramophone that baits Apollo.

"The garden that we hoped to get to love,
  Used by the object of the strange pretension
I spoke of in the stanza just above
  To hoard his bones in—that I do not mention.

"I merely wish to harp upon the view—
  The view that most of all things recommended
The little mansion let to us by you,
  The outlook that your ads. described as "splendid"—

"Vision of waters and of wooded peace,
  And yon tall spire behind the beechwood spinneys
(The mouth-piece of the muse who penned our lease
  Must have included that—or why those guineas?).

"And shall this harmony that soothes our cares
  By one appalling hat be daily broken?
You are responsible for all repairs.
  See to it. Get it mended. I have spoken."

* * * * * *

Strange ending. Now the decorator 's here,
  The ape at No. 6 is gagged and haltered,
The porter drinks less, but beside the mere
  The lady with the hat goes on unaltered.

EVOE.

"MARBLE BREAKS A WINDOW.—While a couple of boys were playing in Aubrey Street, Hereford, on Tuesday, one of them unintentionally kicked a marble against the window in the show-rooms of the Hereford Corporation Gas Department, breaking a large pane of plate glass. The lads, who live in the neighbourhood, *had been playing marbles.*"
The Hereford Times (*italics by "Punch"*).

We are very glad that an event of such magnitude and poignancy should not have escaped notice in one of our great provincial organs. At the same time we congratulate our contemporary on avoiding all catch-penny methods in its treatment of the subject. The restraint shown in that brief and simple reflection, "The lads had been playing marbles," should be a lesson to some of our London dailies.

WINTER SPORT.

I.—AN INTRODUCTION.

"I HAD better say at once," I announced as I turned over the wine list, "that I have come out here to enjoy myself, and enjoy myself I shall. Myra, what shall we drink?"

"You had three weeks honeymoon in October," complained Thomas, "and you're taking another three weeks now. Don't you ever do any work?"

Myra and I smiled at each other. Coming from Thomas, who spends his busy day leaning up against the wireless installation at the Admiralty, the remark amused us.

"We'll have champagne," said Myra, "because it's our opening night. Archie, after you with the head-waiter."

It was due to Dahlia, really, that the Rabbits were hibernating at the Hôtel des Angéliques, Switzerland (central-heated throughout); for she had been ordered abroad, after an illness, to pull herself together a little, and her doctor had agreed with Archie that she might as well do it at a place where her husband could skate. On the point that Peter should come and skate too, however, Archie was firm. While admitting that he loved his infant son, he reminded Dahlia that she couldn't possibly get through Calais and Pontarlier without declaring Peter, and that the duty on this class of goods was remarkably heavy. Peter, therefore, was left behind. He had an army of nurses to look after him, and a stenographer to take down his more important remarks. With a daily bulletin and a record of his table-talk promised her, Dahlia was prepared to be content.

As for Myra and me, we might have hesitated to take another holiday so soon, had it not been for a letter I received one morning at breakfast.

"Simpson is going," I said. "He has purchased a pair of skis."

"That does it," said Myra decisively. And, gurgling happily to herself, she went out and bought a camera.

For Thomas I can find no excuses. At a moment of crisis he left his country's Navy in jeopardy and, the Admiralty yacht being otherwise engaged, booked a first return from COOK'S. And so it was that at four o'clock one day we arrived together at the Hôtel des Angéliques, and some three hours later were settling down comfortably to dinner.

"I've had a busy time," said Archie. "I've hired a small bob, a luge and a pair of skis for myself, a pair of snow-shoes and some skates for Dahlia, a—a tricycle horse for Simpson, and I don't know what else. All in French."

"What *is* the French for a pair of snow-shoes?" asked Myra.

"I pointed to them in French. The undersized Robert I got at a bargain. The man who hired it last week broke his leg before his fortnight was up, and so there was a reduction of several centimes."

"I've been busy too," I said. "I've been watching Myra unpack, and telling her where not to put my things."

"I packed jolly well—except for the accident."

"An accident to the boot-oil," I explained. "If I get down to my last three shirts you will notice it."

We stopped eating for a moment in order to drink Dahlia's health. It was Dahlia's health which had sent us there.

"Who's your friend, Samuel?" said Archie, as Simpson caught somebody's eye at another table and nodded.

"A fellow I met in the lift," said Simpson casually.

"Samuel, beware of elevator acquaintances," said Myra in her most solemn manner.

"He's rather a good chap. He was at Peterhouse with a friend of mine. He was telling me quite a good story about a 'wine' my friend gave there once, when——"

"Did you tell him about your 'ginger-beers' at Giggleswick?" I interrupted.

"My dear old chap, he's rather a man to be in with. He knows the President."

"I thought nobody knew the President of the Swiss Republic," said Myra. "Like the Man in the Iron Mask."

"Not *that* President, Myra. The President of the Angéliques Sports Club."

"Never heard of it," we all said.

Simpson polished his glasses and prepared delightedly to give an explanation.

"The Sports Club runs everything here," he began. "It gives you prizes for fancy costumes and skating and so on."

"Introduce me to the President at once," cooed Myra, patting her hair and smoothing down her frock.

"Even if you were the Treasurer's brother," said Archie, "you wouldn't get a prize for skating, Simpson."

"You've never seen him do a rocking seventeen, sideways."

Simpson looked at us pityingly.

"There's a lot more in it than that," he said. "The President will introduce you to anybody. One might see—er—somebody one rather liked the look of, and—er—— Well, I mean in an hotel one wants to enter into the hotel life and—er—meet other people."

"Who is she?" said Myra.

"Anybody you want to marry must be submitted to Myra for approval first," I said. "We've told you so several times."

Simpson hastily disclaimed any intention of marrying anybody and helped himself lavishly to champagne.

It so happened that I was the first of our party to meet the President, an honour which, perhaps, I hardly deserved. While Samuel was seeking tortuous introductions to him through friends of Peterhouse friends of his, the President and I fell into each other's arms in the most natural way.

It occurred like this. There was a dance after dinner; and Myra, not satisfied with my appearance, sent me upstairs to put some gloves on. (It is one of the penalties of marriage that one is always being sent upstairs.) With my hands properly shod I returned to the ball-room, and stood for a moment in a corner while I looked about for her. Suddenly I heard a voice at my side.

"Do you want a partner?" it said.

I turned, and knew that I was face to face with the President.

"Well," I began——

"You are a new-comer, aren't you? I expect you don't know many people. If there is anybody you would like to dance with——"

I looked round the room. It was too good a chance to miss.

"I wonder," I said. "That girl over there—in the pink frock—just putting up her fan——"

He almost embraced me.

"I congratulate you on your taste," he said. "Excellent! Come with me."

He went over to the girl in the pink frock, I at his heels.

"Er, may I introduce," he said. "Mr.—er—er—yes, this is Miss—er—yes. H'r'm." Evidently he didn't know her name.

"Thank you," I said to him. He nodded and left us. I turned to the girl in the pink frock. She was very pretty.

"May I have this dance?" I asked. "I've got my gloves on," I added.

She looked at me gravely, trying hard not to smile.

"You may," said Myra. A. A. M.

If's of the Week.

"If the battle of Wellington was won on the playing-fields of Eton."—*Methodist Times.*

To the Hero who Flew the Simplon.

Did ever man contrive to do
So lofty, so colossal a
Feat as the champion's who flew
From Brigue to Domodossola?

THE COSTUME-BALL MANIA.

(A Hint to the Impecunious.)

HOW MR. AND MRS. STONEY BROWNE RANG THE CHANGES ON A N-GHT-DR SS AND SUIT OF P J M S.



A LADY AND GENTLEMAN OF MEDIÆVAL TIMES.



BLUEBEARD AND SINDBAD THE SAILOR.



EASTERN NUT AND PRIDE OF THE HAREM.



OUR GREAT-GRANDPARENTS.



"LAUGHTER IN COURT."

Senior Counsel. "WHAT THE DICKENS ARE YOU TWO FELLOWS UP TO?"

Junior. "WE'RE IN OLD DEARIE'S COURT TO-DAY. BRILLIANT IDEA TO WEAR MASKS AND SAVE FACIAL STRAIN."

LITERARY NOTES.

WE learn from the literary paragrapher of *The Daily Chronicle* that Mrs. MARY GAUNT, who is shortly starting for her travels in China, has been advised by her brother-in-law to carry a revolver as a measure of self-defence.

"The thought of that revolver—especially how she is to manage it!—makes her a trifle nervous, as she confessed the other evening at a farewell dinner which her publisher, Mr. WERNER LAURIE, gave in her honour at the Waldorf Hotel."

It is pleasant to know that precautions of this sort are not neglected by other literary Amazons and Strong Men, whose preservation from harm is so enormously important to their publishers and readers alike.

Mrs. Dalclitch Glumme, who is shortly about to start for New Guinea, was entertained on Friday night by her publishers, Messrs. Odder and Odder, at a farewell dinner at the Fitz Hotel. The length of her sojourn in the Island of Mystery depends on the attitude of the anthropophagous tribes of the interior as well as the advice of her uncle, Sir Hugo Glumme, the famous big game hunter. Acting on his suggestion she has been taking lessons in the use of the blow-pipe, and the only *contretemps* which occurred to mar the enjoyment of the gathering on Friday, was the inadvertent wounding of the elder Mr. Odder during a demonstration of her skill. Fortunately the dart was not poisoned, and Mr. Odder was able to render full justice to the exquisite wines and liqueurs which graced the board.

Lady Gladys Strutt-Jenkinson left on Saturday by the *Aurora* from Southampton. This dauntless sportswoman, as is well known, is proceeding to the Solomon Islands to collect local colour for her new didactic romance on the marriage laws, and a select company of friends and admirers were invited to meet her at a send-off banquet at the Charlton on the previous evening by her publisher, Mr. Goodleigh Champ. On her former excursions, Lady Gladys has relied solely on the power of her eye to quell all resistance, whether on the part of natives or wild animals, but on this occasion she has yielded to the urgent request of her publisher, and equipped herself with a battery of boomerangs. After the dinner, Lady Gladys gave an exhibition of her command of this elusive weapon, in the course of which she brought down Mr. Goodleigh Champ, Mr. Tufton Hunter, and the head-waiter, in three shots. As, however, the boomerangs employed were richly padded no untoward consequences resulted from the impact.

Mr. Bax Wimbledon, whose new novel, *Cresta Bobberley*, will probably appear in April, is one of those conscientious workers who never write on any subject with which they are not personally and intimately acquainted. If, for example, his theme is Royalty, he makes a point of visiting a crowned head. If it be winter sports, as in the present case, he spends at least a week at Montana, Adelboden, or some other fashionable resort. Last week, he was the principal guest at a brilliant supper party at the Saveloy, given by his publisher and friend, Mr. Roland Stodger. A charming feature of the evening's entertainment was the descent of the noble marble staircase, which had been treated with a monster ice pudding, by Mr. Bax Wimbledon on a silver tea-tray. The masterly way in which he negotiated the corner before the last flight is of the happiest augury for the success of his new romance. It is immensely reassuring to learn, however, that, acting on the advice of his second cousin, Professor Pybus, the famous Alpinist, Mr. Bax Wimbledon never enters a bobsleigh without donning a pneumatic suit, which renders the wearer practically bump-proof.

"Mr. Borden spoke with an eloquence which sprang from his deep-seated conviction of the grave pass which we have reached, basing his proposals upon the significant memorandum which the Almighty had prepared at his request."—*Montreal Gazette.*

Any request of Mr. BORDEN'S——



A PLEASURE DEFERRED.

SUFFRAGIST. "YOU 'VE CUT MY DANCE!" MR. ASQUITH. "YES, I KNOW. THE FACT IS THE M.C. OBJECTED TO THE PATTERN OF MY WAISTCOAT, AND I HAD TO GO HOME AND CHANGE IT. BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT! LET ME PUT YOU DOWN FOR AN EXTRA AT OUR PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTION DANCE NEXT SEASON!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, January 27th.—The Lords were hit pretty hard by Parliament Act. Not sure that, for the moment, they do not even more acutely feel snub lately administered. Through greater part of Session, entirely throughout the Winter sitting, they have been set on one side whilst the Commons manipulated the Home Rule Bill. Undignified position only bearable in contemplation of certainty that in due time they would have their turn, reasserting ancient predominance of partnership.

This the long-looked-for day. Home Rule Bill came up for second Reading. Full-dress debate arranged with pleased consciousness that the public would gratefully turn attention from the Commons, concentrating it on the Lords. And this is the very day the Commons select for crisis of their own, involving dislocation of sessional programme, not to speak of danger to life of Government. Thus it comes to pass that whilst the House of Commons, seething with excitement, is crowded from floor to topmost bench of Strangers' Gallery, the House of Lords, Cinderella of the domestic establishment, sits apart neglected, forgotten, engaged upon drudgery of chewing over again the thrice-boiled colewort of the Home Rule controversy.

In accordance with his custom of an afternoon, PRIME MINISTER conducted on strictly business principles the dilemma in which House and Government suddenly, unexpectedly, find themselves engulfed. In Delphic utterance the SPEAKER last Thursday indicated possibility of withdrawal of Franchise Bill and introduction of new measure if the Suffragists' amendments standing on the Paper should be carried in Committee. But he had not given definite ruling, adopting for personal guidance PREMIER'S famous axiom, "Wait and see." This an awkward predicament, not only risking loss of valuable time but investing debate with air of unreality. PREMIER adjured SPEAKER straightway to make more precise declaration. SPEAKER kindly obliged.

If, he said in effect, any one of the Suffragists' amendments were carried, he should rule that this created necessity for introduction of a new Bill.

Very well; there an end of the Franchise Bill, at least for this Session. PREMIER moved that order for Committee stage be withdrawn. House proceeded, as if nothing particular had happened, to consider Trade Unions Bill on Report stage.

Business done.—Franchise Bill abandoned.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Yesterday Lord CREWE moved Second Reading of Home Rule Bill in speech whose felicitous phrasing and freshness of treatment of stale topic did not succeed in dispersing gloom that lay low over the assembly. Duke of DEVONSHIRE, in performance, as he said, of hereditary duty, moved rejection of Bill. If you closed your eyes and momentarily persuaded yourself that you were twenty years younger, you might have thought it was the eighth Duke who was speaking. This afternoon ST. ALDWYN, a planet in the Unionist firmament, takes up the wondrous tale, devoting long and weighty discourse to what he regards as "an unworkable Bill, a measure framed not to work but to pass."

"Forty years ago," he said, "I was opposed to Home Rule for Ireland, and I am equally opposed to it to-day."

"There's the man for my money, such as it amounts to," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, his eyes gleaming with pleasure as he looked on from the pen gallery above the Bar lavishly set apart for accommodation of the Commons. "Studying an intricate question through the changing courses of forty years he holds the same opinion as he declared when ISAAC BUTT first preached the gospel of Home Rule in House of Commons. That's what I call true statesmanship. None of your living from hand to mouth, indignantly denounced by BONNER LAW fresh from Ashton and Edinburgh."



CINDERELLA.

As ST. ALDWYN developed his argument, leading up to this memorable declaration, the wigged-and-gowned figure on the Woolsack seemed to be engaged in playing a game of Patience. On his spacious knees was spread a heap of sheets of paper. Taking them up one by one, he, after glancing over contents, placed one on bench to left of him, another to the right. Hadn't quite finished the game when ST. ALDWYN resumed his seat. Thereupon, bundling remainder of the cards off his knees, he stepped two paces to left of Woolsack, and began to address the House.

Something familiar in the figure, albeit disguised. Something recognisable in the voice, though on lower key, its utterance more deliberate, indicating in subtle fashion consciousness on part of speaker that he was in church.

Could it be possible? Was it? No—yes. It *was* our old House of Commons friend, NAPOLEON B. HALDANE. But what transmogrification! What



"It *was* our old friend NAPOLEON B. HALDANE."

strange sea-change suffered since he was accustomed nightly to stand at Table in the Commons and, to the bewilderment of retired Colonels, set squadrons of Territorials in the field. One thinks regretfully of familiar spectacle of his march up floor of the House, with almost imperceptible twitch of his left leg as of one accustomed to have a sword swinging from his belt. So complete was illusion one almost fancied one heard the jingle of spurs.

Hidden beneath silken folds of LORD CHANCELLOR'S costly gown lurk the manly limbs of former SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, the CARNOT-cum-CARDWELL of the British Army. Vanished, doubtless flattened out, under full-bottomed wig is the famous lock of hair that, curling over the massive brow, instantly recalled the personality of another equally great and heaven-born soldier.

Perturbed by discovery I did not closely follow drift of reply to ST. ALDWYN'S damaging criticism. Don't doubt it was effective. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War. Personally I prefer dauntless N. BONAPARTE HALDANE in House of Commons to a sleek LORD CHANCELLOR in another place.

Business done.—Second night of debate on Home Rule Bill. In the Commons Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill passes Committee stage.

Thursday.—An attractive feature (sorely needed) in dull progress of debate concluded to-night has been presence of Peeresses. The patience and courage of the English lady in circumstances of extreme depression proudly light up some of the dark pages of the story of the Indian Mutiny. These qualities, in different degree and of course in widely altered circumstances, displayed during progress of the four nights' debate in House of Lords.

Impossible to imagine any fare less attractive to female appetite than *réchauffé* of arguments about Home Rule drearily served up for months in the House of Commons and, since GENERAL CARSON, K.C.'s, expedition to Ulster, filling the papers. But the Lords having had the Bill delivered to them solemnly decided to talk about it for four days before coming to foregone conclusion in Division Lobby. To be present at the debate was the thing. The Peeresses, dressed all in their best, did it with regularity and despatch, the latter tendency growing irresistible after the first hour's sufferance.

Pretty to see furtive way in which about this period of the entertainment ladies looked from right to left of panelled screen behind them to see which doorway giving exit was the nearer. Presently one by one they stole forth with delightfully casual air, as if they were just going out to see if it were raining and would be back directly. They didn't come.



IN THE PEERESSES' GALLERY.
HOME RULE DEBATE.

Business done.—Lord CREWE'S motion for Second Reading of Home Rule Bill defeated by 326 votes against 69. In bout limited to three rounds the first is scored to the Lords.

IN MY ALBUM.

(*Owner's Preface.*)

HERE, on the first white page
(With virgin pages blushing underneath
Waiting the wit and wisdom of the age,
Hoping, perhaps, to bear a floral wreath
In water-colour art)
I stick these verses down to make a start.

Here, as a sage has said,
"Thoughts that he wishes to be thought to think"
A man may write; and if, when I have read
Your chaste effusions, they should strike me pink,
I promise to refrain
From any comment which might cause you pain.

Arise, dear friends, and shine!
Man's intellect is not exhausted yet,
As witness this accomplishment of mine.
Moreover (if the standard I have set
Appears unduly high),
Your *best* is all I ask for. Come and try.

THE GREAT CUP TIE.

(*By our special Financial Expert.*)

FORTY-FIVE thousand sporting enthusiasts gathered on the ground of the Blackton Cockspurs yesterday to view the great cup tie with Upton United. All felt it to be a tremendous occasion, for the Cockspurs had bid no less than £1,000 to secure that the tie should be played on their own ground. Great anxiety was felt by the crowd as to whether the speculation would pay. When the news passed round that already £1,250 had been taken at the gates loud cheers were raised. The crowd recognised that a fine sporting action had met with its proper reward.

At last the referee (£2 2*s.* and incidental expenses) appeared with the linesmen (£1 1*s.* and incidental expenses) in the centre. Loud cries of "Mind you treat the Cockspurs fair!" and "Play the game, referee!" greeted them, and the officials bowed their acknowledgments. In a minute the famous black-and-white shirts (4*s.* 6*d.* each) of the Blackton Cockspurs were seen, and the vision of the team (net cost, £12,000) sent the crowd into raptures. First came Jubber—the ex-Everton-Celtic-Burnley-Villa centre forward, specially purchased for these cup-ties at the record price of £2,000. His face beamed with enthusiasm for the good old Cockspurs as (for the first time) he took his place in their team. Then came Dubbs, the ex-Derby-Sunderland-Fulham outside left, with the consciousness of his £1,500 transfer fee on his face. Mugg, the goalkeeper, who had been picked up at an end of the season bargain sale for a mere £500, crept towards his goal, sensible of his social inferiority.

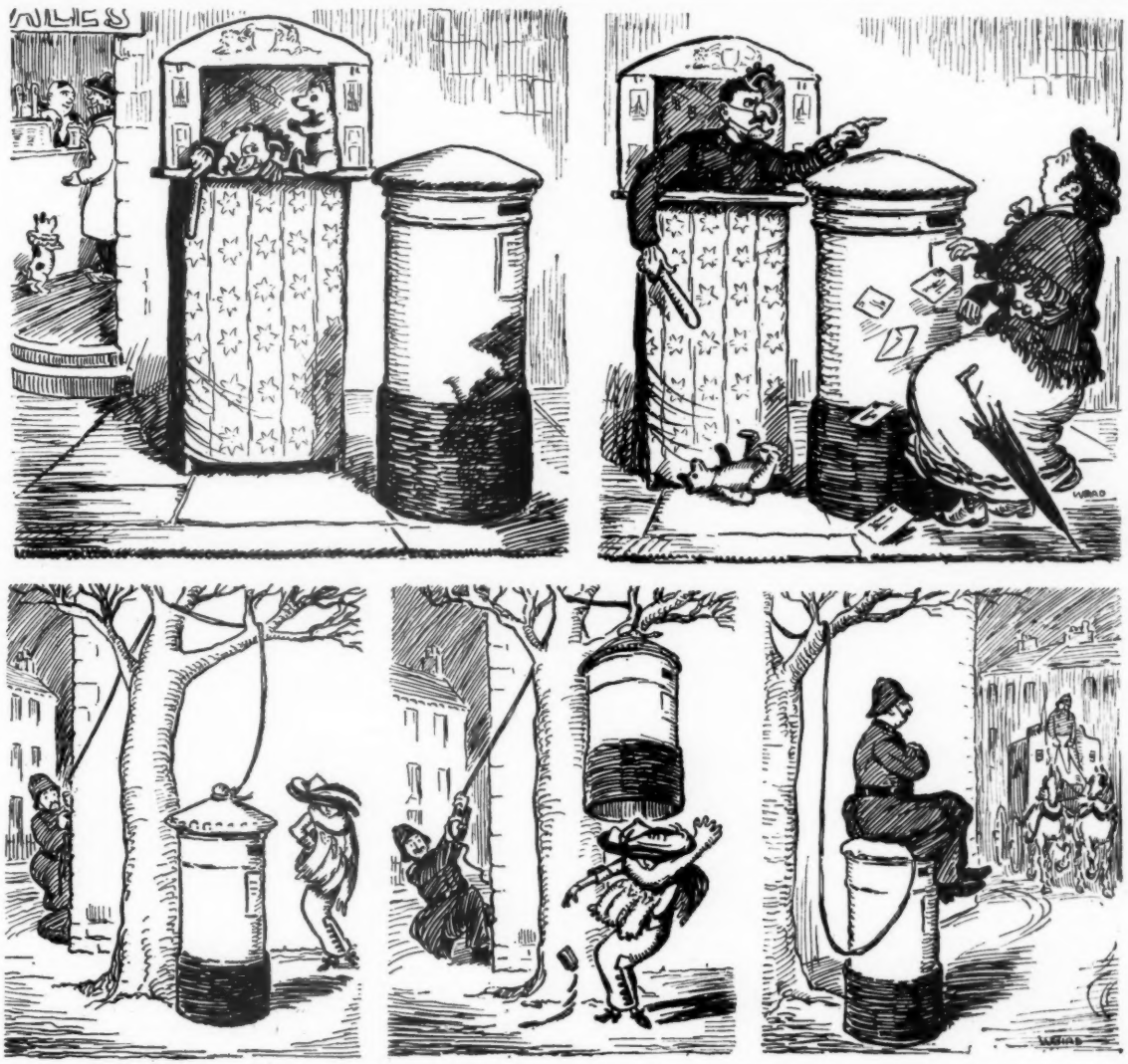
"£6,000 worth of forwards," whispered the crowd. "They can't be beaten."

Then Jubber (£2,000) stepped forward to toss with the rival captain (value nil). He produced a coin (1*d.*) from his pocket, and the referee (£2 2*s.* and incidental expenses) watched it as it spun in the air.

"Jubber's won," howled the crowd. "Good old Jubber—seven to four on the Cockspurs!"

The ball (15*s.*, including bladder—strange that such mighty issues should depend on so cheap an article) was placed, and the mounted police (10*s.* 6*d.* each for afternoon) held themselves in readiness to ride to the referee's protection, and the kick-off came.

A moment and Jubber had possession. £2,000 worth of centre forward was sailing for the Upton goal when a half-back (born in Upton—no transfer expenses, therefore) interposed and kicked the ball up the field. Wild cries of "Order him off!" and "Play the



SIGNS ARE NOT WANTING THAT THE FORCE IS USING ALL ITS SUBTLETY TO COPE WITH THE PILLAR-BOX OUTRAGES.

game, referee!" filled the air. A cheap Upton outside-left gathered the ball and centred. It was scrimmaged past the Blackton goalkeeper amidst loud shouts of "Offside!" A brilliant charge by the mounted police checked the crowd when the referee (£2 2*s.* and expenses) allowed the goal. Then everyone said, "That 's the worst of these cheap goal-keepers—if they 'd only paid £3,000 for Wiggins that would never have happened." An impromptu directors' meeting was held on the stand, and the secretary (£500 per annum) was instantly despatched with a blank cheque to buy Wiggins.

In the meantime the £6,000 line of forwards made ground, but, owing to the unsportsmanlike conduct of the opposing halves, who charged without the least regard for monetary value, the attack was beaten off. Jubber, the great Jubber, collapsed on the field. The trainer (£5 per week) rushed out with a brandy bottle (4*s.* 6*d.* net.), but the fine fellow did not rise. He had twisted his ankle (value £375). Ambulance men (volunteers) bore him solemnly from the field.

"Where 's our dividend?" hissed a shareholder (twenty £5 shares) from the grand stand. "Kill that referee."

Things went from bad to worse. Dubbs (the £1,500 full back) kicked the ball through his own goal and in vain the crowd appealed for offside. So the game came to an end, though the chairman of the Blackton Cockspurs made a desperate effort to save the situation by lodging a protest against the state of the ground (cost £10,000) as being too dry to suit his team.

The crowd filed out with sorrowful faces, though a few thousand sportsmen stayed behind to conduct a referee-hunt round the (£4,500) pavilion.

"It 's a sad day for Blackton sport," they sighed. "Why, if they 'd kept on in the Cup they might have paid ten per cent. this year."

"The fact that the bow of the Ulstermore is pointing to one quarter of the compass and the stern to another is evidence of the remarkable effect of the wind and Mersey currents."
Belfast News-letter.

In the Thames on a calm day you never get this remarkable effect.

PRIDE AND THE FALL.

[The baggage of Commercial Travellers is accepted at a reduced rate by the Railway Companies at their Left Luggage Offices.]

LONG ere he left his private school
And came to man's estate,
His father said, "He is no fool;"
His mother, "He is great."

But, when the Benchers screened his name
And called him to the Bar,
Then to his parents he became
More wise and greater far.

They thought the world of him and, more,
The things they thought they said;
No wonder that the stripling wore
A slightly swollen head,

And made a fuss about his new
And rather costly kit,
Especially the bag of blue
In which he carried it.

Whenas he went the Circuit round
He shouldered it with pride,
Though, had he looked, he had not found
A single brief inside.

He thought in his egregious way
That all who saw it had
A kind of awe, as who should say,
"A barrister, begad!"

But Euston has an office where
Left goods are stored and prized,
And there he took the bag and there
Was disillusionized.

"Retain," said he, "this treasure, please,
As safely as you can.
It is no commonplace valise."
"Commercial?" said the man.

THIRD-SINGLE COMBAT.

MIND you, I'm not done yet; I'll have the laugh of Herbert Anthony or perish.

Herbert Anthony has, I'm certain, grown grey in the service of the Underground. Grey he undoubtedly is, but far from rusty. He has learnt how to keep himself from that by processes which I was to appreciate on the very day of his arrival at the booking-office of my particular station.

Every evening as the clock strikes five the pen falls from my nerveless fingers and I hurry to this station and book to St. James' Park.

Herbert Anthony did not let the grass grow under his feet. On Tuesday, the night of his first appearance, I went to the window and, tendering a few pence, called, "James' Park."

"*Saint* James," replied Herbert A., and furnished me.

I smiled; he smiled back; we mutually recognised a twin spirit.

The subsequent daily engagements can be chronicled briefly:

Wednesday.

I. "Saint James."
H. A. (*laconically*). "Park."

Thursday.

I (*business-like*). "J. Park."
H. A. (*priggishly*). "Saint James, his Park."

Friday.

I (*coldly*), "St. James."
H. A. (*vulgarly*). "St. Jas."

On Saturday I came to a decision as I walked to the station at one o'clock. Since it is a point of honour that fresh ground should be broken each time I felt some confidence as I greeted him warmly with "James."

Frigidly he replied, "'Herb.' to intimates; 'Mr. Anthony' to others."

Before these lines are in print I shall have checkmated him. Let me outline it. H. A. will see me coming from afar. Through his window I shall note him smirking, and with one word that itself spells victory I shall smite him down.

"Victoria," I shall say.

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"DOES he smoke?"

"No."

"Drink?"

"No. Wilfred has no vices."

"How boring of him! Well, does he play golf? You could get him a——"

"Wilfred thinks games are a frightful waste of time, besides being childish and expensive. He says that when we are married he hopes I'll give up tennis and golf and all that sort of thing, and go for 'good long walks' with him instead."

"Shall you?" Elsa asked cautiously.

"Oh, of course not! But till we're married, anyway, it's no good giving him games things, is it? Think of something else, there's a dear."

"It's not so easy," said Elsa, from the depths of an enormous arm-chair. "If he doesn't smoke—or drink—or play games—not even Auction?"

"*No* card games of any kind."

"Doesn't he? Exemplary young man! Well—bright idea—why not get him some ties?"

"He only wears black ones," said Caroline dolefully. "And black socks—always."

Elsa threw up her eyes. "Handkerchiefs, then?" she suggested.

"His mother's giving him those."

"H'm. Is he fond of reading?"

"Only SHAKSPEARE, and I gave him that for Christmas."

"Music? Perhaps he——"

"I'm afraid Wilfred doesn't care for music."

A long pause.

"I honestly can't think of anything else," said Elsa at last. "I never knew a man with so few pursuits or wants. It's awfully splendid, of course," she added hurriedly. Yet another pause. "He doesn't shoot or fish, I suppose?"

"Wilfred? Good heavens, no! Surely you've read his pamphlet on 'Wanton Butchery'?"

"'Fraid not. Does he motor, though, or ride?"

"Can't afford either."

Another pause, during which Elsa poked the fire with the tip of her shoe.

"Caroline," she said, when they had sat in silence for at least two minutes, "I want to ask you something, only I'm afraid of making you angry."

"I shan't be, I promise. Don't mind asking me anything. What is it?"

"It's——"

"Go on."

"It's," began Elsa, speaking rather jerkily, "why did you get engaged to Wilfred? I mean, what was the attraction?"

"I was in love with him."

"*Was?*"

"Am, I mean."

Elsa began to feel extremely awkward. "Oh, I see," she said lamely.

Another horrid long silence settled down between them, bristling with half-formed, unspoken sentences; and a curl of blue smoke rose up from Elsa's shoe.

At last Caroline spoke. "I didn't mean 'am,'" she said.

"*Caroline!* I *knew* you didn't. Why on earth——"

"I don't know. He was awfully clever and—*good*, you know—and I was in love with him then—I was, really. Only——"

"How long did it last?"

"For about three weeks after we were engaged; and I still *like* him most awfully, and *respect* him, and——"

"But think of spending the rest of your life with him."

"Oh, I couldn't!"

"Caroline," said Elsa solemnly, "I think you must be mad."

"I know! I was! I must have been!" said Caroline wildly.

"What are you going to do then?"

"I shall write him an awfully nice letter"—they both began to laugh—"and tell him I don't think we're really suited to each other, and I don't feel I should be acting fairly to either of us in marrying him. And I'll send him back that horrid little gold brooch he gave me for Christmas, and——"

"The very thing!" said Elsa; "it'll make a charming birthday surprise."



Cabman (confidentially, his mistress having drawn blank with four successive calls). "WE 'RE IN LUCK TO-DAY, MUM!"

SUFFERING.

(On a recent Critical Pronouncement.)

"*THE chief essential that our poets lack*
Is suffering"—a sweeping critic cries;
I come to squash this infamous attack:
Let me, I beg you, hit this person back;
"Suffering," bless his eyes—

Why, bards are born to suffer. Not a lyre
Was ever kindled into laboured song
That did not speak of anguish long and dire,
So much there is to chill the poet's fire,
So many things go wrong.

The very feet whereby he seeks to climb,
(Ah, heav'n) like lead restrain him to the flat;
As for the weary trafficking called rhyme,
I have not got the eloquence or time
To give my views on that.

And, when all 's done, after the stress and strain,
To cast the fruits of one's perfected art
Forth to a mob who callously disdain
The treasures wrung from one's perspiring brain,
That 's the most cutting part.

I could go on with this. I have a score
Of woes that cry for utterance. But a bard
Is born to suffer, as I said before;
And, when I hear that what he wants is more,
It comes a trifle hard.

No. To requite the poet for his toils
He should recline among earth's choicest blooms;
His meek head should be laved in precious oils,
His garment woven of the costliest spoils
From oriental looms.

Slaves should attend him, at his slightest beck,
To bear him scented sherbet and rich cream;
Jewels should hang in clusters round his neck,
Nor any noise should enter there to check
The current of his dream.

That is the treatment. Not to carp or scoff,
Not to deny his load, but make it light;
Why, now, a bard is rarely so well off
As to afford a motor—even golf;
I do not call that right.

And, which is worse, for lack of this refined
(Tho' simple) ease for which all poets yearn,
You cannot hope for song of highest kind:—
As for myself, I often feel inclined
To drop the whole concern. DUM-DUM.

From *A Marriage of Inconvenience*, by THOMAS COBB:—
"Like Adela, he had dark brown hair, with enormous black eyebrows, a moustache, and a short beard."
We always cut Adela's dance.

From a list of wedding presents in *The Evesham Journal*:—
"Mr. & Mrs. A. E. Baker—Curate."
Bride (as she unpacks him). "My dear, that 's the fifth. Well, he 'll have to go with the others in the box-room."

THE FAMILY GROUP.

"YOUR views on politics," said Francesca, "are not unfamiliar to me. What I should really like to know is whether you are coming to London with us to-morrow."

"To London?" I said. "'Us'? Who are the 'us'—I mean which are the we who—that is to say, who are going to London to-morrow, and why?"

"I am going—that's one; and Muriel is going—that's two——"

"*Those are* two," I murmured. She took no notice of me.

"And Nina is going—that's three; and Alice and Frederick are going—that's five, and that's the lot."

"And quite enough too," I said.

"No," she said; "we want one more. Let us at once settle the question of your coming to London."

"There is no question about it," I said. "It has long since been settled."

"Of course," she said, "I know how it would be. Whenever I plan some simple little pleasure or arrange some little amusement in which we can all take part, you immediately decide to keep out of it. You leave us to ourselves. You follow your own selfish enjoyments, your bench of magistrates, your writing, your shooting, your hunting, and you never seem to think that we shall enjoy ourselves better if you sometimes join with us. No, you just go on in your——"

"But, my dear Francesca——"

"Not a word," she continued rapidly. "You can't put forward a valid excuse, for there isn't one."

"Let me explain," I said.

"No," she said.

"Yes," I said, "I *will* explain. I insist upon it. When I said that the question of my coming to London had been settled long since, I meant, of course, that I had determined to come with you, that wild horses should not keep me from you, that with you I intended to affront the motor-'buses of London—Francesca, have you observed that there are now no crossing-sweepers in London? the motor-'buses have driven them off the streets. The last one retired a fortnight ago. He wore a red coat and had only one arm—Where was I? Oh, yes—I mean to go to London with you. But why do you not flush with joy? Why do you not fall round my neck, or rather fall down on your knees and ask my pardon for having failed to appreciate me properly? Francesca, you do not seem duly gratified by my decision."

"Oh, yes," she said hesitatingly, "I am. I really am delighted to know you're coming. How could I be otherwise?"

"That's better," I said. "I was beginning to be half afraid that my desire to join your little party had—how shall I put it?—bowled over your apple-cart and knocked you off your perch."

"The confusion of your metaphors terrifies me," she said. "But are you sure you know why we are going to London?"

"Sure?" I said. "Of course I am. You, Francesca, are going to shop. The three girls will take lessons in shopping from observing you. Frederick and I shall stay outside. We shall endeavour to keep our tempers, but, of course, you never can be sure. Men are so unreasonable."

"You are quite wrong," she said.

"No, no," I said, "they *are* unreasonable. I have often heard you say so."

"I was not referring," she said, "to the unreason of men. You have guessed wrong. We do not propose to shop. We are going to be photographed."

"Impossible!" I shrieked. "Anything but that! Buy yourself a dozen new hats, a diamond necklace, ten ball-dresses, a toilet-set in gold—but don't, don't get photographed. Was that the simple little pleasure you had planned?"

"A family group," she said inexorably.

"What! All my pretty chickens and their dam in one fell group! Francesca, did you know a hen could be a dam? If you didn't you have read your SHAKSPEARE in vain."

"It is useless," she said, "to entangle ourselves in SHAKSPEARE. The group's the thing."

"But why?" I said. "Who wants family groups?"

"I am having it done," she said, "chiefly for Mamma. It will give her great pleasure."

"That lets me out," I said. "Francesca, your mother would resent my presence in a family group. She is an admirable woman, but she has never realised my significance. When she thinks of the family she thinks of you and the children. She would hate to be reminded that the children have a father or that you have a husband—no, I do not mean that. You must forgive me, but your announcement has thoroughly unmanned me."

"You haven't had one done for a long time."

"I cannot face the critical eye of the photographer. All photographers have been scornful of my nose or my chin or my hair. They have never said so, but I have felt it, and I have shrivelled up in consequence. As you value my self-respect, Francesca, do not take me to the photographer."

"I think," she said, "you had better make an effort and come."

"I shall spoil the group," I said. "I am the worst group-spoiler in England."

"You needn't get photographed unless you like," she said. "You can help in keeping the children cheerful."

R. C. L.

IN THE BEGINNING.

["Salmon fishing has now commenced on many Northern rivers." *Daily Paper.*]

ERE the season turns and the crocus burns
Her torch at the flame of Spring,
We dream of lines of muttering pines
On banks that roar and ring;
And—wild and black—of a foam-flecked wrack
That the sea-run salmon knows,
Who has won his girth and his warrior worth
Where the humpback whale-school blows!

The stream runs deep and the hill-showers sweep,
And the tops in white are tricked;
His scales they shine of the ice-cold brine
And his tail is tide-lice ticked;
And I would wish for a big cock fish
And a combat fast and grim,
And for half-an-hour of his fighting power
And the rod that's bent in him!

Now whether we reach his ringing beach
And look on his burnished mail,
When it's give and take till the surface break
In the swirls of a huge spent tail,
Till he bulks and rolls where the shingle shoals,
The gods themselves may know,
But by every god of a reel or rod,
At least we have dreamt it so!

At Last!

"DEPARTURE OF GENERAL JUSTOFF."—*Westminster Gazette.*



Owner of newly-purchased and somewhat worn Hunter (to chauffeur whom he finds inspecting him). "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM?"

Chauffeur (modestly). "WELL, SIR, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THEM THINGS, BUT IT APPEARS TO ME AS 'OW THAT 'S ITS BEST LEG."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NOBODY admires the art or the sincerity of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES more than I do. I still remember with gratitude the evening when a performance of *The Masqueraders* by a touring company made so strong an impression upon a susceptible schoolboy that he left the theatre determined to live a nobler life, and one devoted to the composition of plays as much like that masterpiece as possible. But in spite of this I cannot but think that a shorter volume than *The Foundations of a National Drama* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) would have served its author's purpose better. Several of the papers it contains, written at various dates from 1896 onwards, have now only an archæological appeal. The English Drama has done considerable hustling in the past seventeen years, and meditations upon its progress are apt quickly to become out of date. Clearly Mr. JONES anticipated that objection, from the not quite easy tone of his Preface. To me the most interesting things in the book are the review of "The Drama in the English Provinces" (first published in 1901, and here contrasted with a paper on the same subject in 1912), and three papers on the censorship, in which the case for its abolition is put forward with a great deal of vigour. To those who cannot find time for the whole of this massive volume I would offer the advice that they should confine themselves to the portions I have mentioned, and to the Preface, of which the personal note promises to arouse attention and perhaps controversy. I hope it will.

In his scholarly introduction to *The Windham Papers* (JENKINS) Lord ROSEBERY follows MACAULAY'S lead in describing WINDHAM as the finest English gentleman of his day and perhaps of all time. That, I think, is overdoing it. For, to take one little test-case, surely the finest English gentleman that ever was would have been able to appreciate *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which WINDHAM did not. Then again he looked upon WARREN HASTINGS, when he was assisting in his impeachment, as the vilest of criminals, and in the House of Commons objected with some bitterness to the proposed bestowal of funeral honours on PITT. In each of these cases he seems to me to have gone rather near hitting a man when he was down, which may be gentlemanly but is not commonly supposed to be English. On the other hand, he was swished, as an Eton boy, for going out of bounds; he was a very bad man of business—I like him for that; and everybody loved him. And they loved him for himself, and not only because he was a brilliant writer and scholar, and the most fascinating talker of his time. He was the friend, and in many respects the equal, of nearly all the great men of the exciting days in which he lived, and his letters from and to PITT, FOX, BURKE, CANNING, NELSON, COBBETT, Dr. JOHNSON and the rest, certainly show him in a very agreeable light as a most attractive personality. Altogether, for their personal as

well as their historical interest, we ought to be grateful to the anonymous editor for having dug these papers and letters out of the British Museum and elsewhere. But he might with advantage have left some of them out—for the book is too long—and substituted something more solid in the way of a connecting narrative. For most of us forget our history with remarkable ease. Did you know, for instance, that WINDHAM was a member of the Ministry of All the Talents, or that he was a supporter of bull-baiting? *Je m'en doute.*

In *The Terrors and Other Stories* (METHUEN) Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL has gathered the pick of the short stories written by him during the past sixteen years. I may say at once that the collection is a most agreeable one. Those readers who have enjoyed *Exton Manor*, *The Squire's Daughter* and *The Eldest Son*, and have liked their MARSHALL on the broad ground of his novels, will like him no less in the best (and they are many) of these stories. No Marshallite—if I may be forgiven the expression—who expects the usual pleasant ingredients will be disappointed. He will find the old and stately country house, the clipped yew hedges, the rose-gardens, the terraces, together with the delightful girls (a particular speciality of Mr. MARSHALL'S), the shrewd old lady and the acid one, the precociously clever and observant child-woman, the spruce but manly youth, and the general atmosphere of calm and immemorial comfort. Here and there an American girl crops up, and it is plain that this variety is a favourite with Mr. MARSHALL, for he takes care that she shall do no discredit to her patrician surroundings; indeed he sees to it that she shall come out on top. The whole dish is served up with a seasoning of acute observation and quiet humour which makes it very agreeable to the palate. Except in one story, a very early one, Mr. MARSHALL does not set out to make your flesh creep. His crises, though well contrived, are amiable rather than terrific, and he knows exactly how to carry his reader along with him to the end of the tale. I select "A Son of Service" as proving, if any proof were needed, that he has a special gift for writing a powerful story of striking human interest without losing his amenity.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

ARTIST TO A FIRM OF CONFECTIONERS PAINTING BULL'S-EYES FROM THE LIVING MODEL.

The Knave of Diamonds (FISHER UNWIN) may well appeal to those who either shun or shudder over the rampantly popular fiction of the day. If Miss EDITH DELL does not possess the higher literary graces, nobody can read this book without recognizing that she has a very apt turn for natural dialogue, that she knows how to create a poignant situation, and that her sense of pathos never descends into the glutinous depths of maudlin sentimentality. Where she fails is in her tendency to exaggeration in the drawing of character (her squire would have been more convincing if he had been less wildly bestial), and in her inability to recognise that her hero is, when all is said and done, a very perfect bounder. *Nap Errol*, an American with "a powerful streak of red" in his veins, came, it is true, from a curious stock, but even when every allowance has been made for him I find it impossible to understand how he could attract a woman of such natural refinement as *Lady Carfax*. Doubtless Miss DELL has tried to give him some magnetic quality in compensation for his "streak," but it is astonishing that the author should so far tolerate or overlook the impossibility of his manners as to suffer him to be adored by so gentle a heroine. The only character to whom he showed a true deference was his invalid half-brother *Lucas*, and in the scenes between these two we are given some most admirable pieces of writing.

I AM never quite certain whether I best like "M. E. FRANCIS" in her Dorset or in her Lancashire mood. Hesitatingly I decide for the latter, perhaps from personal reasons, perhaps only because I have just finished *Our Ally* (LONG), a tale of rural Lancashire, which strikes me as exhibiting Mrs. BLUNDELL'S art at its very good best. The construction of it is simplicity itself, for its whole matter is the wooing of a country heroine by two contrasted suitors, a Territorial officer-boy and a young farmer. But the three of them are so well and delicately drawn, the girl especially, that the course of her love holds you like a history of high adventure and romance. And in the middle—to the astonishment perhaps of readers who may not remember that its author has already proved her power of drama upon the actual stage—it suddenly quickens to a scene of breathless give-and-take that would make its fortune as a play. Of the setting I do not speak in detail, because you must know already the charm of Mrs. BLUNDELL'S rustic pen-pictures. It may be, however, that you hardly supposed the country within a few miles of Liverpool likely to yield any special beauties of description. In that case all I say is, "Do but read." As for the speech of the characters, to taste its full flavour you may require to have been brought up, like myself, by a nurse whose native tongue it was, so that such phrases as "to be kept agate siding after him" have the charm of early association. But you need no special upbringing to find pleasure in a story so engaging and so well told.

French Sayings of the Week.

"'Dieu et mon Droit'—'God and My Country'—the royal motto of England."—*Orillia Weekly Times.*

"When the British Bill of 1832 was passed, Washington—the hero of Waterloo—exclaimed in the House of Lords, 'We must educate our Masters.'"—*Westmount News.*

Waterloo was the only subject upon which WASHINGTON and WILLIAM ADAMS were not quite truthful.

"Considering how rare the 'Talsin' is, I thought I might shoot one of these, and I fired, killing the largest."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

He 'll learn 'em to be rare!

CHARIVARIA.

IN connection with Scotland's refusal to meet France at Rugby football, as the result of the violence of the French crowd, fair-minded people are pointing out that it should be remembered that Scotland has for years made a practice of allowing the bag-pipes to be played during international matches at Inverleith.

* * *

The young man who is alleged to have threatened to shoot a popular actress, unless he were paid £1,000, is also stated to have demanded £400 on similar conditions from the KING. Nothing but genuine loyalty could have caused this sensational reduction in terms.

* * *

Speaking at Regent's Park Chapel on Sunday, the Rev. F. B. MEYER alluded to the possibility of his being described as a kill-joy. How he gets these bizarre notions we cannot understand.

* * *

A marked copy of the February number of *The Birmingham Diocesan Magazine*, containing Dr. RUSSELL WAKEFIELD'S strong remarks on Lenten fasting, has been sent to the Cryptoprocta Ferox at the Zoo. This peckish animal eats one hundred and ninety-two pounds of food daily, in addition to most of the woodwork and all the paint of his cage; and it is hoped that during Lent he may be induced at least to swear off paint.

* * *

Three young gentlemen of the Bowery have got themselves into trouble in New York by shooting a man they were not hired to shoot. This kind of gratuitous outrage is always sternly repressed by the New York police.

* * *

According to a men's fashion paper, Spring socks will be black and Spring ties a quiet blue. A strike of nuts is expected at any moment.

* * *

Little Hints for Everyday Life:—No. 1. Do not whistle "Everybody's Doing It" as you pass the Reform Club. The Committee dislike it.

* * *

Not content with their recent postponements, the Government has decided to shelve the Bee Disease Bill until next session. The sticky substance recently found in a pillar-box "not a hundred miles from" Downing Street is said to have been honey.

* * *

The Mr. GEORGE to whom *The Daily Telegraph* alludes as a "force to be reckoned with in fiction" is not the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



CONFIDENCES.

She. "WHY, HER AND ME WERE THE BEST OF FRIENDS BEFORE HIM AND HER MET. OF COURSE, THIS IS BETWEEN YOU AND I."

Tracking him by his teeth-marks in the butter, which he had apparently eaten neat in large mouthfuls, the French police captured a burglar the morning after he had broken into a house. On being arrested, he denied the charge and said: "I don't like butter." At the moment we should imagine this to be the truth.

* * *

The management of the Garrick Theatre insist on money down from those who wish to see *Trust the People*.

* * *

It is not stated whether the thumb which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has injured is the one under which he has been keeping his colleagues of the Cabinet.

* * *

Mr. FILSON YOUNG'S remark that "one is inclined to think of the Courts of Justice as a species of gold mine for those professionally engaged in their precincts" seems curiously apposite. Only last week a pickpocket relieved a spectator at Bow Street of his watch and purse.

* * *

Real rain is to be a feature of a forthcoming play. Nervous playgoers are hoping that the REINHARDT craze will not cause it to enter from the auditorium.

* * *

One orange a week is to be given to each child in the Lambeth Guardians' schools at Norwood as a preventive against influenza. All we can say is that, if the influenza germ is to be intimidated by one orange a week, it has sadly lost its pluck since we last met it.

WINTER SPORT.

II.—THE OPENING RUN.

WITH a great effort Simpson strapped his foot securely into a ski and turned doubtfully to Thomas.

"Thomas," he said, "how do you know which foot is which?"

"It depends whose," said Thomas. He was busy tying a large rucksack of lunch on to himself, and was in no mood for Samuel's ball-room chatter.

"You've got one ski on one foot," I said. "Then the other ski goes on the foot you've got over. I should have thought you would have seen that."

"But I may have put the first one on wrong."

"You ought to know, after all these years, that you are certain to have done so," I said severely. Having had my own hired skis fixed on by the *concierge* I felt rather superior. Simpson, having bought his in London, was regarded darkly by that gentleman, and left to his own devices.

"Are we all ready?" asked Myra, who had kept us waiting for twenty minutes. "Archie, what about Dahlia?"

"Dahlia will join us at lunch. She is expecting a letter from Peter by the twelve o'clock post and refuses to start without it. Also she doesn't think she is up to ski-ing just yet. Also she wants to have a heart-to-heart talk with the girl in red, and break it to her that Thomas is engaged to several people in London already."

"Come on," growled Thomas, and he led the way up the hill. We followed him in single file.

It was a day of colour, straight from Heaven. On either side the dazzling whiteness of the snow; above, the deep blue of the sky; in front of me the glorious apricot of Simpson's winter suiting. London seemed a hundred years away. It was impossible to work up the least interest in the Home Rule Bill, the Billiard Tournament or the state of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"I feel extremely picturesque," said Archie. "If only we had a wolf or two after us, the illusion would be complete. The Boy Trappers, or Half-Hours among the Rocky Mountains."

"It is a pleasant thought, Archie," I said, "that in any wolf trouble the bachelors of the party would have to sacrifice themselves for us. Myra, dear, the loss of Samuel in such circumstances would draw us very close together. There might be a loss of Thomas too, perhaps—for if there was not enough of Simpson to go round, if there was a hungry wolf left over, would Thomas hesitate?"

"No," said Thomas, "I should run like a hare."

Simpson said nothing. His face I could not see; but his back looked exactly like the back of a man who was trying to look as if he had been brought up on skis from a baby and was now taking a small party of enthusiastic novices out for their first lesson.

"What an awful shock it would be," I said, "if we found that Samuel really did know something about it after all; and, while we were tumbling about anyhow, he sailed gracefully down the steepest slopes. I should go straight back to Cricklewood."

"My dear chap, I've read a *lot* about it."

"Then we're quite safe."

"With all his faults," said Archie, "and they are many—Samuel is a gentleman. He would never take an unfair advantage of us. Hallo, here we are."

We left the road and made our way across the snow to a little wooden hut which Archie had noticed the day before. Here we were to meet Dahlia for lunch; and here, accordingly, we left the rucksack and such garments as the heat of the sun suggested. Then, at the top of a long snow-slope, steep at first, more gentle later, we stood and wondered.

"Who's going first?" said Archie.

"What do you do?" asked Myra.

"You don't. It does it for you."

"But how do you stop?"

"Don't bother about that, dear," I said. "That will be arranged for you all right. Take two steps to the brink of the hill and pick yourself up at the bottom. Now then, Simpson! Be a man. The lady waits, Samuel. The—— Hallo! Hi! Help!" I cried, as I began to move off slowly. It was too late to do anything about it. "Good-bye," I called. And then things moved more quickly . . .

Very quickly . . .

Suddenly there came a moment when I realised that I wasn't keeping up with my feet . . .

I shouted to my skis to stop. It was no good. They went on . . .

I decided to stop without them . . .

The ensuing second went by too swiftly for me to understand rightly what happened. I fancy that, rising from my sitting position and travelling easily on my head, I caught my skis up again and passed them . . .

Then it was their turn. They overtook me . . .

But I was not to be beaten. Once more I obtained the lead. This time I took the inside berth, and kept it . . .

There seemed to be a lot more snow than I wanted . . . I struggled bravely with it . . .

And then the earthquake ceased, and suddenly I was in the outer air. My first ski-run, the most glorious run of modern times, was over.

"Ripping!" I shouted up the hill to them. "But there's rather a nasty bump at the bottom," I added kindly, as I set myself to the impossible business of getting up . . .

"Jove," said Archie, coming to rest a few yards off, "that's splendid." He had fallen in a less striking way than myself, and he got to his feet without difficulty. "Why do you pose like that?" he asked, as he picked up his stick.

"I'm a fixture," I announced. "Myra," I said, as she turned a somersault and arrived beaming at my side, "I'm here for some time; you'll have to come out every morning with crumbs for me. In the afternoon you can bring a cheering book and read aloud to your husband. Sometimes I shall dictate little things to you. They will not be my best little things; for this position, with my feet so much higher than my head, is not the one in which inspiration comes to me most readily. The flow of blood to the brain impairs reflection. But no matter."

"Are you really stuck?" asked Myra in some anxiety. "I should hate to have a husband who lived by himself in the snow," she said thoughtfully.

"Let us look on the bright side," said Archie. "The snow will have melted by April, and he will then be able to return to you. Hallo, here's Thomas. Thomas will probably have some clever idea for restoring the family credit."

Thomas got up in a businesslike manner and climbed slowly back to us.

"Thomas," I said, "you see the position. Indeed," I added, "it is obvious. None of the people round me seems inclined—or, it may be, able—to help. There is a feeling that if Myra lives in the hotel alone while I remain here—possibly till April—people will talk. You know how ready they are. There is also the fact that I have only hired the skis for three weeks. Also—a minor point, but one that touches me rather—that I shall want my hair cut long before March is out. Thomas, imagine me to be a torpedo-destroyer on the Maplin Sands, and tell me what on earth to do."

"Take your skis off."

"Oh, brilliant!" said Myra.

"Take my skis off?" I cried. "Never! Is it not my duty to be the last to leave my skis? Can I abandon—— Hallo, is that Dahlia on the sky-line? Hooray, lunch! Archie, take my skis off, there's a good fellow. We mustn't keep Dahlia waiting."

A. A. M.

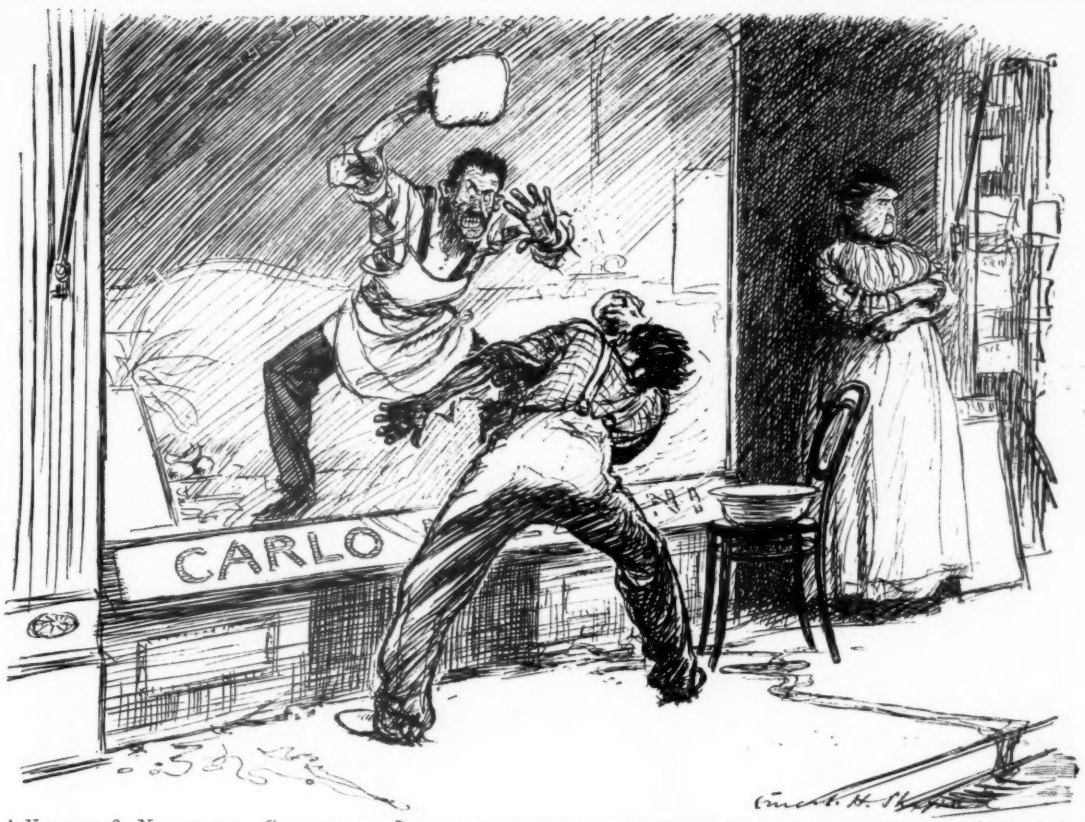


THE FINISHING TOUCH.

LONDON (*to County Councillor*). "WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, BLOCKING THE VIEW?"

COUNTY COUNCILLOR. "OH, JUST IMPROVING THINGS. '*ARS EST CELARE ARTEM*,' YOU KNOW.'

[We have to thank the "Improvements" Committee of the L.C.C. for threatening to spoil the scheme of the QUEEN VICTORIA Memorial by allowing the prospect of the Admiralty Arch to be obstructed by a building at the Eastern end.]



A VENDETTA? NOT AT ALL. GIUSEPPE AND LUIGI ARE ENGAGED IN THE MORNING CONFLICT WITH THEIR MASTER'S WINDOW.

REFLECTED GLORY.

[Among the newspaper illustrations of a recent sensational elopement was a photograph of the sleeping baby of the chicken-farmer with whom the fugitives lodged, and also that of a fellow-pupil whose apparent share in the "romance" was that he identified a signature.]

THIS is the Shelter that Blank took.

This is the Farmer and also his Wife
Who unwittingly shielded the Double Life
That went on in the Shelter that Blank took.

This is the Innocent Infant Son
Who crowed like the Fowls in the Poultry Run,
That belonged to the Farmer and, may be, his wife
Who guilelessly aided the Duplicate Life
That was lived in the Lodging that Blank took.

This is the Pupil who worked at the Place,
Where a sleuth of a Pressman snapped his Face
To balance the view of the Infant Son
Whose title to fame was the Poultry Run
That belonged to the Farmer and (doubtless) his Wife
Who blissfully sheltered the Double Life
Of the Pair in the Refuge that Blank took.

This is the Butcher who brought round the Meat
At irregular times to the Sussex Retreat
Of the blameless Pupil who toiled at the Place,
Where the Camera-fiend took a map of his Face,
To match the irrelevant Infant Son,
Too young to assist in the Poultry Run
That supported the Farmer and Farmer's Wife
Who never suspected the Double Life
That was led in the Shelter that Blank took.

This is the Pub where the Butcher would call—
It has nothing to do with the Scandal at all,
Unless it delayed him in bringing the Meat
At any odd time to this rural Retreat,
To sustain the Pupil who lodged at the Place
Where the journalist's Kodak has captured his Face,
To fill up the page where the Infant Son
Lies asleep in his pram near the Chicken Run,
Where the Farmer and also his worthy Wife
Unconsciously beamed on the Twofold Life
That went on in the Refuge that Blank took.

This is the Public that eagerly gapes
At squalid "emotional" dramas and scrapes,
And *must* see the Pub where the Butcher would call
(Yes, *I* too confess that I 've read through it all!),
On his devious way to deliver the Meat
That the Lodgers devoured in this sylvan Retreat,
Including the Pupil who, right at the Place,
Is rendered immortal through lending his Face
As a foil to the slumbering Infant Son
Who 's the hero, it seems, of the Chicken Run
That is owned by the Farmer along with his Wife—
See their portraits, a little fed up with the Life
That was spent in the Shelter that Blank took.

ZIG-ZAG.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SON AND HEIR."

MISS GLADYS UNGER'S play has the misfortune to challenge comparisons (rather odious for her) with Mr. GALSWORTHY'S recent production, *The Eldest Son*, a work of so pure an excellence that its failure was foredoomed. Mr. GALSWORTHY presented to us, in an atmosphere of amazing reality, a very delicate problem which might any day be set for solution. I don't know what experience Miss GLADYS UNGER (U.S.A.) may have had of English country houses, but she starts out with a prejudice against our system of primogeniture, and goes on to manufacture a story to suit her case—a story savouring strongly of novels and the stage.

Happily for us (for things might have been worse) the spoilt youth of the title, an unmannerly boor, incredible as a product of Oxford, disappeared early from the scene, and we were left to witness the brutality of his father towards those other members of his family who, through difference of sex or age, did not happen to be his eldest son. At 7 P.M. he was in his study thrashing his younger son for a slight ineptitude in the hunting-field. At midnight he was in his eldest daughter's room, trying his best to throttle her because she differed from him as to her duty towards the beast of a husband whom he had forced her to marry. Meanwhile, in the intervals snatched from devoted attendance on an injured mare, he had arranged, as a matter of by-play, to blast the hopes of his younger daughter and her lover, thus achieving the first stage of the treatment which had ruined his other girl's life. Not a bad evening's work for a typical English squire.

He took it easily, however, as to the manner born. The real brunt fell upon his married daughter (Miss ETHEL IRVING), who had to entertain no fewer than four midnight visitors in her bedroom: (1) her lover, who arranged to fly with her immediately after breakfast; (2) her young sister, whose tale of woe she had to hear; (3) her father, who, as I said, tried to throttle her; (4) a French guest, who heard her screams, and came from his neighbouring room in a dressing-gown to the rescue.

The last Act shows some ingenuity. The *Squire* has thought things over in the few remaining watches of the night, and announces at the breakfast-table that he consents to his younger daughter's engagement. This disarms the other, who cancels her arrangements to elope and determines to "play the game," in the hope that an appeased Providence may intervene on her behalf later on.

It was all over and settled with the greatest promptitude, and in face of grave difficulties presented by the scene. For the huge breakfast table took up nearly all the stage, leaving hardly any room for the drama in which at least four souls were intimately concerned. And Miss ETHEL IRVING'S hat, built on the lines of a hussar's head-gear, and tilted rakishly over one eye, did not lend itself to sacrificial tragedy.

Comparisons between *The Son and Heir* and *The Eldest Son* were painfully emphasised by the fact that Mr. EDMUND MAURICE played the *Squire* in both.



Pascoe Tandridge (Mr. NORMAN TREVOR) to *Felix Fourié* (Mr. RAYMOND LAUZERTE). "Congratulate me, my dear fellow; my elopement is off. We are 'playing the game'—a habit peculiar to the race whose institutions you are here to study."

After the fine justice which he did (and no one else could have done it so well) to the subtleties of Mr. GALSWORTHY'S portrait, it was sad to see him called upon to play the part of a mere brow-beating family tyrant; yet somehow he contrived to make his distinction of manner shine through it all. I badly missed the exquisite grace of Miss IRENE ROOKE as the châtelaine of the earlier play. I don't know whether Miss CYNTHIA BROOKE was following the author's instructions when she bowed to one of her guests at their first meeting after his arrival. But I beg her very earnestly, if she wants us to believe that she is really the hostess (however crushed) of an English country house, to shake hands with him at once.

Miss ETHEL IRVING cannot, of course, help being her charming self, and Mr. RAYMOND LAUZERTE, as *Felix Fourié*, a French guest who had come to take notes of British social manners, was a great success. In old days the stage Frenchman was a butt; here he is allowed to ridicule our national foibles. I cannot say that all of his criticisms were peculiarly illuminating, but they were made with admirable good-humour.

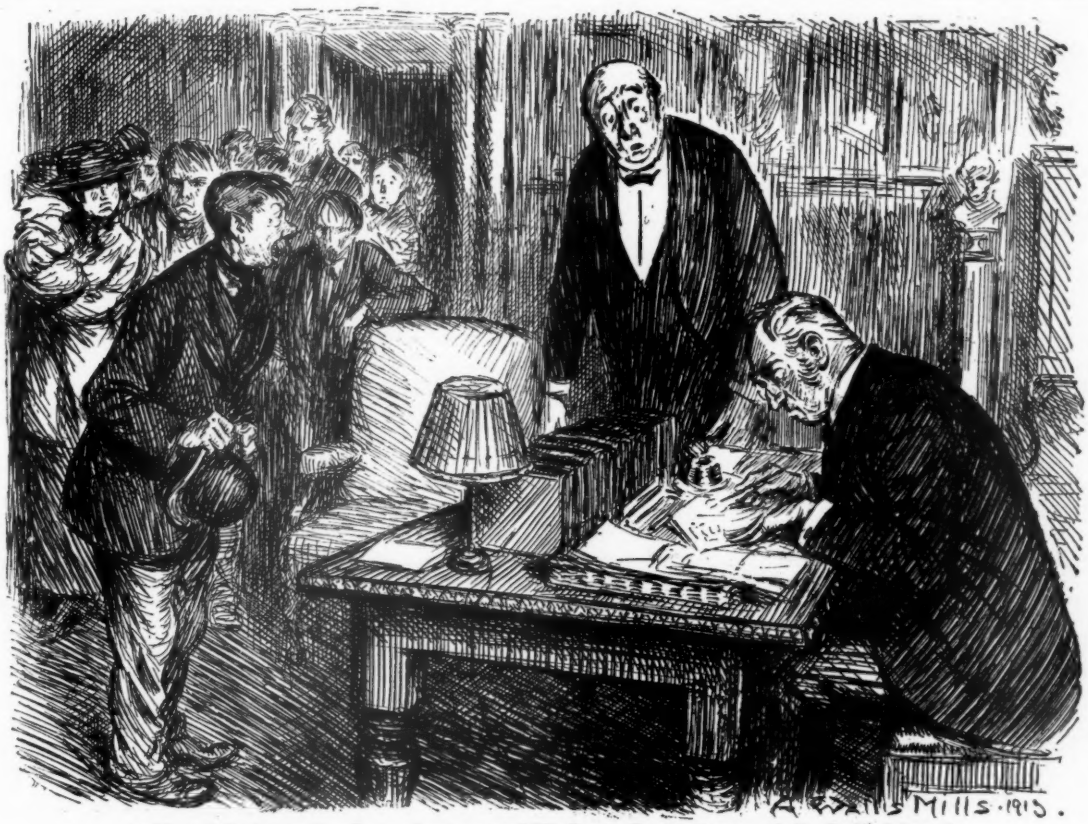
I hope I have not been unfair to Miss UNGER. But she can well afford me my protests, for her play seems to have had an enthusiastic reception on the First Night. And the other day I saw as many as two pictures of her on a single page of a photographic weekly.

"TRUST THE PEOPLE."

Things had been going pretty well so far with *John Greenwood*. Risen from the People (Lancashire, of course, for this is Mr. STANLEY HOUGHTON'S play), he had entered Parliament, became engaged to the daughter of a Tory Marquis, and only a week ago been appointed President of the Board of Labour with a seat in the Cabinet (Radical). It was at this point that Nemesis of the halting foot came in. To *Captain Felton*, who had a soldierly eye for tactics, it seemed as good a moment as any for citing *Greenwood* as a co-respondent. To offer marriage to his late mistress (who declines it) is the work of a moment; to release his betrothed is another simple matter. But how will the scandal affect our hero's Parliamentary career? That is a larger question. Rumour is already busy in the Clubs (Reform and others) and, as usual in these cases, the *Prime Minister* and the *Chief Whip* pay a morning call upon the delinquent. Guardian of the Nonconformist conscience, the head of the Cabinet is perfectly cynical about the immorality of *Greenwood's* conduct, but has to consider the Party's welfare. Was it not a case for hush-money? What were the Party funds for except to be used for the good of the Party?

But *Greenwood* will not hear of blackmail. He will throw himself upon the People. He will resign his seat, make a clean breast of things, and stand again for Blackshaw, his birthplace. After all, what has a man's private life got to do with his political position? The People might be depended upon to understand all that. "Trust the People!" had always been his motto.

The close of the First Act, which ran very smoothly in a pleasant vein of humour, gave promise of interesting developments along the lines of comedy for those of us who had not detected a sinister note of melodrama in the attitude of *Lord Cheadle*, ex-father-in-law-elect of the President of the Board of Labour. The stage must be all

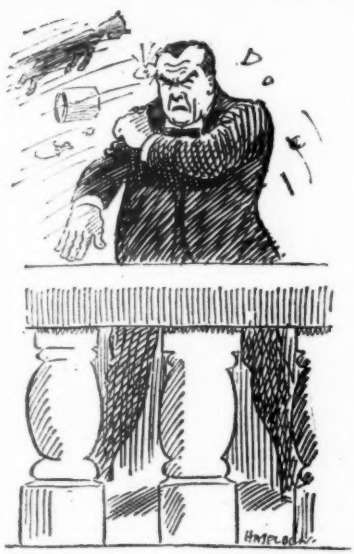


["Most of the better-class doctors have accepted Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's proposals."—*Radical Press.*]

Butler. "LADY JULIA GODOLPHIN WISHES TO SEE YOU, SIR, VERY URGENT." *Doctor.* "PUT HER IN THE QUEUE!"

things to all people, and as a set-off to the ridicule of a Radical Cabinet, we wanted a wicked Marquis on the other side. And so the first incredible thing happens when *Lord Cheadle* puts up his younger son, *Lord Richard Northenden*, to oppose his daughter's lover at the by-election. After this we might well be prepared for any length of farce, even for the forged telegram which the *Marquis* sends in *Greenwood's* name to the respondent, urging her to come and stay at the Candidate's hotel in Blackshaw.

But the result of the election still intrigued us. On the one hand, the title, in which no irony was suspected, led us to suppose that *Greenwood* would be justified of his Trust in the People. On the other hand the Puritanical type with which Mr. HOUGHTON had made us familiar in *Hindle Wakes* discouraged the idea that Lancashire would overlook immorality in one of its Parliamentary representatives. In the end *Greenwood* is beaten. Violently disillusioned, he delivers an impossible speech to the howling mob outside the Town Hall. Instead of protesting his innocence of any wrong done to the electors, he taunts them with hypocrisy in taking seriously an episode of the kind which they had always been in the habit of grinning at.



MORE LANCASHIRE "WAKES."

Trust-the-People Greenwood (Mr. BOURCHIER) addresses the enlightened electorate of Blackshaw.

After all this the play was past acceptance as a comedy of life, though large amends were made with the *genre* interior of the last Act, which showed us *Greenwood's* devoted mother waging victorious battle (in the vernacular) for her broken prodigal against the adamantine opposition of his father. Here Mr. HOUGHTON was in his element. Up to this point his task had lain a little outside his experience.

Mr. BOURCHIER as *Greenwood* played with a nice artistic restraint, and Mr. HERBERT BUNSTON as the *Prime Minister*; Mr. THOMAS SIDNEY as *Chief Whip*; Mr. WEGUELIN as *Lord Eccles* (Secretary for Wales, and so loyal that he outraged Cabinet etiquette by assisting at a by-election); and finally Mr. MCNALLY and Miss BARBARA GOTT as *Greenwood's* parents, were all very natural. The younger women were little more than lay figures of convention. O. S.

ADVICE TO NATIVE COMPOSERS.

(*Written after hearing* SCRIABINE'S "*Prometheus.*")

IRREPRESSIBLE aspirant,
Who would batter down the doors
Which the concert-giving tyrant
Shuts against your deathless scores—
Lo! I bring you counsel cheering
Of a plan for engineering
Paths to gain for you a hearing
And encores.

First, that you may better mimic
Those who fill the trump of fame,
You must change your patronymic
And assume a Russian name.
Then, removed to far Mongolia
Or the purlieus of Podolia,
At a frenzied melancholia
You must aim.

Let your "programme" be exotic
With Theosophy imbued;
Let the "cosmic" and "erotic"
Intermittently intrude;
Mix the violets of Parma
With the cult of Krishnavarma;
And repeatedly to Karma
You 'll allude.

Take a scale, say, mixo-Phrygian
With an oriental twang,
Let your atmosphere be Stygian
But inspired by *Sturm und Drang*:
Keep the soft celesta strumming,
And the kettledrums a-drumming,
And the cymbals always "coming"
With a clang.

STRAUSS is growing sadly trivial,
Condescending to the part
Diatonic and convivial
Of his namesake and MOZART.
You must never stoop to rollick
In a mood of fun and frolic;
No, you must be vitriolic
In your art.

By an ecstasy Islamic
Let your fervid Muse be fanned;
Be sonorous and "dynamic";
Unintelligibly grand;
Let the *fons* and the *origo*
Be a mystical *fuligo*
Culminating in *vertigo*
On the band.

Thus equipped in art and *argot*—
If you follow my advice—
You will lift the long embargo
On the native in a trice;
And your symphony of bogeys,
Cosmic blatherskite and Yogis
Will be played, in spite of fogeys,
One day *twice*.

"The lecture included quotations from Addison's drama, 'Cats.'"
Western Morning News.

The old, old triangle—two toms and a tabby.

HIGH NOTES.

Miss Kestrel Mavis, the intrepid lady aeronaut, has kindly favoured us with a memorandum of her sensations as a passenger during a marvellous flight over the Himalayas, written in that well-known breezy manner of hers which gives the reader such a sense of atmosphere.

12.15.—Shoot upwards, like sky-rocket. Earth recedes. Natives scurry below like mites in a ripe Stilton.

12.35.—Three miles up. Everything blurrish. Pilot's back makes good desk. He 's started sneezing! Blow!

12.40.—Bit chillsome. Pins and needles in right foot. Everything still blurrish. Hip! hip!

12.50.—Aeroplane covered with ice. Both eyes running. Eyelashes frozen solid. Can't see note-book. Bother!

12.53.—Pilot passes cigarette over shoulder. Thaw eyelashes with lighted end. Singe them a bit, but can see to write. Thank goodness!

1.0.—Bump a thunderstorm. Fountain-pen nib struck. Right hand useless. *Must* take notes. Try pencil in left. Writing shaky but legible.

1.10.—Everything block of ice—pilot and petrol included. Hullo! Engine stops! Plunging down like a stone. Ripping!

1.12.—Mountains leap up to meet us. Get camera ready. Hope to snap smash. Hungry but happy.

1.14—Bother, engine working again. Aeroplane turns six somersaults. Whoa, my beauty!

1.17.—Pilot gets whip hand again. Planing down to Thibet. Dull descent inevitable. Nuisance!

1.20.—Propeller breaks off sixty feet from ground. Skims pilot's head—just misses my nose. Snap it as it bangs by. Lucky shot.

1.21.—Bit of a dust up to finish with, after all. What oh! She——

1.26.— —bumpeth! Ice armour protects pilot and self. Machine smashed. Vacuum flasks intact. Hooray!

1.30.—Curry for lunch. Hot stuff!

The Time for Abstinence.

"Having secured the outline on the glass, and being quite dry, we can now proceed to the colouring."—*Boy's Own Paper.*

A wise precaution. The colouring is sure to want a steady hand.

"The graceful ministers of Yorkshire will come under review to-morrow evening . . . when Mr. Charles B. Howdill delivers his lecture on 'Yorkshire Ministers.'"
Aberdeen Evening Express.

We hope for a few pungent remarks on the Amazing Minister of Leeds.

THE TRUTH OUT AT LAST.

IN the House of Commons last week Mr. MASTERMAN said, "I cannot accept newspaper reports of these cases. The facts are often opposite to the statements made."

It is generally agreed that this must be taken as an authoritative confirmation of the ugly rumour which for some time has prevailed in sophisticated circles. To say that Fleet Street is stricken with consternation hardly meets the case. Members of the journalistic profession had hitherto felt able to afford to laugh at the rumour, sinister though it undoubtedly was; but this definite statement from a member of the Government and an ex-journalist is a different matter. By a colossal effort of self-restraint the gentlemen of the Press go about their duties almost as if nothing had happened; close observers notice, however, that now and again in Fleet Street one Pressman will glance suspiciously at another as if to enquire: "Are you the one who has brought this blot on our escutcheon?"

Whether the pronouncement of the proprietor of a well-known specific for the cure of croup, chilblains and cancer will allay the anxiety in the provinces remains to be seen. With a reassuring vigour he has declared to an anxious inquirer that anything in print may be believed. And his view is upheld by a resident in a Norfolk village who still affirms that when a thing 's in black-and-white, there it is, and you can't get over it. But there is bitter disappointment among regular readers of certain of the Sunday newspapers. Our heart is much touched by the utterance of an old lady in Battersea: "Why, Annie," she said gloomily to her daughter on having Mr. MASTERMAN'S pronouncement brought to her notice, "all this 'ere about the resurrection curit at Monte Carlo mayn't be true, after all, then!"

Up to the time of writing the exposure has had no effect, we are informed, on the response to company prospectuses or the popularity of the Secret Land Enquiry's reports.

"In the midst of the present confusion, when no one knows what a day may bring forth, when surprises are continually sprung upon us, when we ask, with baited breath, What next? it may be as well to spend a few moments in looking back and looking forward."—*The Vote.*

The new Winter game: Breath-baiting, or How to Catch Votes.

"—— THEATRE.
The House of Exclusives. Where everybody goes."—*Advt. in "Sydney Sun."*

This makes a fairly wide appeal.

MORE CONCESSIONS.

["Dogs are to be allowed on the upper decks of the Middlesex County Council tramcars on payment of ordinary passenger fares. The conductors are to have the right of veto in the case of animals whose appearance or behaviour is such as to render them undesirable passengers."—*Evening Standard.*]

RETURN tickets at single fares, available by ordinary trains, are about to be issued on the Midland Railway to foxes desirous of attending local meets on their system during the season.

Monkeys will in future be admitted to the Zoo as ordinary visitors at half-price on condition that they make no demonstrations or remarks calculated to give offence or cause annoyance to their comrades in captivity.

Cats are requested to note that admission to the Frank Buckland Collection of Fish at the Science Museum, South Kensington, is free on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Visitors are particularly requested not to touch the exhibits.

Through the courtesy of H.M. Office of Works, sea-gulls have been granted permission to indulge in mixed bathing in the ornamental waters of St. James's Park between the hours of 7 and 9 A.M. University costume is not insisted on.

The London General Omnibus Company are making arrangements whereby old 'bus-horses formerly in their service may travel by any of the Company's motor omnibuses at greatly reduced fares. The conductors have, however, received instructions to eject any horse found making derogatory allusions to the new motive power.

O. U. D. S.

ONE of *Mr. Punch's* learned clerks wishes to state that he derived considerable entertainment from *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, as represented by the O. U. D. S. "If here and there in the earlier scenes," he writes, "there was some obscurity, which (helped by the effect of the curtains, through which the performers came and went) produced an atmosphere curiously like that of a charade, with the audience hopelessly groping for the word, the later acts of roystering made ample amends. Here and there the old comedy sounded strangely modern, especially in the portrayal of the two chief apprentices as arranging a sympathetic strike whenever anything went untowardly. A line in which *Frisk* (that merry rogue, excellently played) speaks of 'chopping up the matter of the Savoy' had an almost wistful appeal for certain critics from town who had scamped their lunch in order to attend the matinée. But they were well repaid for their fasting. Altogether a deserved success seems to have rewarded the Oxford Society in breaking away from its traditional policy of SHAKSPEARE or Greek. *Prosit.*"



Mistress (to maid who is emigrating to Canada). "WELL, GOOD LUCK TO YOU, MARY; THE VOYAGE 'LL SOON BE OVER."

Mary. "BUT I 'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THE VOYAGE, MUM."

Mistress. "THAT 'S RIGHT; AND I HOPE YOU WON'T BE SEA-SICK."

Mary. "OH, BUT I—I—DON'T WANT TO MISS *ANYTHING*."

The Rugby Advertiser, honourably anxious to locate in the right quarter a piece of intelligence which ought, it appears, to have been associated with "the wives of the Rector's Warden and the Parish Warden" (not of Rugby), makes the following statement: "By an inadvertent omission the paragraph read, 'wives of the Rector and the Parish Warden.' The Rector has never been married and has, therefore, no wife." There is still the question of the "wives of the Rector's Warden and the Parish Warden" to be cleared up; but we are glad that all suspicion of polygamy on the part of the Rector has been removed. It is now admitted that the reverend gentleman, as is the way with people who have never married, has no wife at all.

"It is announced that the Porte has sent instructions to the Turkish Commander at Adrianople, requesting him to set apart, in accordance with the requests of the Consuls, a neutral zone two square millimetres in extent, within which foreigners may take up their quarters."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

This should provide ample quarters for the neutral bacilli of the place.



THE SUSPECT.

THE MERRY HIND.

(A Topical Eclogue, with sincere apologies to Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD for borrowing the metre of "The Daffodil Fields" in the current number of "The English Review," and for attempting to imitate his use of the "pathetic fallacy.")

I WANDERED on a morning, ere the Spring
Had set a-dance the dancing daffodils,
And heard a Shropshire lad shout loud and sing
Like one whose soul is cheered by patent pills.
I will accost, I thought, this boor that tills
And ask him why his pulses pound and gallop.
A rook cawed, and a milestone said, "Eight miles to Salop."

I found him on a gate. "Come hither, yokel,"
Quoth I, "and tell me why thou art not swinked;
How of the agricultural distress, the local
Famine and misery?" The young man winked;
A florin passed between us, and he chinked
The coin within his pouch, then grew oracular.
I wish I could do justice to his quaint vernacular.

"Misery?" he began; "well, times *was* bad;
It 's gentlemen like you that makes them better;
Erstwhile we groaned, rebellious and sad,
Under the squire's and parson's baleful fetter;
To-day there is no drouth but finds a wetter;
You'll be the fourth this week." "Explain, good fellow,"
Said I. A bull in the near field began to bellow.

"Last Monday," he resumed, "there come a chap
Collecting folk-songs and old morris dances;
Asked if I 'd heard on some of them, mayhap;
I hadn't, but a bloke must take his chances.
I telled a mort of lies, and off he prances,
Leaving me half-a-crown." He paused. A fat
Thrush in a hedgerow trilled. Leaves stirred. The rustic spat.

"Wednesday," he then went on, "a sad-eyed cove
Wanted to hear old tales of far-off sorrows
(That 's what he called them), bade me as I drove
My blinking team afield on cloud-hung morrows
Tell him of murders done and loam that borrows
Its richness from red gore. I stuffed him proper.
Easy as cutting chaff, it was, with Farmer's chopper.

"Three bob he gave me. And last night there come,
Whiles I was looking on at blacksmith's forge,
A gent with ferret's eyes as whispered, 'Mum!
I am a secret agent of LLOYD GEORGE;
I hunts for evidence of squires that gorge
On ill-got gains while you poor hinds have mix.'
A pleasant-spoken party; he gave three-and-six."

He ended, and began to hum a stave
Of how all men were doing it. Demure
His glance, as at the first, and so I gave
Two further bobs and said, "You are a cure."
Uprose a distant scent of bone manure.
A skylark soared from grasses soft as flannel,
And the great Severn rolled towards the Bristol Channel.

EVOE.



THE RETURN OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

(*VIDE* THE LLOYD-GEORGICS—*PASSIM.*)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



THE VERY LATEST IN PANEL DOCTORS.
(TULLIBARDINE, M.D.)

House of Commons, Monday, February 3.—Seemed reasonable to suppose that, Insurance Act being now in full working order, MASTERMAN might look for relief from incessant shower of questions that through preceding months, with singularly refreshing influence, fell upon his head. On the contrary to-day no fewer than forty-nine separate Questions were addressed to him upon the paper. Taking the unit as minimum of Supplementary Questions we have one hundred less two. Ordeal might be expected to sour the temper of an ordinary Financial Secretary to the Treasury, the more so since not one in a score is designed to elicit useful information. The rest are pinpricks more or less skilfully fashioned with object of embarrassing operation of the Act.

MASTERMAN a tough customer to approach with such intent. Whether he reads from manuscript answer prepared in office or whether he makes quick reply to supplementary enquiry he is invariably top dog in the tussle. What he doesn't know about the intricacies of this elaborate Act isn't worth LLOYD GEORGE'S picking up. Imperturbable, impregnable, master of every turn in the tortuous ways, brief but sufficient in reply, he is not one out of whom much change is to be got.

This normal state of things makes more striking TULLIBARDINE'S success. Eagle eye of noble Marquis ranging over Hebridean seas has discovered a lone island whose inhabitants are bravely wrestling with mysteries of Insurance Act. Something charming in simplicity of question which brought the matter to light of Southron day. "To ask the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY if he could state the total population of the island of Canna, and who is the panel doctor."

MASTERMAN Ready as usual with information on matter of fact. Population of Canna all told is twenty-nine. As for arrangements for panel doctor case obviously difficult. Even upon more liberal terms of remuneration wrung by doctors out of reluctant CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER an able-bodied practitioner could hardly be expected to live on the aggregated fees of a population of twenty-nine.

True. But there remains fact of this appalling shortcoming of a statute framed for application to the odd millions on the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland.

TULLIBARDINE not the man to rest content with barren victory albeit achieved over redoubtable adversary. "If the Treasury Canna do it," he whispered in the sympathetic ear of WINTERTON, "I will."

Obvious joke; its poverty more than redeemed by generous purpose it covers. SARK tells me TULLIBARDINE has resolved to take upon himself duty evaded by callous Minister. A small thing for him to qualify as doctor authorised to charge 8*s.* 6*d.* a case, including medicine. Regardless of the weather he is already off to Canna, carrying with him stock of medicines and surgical instruments, together with a red lamp to hang over the front door of his bothie.

Interesting case; will be closely watched by old associates on both sides of Tweed who would never think of personally volunteering for such a duty.

Business done.—Report stage of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill entered upon.

Tuesday.—House, worn out with work of a Session already twelve months long, is steeped in lees of apathetic

indifference. To-day reached what in ordinary circumstances would be climax of tempestuous controversy. Before Sitting closes Report stage of Welsh Church Bill will be submitted for decision. If carried on a division there will remain only Third Reading and such limited delay as the Lords can provide.

Nevertheless, attendance scanty, debate desultory, yawning general. Only gleam of light on dreary atmosphere shines from prize carnation in MARK LOCKWOOD'S buttonhole. As the gallant Colonel, strolling in from the kitchen over whose important business he succulently presides, walked up floor of House, seated himself on Treasury Bench, hitched his hat back at perilous angle and settled himself for little snooze, Members on either side were stirred by sudden movement towards briskness. Effect temporary. As PREMIER remarked to his constituents the other day, a political party cannot live by hysterics alone. Similarly, a sap-dried House of Commons cannot buck up at sight (in another man's coat) of a single carnation however large and fine.

Condition of things tempting to alert Opposition Whip ever on the look out for opportunity of arranging pleasant surprises. First point in debate on Report stage raised important question of ultimate possession of glebe lands. According to the Bill these are to go for secular purposes with the rest of what Captain TRYON calls "the plunder." Amendment moved retaining them for the Church.

A big question stirring the depths on either side of controversy. Good for at least a couple of hours' debate. In view of that alluring prospect House further emptied. Doleful doings under eye of SPEAKER. Outside, more particularly in little room in corner of Lobby conveniently adjoining the bar where Opposition Whips foregather, excitement suddenly burst forth.

Heads carefully counted. Good Ministerialists, reckoning on prolongation of debate, tarried on the way to Westminster. By one of those chances that occasionally cheer the chronically disappointed, there was marked exception as regards muster of Opposition within call. Better remain out of sight till the well-calculated moment was reached.

It came at ten minutes to five, just half-an-hour later than BANBURY'S famous snap division. Opposition orators suddenly dried up. No one in scanty gathering of Ministerialists rising to continue debate, SPEAKER put the Question. When in response to clangour of Division bell the opposing hosts flocked in, it was discerned how dangerous for Government was suddenly created situation. There seemed to be no end to trail of the Opposition. Result awaited with growing anxiety on Treasury Bench. When paper was handed to Government Whip in token that majority was on his side sigh of relief went up. Drowned in burst of cheering from Opposition, renewed again and again when, the figures read out, it was made known that Ministry were saved by narrow majority of 28.

Opposition mustered 220 against 248 voting with the Government, and of these three-score were Irish Nationalists.



The "only gleam of light."
(Col. MARK LOCKWOOD.)

Two hours later, when guillotine set to work on mass of amendments, Government majority ran up to 116. Opposition roll had dwindled to 181. Later it ran down to 164. They had skilfully played their game, nearly won it, and deserved some relaxation.

Business done. — Report stage of Bill carried.

Wednesday.—Amid renewed protest from Opposition Third Reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill passed without a division. Strength of parties tested on ALFRED LYTTELTON'S motion for rejection of Bill; negatived by 347 against 240. Whereat Welsh Members leapt to their feet, waving pocket-handkerchiefs and copies of Orders of the Day.

"Not out of the wood yet," murmured COUSIN HUGH, regarding spectacle opposite with acrid smile. "Thank Heaven for the House of Lords, which will guard the Church for at least two years. No one knows what may not happen in the interval."

Peculiarity of last stage that assistance of guillotine, familiar through Committee as presence of the Mace, was not invoked. Nevertheless, successive speakers from Opposition Benches denounced and deplored its domination. JOHN DILLON, in most effective speech delivered by him in recent times, comforted them by reflection that their sad case was curiously similar to that of the inventor of the Parisian model. Dr. GUILLOTINE had his head lopped off into one of the baskets of his own devising. It was OLD MORTALITY who, Leader of overwhelming Unionist majority in 1887, adapted the guillotine for use in Parliamentary affairs. Now it has been instrumental in carrying two measures extremely distasteful to good Unionists.

"*Vous l'avez voulu, vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin.*"

Business done.—Welsh Church Bill passed final stage and sent on to Lords.

6s. 6d.

WE were talking about the really difficult things of life.

"The most difficult thing I know," said the plaintive man, "is to pay a bill for 6*s.* 6*d.*," and at once was started a discussion on money which revealed a number of curious peculiarities and unexpected grudgings.

"For 6*s.* 6*d.*," the plaintive man continued, "is too small a sum for a cheque and that means facing all the appalling difficulties of the post-office. You know, I suppose, what post-offices are? The assistants on whose faces is written the knowledge that no amount of zeal over their sales can ever make any difference to them, as it no doubt does in such firms as that which writes all the best articles in the evening papers; the unreadiness of any one to serve you; your own indecision as to where you ought to stand to be served; your reluctance to interrupt the assistant's mathematical studies; the over-crowding; the under ventilation; and more than all this," he went on, "the horrid fact that a postal order has to be paid for—no one can yet open an account at a post-office—and 6*s.* 6*d.*, while too small a sum for a cheque, is too large to be paid in cash; or rather it belongs to one of the groups of coins which I cannot bring myself to part with under a stiff wrench. No doubt every one has such groups. I know only too well what

mine are. I am not generous or a spendthrift, but sums up to 3*s.* 6*d.* I can dispense without any noticeable twinges. Sums between a penny and 3*s.* 6*d.* are, when I have them, at the disposal of my friends, and I can even produce 3*s.* 6*d.* twice within a short period and not blench. Any of you men here who came to me at any time and said, 'Lend me 3*s.* 6*d.*,' would at once get it, although I hope you won't. But I look very long at 5*s.* or 7*s.* They are sums I like to retain. I feel that I am the best caretaker for them. The odd thing is that my pocket can be depleted of small sums making up 7*s.* two or three times over; but I can't pay out 7*s.* in the lump. Yet half-sovereigns, although I am never reckless with them, I can transfer from my own hand to another's without grief. Immediately after the half-sovereign, however, I stop again. The idea of paying out 11*s.* 6*d.*, say, or 12*s.* or 13*s.* 6*d.* or 14*s.* 6*d.* is intensely repugnant to me. I mean all at once; I can do it piecemeal only too easily; but not at a blow. The thought of 11*s.* 6*d.* going bang is unendurable. But after 15*s.* I weaken again, but only if I pay in gold. For by that time one realises that the game is up; the sovereign is smashed and any change you get from it is all sheer profit. Hence I can pay 17*s.* 6*d.* for a thing with composure, because I am making half-a-crown out of the deal. But ask me to add together small coins to the amount of 17*s.* 6*d.* and see me refuse! Not to be done.

"But the sovereign is the limit. After that I am incapable of paying in specie. It is then that the cheque-book begins its useful life. I can write a cheque without turning a hair for any amount between one pound and five; but after that my paying capacity ceases. All else is drawn from me only by torture, with blood and tears in its wake."

The plaintive man paused. "Such," he said, "is my currency creed."

"I am not conscious," said the thin man, "of any of those distinctions and shades. To me money is a hardly-won commodity which I consistently hate to transfer to others. Yet I have so far got over this objection that I do all day long pay it out in the ordinary course of life. One thing, however, I cannot do: I cannot buy railway-tickets of over a pound. Hence I never leave the country. I simply cannot bring myself to do it. The Continent is closed to me; and a glance at the fares in the *A.B.C.* will show you in a moment what towns and villages I shall never see in my own land."

"Well," said the short man, "I can pay for tickets all right; but what I hate most is paying for food. Because, of course, that's wrong. Our food ought to be given to us. But of all food I most resent the price of apples. Apples, above all things, should be free. The idea of having to pay for an apple infuriates me, particularly in restaurants, where they are often sixpence each."

"The measure of all men's generosity," said the quiet man, who had not yet spoken, "is their capacity to pay for fruit."

"Well, personally," said the stout man, "I always think the height of illicit payment is reached in the charge made to enter TATTERSALL'S ring. For obviously one should be paid to go there, since it exists only that one may be induced to part. I would go to any extreme to avoid paying that iniquitous sovereign."

"None of you," said I, "has really hit on the maddest of all financial adventures for an Englishman."

"What is that?" they asked.

"Changing a sovereign in Holland," I said.



First Bather. "DID YOU TAKE YOUR DOCTOR'S OPINION BEFORE HAVING A TURKISH BATH?"

Second Bather. "MY DEAR FELLOW! TAKE THE OPINION OF A MAN WHO TOLD ME TO MY FACE THAT TOBACCO WAS INJURIOUS?"

"This sauce is an excellent relish with beer, hot or cold, as may be:—Mix a wineglassful of good vinegar with equal quantities of pounded sugar and mustard, a teaspoonful of each, and about a tablespoonful of grated horseradish."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*

Thank you very much, but we prefer our beer neat.

A QUESTION OF PRONUNCIATION.

IT was the girl who sometimes helped in the neighbouring flat and she was addressing the porter on the landing:—

"We 'ad a real ole go at 'ome last night. It makes me all of a trimble to think of it. But there, you never know what 's a-goin' to 'appen when Uncle Bill gits along o' father. Fust they starts talkin' and jorin' about their politics, and then they gits argifyin' and naggin' at one another, and then they gits to throwin' things about and pastin' one another, and then the fat 's in the food, as the sayin' is. Mind you, they don't go for to *mean* it like that. They both thinks they 're the kind o' men that 's got a very good temper and can make allowances, but as far as I 've seen 'em when they begins soft and kind they ends cruel hard; and it isn't so much what they say, it 's the good food they chuck abaht and the plates and dishes they break. Uncle Bill 's got one o' the 'andsomest marks you ever see on a man's forrid all along of a cabbige-dish. Father ketched 'im a crack with it a year ago come last November, when they was explainin' the Insurance Act to mother. The doctor put the stitches in and advised 'em to quit talkin' about setch big things after supper. It vexed Uncle Bill and 'e didn't come visitin' us for a matter o' six weeks.

"Well, last night Uncle Bill comes in sudden like, and mother says to 'im, 'Lor, Bill,' she says, 'you give me quite a turn,' and 'e says, 'That 's a nice thing to say to yer only brother,' 'e says; 'but, bless you, I 'm not one to keep my grudge a-boilin',' 'e says, 'and anyhow it was all in the family, wasn't it, Jim?' 'e says, with a look at father; and father says, 'Things do git 'ealed over, don't they, Bill?' and then they both started larfin', and mother said there was sossidges and mash for supper and I was to run round quick and fetch another quart o' beer.

"When I got back with the beer I found 'em setting to work on the sossidges and all three as friendly as you like. Uncle Bill 's a very proud man and 'e 's got a nice little bit o' property—'ouses, you know, and that kind o' thing, and 'im bein' a batcheldore, mother 's always tellin' father to humer 'im more and let 'im talk, becoz she says 'is 'eart 's in the right place and if 'e was to be took fust it might make a big difference to us. Uncle Bill was sayin' 'e 'd seen a tidy little bit o' land for buildin' a shop or two, and father says, 'Why don't you nip in and buy it?' 'e says. 'It 'll always be there,' 'e says. 'Land and shops can't run away.' Uncle Bill looks at 'im and says very quiet as 'e 'd buy it in a minute if it wasn't for LLOYD GEORGE. 'What 's LLOYD GEORGE done to you now?' says father. Uncle Bill says LLOYD GEORGE 'as got 'is knife into the land and all men o' landed property 'ave got to combine agin this 'ere new land kimpane or else LLOYD GEORGE 'll git 'em in the cart and tax 'em to rags: 'E 's a reggler pest,' says Uncle Bill, 'that 's what 'e is.' Father says, 'E 's a better man any day o' the week than this 'ere BONAR LAW that you 're all so pleased with. 'Ow about food taxes?' 'e says. 'What are you to think of a man like that, blowin' 'ot and strong all in one go?' Uncle Bill swallers the sossidge and potato 'e 'd got in 'is mouth and then lets LLOYD GEORGE have it to rights. 'E 's underminin' confidence,' 'e says, 'and arter all 'e 's no more than a little Welsh attorney.' That 's 'ow 'e pernounced it, same as you 'd say horny or thorny. Father laughs a sort of cold laugh and then 'e says very scornful, 'Attorney, attorney! Where did you git your eddication, Bill Sampson?' 'e says. 'When I was in the Board School they taught us better nor that. Atturney 's the word you 're lookin' for, Bill. But o' course I 'm always glad to 'elp them as ain't so well eddicated as others.' Uncle Bill got redder 'n a turkey, and 'e says, 'You can say what you like, but that 's what 'e is, a little Welsh attorney.' O' course father couldn't stand that, so 'e takes the last sossidge and chucks it in Uncle Bill's face, and then they 'ad a bit of a set-to, and Uncle Bill said 'e 'd shake our nawsty dust orf of 'is feet. Talk o' strained relations o' Turkey, it ain't a patch on what 's 'appened in our family."

AFTER LONG YEARS.

I PUT aside my knife and fork and ponder—
  Ponder some memories of bygone days,
When I, a careless lad, was wont to wander
  About a Cornish undercliff and blaze
At bunnies blinking by the summer sea:
I blazed at them who couldn't blaze at me.

And though I called it sport, this wanton slaughter
  (For take my word, I potted more than one),
My mother said, since home they never brought her
  Warrior dead of shots from his own gun,
"It isn't sport, I take it, to attack
A harmless thing that cannot hit you back."

I never knew what happened to those rabbits;
  I never ate 'em—oh, I wish I had!
Myself, acquiring sedentary habits
  And cancelling the licence of a lad,
Became a journalist, and now abide
In modest chambers on the Surrey side.

I never knew what happened to those bunnies,
  But, sitting vanquished here before my plate,
I know—I say I *know!*—at last where one is;
  I slew this fellow on a far-off date.
Sport? O my victim of the limp lop-ears,
You 've got your own back after all these years!

Valentines.

The PRIME MINISTER to a Disappointed Contributor to the Party Funds:—

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

Mrs. PANKHURST to The PRIME MINISTER:—

"La Belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall."

A Conservative Working-Man to Mr. J. K. HARDIE:—

"I could not love thee, KEIR, so much,
Loved I not BONAR more."

Mr. BIRRELL to Mr. GINNELL:—

"Ask me no more."

Great Newspaper Duel.

Says the *Shrewsbury Commercial and Literary Circular* in a paragraph headed "The Devil reproving Sin":—

"This week's 'Punch' has reproduced a printer's error which crept into our paper a fortnight ago, by which an advertisement was made to read 'ALE cordially invited.' As showing how easily such errors are made 'Punch' itself, the great and only, makes a blunder in stating that the error occured in the 'Shrewsbury Commercial and Literary *Chronicle*.'"

"The Devil" is tempted to have another go; he therefore points out that "occured" is better spelt with two "r's." Now it is *The Shrewsbury Commercial and Literary Circular's* turn again.

"WANTED. Second-hand Cottage Piano, cheap, for learner; out of repair no objection."—*Advt. in "Bristol Times."*

A cowardly habit, hitting a piano when it 's down.



Sportsman (from town). "WHAT SILLY BEGGARS FARMERS ARE! ALWAYS SEEM TO PUT GATES IN THE VERY MUDDIEST PART OF A FIELD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

My only complaint about "FRANK DANBY'S" latest story, *Concert Pitch* (HUTCHINSON), is that she takes rather too long over keying it up. This done, however, the tone and the tune are alike excellent. All the part about *Manvella's* early engagements, first to the depraved Duke and then to the eligible Earl, I found unconvincing to the point of boredom. It was not till *Manvella* herself grew so bored with it that in a fit of pique she eloped with *Migotti*, the musician, and went to live with him and his queer friend *Gerald* in their ramshackle house in Bedford Square, that the tale began to show signs of life. Thence onwards it was vivacious enough. "FRANK DANBY" has certainly the art of making you know the persons she knows herself; in this book she seems to have caught to perfection the Musical Set, half Bohemian, half society hangers-on, with their jealousies and triumphs and intrigues. Also the emotions of a delicately nurtured girl suddenly plunged into a world where she is considered as nothing but the highly privileged servant of a husband for whom she has never really cared (compelled even to do her own cooking and to subordinate herself to his every mood), seem very subtly and successfully conveyed. I am somewhat less certain about the villain, *Peter Graham* (fancy a villain called *Peter! O tempora! O mores!*), chiefly because I am always incredulous about these professional breakers-of-hearts, with their "once on the Riviera and the girl is ours!" It is perhaps my loss never to have encountered a specimen in actual life. But in a story they are well enough, especially since (as here) they are invariably foiled before the last chapter.

Miss "MARJORIE BOWEN" is doing much to remove the prejudice which has grown in my mind against the modern crop of historical fiction. She is never boring, and it was with cheery confidence that I opened *A Knight of Spain* (METHUEN). Exactly how many books Miss "BOWEN" has published in the last twelve months I dare not say. Yet her work is as fresh and vigorous as ever, and I am inclined to think *A Knight of Spain* her best performance. (This is written without prejudice to the volume or volumes from her pen which may be published while this review is going to press.) *A Knight of Spain* is the completed picture for which "The Camp outside Namur," in her *God's Playthings*, was the rough sketch. That story dealt only with the death of the ill-fated *Don Juan of Austria*. This novel takes the reader through each detail of his extraordinary career. We see him as the student of Alcala, the victor of Lepanto, the Governor of the Netherlands, and, finally, the broken victim of KING PHILIP'S hatred, dying at the age of twenty-eight in the pigeon-house among the corn-fields on the hill of Bouges. My principal emotion on finishing the book, apart from a feeling of gratitude to Miss "BOWEN" for an excellent story, was a horror, which the history-books of my youth had never conveyed to me, of that sinister man, KING PHILIP of Spain. Not even Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER could feel a greater esteem for DRAKE than I did on closing *A Knight of Spain*.

Everyone knows by this time that Mr. BERNARD CAPES, whose last book is a collection of stories entitled *Bag and Baggage* (CONSTABLE), can write with distinction and a delicate choice of epithets, that he can hit upon unusual and interesting situations, and that he is a good hand at giving us "creeps." The worst of it is that he so seldom manages

to do all these things at the same time. He is liable to spoil good writing with an unsatisfactory *dénouement* or to weaken a nice plot by relapsing into a commonplace style. For this reason I found very few of the stories in *Bag and Baggage* completely successful, and I must particularly cavil at the use of a derelict balloon, a sort of *machina ex deo*, used in the second of them, to solve a very dark and uncanny mystery of footsteps in the snow that never returned. I was led to expect a far more ghostly piece of luggage than a mere gas-bag to come up out of the van after so harrowing an excursion into the shadows. On the whole I liked best "The Hamadryad" (I suppose she is one of the "baggages"), a warning to entomologists not to be emotional pagans as well, and "The King's Star," where the writer courts his best muse—the historico-romantic. Eleven of these yarns are entitled "From Grave," and the other five "To Gay," but the hilarious ones, with the possible exception of "Bullet-proof," did not make me chuckle much. All the same (if you will kindly step round to the lost property office, please, next door), you may easily make a very much worse bargain than Mr. BERNARD CAPES'S *Bag and Baggage*.

If I congratulate Mr. HAROLD SPENDER on having composed a straightforward, honest and interesting story—*The Call of the Siren* (MILLS AND BOON)—on having put plenty of incident in it, and on having written it in a style which is both clear and forcible, he may possibly not feel altogether pleased. It may, for aught I know, be his ambition to write something drab and sordid and gloomily fatalistic in the style that passes muster for fine writing and thus to earn the plaudits of those who revel in unrelieved and complicated misery. For my part I can assure him that I prefer *The Call of the Siren*. The character of *Oliver Martin*, whose life is darkened by the shadow of his father's crime, is finely conceived, though I think Mr. SPENDER winds him up too abruptly, just as his real career is beginning. The beautiful nature of his mother has been lovingly and carefully studied, and I should have liked more of her. The Siren herself is *Alice Dubois*, later *Alice Eardley*, whom (according to Mr. SPENDER's intention) I don't like at all. Yet I cannot say that she is unreal or that her actions are impossible. My favourite out of the whole bunch is *O'Brien*, the faithful, loyal and affectionate Irishman, a character of whom the author has every right to be proud. On the whole I think I must carry out my purpose of congratulating Mr. SPENDER.

The British family is a magnificent institution, which is apt on occasions to become a dreadful obsession. The mother-in-law, in spite of the ancient jest, remains a formidable fact; and many a girl, who has sworn and intends to love, honour and obey her husband, but has neither sworn nor intends to do the same by her husband's relations, will sympathise with the position of *Fanny Floate* in *A Runaway Ring* (HEINEMANN). On the other hand, many an outraged family will sympathise with the feelings of the *Baigents* on being subjected to the criticism and opposition of so independent and unattached a creature as Fanny. These *Baigents* were used to absorbing the husband of any of their daughters into the bosom of their clan, so that he, with them, came to have no other point of view than that of "us Baigents." They expected the same of their son's wife; possibly they might have recognised to some small extent the claims of her blood relations, but when it appeared that in *Fanny's* case there was none of these, not even, to be candid, an acknowledged parent, they could see no reason for her wanting to be anything else in the world save one of them. There is, no doubt, much to be said for their point of view, and Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY, who shows a fine impartiality in her vivid study, says it. It is woman's mind and character that Mrs. DUDENEY most cleverly dissects, and all her women, but especially the wild and harassed *Frusannah*, are excellently portrayed. Men, properly so called, she hardly attempts in this instance; what success she achieves with *Ninian Baigent* and his appalling brother-in-law she achieves by her understanding of her own sex, which enables her to detect and expose the fundamental effeminacy of one type of male.



THE ROMANCE OF LOST OLD MASTERS.

A PICTURE-DEALER DISCOVERS IN HOLLAND TWO PRICELESS CANVASES BY TENIERS.

One of the most misguided men
I've come across is P. C. WREN.
On Indian Education he's
An expert; that one plainly sees
(No man whose knowledge was not wide
Could write an Indian Teacher's Guide).
But—this it is that makes me warm—
He *will* attempt the fiction form.
A poorer tale I've seldom seen
Than *Dew and Mildew* (LONGMANS, GREEN).
His characters are chunks of wood;
He rambles as no writer should.
He shelves his story, page on page,
While comic children hold the stage.
These things, and others, raise my spleen
In *Dew and Mildew* (LONGMANS, GREEN).
Abandon fiction, Mr. WREN,
And stick to Teachers' Guides; and then
Perhaps 'twill fall to me one day
In my enthusiastic way
To write, "This book I could not praise
Too highly if I tried for days."
I can't say that, with conscience clean,
Of *Dew and Mildew* (LONGMANS, GREEN).

"Young Lady would assist with chocolates and sweets, Saturdays."
Warrington Guardian.
So would some others we know of, and gladly.

CHARIVARIA.

How true it is that even the very greatest have their cross to bear, just as much as the rest of us. It is officially stated that three helpings of meat are no longer permitted to those who take the shilling dinner at the House of Commons.

* * *

We take exception to the criticism in *The Express* of the provincial hen which has just laid an unusually small egg. It may be small, but, carefully aimed, it might just make the difference between a dull and an interesting political meeting.

* * *

We would also point out to a correspondent of the same paper, who reports hearing a lark last week at Bromley and describes the bird's song as "not very good or clear," that the lark had probably only just left its watery nest. A damp bed would account for any little hoarseness.

* * *

To such of our panel doctors as are not gorged with their gains and thinking of retiring with a fortune the case of one GUSTAV PROBST, of Switzerland, may be of interest. He has just died, leaving £28,000, amassed from one-and-eightpenny fees for his medicine, which, we are told, consisted in all cases of pounded rhubarb and beetroot.

* * *

The fact that, at a recent Society wedding in Baltimore, U.S.A., it only took three policemen to rescue the bride from the crowd, who were clipping souvenirs off her dress, convinces us that the American spectator is losing his dash.

* * *

"They manage these things better in Mexico," sighed an enthusiastic Unionist, on reading that the Cabinet Ministers of that country had been chased out of the capital and were now in hiding in the suburbs.

* * *

The Dancing Craze.—First the Turkey Trot, and now the Territorial Breakdown.

* * *

Champagne destroys the teeth, says a dentist. Too late, however, to save Mr. BEN TILLETT, whose celebrated dinner-party is now quite ancient history.

We have seldom heard of a more excellent idea than that of the New York suffragettes, who have decided to ride on horseback to San Francisco. *Mr. Punch's* heartiest moral support will be given to such London militants as decide to attempt something on the same lines. A pilgrimage to, say, Peru, if they took their time over it and did not hurry their return, would surely be wonderfully impressive.

* * *

As a reward for having asked 25,000 questions, the lawyers in the *Titanic* inquiry are to receive £16,000; while Senator SMITH, who must have asked double that number, has had, as far as we have been able to ascertain, nothing, not even a music-hall engagement.

* * *

When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful. A man, his wife, four sons, two daughters, and parents-in-law have been arrested in Spain for uttering counterfeit coin; and the movements of the family cat are being carefully watched by the police.

* * *

The recent arson case in Hampshire has added one more to the list of things which are not evidence. What the bloodhound smelt is now ruled to be as unreliable as "what the soldier said."

* * *

There seems to be no end to the disguises which the early cuckoo can adopt, doubtless for purposes of self-protection. The sample shot at Saffron Walden turns out to be an owl, while the one heard by an eminent naturalist at Harpenden was a bricklayer named GEORGE KING.

* * *

The Motor Traffic Committee have been testing the efficacy of cow-catchers on motor-omnibuses. The rôle of pedestrian was entrusted to a dummy. As it came out of the collision minus both legs, an arm, and its head, we think we prefer, if it is all the same to the authorities, to go on taking the old chances.

* * *

The Wave of Crime. On top of all this Motor Bandit business comes the news that two men have been charged at Cardiff with breaking into a bakery and stealing a sponge-cake, value one penny.

* * *

Even Mr. EUSTACE MILES, despite a certain natural gratification, must have been sorry for the owner of the dog which, suddenly adopting vegetarianism the other day, ate five bank-notes out of its master's pocket-book.

* * *

Mr. OLIVER, editor of *The Outlook*, in which paper Mr. LAWSON'S Marconi articles appeared, declared before the Committee that he thought them a most valuable series. Will OLIVER ask for more?

* * *

Hampstead Heath ordinaries, wires our Stock Exchange correspondent, suffered a severe slump on the receipt in the City of the news that rhinoceros beetles had severely damaged the Samoa cocoanut plantations.

* * *

The Daily Mail having no Dresden edition, the authorities of that town have been able to forbid the production there of *The Miracle*.

* * *

A large hammer was thrown through the window of the Reform Club, at Manchester, a few nights ago. The person responsible escaped. It is not often that one finds skill at Throwing the Hammer combined with the ability to sprint.



A CONTRAST IN WINTER FASHIONS.

WINTER SPORT.

III.—A TYPICAL MORNING.

"You take lunch out to-day—no?" said Josef, the head-waiter, in his invariable formula.

Myra and I were alone at breakfast, the first down. I was just putting some honey on to my seventh roll, and was not really in the mood for light conversation with Josef about lunch. By the way, I must say I prefer the good old English breakfast. With eggs and bacon and porridge you do know when you want to stop; with rolls and honey you hardly notice what you are doing, and there seems no reason why you should not go on for ever. Indeed, once . . . but you would never believe me.

"We take lunch out to-day, *yes*, Josef. Lunch for—let me see——"

"Six?" suggested Myra.

"What are we all going to do? Archie said something about skating. I'm off that."

"But whatever we do we must lunch, and it's much nicer outdoors. Six, Josef."

Josef nodded and retired. I took my eighth roll.

"Do let's get off quickly to-day," I said. "There's always so much chat in the morning before we start."

"I've just got one swift letter to write," said Myra, as she got up, "and then I shall be pawing the ground."

Half-an-hour later I was in the lounge, booted, capped, gloved and putteed—the complete St. Bernard. The lounge seemed to be entirely full of hot air and entirely empty of anybody I knew. I asked for letters; and, getting none, went out and looked at the thermometer. To my surprise I discovered that there were thirty-seven degrees of frost. A little alarmed I tapped the thing impatiently. "Come, come," I said, "this is not the time for persiflage." However, it insisted on remaining at five degrees below zero. What I should have done about it I cannot say, but at that moment I remembered that it was a Centigrade thermometer with the freezing point in the wrong place. Slightly disappointed that there were only five degrees of frost (Centigrade) I returned to the lounge.

"Here you are at last," said Archie impatiently. "What are we all going to do?"

"Where's Dahlia?" asked Myra. "Let's wait till she comes and then we can all talk at once."

"Here she is. Dahlia, for Heaven's sake come and tell us the arrangements for the day. Start with the idea fixed in your mind that Myra and I have ordered lunch for six."

Dahlia shepherded us to a quiet corner of the lounge and we all sat down.

"By the way," said Simpson, "are there any letters for me?"

"No; it's your turn to write," said Archie.

"But, my dear chap, there *must* be one, because——"

"But you never acknowledged the bed-socks," I pointed out. "She can't write till you—— I mean, it was rather forward of her to send them at all; and if you haven't even——"

"Well," said Dahlia, "what does anybody want to do?"

Thomas was the first to answer the question. A girl in red came in from the breakfast-room and sat down near us. She looked up in our direction and met Thomas's eye.

"Good morning," said Thomas with a smile, and he left us and moved across to her.

"That's the girl he danced with all last night," whispered Myra. "I can't think what's come over him. Is this our reserved Thomas—Thomas the taciturn, whom we know and love so well? I don't like the way she does her hair."

"She's a Miss Aylwyn," said Simpson in a loud voice. "I had one dance with her myself."

"The world," said Archie, "is full of people with whom Samuel has had one dance."

"Well, that washes Thomas out, anyway. He'll spend the day teaching her something. What are the rest of us going to do?"

There was a moment's silence.

"Oh, Archie," said Dahlia, "did you get those nails put in my boots?"

I looked at Myra . . . and sighed.

"Sorry, dear," he said. "I'll take them down now. The man will do them in twenty minutes." He walked over to the lift at the same moment that Thomas returned to us.

"I say," began Thomas a little awkwardly, "if you're arranging what to do, don't bother about me. I rather thought of—er—taking it quietly this morning. I think I overdid it a bit yesterday."

"We warned you at the time about the fourth hard-boiled egg," I said.

"I meant the ski-ing. We thought of—I thought of having lunch in the hotel, but of course you can have my rucksack to carry yours in. Er—I'll go and put it in for you."

He disappeared rather sheepishly in the direction of the dining-room.

"Now, Samuel," said Myra gently.

"Now what, Myra?"

"It's your turn. If you have a headache, tell us her name."

"My dear Myra, I want to ski to-day. Where shall we go? Let's go to the old slopes and practise the Christiania Turn."

"What you want to practise is the ordinary Hampstead Straight," I said. "A medium performance of yours yesterday, Samuel."

"But, my dear old chap," he said eagerly, "I told you it was the fault of my skis. They would stick to the snow. Oh, I say," he added, "that reminds me. I must go and buy some wax for them."

He dashed off. I looked at Myra . . . and sighed.

"The nail-man won't be long," said Archie to Dahlia, on his return. "I'm to call for them in a quarter of an hour."

"Can't you wear some other boots, Dahlia, or your bedroom slippers or something? It's half-past eleven. We really must get off soon."

"But we haven't settled where we're going yet."

"Then for 'eving's sake let's do it. Myra and I thought we might go up above the wood at the back and explore. We can always ski down. It might be rather exciting."

"Remember," said Dahlia, "I'm not so expert as you are."

"Of course," said Myra, "we're the Oberland mixed champions."

"You know," said Archie, "I was talking to the man who's doing Dahlia's boots and he said the snow would be bad for ski-ing to-day."

"If he talked in French, no doubt you misunderstood him," I said, a little annoyed. "He was probably asking you to buy a pair of skates."

"Talking about that," said Archie, "why shouldn't we skate this morning, and have lunch at the hotel, and then get the bob out this afternoon?"

"Here you are," said Thomas, coming up with a heavy rucksack. "Lunch for six, so you'll have an extra one."

"I'd forgotten about lunch," said Archie. "Look here, just talk it over with Dahlia while I go and see about my skates. I don't suppose Josef will mind if we do stay in to lunch after all. What about Simpson?"

I looked at Myra . . . and sighed.

"What about him?" I said.

* * * * *

Half-an-hour later two exhausted people—one of them with lunch for six on his back—began the ascent to the wood, trailing their skis behind them.

"Another moment," said Myra, "and I should have screamed." A. A. M.

"Wanted, woman to peel onions at her own home."—*Wakefield Advertiser.*

She certainly mustn't do it at ours.



THE GRAND INTERNATIONAL.

MR. CHURCHILL. "WHAT PRICE *GERMAN NAVY?*" ADMIRAL TIRPITZ. "GIVE YOU 8 TO 5."
MR. CHURCHILL. "I WANT 2 TO 1." ADMIRAL TIRPITZ. "WELL, I 'LL MAKE IT 16 TO 10."
MR. CHURCHILL. "RIGHT, I 'LL TAKE YOU."



Harassed Hostess. "DO YOU DANCE, OR ARE YOU A WALNUT?"

MY PLAY.

I HAVE written a rare little drawing-room piece;
It will never be acted; the public must lose it;
The lords of our stage are incredible geese;
One and all they refuse it.

I shall not expound you the whole of the plot,
But I 'll just give a hint of the heroine's character;
No Grundys would ever call *her* a bad lot,
No gods could have "barracked" her.

A beautiful girl with an infinite tact,
She delights in undoing her relatives' tangles;
Her cousin Lord D'Arcy 's in love (the First Act)
With a creature in spangles.

She saves him. She saves her mamma from her
"friends";
If she deals with one problem she deals with a dozen;
And she gets her reward, as the curtain descends,
In the shape of her cousin.

Not wholly original that, you 'll observe—
The girl who plays Providence; ah, but what fairy
Had ever the gumption, the grace and the nerve
Of my *Managing Mary*?

Other masterful maidens have captured your heart
With the help of their toilets, too nice or too rowdy;
But the thing that sets Mary so wholly apart
Is the fact that she 's dowdy.

Her garb is the garb of a season agone,
And her intimates say, when she brightens their troubles,
"Dear girl! What a terrible gown she had on!"
And their gratitude doubles.

What is more, when the grip of a present-day mime
Is apt, ere the ending, to fade or diminish,
My heroine wears the same frock all the time,
From the start to the finish.

You have it: I give you the skeleton shape;
You can picture the rest—all the gallery staring,
The critics dumbfounded, the boxes agape
And aghast at my daring.

Yet I write to our Frohmans and Barkers in vain:
Evermore they present *Sophonisba's Vagary,*
Or *Whimsical Susan*; will no one explain
Why they send back my *Mary*? EVOE.

Our latest Author.

"Lady Constance appeared as Judith in a choreographic drama based on a story by Mlle. Judith Holofernes."—*Continental Daily Mail.*

"Those who read Defoe in their youth may perhaps recall an illustration of the King of Brobdingnag studying Gulliver curiously under a magnifying glass."—*The Spectator.*

We heartily commend the reading of DEFOE as an aid to the memory. SWIFT is not so good for this purpose. Many people who read the latter in their youth have clean forgotten the illustration of *Robinson Crusoe's* parrot.

AN INTERVIEW WITH OUR FIRST-PRIZE "BOBLET" WINNER.

(*From "The Weekly Wonder."*)

I HAD to do the last part of the journey on all fours, for the mountain was not only snowy but steep. A *Weekly Wonder* man, however, out to interview the First-Prize Winner in our world-famed "Boblets" Competition, is not easily beaten.

I had just enough strength left to rap at the door of a neat cottage, and then my trials were over.

I found myself in a warm, bright, comfortable parlour, my climbing irons taken off, the hundredweight or so of snow removed from my back, and in the presence of a hale, hearty, handsome, apparently middle-aged couple—Mr. John MacRumbleton, Mountain Shepherd and Winner of a First Prize in our world-renowned "Boblets" Competition, and his comely happy-looking wife.

"And now, Mr. MacRumbleton," said I, when I had announced my mission, "how came you to think of this wonderful Winning 'Boblet' of yours?"

"Wull, Sir, I dunno," answered this splendid specimen of a Mountain Shepherd and "Boblet" Winner. "You see, I been a shepherd these seventy year."

I gave a loud shriek and had to take a nip of brandy from my flask.

"A shepherd seventy years, Mr. MacRumbleton?" I shouted. "You look about forty-five!"

"Ees, Sir, we bears our years well, but we be eighty and ninety—and we *looked* it—we looked more—we looked ninety and a hunderd—afore we began to take in *The Weekly Wonder*!"

"I 'm charmed to hear it. But about this marvellous Winning 'Boblet,' Mr. MacRumbleton? By-the-way, whose crutches are those I see? Not yours, I hope?"

They both laughed happily. "Ees, Sir, they wur mine. I wur dead lame, I wur, afore I began to take in *The Weekly Wonder*—and now I can walk as well as any!"

"You delight me. Whose ear-trumpet is that yonder? Neither of you is deaf."

Again they laughed joyously. "'Twur the old ooman's, Sir. She wur deafer nor a postess—afore we began to take in *The Weekly Wonder*—and now there 's nowt she can't hear."

"Enchanted! And now, once more to ask you for the history of your extraordinary Winning 'Boblet' in our universally talked-of Competition."

"Wull, Sir, I been trying to make 'em this long time. I always takes out *The Weekly Wonder* on the mountain and reads it to the sheep, an' it be wunnerful how much smarter and easier-managed they critters ha' grown since I been reading *The Weekly Wonder* out loud to 'em! And so one day, among the Examples to make 'Boblets' to, I see 'A Penny will Buy—' and thinks I, What can I make that 'll rhyme wi' that and *suit* wi' it? And all in a flash it come to me—

A Penny will Buy
Weekly Wonder and Joy!

And so we sent it off, and when the good news come—and the cheque—my old ooman and me we kep' on tumbling down senseless half the day, and then we took hands, and we run down the mountain, falling down turrible often—an' we got the money 'an put it in a bank—an' we be rich an' happy!"

"And what are your plans, Mr. MacRumbleton, now that you 've won this magnificent Prize in our epoch-making Competition?"

"We be thinking of a trip to Lunnon, Sir. We never seen it."

"Ah, that *will* be a treat for you! What do you most wish to see there? St. Paul's? The Abbey? The Monument? The Houses of Parliament? Come now, Mr. MacRumbleton, which of all our 'sights' are you most anxious to see?"

"None o' them you 've named, Sir. O' coorse I want to see they places—but there be a place I want to see more—the fine building where *The Weekly Wonder* be printed and published!"

PRISMATIC MEALS.

FIRED by the enterprise of the All Red Route enthusiasts, who have been battening on All Red breakfasts, the Blue Water School of National Defence have arranged an All Blue dinner *menu* with the idea of diverting attention to their creed. The constituents are not too plentiful, but something of a meal can be made of

Blue Point Oysters with Reckitt's sauce;
Blue Entrecôte with Delphinium tips;
Blue Jay *en casserole*;
Blue Beans;
Blue Peter Pancakes.

The table-cloth to be made of old covers of *The Great Adult Review*, and the Blue Hungarian Band to be in attendance.

Believers in the Yellow Peril who wish everyone else to realise the importance of that menace are proposing to bring it home by means of All Yellow Suppers, the ingredients of which are:—

Yolks of Eggs with Piccalilli;
Filleted Gold Fish;
Golden Plovers with Buttercup Salad;
Ye old Yellow-hammer Pudding;
Custard and Mustard.

The whole to be washed down with Canary.

THE EXPRESS PANEL DOCTOR.



INSPECTING TONGUES.



SERVING OUT PILLS.



The Lady with the Newspaper (*much moved by patriotic leader*). "I FEEL, JAMES, THAT *I MUST* DO SOMETHING. SHALL I TAKE UP NURSING OR LEARN RIFLE-SHOOTING?"

James (*faintly*). "MIGHT I SUGGEST RIFLE-SHOOTING, DEAR, AS LIKELY TO CAUSE THE LESS DAMAGE?"

MINISTERIAL MINSTRELS.

[Mr. EMLYN DAVIES, a noted Welsh baritone vocalist, has assured *The Daily Sketch* that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is not only musical but can sing well.

"'I can speak,' said Mr. DAVIES, 'with some knowledge of the matter, because for ten years I occupied the seat immediately behind the Chancellor at Castle Street Welsh Baptist Chapel, off Regent Street, London, where he is a deacon.

"'I can assure you he has a tenor voice far above the average, and it is of considerable strength and purity. I remember him on one occasion turning to me and saying, "Emlyn, sing the tenor part until I get the hang of it," and he soon got it.'

"The Chancellor is reported to have also told Mr. Davies that his favourite song was 'Captain Morgan's March,' the warlike refrain of which he is often heard humming."]

THINK not, O you Tories harsh and odious,
That our DAVID, beautiful and gay,
Is the only Minister melodious
Who can competently sing or play;
ASQUITH from the charming concertina
Coaxes most enchanting lilts and swells,
CHURCHILL blows his *tromba*, the *marina*,
CREWE CARUSO easily excels.

LULU, when he 's off Colonial duty,
On the balalaika gaily thrums,
Warbling in a basso rich and fruity
As the richest, fruitiest Carlsbad plums
(I have never seen this lordly thrummer,
I have never heard his chest notes ring,
But I have it from a Carlsbad plummer
Who has heard and seen him play and sing).

GREY is weak in his *coloratura*,
Never cares to decorate his themes;
MORLEY now has lost his old *bravura*,
BEAUCHAMP is an operatic *Jeames*;
BIRRELL on his wheezy Birrell-organ
Grinds away, facetiously serene,
Whether 'tis the March of Captain Morgan
Or the tune of "Wigs on College Green."

MASTERMAN is not a LEONARD BORWICK,
Still he has a soft persuasive touch,
And his solos, mildly paregoric,
Soothe the suffering millions very much;
RUNCIMAN is terribly fastidious,
Only cares for songs with high-class pomes,
And declares there 's nothing half so hideous
As the hackneyed ballad, "HOLMES, sweet HOLMES."

ABERDEEN 's addicted to the picc'lo,
And with his intoxicating toot
Decimates the denizens of Wicklow,
Hushes Tara's Harp until it 's mute;
SAMUEL, who drew from out the zither,
As an infant prodigy, delight,
Now regards the merry post-horn fitter
His desponding colleagues to incite.

BURNS is quite our highest vocal flier,
Quite the *prima donna* of the troupe;
HOBHOUSE is a conscientious trier,
PEASE, of course, is often in the soup;
There 's a note of pathos in MCKENNA,
Who is always striving to be sweet,
But a taste of something tart, like senna,
Manages his efforts to defeat.

SYDNEY BUXTON draws melodious thunder
From the vitals of the deep bassoon;
HALDANE wakens audiences to wonder
By his coruscations as a coon;
Yes, no matter what the devastation
Wrought by ASQUITH and his deadly brood,
Never was there an Administration
Richer in harmonious aptitude.

The Week's Epigrams.

"Now, as to the vexed question of dying, which is one that every woman has to consider if she lives long enough."—*Sunday Times.*

MR. PORKER *v.* MR. MARDON.

WONDERFUL things, miraculous things, are seen to-day at billiard matches. STEVENSON, with bonzoline balls, makes 1016 at a break, of which these eyes saw the last 350; REECE with the ivories makes over 700 and yet is beaten by the youthful NEWMAN; GEORGE GRAY goes in off the red, hour after hour; INMAN imperturbably scores off impossible double baulks; and yet no book is written about it. Guides to the game—heart-breaking counsels of perfection—come out in some profusion, but no history of a match of 500 up is ever written now, as was done some sixty-six years ago, in the handsome quarto that lies before me, price ten shillings, with the position of the balls for the last nine breaks, and also thirty-two other diagrams, the red being uniformly coloured by hand. Books like this are published no longer, more 's the pity.

The contestants were Mr. PORKER and Mr. MARDON, and the game began in Mr. KENTFIELD'S Subscription Rooms, at Brighton, at half-past twelve in the afternoon of January 18th, 1844. A few survivors among the audience might still be; but it is hardly likely.

"Not a bet," says the report, "was offered whilst the player was in the act of striking;" which seems to be a wise precaution and certainly should not be resented by the players themselves. "For such an arrangement much praise is due to Mr. KENTFIELD." The tables, of course, had list cushions.

Which of the players broke is not stated, but after the first few strokes Mr. MARDON was 40 to 6. Mr. PORKER then passed him—53 to 51—but Mr. MARDON having all the luck 3 to 1 was laid on him. When the game was 300 the light became obscure and it was proposed to have the lamps. Mr. MARDON did not, however, pause, leaving Mr. PORKER "the appearance of a great break." How well we know those appearances and how deceitful they can be! Mr. PORKER'S ball being close to the lower cushion, there was some risk, and he prudently awaited the lighting of the lamps. No sooner were they burning brightly than he accomplished the stroke, which was "pronounced by Mr. KENTFIELD to be as fine a stroke under such circumstances as ever was played." Mr. PORKER from this point never looked back until his score was 495, or 5 from victory, to Mr. MARDON'S 475. Four to one was then offered on Mr. PORKER. But Mr. MARDON'S special line of country seems to have been unruffled precision, and he gradually, in nine strokes, reached the finish amid a scene of terrific excitement.

Such was the satisfaction of one of the players—I need hardly say it was not Mr. PORKER—that he wrote a book about the match, and also to illustrate his contention that "fine and first-rate hazard striking," such as no doubt distinguished the play of Mr. PORKER, cannot in the long run bear up against "caution, coolness, and good strength," or Mr. MARDON'S particular game; and this is the handsome volume that lies before me.

Much of it, I may add, is as sound to-day as it was then; but there is a curious onslaught on indiarubber cushions, which would amuse antiquaries. A table fitted with these new absurdities was placed in a club as an experiment; but so many baulks resulted "that the frequenters of the room had the good sense to discard such cushions immediately," being fortified in their decision by a well-known maker, who said oracularly that both truth and speed could never be obtained on the same table. Has it been thus with every new invention? I suppose so.

Among the general hints at the end, which no doubt were novel enough in those simple, distant (and happy) days, when the great Mr. KENTFIELD once "actually completed as many as two-and-thirty cannons in succession," but are now everyone's property, is a quatrain written by Mr. HUGHES, who kept a billiard-saloon in London for the benefit of his patrons. It is good sense, whatever Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH ("CUE") may think of it as poetry. It hobbles thus:—

"William Hughes hopes you 'll him excuse
For making this observation:
When you 've the best of the game, keep the same;
To mention more there can be no occasion."

As to Mr. KENTFIELD, of whom everyone speaks as being a man of fine strength of character, I wish I knew more of him. He seems to have been the second champion, a marker named CARR being the first. CARR challenged the world for 100 guineas, and KENTFIELD accepted; but the match went by default, as CARR was taken ill. KENTFIELD, who was not only a fine player but an instructor of singular patience and lucidity, may be called the Father of the Game. In 1849 JOHN ROBERTS the elder went to Brighton to challenge KENTFIELD; KENTFIELD declined, and ROBERTS remained champion for many years. Beyond these public facts I know only that KENTFIELD'S name was EDWIN; that he was always called "Jonathan"; and that when the evening of life drew on he retired and took passionately to gardening.

ON WAKING.

PAINTED gaily on the cup,
When I drink my early tea
And consider getting up
As a thing about to be,
There 's a pink and podgy bird
For a minute's vague employment,
Fairy, fat and most absurd
To my half-awake enjoyment!

For 'twas only but just now
That I wandered where he stood
Very haughty on a bough
In a green and silent wood,
Mid the burnished colibris,
Each a buzzing blue scintilla,
Where the wind comes through the trees
Faintly flavoured with vanilla!

That 's the sugared land of spice
Where one's luck is always in,
And the girls are always nice
And the favourites always win;
Where a dun is never seen
And there 's always pots of money,
And the grass is always green
And the skies for ever sunny!

Bird of plump and pleasing wing
And of curved and curious make,
You 're a very friendly thing
When I 'm cross and half-awake,
And the grey comes through the blind—
For you link the unideal
With the dreams I 've left behind,
With the rainbow and unreal!

"THE ROAD TO RUIN."

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—We noticed recently in your columns an article suggesting that House Agents should be more frank and honest in their descriptions of properties to let, and we think it may interest the writer of the article mentioned to know that we, at any rate, adopted, six months ago, such methods as he or she suggested, and have not departed from them since.

We beg to submit specimens of the particulars of three properties, supplied to our clients recently, and a personal inspection will prove that the premises do not belie the advertisements:—

ROTLAND (Borders of).—Old moated grange, surrounded by 50 acres of parkland. Bone-manure factory within 150 yards of rear of mansion, but odour scarcely noticeable, excepting when wind is easterly. Plenty of hunting with three packs (country well wired). Fishing, chiefly minnows, in the moat. The mansion contains 6 entertaining rooms and 15 bedrooms, nearly all oak-panelled. The best bedroom is said to be haunted, but this is probably due to



Constituent (referring to M.P. speaking in market-place). "IT 'S THE LIKES OF HUS THAT 'AS TO PAY HIM £400 A YEAR. IT MAKES ME THAT WILD TO THINK AS WE COULD 'AVE TWO FIRST-CLASS 'ARF-BACKS FOR THE SAME MONEY."

noise made by rats (with which the house is infested) in the wainscoting. Billiard-room in what was once the chapel. Part of the roof has fallen in, but landlord would bear portion of cost of repair with good tenant. Stables at present in ruins. House supplied with water from well in courtyard. No drains to get out of order. Last tenant relinquished through death from diphtheria four years ago. Keys at Bone-manure factory.

No. 16, CRAMP COURT, CHELSEA.—Dining-room 11′ × 10′; drawing-room 9½′ × 11½′, 4 bedrooms, kitchen, larder, 3′ × 3′, Venetian blinds throughout, a few in working order. Drawing-room windows overlook a Tom Tiddler's ground, which may be used for storing disused kitchen utensils and tomato tins. Flat newly decorated to suit tastes of landlord, a retired publican. No cupboards, by request. Undesirable tenants in Nos. 14, 15, 17 and 18. Only 5 flats on each staircase. Apply Porter, when on premises, at No. 1A; when not on premises, at "The Woolpack," adjoining.

DAMPSHIRE.—Outskirts of decaying village. On heavy clay soil, jerry-built villa, in worst possible style of architecture, standing on a quagmire ¾ of a rood in extent. Muddy approach to front door, partially gravelled, between two small grass-plots and beds intended for flowers. Two sitting-rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, h. and c. taps (water not laid on), and so-called offices. Two lean-to sheds in garden. Church 3 miles, station 4¼ miles. Rent moderate, but high for house and locality. Pack of harriers, shortly to be given up, meets within 7 miles about once a fortnight. Golf links (private), 2½ miles. Permission to play occasionally may be obtained from the owner by a C. of E. tenant with sound Tariff Reform principles. Would be gladly sold.

It may be of interest to add that this last-mentioned property was let last week by our more literary *confrères*, Messrs. Sharp, Wiley & Co., a copy of whose advertisement we beg to append for your perusal.

Yours faithfully,
TREWER AND TREWER.

[COPY.]

SOUTHERN COUNTIES.—On border of pretty old-world village, a beautiful, well-built and conveniently-planned modern residence, standing in own grounds and approached by carriage-drive bordered with lawns and flower-beds. Two noble reception rooms, ample bedroom and bath-room accommodation, excellent offices. Stable and garage. Well-matured garden. Church and station within easy reach. Hunting, golf, good society. Rent £45. Landlord might be induced to sell to desirable applicant wishing and able to invest in really first-class property.

From a Cinema advertisement:—

"WHOSE WIFE IS THIS?
LENGTH ABOUT 516 FEET."

Not ours.

Commercial Candour from Glasgow.

"ANNUAL SALE.
PRICE AND QUALITY GO TOGETHER.
PRICES REDUCED TO A SHADOW."

The New Abracadabra.

"Miss Ibolyka Gyárfás made a great impression . . . Hers should be a name to conjure with in the next decade."—*Sunday Times.*

Conjurer. "Ibolykagyárfás! And now, Sir, if you will feel in your left-hand waistcoat pocket you will find the rabbit."



Yokel. "'ERE, D'YOU KNOW THAT THERE BARBER COST I VIFTEEN SHILLUN?"

IN MEMORIAM

Captain Scott, R.N.

AND HIS GALLANT COMRADES
WHO REACHED THE SOUTH POLE IN JANUARY 1912
AND DIED ON THEIR HOMEWARD WAY.

Not for the fame that crowns a gallant deed
They fixed their fearless eyes on that far goal,
Steadfast of purpose, resolute at need
To give their lives for toll.

But in the service of their kind they fared,
To probe the secrets which the jealous Earth
Yields only as the prize of perils dared,
The wage of proven worth.

So on their record, writ for all to know—
The task achieved, the homeward way half won—
Though cold they lie beneath their pall of snow,
Shines the eternal sun.

O hearts of metal pure as finest gold!
O great ensample, where our sons may trace,
Too proud for tears, their birthright from of old,
Heirs of the Island Race!

O. S.

ANOTHER PATHETIC FALLACY.

You have read in novels how a great emotion will transform a man's countenance; how a poet's face in the hour of inspiration sets the sparrows singing on the housetops; how that of a man suddenly ruined causes phlegmatic horses to stagger. My own features are of the commonplace type, which nobody ordinarily thinks of regarding twice, but nevertheless I too have had my experiences.

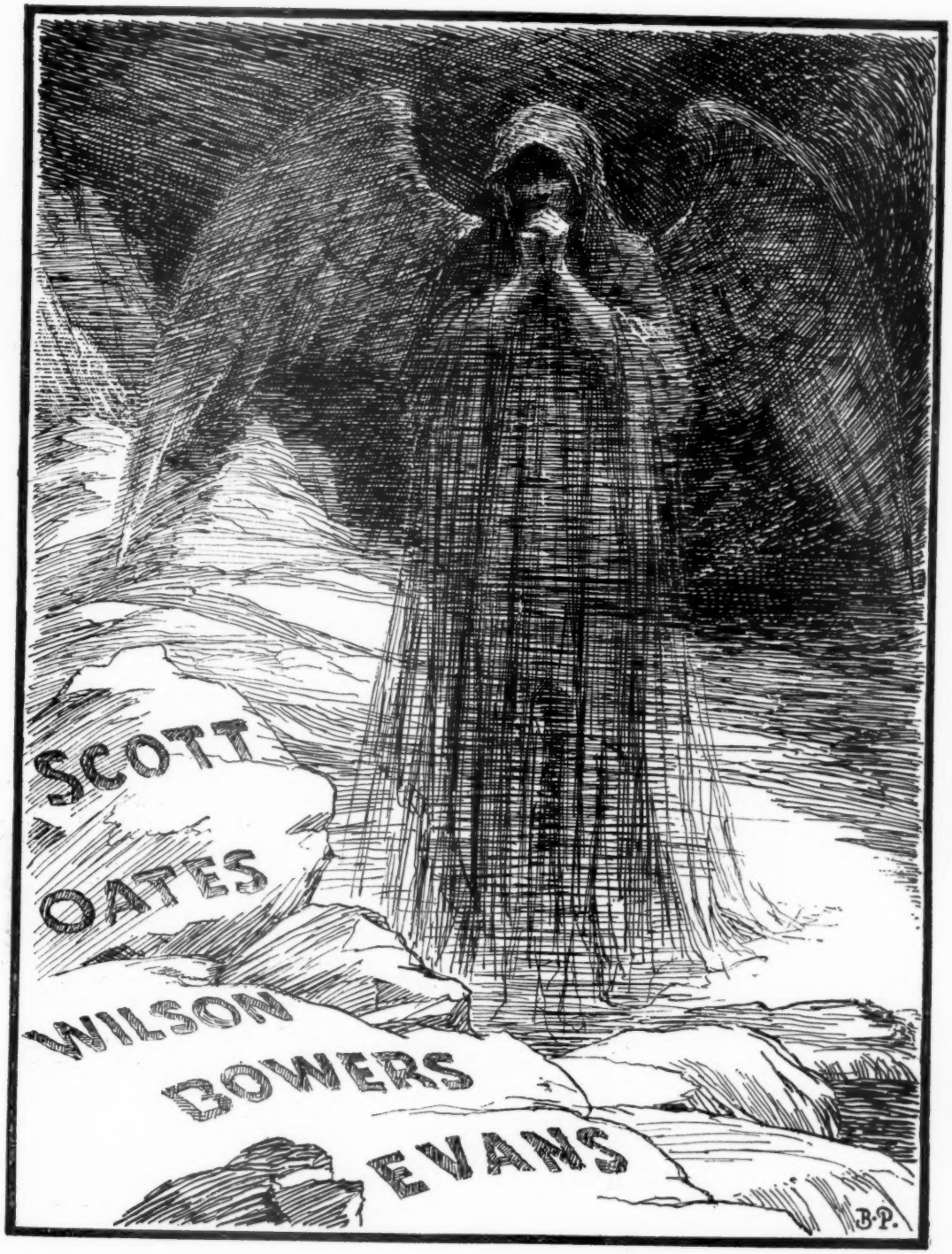
They occurred on the morning when I received a letter from Phyllis, which said briefly, "Yes, I think so." Not much in that, you may say, but when I tell you it was the delayed answer to a proposal of marriage you will understand. Shortly after reading it I stepped out into the street to walk to the office.

What a walk that was! The light in my eyes seemed to brighten the very sun; the song in my heart was echoed from a hundred motor-buses. Never have the winds of May wooed so winningly a February morning.

Not a man I met but turned his head as if loth to take his eyes from my irradiated countenance. Every girl seemed to take the keenest pleasure in my happiness, smiling prettily as if infected by its contagion. 'Tis well, I thought (in blank verse) that Phyllis now is pledged to me, or, by my troth, these flattering glances shot from beauty's eyes might make my heart unfaithful.

* * * * * * *

It was only when I reached the office and looked in the glass that I discovered the large black smudge on the end of my nose.



IN HONOUR OF BRAVE MEN DEAD.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



A PURELY FANCIFUL PICTURE OF THE MARCONI ENQUIRY.

Showing how the infantile innocence of Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN, had he conceivably been the object of Mr. FALCONER'S cross-examination, would have foiled that legal luminary.

House of Commons, Monday, February 10.—Appearance of House when Questions called on suggested final collapse. Doubtful whether, had count been moved, a quorum would have been found. Front Opposition Bench tenantless. BONNER LAW, whose thirst for information is unrelieved by callous PREMIER, temporarily abandons pursuit of knowledge. Example loyally followed by his colleagues. Only three Ministers on Treasury Bench.

Happily among them is WEDGWOOD BENN, who, though not officially attached, answers for Board of Works in this Chamber. Not for the first time, never before with equal force, is brought home to mind of Members looking on what a precious asset he is to a Government occasionally in need of extraneous help. Something about his guileless countenance, his seraphic smile, recalls famous group of cherubs hovering over the canvas of a great master. By chance he had no Ministerial connection with the MARCONI contract. Had it been otherwise it would have been impossible for the most reckless imagination, the most loosely strung mind to suspect him of dabbling in stock with a view to making a profit of £200,000 more or less.

As things stand he has a curious fascination for FALCONER, whose pitiless, persistent cross-examination of a witness in course of the inquiry finds nearest parallel in the supreme achievement of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL before he deserted the Bar for the Bench. Had WEDGWOOD BENN chanced in any conceivable circumstances to be his victim in the witness-chair, response to his most soul-searing inquiry would have been a smile of almost infantile innocence, in its way as impregnable as a *Dreadnought*.

Occasionally, when he makes shrewd answer to inquiries concerning the department he represents, House begins to suspect he is not quite so ingenuous as he looks. That, however, a passing impression. There permanently remains the subtle, indescribable, but clearly felt conviction that a Ministry among whom WEDGWOOD BENN is numbered cannot be as iniquitous, as hopelessly bad, as Mr. HUNT and SILVER MARKET GWYNNE regretfully assume.

Danger of thinking aloud in a mixed assembly illustrated this afternoon. CHARLIE BERESFORD, who continues to keep his weather eye upon the WINSOME WINSTON, inquired whether, in pursuance of engineering work at Rosyth the contractor had come upon a bank of mud not marked on any chart? WINSTON, who knows most things, fain to admit this beyond him.

"I cannot answer that question without notice," he almost humbly said.

Question and answer struck a chord in breast of KINLOCH-COOKE.

"Cannot answer it?" he cried. "I thought you were a slinger of mud."

Hadn't slightest intention or expectation of being overheard. Just an idea that struck him, not without tinge of disappointment that one so much esteemed by him as is FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY had at a particular

crisis fallen short of high standard at which he is habitually measured by a perhaps too-prejudiced friend. Unfortunately, in temporary absence of mind, KINLOCH-COOKE, instead of murmuring the remark below his breath, spoke it aloud with startling effect. Indignant cries of "Withdraw!" rose from Ministerial ranks. The SPEAKER interposing administered personal rebuke perhaps unexampled in severity.

Awkward incident. However, as things turned out, better offer an apology. This he hastened to do, and in the quaint manner peculiar to House in analogous circumstances was as loudly cheered as if he had performed meritorious action.

Business done.—In Committee on Supplementary Estimates.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Second field night of session. Debate opened on motion to read a second time Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. By comparison with scene at similar stage of Home Rule Bill great falling off in interest. Few peeresses graced side galleries with their presence. Red-cushioned benches on floor only half filled. Marked exception in case of benches below Gangway to right of Woolsack. Here flocked the surpliced Bishops. Effect undesigned; not therefore the less, perhaps the more, striking.

Fog filled Chamber with depressing persistency. Electric lights flaring from roof did little to disperse the gloom. Through it shone the white robes of the Bishops, emblematical of innocence and of capacity to rise superior to mundane influences.

KENYON, in moving rejection of Bill, set forth in detail evil consequences that would follow upon its enactment. Approaching climax he, in voice trembling with emotion, said: "My Lords, the disestablishment of the Church in Wales will be a step to the inevitable disestablishment of the English Church. In such case the business of your Lordships' House would be daily commenced without prayer."

Conscience-stricken peers recollected that attendance at prayer time rarely exceeds a devout half-dozen. Still there it is, and a murmur of pained sympathy approved this conclusive argument against the Bill.

Bishop of ST. ASAPH read interesting paper. When he laid his manuscript on pulpit desk (I mean on the Table), life-long associations connected with its appearance—quarto sheets neatly sewn in black silk cover—caused noble Lords reverentially to close their eyes and assume a restful attitude. Presently roused by energy of the BISHOP, who, untrammelled by his manuscript, "let McKENNA have it hot," as WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE admiringly said.

About this time discovery made of curious incident illustrating force of early habit. The fog deepening, LORD CHANCELLOR seized opportunity of making strategic retreat. Beckoning COLEBROOKE to approach Woolsack, he asked him to take his place.

"Back d'rectly," he whispered as he tiptoed out.

Choice of substitute might have been better made. COLEBROOKE'S figure lacks expansiveness of LORD CHANCELLOR'S. Moreover, he was, of course, unprovided with wig and gown. Nevertheless so dense was the fog that disappearance of LORD CHANCELLOR, long unnoticed, would not have been discovered save



CHARLIE BERESFORD keeping his weather eye on WINSTON.

for the reflected light from the Bishops' lawn falling upon the Woolsack. To general surprise it disclosed COLEBROOKE sitting bolt upright, looking increasingly miserable as LORD CHANCELLOR tarried on his way back.

Business done.—Lord BEAUCHAMP moved second reading Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. Lord KENYON moved its rejection.

Friday.—Yesterday Lords threw out Welsh Church Bill by 252 votes against 51. To-day Commons adjourn till Friday, 7th March, when Parliament will be prorogued, with interval (including Sunday) of three days before new Session opens.

The Spread of Suffragism.

"Mrs. Henry Fawcett, LL.D. Natus 1847."
Everyman.

We aren't even to be allowed a Latin gender of our own.

SAFE BIND, SAFE FIND.

WE having occasion to shut up our flat for a month or so, my wife was all for taking our silver round to a Safe Deposit in order to prevent its being stolen in our absence. For myself, I was all for having it stolen in our absence in order to save the trouble of having to take it round to a Safe Deposit on future occasions. In the end, she admitted that I was right, as always, and then it was agreed that I should have the privilege of taking the silver, in a trunk, to the Safe Deposit.

I felt, as I alighted from my taxi with my trunk, worth my weight, and more, in silver. But the clerk in charge of the Deposit Office made no overt sigh of deference, doubtless determining to keep an open mind until he was satisfied as to the contents of my trunk. Rather than have him suspect me of being an ingenious murderer with an awkward corpse to dispose of, I made haste to inform him that this was not the case and to explain to him the truth of our domestic affairs.

Clerks in charge of Safe Deposits are eminently human, and nothing bores them so much as the truth of other people's domestic affairs. So he gave me the Company's booklet of instructions to read and returned to his desk, to write, no doubt, to the other depositories to tell them how their deposits were getting on and that if there was a suspicious cove in the room he was under the strictest observation.

After an interval: "I have read your little work," said I, returning him his booklet, "and find your Subscribed Capital, Directors, Solicitors, Auditors, Bankers, Business Hours, Telephone Number and Telegraphic Address the most delightful reading. But there are two points at which I quibble: the first, is it wise to make, as you do in the very fore-front of your preface, this proposition: 'Visitors are invited to inspect the Safe Deposit, *which is open free from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.*,' and is it not asking for trouble to put it in italics? And, secondly, is it really necessary for me to have a password?"

The man turned from his desk. "I will take your last question first," said he, "for your first I do not intend to answer. A password is necessary, and I shall be glad if you will fix on one while I make out the necessary forms for you to sign."

It is said of me by my friends that I am a man of many words, by my enemies that I am a man of too many words. But, upon my soul, it took me on this occasion five minutes to think of one. Any word, the Clerk had said,

would do, one word being as easy to remember or, as he added when he appreciated my difficulty, as easy to forget as another. But I did not look at the matter in the same light. "It must be," said I, "exactly the right word," and with great care and circumspection I evolved it. I gave it him, I saw him make a note of it for future occasions, and then I proceeded in due course and naturally enough to forget it and all about it.

* * * * *

On the re-opening of our flat a month later, I argued even more strenuously against a second visit by myself to that Safe Deposit. I knew that I had some very strong grounds for objection, but could not remember exactly what. Sure enough, when I got to the place and produced my signed forms and asked for my silver, that Clerk must needs have me give him a password. A password; why, of course.

"How many guesses have I got?" I asked, in order to temporize.

"Your password, Sir?" said the Clerk, for any signs of flippancy are very properly discouraged in the purlieus of a Safe Deposit.

"I can give you the rough idea," said I, "for that at least I can remember. You gave me to expect that this emergency would arise, and I well knew that when it did arise I should be unequal to it. So I chose a word that would naturally suggest itself when I came so to inform you. If you look at your book it will no doubt show you what that word is. . . . And now may I have my silver?"

"I must be told," said the Clerk, "what the word was."

I thought and thought, but there was nothing for it but to tell him that I had forgotten it.

"Damn," I began apologetically . . .

Thereupon the Clerk thanked me and gave me the silver.

The Run of the Season.

"HUNTING.

EXCELLENT DAY'S SPORT WITH THE BLANKNEY. A BADGER KILLED."—*Standard.*

A Minor Prophet.

"The Rev. ——, speaking at the Athletic Association's concert last week, prophesied a busy and attractive time at the Sports Ground last year."—*Worthing Observer.*

This initial success should encourage him to higher flights.

"Mr. Hrry Holmes, of 21, Lynette-avenue, Clapham Common, requests us to state that he is in no way connected with the Harry oHlmes who, on February 11, at Greenwich, was sent for trial."—*Evening News.*

It is surprising, seeing how differently they spell their names, that the mistake ever arose.



OUR VILLAGE CINEMA.

Showman. "'ERE, I SAY, IT BE 'ORSES' 'OOVES, NOT 'ORNS OR 'AIL-STORMS."

ON RECEIVING AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PHEASANT EGGS.

DEAR SIR,—Although I plainly see
Your card is kindly meant,
To forward such a thing to me
Is energy mis-spent;
For pheasant eggs or chicks that run
Or grown-up birds that fly
Are little good without the gun
I can't afford to buy!

My interest it scarcely whets
To read your lists of rank,
To hear of Dukes and Baronets
Whose keepers "beg to thank——."
No joy is it to me to know
That "all the eggs did well,"
As testified by So-and-So,
Or some such other swell.

Ah! why, Sir, advertise your skill
To one as poor as proud?
Two pheasants would my garden fill,
And three would be a crowd.
Yet, stay! not vainly shall you beg,
Your firm shall yet rejoice;
You shall supply one breakfast egg—
Unfertile, please, for choice!

GREEK IAMBICS.

"I HAVE been thinking," I said.

"And that," said Francesca, "is capital exercise for you. Some people box, some fence, some ride, some play golf, some walk——"

"And some talk," I put in. "Don't forget the talkers!"

"I am not allowed to forget them. Some talk, and others think. They're the best of all, and you, it appears"—she swept me a curtsey—"are one of them. Oh, what would I give to be a thinker, to be able to bear down opposition by the force of reason, to bring doubters to my side by the pure influence of a great mind! Tell me, tell me how does it feel to be like that?"

"It feels," I said, "like—surely you know what I mean—like having a reason, like possessing a great mind, you know; like being a man, in fact—*homo sapiens*, and that sort of thing."

"And what do you think I care," she said, "for your *homosapienses*?"

"If," I said, "you desire to indicate the plural I suggest that *homines sapientes* would be the more usual form. Possibly you may have some authority in the Latin of a later age—monkish Latin, for instance—but——"

"We will put Latin aside," she said.

"No," I said warmly, "we will not put it aside. For twelve long years I learnt Latin, and now in the plenitude of my powers I am to be told by a mere chit of a girl——"

"Age cannot wither me," said Francesca.

"—I am to be told by a mere chit of a girl who hasn't got an irregular verb to her name that Latin is to be put aside. Take my Latin from me, and what am I?"

"An old goose," said Francesca. "It's the most perfect subtraction sum I ever met."

"Pretty warbler," I said. "If I could remember the Latin for nightingale that should be your name."

"I'll do without it. You needn't strain your memory just to give me pleasure."

"'Philomela' is the word," I said.

"It is too late now," she said; "and 'nightingale' does equally well."

"Francesca," I said, "you are babbling."

"Warbling," she urged.

"Babbling," I repeated, "babbling badly. I shall now refuse to tell you what I was thinking about."

"And I," she said, "shall refuse not to bear up under the blow."

"No," I said, "I will change my mind——"

"Changes neatly executed while you wait."

"—I will change my mind and tell you all," I said. "Have you ever noticed that Frederick is growing, that he is more than five years old——"

"And will be six in June," she said. "Something of the sort had vaguely occurred to me, but I could never have expressed it with your precision and force."

"—And we shall soon have to think seriously about his education."

"He is already highly accomplished," she said. "He can read many words of three letters."

"Pooh!" I said.

"And can do simple sums in addition."

"Pish!" I said.

"Unnatural father, thus to depreciate the genius of your son. He is a born arithmetician, and insists on doing sums in his bath."

"Then," I said, "he shall go to Cambridge."

"Do they do sums in their baths at Cambridge?"

"Yes," I said, "and everywhere else, too. He shall be a wrangler."

"Bless his heart," said Francesca fondly. "Did he want to be a little wrangler then?"

"My heart," I said, "is steeled against your prattle, and Frederick, being upstairs, cannot hear it."

"This conversation," she said, "is becoming too discursive. Besides, I cannot bear a man who says 'pooh' and 'pish.' Such expressions are only met with in books."

"Francesca, if you dare me, I will say 'ugh' and 'pshaw.' But please understand me. When I said 'pooh' and 'pish' just now I did not intend to make light of Frederick's learning. I meant to imply that knowledge is not necessarily the first object of education. Character, you know—Frederick must acquire character."

"His character," she said, "is angelic. He would give his last sponge-cake to his sisters."

"He must play cricket and football."

"He can play them on the lawn."

"And he must learn to take a swishing like a man."

"Do men take them much?" she said.

"And, therefore," I said, disregarding her, "he must go to a good preparatory school and afterwards to a public school. Do you imagine that Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby and all the rest of them are gaping for Frederick? He must be put down at once for somewhere."

"But won't they let him do his reading and his little sums?"

"He will, I hope, continue to dabble in them. But he will learn to write Latin Elegiacs and, possibly, Greek Iambics. Think, Francesca, how proud you will be of a son who can write Iambics."

"But you yourself," she said, "once wrote these awful things. You don't do much at it now, do you?"

"I don't exactly make a habit of it," I said; "but it has given me an insight; it has helped to build me up; it has taught me how to avoid false quantities——"

"And that," she said, "is, of course, most important. I shall begin to teach Frederick that directly."

"I wouldn't hurry him too much," I said.

"Wouldn't you? Of course you know best. I thought perhaps he'd like to take an Iambic to bed with him."

R. C. L.

MULLIGATAWNY.

["Mulligatawny (Tamil—*milagutunni*, lit. pepper-water). An East Indian curry-soup."—*English Dictionary.*]

THERE are soups of various patterns, that range from the humble pea
To the aldermanic turtle that's not for the likes o' me,
But the priceless pick of the boiling is made on the masterly plan
Of Misther Mulligatawny, the eminent Irishman.

For what is the soup of Scotland (the *gourmet* shudders and pales),
Or what is your cock-a-leekie—the probable soup of Wales,
Or any infusion flavoured by English corduroy
To the soup of Mulligatawny, the broth of an Irish boy?

But Philology thrust her nose in, and hatched a horrible plot
That the manhood of Mulligatawny should shamefully be forgot;
She implied that Mulligatawny was never a shamrock fruit,
And wasn't discovered in Erin, but came from an Indian root.

Now credit, it's my conviction, should go where credit is due,
So I feel constrained to batter Philology's nose askew
With the fact that the Monarch of All Soups is made on the masterly plan
Of Misther Mulligatawny, the eminent Irishman.



Celebrated English Actor (great success as Irishman in Irish play). "OI ALWAYS THINK AN ACTORR SHOULD SPAKE THE SAME ACCENT OFF THE STAGE AS ON UT, WHOILE THE PLAY IS RUNNING. BEGORRA, IT MAKES HIM NATURAL IN HIS PARRT."

Touring Actor. "ALL VERY FINE FOR YOU; BUT I PLAY A SCOTCHMAN AT MATINÉES AND AN IRISHMAN AND A FRENCHMAN IN THE EVENING, AND ME A WELSHMAN, LOOK YOU!"

A FAMILY "AGREEMENT."

(Drawn up by a distracted father for the benefit of all parents whose sleep is rendered insecure by the behaviour of their offspring.)

THIS INDENTURE made the . . . day of . . . 19... between Messrs. Pater and Mater Familias of the one part (hereinafter called "the Lessors") and Master Three-year-old of the other part (hereinafter called "the Lessee") WITNESSETH that in consideration of the Lessee's covenants hereinafter contained THE said Lessors do demise unto the said Lessee ALL THAT wooden tenement called and known as "THE COT" situate and being adjacent to other the two tenements of the Lessors in the county of Beds together with the appurtenances thereto belonging TO HAVE and to occupy the same nightly for a period of . . . hours from the day of . . . 19... rent free AND the said Lessee does hereby covenant with the said Lessors that he shall not nor will without the licence and consent of the said Lessors first obtained convert or use the said tenement or any part thereof into a pandemonium or bear-garden nor blow any trumpet or other musical instruments nor beat bang or otherwise strike any drum nor suffer the said tenement to be used or occupied by bleating sheep talking dolls or other nuisance AND further that the Lessee will not during the occupation of the said demised premises cry whine sniff toss about sing shout or do any act which may be or grow to the annoyance or disturbance of the Lessors or the occupiers or inmates of adjoining premises PROVIDED ALWAYS and these presents are upon this express condition that if and whenever the Lessee shall fail to observe and perform any of the covenants hereinbefore contained it shall be lawful for the Lessors at any time to remove and utterly expel the said Lessee from the said demised premises AND the Lessors hereby covenant with the Lessee that the Lessee duly performing all the covenants on the Lessee's part shall quietly enjoy the said premises without interference by the Lessors.

IN WITNESS whereof the said parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written

Signed sealed and delivered by the above-named in the presence of

Commercial Candour from Liverpool.

(1) "STOCKTAKING SALE.
EVERYTHING REDUCED.
QUALITY—STYLE—VALUE."

(2) "500 Dozen Ladies' Irish Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, honestly worth 1/6 doz. Sale price 6 for 1/6."

"The Rev. C. Conolly presided at a sacred musical service given at Exton Church on Sunday afternoon. The programme was of an interesting and varied character, and comprised items by Miss Cissie Fradd (soprano), Miss Nellie Drew (contralto), Mr. Reginald Fisher (tenor), Mr. Chas. Price (bass), the humorous part being entrusted to Mr. W. J. Head."—*Hampshire County Times.*

The last-named gentleman must have found it good practice for the humorous part in the anthem that same evening.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PRETENDERS."

ACCORDING to Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, who translated the play and provided the audience with an erudite but very readable "foreword" about it, a "long-standing reproach" has been lifted from the English stage by the tardy production of this *opus magnum* of HENRIK IBSEN'S early career. As a feat of heavy-weight lifting it was a colossal performance, and, looking back, I am proud to have assisted at the achievement, though at the time something of the physical strain communicated itself to my own gifts of endurance, putting them to a very severe test.

I cannot doubt that, if I had fortified myself by a previous study of the play, I should have succeeded better in penetrating some of its darker purposes. But I must still believe that the appeal of the greatest human dramas should be too direct to stand in need of such preliminaries. It is true that the broad motives of the play, and the characters of its protagonists, were fairly intelligible; but some of the minor issues were veiled (for my eyes at least) in the mists of obscurity. Much of this was due to the Pretender's indecision of character; his tendency to behave "like the poor cat i' the adage"; and, most of all, his religious scruples. The technical act of sacrilege committed in his cause by the priest, his son—an act which apparently arrested the Pretender in the full tide of his ambitions—may have had some local significance proper to the period; but a stupendous world-tragedy ought surely to turn on something a little more cosmic.

Apart from its two remarkable studies of character and their interaction the virtue of the play lies in certain isolated passages, such as that between *Skule*, the Pretender, and the *Skald*, or the former's welcome of his new-found son. The earlier of these passages, illustrative of the familiar thought to which ROSSETTI, among other poets, gives utterance—

"By thine own tears thy song must tears beget—"

is marked by great literary beauty. But such relief comes rarely in a play that is primarily a drama of character tested in action.

The most popular figure with the audience was that of a sort of Right Rev. Mephistopheles in the person of *Nicholas Arnesson*, Bishop of Oslo. His ruling passion, strong to the last of life, was to promote discord in the Kingdom of Norway, that no one man might rise to be the giant which he himself had failed to become. His motto is not "*divide et impera*," but rather "encourage rivalry that there may be no true imperator at all." Unfortunately the original passage which gave the key to this attitude, showing, as I understand from Mr. ARCHER, that it was due to jealousy born of his own failure to win success in a world of lustier men, was omitted in the acting edition. Yet, after all, we are accustomed to accept the Devil's motives without too much scrutiny, and so the character of the deplorable old prelate stands out clear enough.



IBSEN ON THE UNDERGROUND.

Mr. LAURENCE IRVING (*Skule*) to Mr. WILLIAM HAVILAND (*Ghost of Bishop Nicholas*). "And you come from down yonder——?"
Mr. HAVILAND. "Yes, the moving staircase."

There was a dramatic moment when, in the very article of death, he has the letter burned which alone could prove whether the King, *Hakon Hakonsson*, had any right to his regal surname. He achieves his object—to leave the Pretender a legacy of insoluble doubt—but it involved a cruel disappointment for the curiosity of the audience, who never got at its contents.

The old heathen took an unconscionable time about his dying; but it was a great scene, and Mr. WILLIAM HAVILAND, who played the part, deserved his triumph.

Mr. LAURENCE IRVING'S performance as *Skule* was most thoughtful and conscientious. He had the air of composing his words as he went along; and, even when his motives were least intelligible, we laid the blame elsewhere, either on IBSEN or ourselves. But I did not greatly care for his sing-song manner. It almost seemed as if Mr. LYALL SWETE, to whom the credit is due of a very brilliant production, had imparted to Mr. IRVING something of his own vocal methods.

Mr. BASIL GILL, who, in the character of *King Hakon*, appeared once again as "the darling of the gods," was not a very striking personality. The *Skald* of Mr. GUY RATHBONE was a sound piece of work; I liked the boyish enthusiasm of Mr. ION SWINLEY, as *Peter*; and there was one great figure, a gold-bearded "Wolf-skin," whose identity escapes me. But most of the minor characters were just barbarously picturesque. As for the women—*Inga* and *Ingeborg* (I mixed these two badly) and the rest of the medley of female relatives—well, these were the unregenerate days when IBSEN had yet to become the apostle of the enfranchisement of the sex. So it was their business (or "saga," in the slang of the time) simply to love and sacrifice themselves and be overlooked. Miss HELEN HAYE stepped boldly out of her element, but the others served little purpose except to add to my confusion.

The work of Mr. SIME, who designed the costumes and scenery, and of Mr. JOSEPH HARKER, who did the painting, was something more than excellent. But I trust it didn't cost too much; for I cannot hope that there will be a very brisk market for this brave enterprise, though the piety of loyal IBSENITES should carry things on for a bit.

O. S.

From a calendar:

"Friday, February 7th.
Rhubarb may be forced outdoors."

Personally, whenever we see a piece of rhubarb indoors we force it out—no matter what the date.

"The crocodile possesses . . . eyes and ears which enable it to hold its prey under water and drown it, without any inconvenience to itself."—*Empire Magazine.*

We picture to ourselves the great saurian (*good!*) clinging to a drowning antelope with its eyelids, what time it breathes rapidly under water through its ears.



"LAND HUNGER."

Sportsman. "HULLOA, COLONEL, BEEN ROLLING IN THE MUD?"

Colonel. "WELL, THEY SEEM SO ANXIOUS TO TAKE MY LAND AWAY FROM ME, I THOUGHT I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A LITTLE OF SOMEONE ELSE'S!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I DO not consider Mr. DESMOND COKE has been quite fair to me. *Helena*, of *Helena Brett's Career* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), is a nice girl and a clever, as witness her feat of writing a sort of a diary of which unscrupulous, well-fed *Blatchley*, the publisher, sold 30,000 copies in eight weeks. Yet she did not in the first five minutes see through the man she married—*Hubert*, the novelist—as the fatuous egoist he was. *Geoffrey Alison*, the artist, calls him somewhere a something "swine." This seemed to hit the matter off rather aptly if untactfully, and when, having conscientiously sought and failed to find mitigating circumstances, I had finally accepted *Alison's précis*, lo, *Hubert*, the worm, goes and turns and admits the stark impeachment even in the very terms of *Alison's* accusation. "But swine like me," he begins, and goes on to make so abject a confession as to rouse one's pity almost to the point of saying, "Oh, not at all." And this I call distinctly unfair, because he *is* a beast (if you assume him credible), and *Helena* cannot possibly have failed to see through him and still have remained *Helena*. And it is all very ill of Mr. COKE to pretend otherwise. Then, again, *Hubert's* sister *Ruth*, going or driven away, a tactless, fussy stage-spinster, how can she come back, after no sufficient adventure or discipline that we hear of, so discerning and so pleasantly different? No, our novelist conceals all motives and processes, only giving the alleged facts; and I don't call this playing the game. I suppose what I really mean is that I expected something much better from Mr. DESMOND COKE.

I cannot help being thankful that I am not one of the characters in a story by Mr. HUGH WALPOLE. They do have such a remarkably poor time of it. An atmosphere of hatred and gloom appears to surround them from birth; persons are continually beating and ill-using them, and they can never love anything approaching a dear gazelle without its being quite sure to pine away in the earliest possible chapter. This certainly is what happens to *Peter Westcott*, the hero of *Fortitude* (SECKER). To drop flippancy, here is a book about which, now that I have read it with great care, I am wholly unable to form a judgment that shall be expressed by any reasonable number of adjectives. It seems to me by turns grim and gloomy and powerful; here and there are passages of real and singular beauty, followed by whole chapters that are merely artificial and unconvincing. It has, I believe, been compared to the work of DICKENS; and indeed it would be easy for the curious to trace out a parallel between its characters and those in *David Copperfield*, which would sound astonishingly complete. Yet no two books could well be more unlike in spirit. I have indicated that I found Mr. WALPOLE's tale unequal. The Cornish parts impressed me enormously. All the early chapters that treat of Scaw House, and the influence upon *Peter* of its tradition of cruelty and degradation, are wonderfully forcible. And the end, when, after years of striving and apparent defeat, he comes back prepared to give in and accept the curse, provides, unforeseen, one of the most genuine "creeps" that I have met. It is in *Peter's* intervening life that I am sometimes suspicious that Mr. WALPOLE is tormenting him, as his father did, more out of malice than for truth's sake. Fate here

seemed a little self-conscious. But the book remains, however regarded, a notable achievement.

It is not often that one comes across a piece of coastline of which the mere subsoil is worth two hundred pounds a ton for export, by reason of its containing wolframite, known amongst the knowing as WO_2. When one does, it is tiresome enough to find another fellow there already exporting that subsoil as fast as he can. It would be difficult to think of a more convenient way of dealing with this other fellow than that of blowing him up, himself, his assistants, his head offices and all, with an adequate charge of picric acid and an electric fuse—a method which has the double advantage of eliminating one trade competitor and putting off others. But for myself, if I had the picric acid carefully arranged and the electric fuse timed to work punctually at 10 P.M., I should hesitate to keep an appointment at the doomed office anywhere near that hour. *Van Noppen* was quite in order in making the appointment, for that ensured the presence of the right people in the right place at the right time; but his mistake, his elementary mistake, lay in keeping it. Otherwise *WO_2* (METHUEN) is quite the most convincing tale of scoundrel adventure that I have read for a long time. I seemed to have lost the capacity for being excited, mystified, devoted to heroes, distressed by villains and kept up past midnight to see things put right. Mr. MAURICE DRAKE, however, in his dashing, breezy style, has enamoured me again of my old love, the drama in which one watches, breathless, the progress of events and is not worried with the too minute analysis of motive and character. There is so natural a charm in his picture of the good ship, *Luck and Charity*, that I am forced to assume that he is a sailor himself, and the crudeness of his brief digression into female suffrage, so far from irritating, pleasantly confirms me in that belief. We like our seamen to be boisterous, sturdy and downright, thorough masters of their own subject and, if not frankly ignorant of, at least not too conversant with, the subtleties of domestic politics. And a man of the sea, most emphatically, is this author.



FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.

A WELL-MEANING BUT TACTLESS VISITOR DRAWS THE ATTENTION OF BENVENUTO CELLINI TO AN ANATOMICAL ERROR IN ONE OF HIS MASTERPIECES.

There is a popular belief—to which I have never altogether subscribed—that fifty per cent. of the Russian people are anarchists, and it is interesting to find that the popular belief is wrong. So far as I am able to estimate after reading Mr. ROTHAY REYNOLDS'S book, *My Russian Year* (MILLS AND BOON), sixty per cent. would be nearer the mark, if not seventy. They are not all fierce, militant anarchists. Some are very nice, though they are the real thing at heart. Mr. REYNOLDS depicts Russians of whom almost anything seems possible. You may find among the peasants the Anglo-Saxon serf. There are pilgrims belonging to the age of the Crusades. There are those who hold religious views belonging to the reign of ELIZABETH. Society is full of the artificialities of the time of LOUIS XIV. There are aristocrats and citizens in the best eighteenth-century manner. In certain classes there is an amazing culture. Cooking is French "perfected by the influence of the higher culinary thought of the country," and yet dinner may be anywhere between one and eight. Intertwined with all this there is in operation a process of levelling—both down and up. And over all there seems to hang the shadow of tragedy which a knife or a pistol shot or a bomb may at any moment make a reality. I give thus, I am afraid, a very superficial idea of what this excellent book has to say, and no idea at all of the entertaining way in which it says it. But there is too much in it for a summary. It is the best work of its kind I have seen for years.

The Finger of Mr. Blee (JOHN LANE) is a new humorous novel, by a new humorous writer, Mr. PETER BLUNDELL, in a new setting—a tropical island. To dissect a joke must always be a dark and dreadful task; the hardest thing, therefore, that I propose to say about Mr. BLUNDELL'S wit is that it is at times less original and striking than its setting. His characters, especially the nautical ones, have obviously sat at the sea-boots of Mr. W. JACOBS and not come empty away. But if their interchange of pleasantries and "scores" has a familiar ring, there are other persons in the tale — the half-caste hero and the shore society of the islands—that are both new and welcome. When Mr. BLUNDELL isn't bothering to be funny, and lets himself go in a picture, for example, of a steamer's engine-room at sea, or any one of a dozen sketches of life in a tropical township, he is at his very good best, sure, vivid, and picturesque. It would be quite impossible here to trace in detail the varied adventures of *Harold Blee*, Eurasian clerk and (unofficial) pawn in the dispute between the two rival chiefs of *Jallagar*—the Commandant's lady and the wife of the steamship agent. This shows you in a sentence the character of the tale and most of its plot. The latter culminates, after the approved model, in a scene of uproarious farce at the official garden party given by Mrs. Commandant on the occasion of the King's birthday. Personally, I should have enjoyed the party better without the farce, but this is my own affair. Both are agreeable of their kind.

The Worst Joke of the Month.

In the International speed-skating race of 1,500 metres at Stockholm, IPPOLITOFF was only second. What they are all asking in Russia to-day is "Why didn't Ippolitoff?"

"It was in a little country town in the West of England, and Mrs. Goodman, excellent citizen and kind-hearted ma, allowed himself to be chosen mayor for the fourth time."—*Minneapolis Evening Journal.*

The second misprint was a noble feat of consistency on the part of the compositor. A pity he couldn't have rounded it off with "herself."

CHARIVARIA.

Now that the town council has issued an order that no strap-hanger in a tram-car need pay a fare, it is a real pleasure to observe the *renaissance* of chivalry in Chicago. Men who used to go to earth behind evening papers on the entrance of a woman now spring to their feet in platoons without a moment's hesitation.

* * *

In the same city there is at present a scarcity of funds such as has not been known since the great fire. According to the reports, even the police department is pressed for money. And when one remembers the ingenuity of American police-forces in raising the wind such a statement becomes highly impressive.

* * *

At a recent show a new kind of dog was exhibited. One of its points was that its feet were longer and larger than those of any English breed. Almost certainly one of the police-dogs of which we hear so much.

* * *

Mr. ALLEN BAKER, M.P., speaking at a dinner last week, said that the phrase, "the quick and the dead," was applicable to motor-omnibuses. The quick were those who dodged them; the dead were those who did not. Next week Mr. BAKER will tell a new and diverting story about a curate and an egg.

* * *

After sitting for fifty-four days, the Kolb vulture at the Zoo hatched out a chick, which it promptly ate. Encouraged by this episode, the authorities hope that in time the Kolb vulture may become self-supporting.

* * *

News reaches us of a snail in the same collection which, according to the report, came out of its shell and crawled about uncovered. And we had hoped that the *Salome* craze was gone.

* * *

A Bill has passed the Nevada State Legislature, by which persons wishing for a divorce are compelled to stay in Reno six full months, instead of three, as in the brave old days; and a stampede of American citizens is expected hourly in the direction of Chinese Turkestan, where a bill of divorce is written out at the same time that a marriage is celebrated.

* * *

Asbestos pockets for the accommodation of lighted pipes and cigars have been invented by an American tailor. Also useful for the modern novel.

* * *

According to the *Times*, the general earliness of Spring is a cause of anxiety to the earnest gardener. We did not know that there were any earnest gardeners at this time of the year. We thought they had all knocked off work to listen for the February cuckoo.

* * *

In Devonshire, however, they have definitely given it up. "Even if the cuckoo has not actually been heard," writes a Devonian correspondent of an evening paper, "I have just seen a fine specimen of the tortoise-shell butterfly." This craven spirit ill becomes the men of Devon.

* * *

Complaints have been made of the "disreputable appearance" of the grave-diggers present at funerals at Fulham Cemetery, and, in addition to being provided with a suitable uniform, it is understood that they are to be sent in batches to the next play at the St. James's Theatre, in order that they may acquire an ideal, at any rate, with regard to the trouser-leg.

* * *

Two Territorials have been fined for non-attendance at training, their defence being that the sound of firing gave them a headache. Unless the enemy, in the event of an invasion, consent to use air-guns, or somebody invents noiseless powder, we see no way out of this impasse.



Weighty Novice. "TALK ABOUT STEERING IN CROWDED ROOMS! I SEEMED TO DROP INTO IT AT ONCE."

Mr. JOHN N. RAPHAEL told in a lecture last week the story of how GOUNOD, having a bad bilious attack, sat down at the piano and set it to music. We think this must have been the piece we heard at a concert not long ago, though GOUNOD's name was not attached to it on the programme.

* * *

Questioned concerning the bomb outrage at Walton Heath, an official of the Women's Social and Political Union said: "It might have been done as a joke." One has, of course, to be in the mood to appreciate this kind of genial fun. Once you see it, you laugh heartily.

* * *

Man the Brute. Within a few months, the wife and three daughters of a resident in Pottsville, Pa., U.S.A., have undergone operations for appendicitis. "The head of the family," adds our informant, "says he is enjoying perfect health." He might at least have had the tact to pretend that he had toothache.

* * *

A very poor time of it prisoners in America seem to have. Mr. BOURCHIER made us familiar with the Third Degree of the New York police; and now comes the news that, during trials in the Danville, Kentucky, police court, music will be played on the piano while the accused are testifying—the idea being that it will "break down the stubborn wills of prisoners." For ourselves, rather than maintain our innocence in rag-time, we would plead guilty from the start.

* * *

A football match in Scotland had to be stopped the other day because the crowd, annoyed at a decision of the referee, broke on to the field in a solid mass and refused to go back again. Surely it would have been sufficient for Scotland to refuse to play football with France because of the violence of the French spectators, without going to the length of showing them how that sort of thing should really be done in style.

"MOTOR-BIKE, complete, less engine, frame, tank, coil, saddle, handlebar, tyres, etc., £4 5s."—*Advt. in "Motor Cycling."*

Too expensive. We simply can't pay £4 5*s.* for the hooter.

HOW TO SAVE ENGLAND ON THE CHEAP.

Colonel SEELY addresses the National Reserve.

[No sort of ridicule is here aimed at the good fellows who, without payment, have pledged themselves to serve in the nation's defence and have been refused even the dignity of a uniform in recognition of the new order of chivalry.]

MEN in your country's ranks enrolled,
This is indeed a sight that cheers—
These serried lines composed of old
Regulars, Tars, and Volunteers!
I hear that, when the foeman's hordes come on,
If we have not at once dismissed 'em
You are prepared to render aid upon
The voluntary system.

That system, beautifully framed
To glorify spontaneous work,
Making the others feel ashamed—
The loafers who elect to shirk—
Long since has been our purest, fairest pride;
Under its sway the Empire waxes
(Many indeed would have the rule applied
To things like rates and taxes).

Should ever England, by mistake,
Demand of all her sons alike
A common sacrifice to make,
And learn in her defence to strike,
If you will credit me, the soldiers' friend,
Grown old in service, old and hoary,
That day, as I predict, will see the end
Of our rough Island story.

Men of the National Reserve!
When Armageddon puts a strain
Even upon the veteran's nerve
Beneath the bullets' steady rain,
Grateful for any help where things are warm,
My Government will give permission
To each of you to have a uniform,
A rifle and some ammunition!

Meanwhile, you must forgo your needs,
Content, until the actual scrap,
To march unarmed in motley weeds,
Beaver and billycock and cap.
Why not? I too in civil guise have dressed,
Yet looked extremely smart and dapper,
For still the warrior in me shone confessed
Clean through the outside wrapper.

Be patient, then, as you are brave!
Two patriot courses you must keep:
You have your country's life to save,
And you must do it on the cheap;
We, for our part, will look with kindly eye
On any service offered freely,
Like yours who gratis undertake to die
For England, home, and SEELY.

O. S.

"Briseis Tin.—An interim dividend of 6d. per share has been declared.
Briseis Tin.—An interim dividend of 6d. per share has been declared."
Sunday Times.

Making 1*s.* altogether. It is well to break the good news gently.

"The Eskimos are suffering from contact with European traders, and are rapidly dying off from measles. Mr. Steffansson urges the Government to send a number of mounted police to the district to protect the natives from disease."—*Manchester Guardian.*

We picture a policeman "moving on" a couple of measles, and finally arresting them for loitering.

WHEN WAR BECOMES IMPOSSIBLE.

IT was the severest form of warfare—street fighting. Moreover there were no uniforms, no trappings of military organisation. The combatants were in every nonconformity of civilian dress; and they were mere boys. But as I watched I thought of RUSKIN'S words on the ennobling influence of war. For it had been raining; yet some of the attackers lay prone on the wet pavement and even in the road.

The fight was raging round the playground entrance of the school where but a little while before there had been peace and order and the elementary education which fits boys and girls to be citizens. The noise of battle echoed in the street where the little girls had only just gone swarming home with jocund shouts.

For a moment the firing had lulled. The attackers were creeping up for a final rush. They hugged the houses that stood flush with the playground wall. The defenders, too, contemplated some counter-movement; and every now and then the great iron gate in the wall was opened slightly for a reconnaissance. Still the attackers crept closer and closer, their crouching figures suggesting something about to spring. It was the supreme moment.

I was quite close; and I could hear their leaders explaining the plan of attack and exhorting them to brave deeds. Occasionally the rank and file answered back—short, bitten words of suggestion. Discipline was forgotten, such was the tension.

Then suddenly the great iron gate swung open. The defenders swarmed out. Instantly the attackers hurled themselves forward. The rattle of firing broke out again. The two forces met and intermingled in an awful mêlée. The firing increased. Figures lay on the pavement comparatively still.

Amid the tumult of combatants I watched two—a thin enthusiast and a short fleshy boy.

The enthusiast charged at the other, pistol levelled. Bang! Bang! "You 're killed, Bill Smiff!"

"No, I ain't!"

"Yes, y'ar!"

The enthusiast put his arms round Smith, meaning to deposit him firmly upon the pavement, as was the custom with the unwilling slain.

Smith wriggled away, refusing last aid. "I tell you I ain't going to be killed."

"Well, then, be wounded," suggested the other.

"Na-oh!" Smith's hands dug into the pockets of his knickers.

Then the other lifted up his voice amid the din of battle—a shrill cry that pierced the noise of firing and the cries of combatants.

"I say, Bill Smiff won't be killed; and I fired at him twice!"

The effect of the words was instantaneous. True, the fury of the encounter was on the wane, but that did not explain the immediate cessation of hostilities. The fight stopped. The killed and wounded, lying on the pavement, raised their heads to see what was happening; some even got up. Everywhere combatants stood in all attitudes of arrested action. The accusation against Bill Smith shrilled out again. "I fired at him twice—close; and he won't be killed!"

"No, nor yet wounded," announced Smith. "Not on a wet day like this. It 's silly." And he marched off.

There was a moment of general bewilderment. But when I left, the combatants had fraternised; some were even exchanging percussion caps for things out of a paper bag.



ANOTHER CONFERENCE OF LONDON.

[Owing to the brilliant success of the late Conference of London it is proposed to throw open the hospitable doors of St. James's Palace to a symposium of Mexican Presidents.]



ACIDULATED GOLF.

"DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY THIS, CADDIE?"
"WHY, YOU 'VE GOT A GRAND LINE, SIR. FOLLOW THE S. THE OTHER GENTLEMAN 'S BUNKERED IN THE E."

THE JILTED NUT.

I AM not an eavesdropper; but now and then drops are, so to speak, eaved upon one, and that is what happened to me last evening at the Rayon de Soleil, the latest of the little Soho restaurants. I was sitting there alone, waiting for a friend, and at the next table was a young man moodily eyeing alternately a bottle and the door. Four things about him were evident: that he was what is called a nut; that he was drinking more than he ought; that he had something on his mind; and that he was expecting a companion. Suddenly his appearance brightened, for the companion arrived, a nut also; and it was then that, in spite of any effort to avoid it that I might have made, his confidences became mine; for the Rayon de Soleil tables are extremely near together and his voice, naturally loud and nutty, was rendered still louder by the alcohol robbing his perceptions of their edge. As my friend did not arrive to distract me, I am in a position to set down the young man's words almost exactly as he spoke them; and I trust I commit no indiscretion in doing so. Should he ever read this page (and he did not look like a lover of print) he can rest assured that I wish him all happiness; that there is too little description to give him away; and that so many of his kind are turned down by so many of her kind that he could always deny his own identity.

He rose to his feet to greet his friend and dropped back into his chair. On the table, I should say, was only a bottle, nothing to eat. "My dear man," he said, holding the other's hand in an emotional grip for a whole minute, "what a trump you are to come like this! Infernal good luck of mine getting on to you. I never was in such need of sympathy. My engagement 's broken off."

The other nut whistled. "I didn't know it was an engagement," he said.

"Well, no," said the first nut, "it wasn't exactly, but fundamentally it was. We both understood each other. But this afternoon she told me to consider it at an end. It 's completely broken me up, old man. I haven't been able to eat a morsel of food; I 've just been sitting here in despair. She was on the stage, you know, but a good girl. I 'll swear she was a good girl, and fundamentally she loved me. I believe she loves me still—fundamentally. Of course it was awkward—her being on the stage. My people would have made an awful dust about it; they 'd have never given their consent; but now it 's all over. Of course I shall have to go away—I don't know where, but right away; but I want to get drunk first. You don't mind me getting drunk, old man? I want to get furiously drunk. How much have you got? I 've only got six shillings. I 've already had two liqueurs and now I 've got this Burgundy. I tried to eat some soup, but I couldn't. Fundamentally I 'm sure she loves me. I 'd like to talk to some woman about it all; they 're so rippingly sympathetic; but so are you, and that 's why I rang you up. You 're all right; but women are best. Do you mind if I order another bottle? Fundamentally I swear she loves me."

"For Sale Tasmanian Opossum Carriage or Motor rug, 1 rge size containing 36 skins 14 tails. Cost £15 guineas take 12; new never been used. Apply 'Opossum Office of this paper.' "—*Advt. in "Daily Malta Chronicle."*

The buildings of our contemporary—with an "Opossum Office," "Jerboa Department," "Weasel Section," etc., for each different class of reader—are supposed to be the best equipped in all the newspaper world.

THE SILK UMBRELLA;

OR,

SELF-SACRIFICE ON THE STAGE.

[*Four people are seated in a large drawing-room. They should wear a worried look, and* Elizabeth, *the young heroine, should give an occasional gasp.* Henry Ashton, *the stern solicitor, might have a break in his voice; his brother* Edward *must not yawn; the* Elderly Matron *is a symbolical figure and should remain in the background.*

Elizabeth. I am innocent: I repeat it, I am innocent.

Henry Ashton. Alas, your guilt is obvious. Why these denials? I cannot spare you.

Elderly Matron. Oh, do! She is so young.

Henry Ashton. Impossible. It is Lady MacVicar's umbrella and she insists on prosecuting.

Elderly Matron. But Elizabeth is your guest!

Henry Ashton. I cannot help that. So is Lady MacVicar. She throws herself on my protection and her belongings are sacred. Besides, I am in a position of trust; I am a town councillor. I took an oath—I swore—I swore—at least I entered into an engagement of some kind. I have a duty to Society; at any cost to my feelings I must perform it. The police are even now on their way.

[*Enter* Percy Ashton, Henry's *eldest son, immaculately dressed, with green spats.*

Percy (*aside*). What is this? Elizabeth accused of theft? I must save her at all costs; I will sacrifice myself, my family, my father, my chance of getting into the Foreign Office. (*Aloud*) Elizabeth is innocent. I will tell you the truth. The culprit is here, he is me—I mean, I am him. Anyhow, I took the umbrella.

All (*in tones of horror*). You?

Percy (*rather crossly*). Yes, me.

[Elizabeth *gives him a grateful look.*

Henry Ashton. Percy, what do I hear? Have I been drinking, or is this true? Was it for this I sent you to an academy for young gentlemen—(*great emphasis on last word*)—and afterwards to Marlborough and Wadham? Is this your start in life? Alas, if I could have foreseen this I would have lent you the half-crown you wanted; I would have lent you five shillings; but I can say no more; I am no public speaker.

[*Buries his face in his hands.*

All (*very heartily*). Oh, Percy!

Percy (*doggedly*). All is over. I will go and change. [*Exit.*

Henry Ashton. I must go and see Lady MacVicar and offer her a new umbrella. [*Exit.*

[James, *the second son, rushes in. He is the sportsman of the family.*

James. Oh, here you are! They told me you were in the billiard-room. How dare you accuse Elizabeth of theft? She is innocent, I would lay any odds on it. Besides, I know who did it. (*In a burst of enthusiasm*) I did it.

[Elizabeth *gives him a grateful look.*

All (*surprised*). You took the umbrella?



Proud Owner. "OF COURSE, THIS IS ONLY VILLAGE-WORK, OLD CHAP. YOU WAIT TILL WE GET OUT INTO THE OPEN."

Edward Ashton. But I don't quite understand. Percy——

Elderly Matron (*whispering*). Hush, hush. Elizabeth's character must be cleared at all costs.

Edward Ashton. True. (*Reflectively*) And it may be another umbrella. Well, James, all I can say is——

[*Looks up and finds that* James *has left the room, gives a sigh of relief, and is silent. Next moment* Henry Ashton *returns, followed by* Police-Sergeant.

Sergeant (*very genially*). Good morning, Sir. I hear you have a charge of theft for us?

[Henry Ashton's *third son,* Adolphus, *rushes in. He is the artist of the family.*

Adolphus. Stop, stop, she is innocent! I give myself up. I took the umbrella. (*Immense sensation. All rise in astonishment.* Elizabeth *gives him a grateful look.*) It was a sudden temptation; I fell into it at once. I forget the details, but I know that I took the umbrella, and my conscience has never ceased to upbraid me. Forgive me. I will devote the rest of my life to making amends.

[Percy *and* James, *the former in a pair of dove-coloured spats, return and hear the end of his speech; they draw* Adolphus *aside.*

Percy. Don't talk nonsense, Adolphus. I have already confessed.

James. You? But so have I.

Adolphus. Don't be absurd. I have sacrificed myself.

Percy and James. So have we.

Adolphus. We must agree on something; somebody must withdraw.

Edward (*coming up to them*). Perhaps you all did it?

Percy, James, Adolphus (*hesitating*). Yes, we suppose so.

Henry Ashton. You all took it? All my sons thieves!

Edward (*in a solemn voice*). Henry, it is the Ashton inheritance.

[*All sit down heavily. A moment's silence and then* Lady MacVicar, *stout, fashionable and flurried, comes in.*

Lady MacVicar. I'm extremely sorry. I owe you all, and especially this dear girl, a thousand apologies. I have found my umbrella. Here it is.

[*Waves it in the air.*

All (*stupefied*). Found it!

Lady MacVicar. Yes; it had got behind the dressing-table. I don't know why I took it into my room.

Elizabeth (*struggling to master her indignation*). Oh!

Percy, James, Adolphus. Then we are innocent.

Henry Ashton (*with emphasis*). As innocent as babes.

Edward. I see it all, my boys. You are heroes. You were willing to sacrifice yourselves for one another and for Elizabeth. How sublime you were! But I will not be behind you. I too will sacrifice myself. Elizabeth, will you marry me?

Elizabeth. Yes.

[Edward *falls to the ground, breaking the umbrella.*

CURTAIN.

Mistaken Kindness.

"We also trace Missing Friends, Relatives or Creditors for the same initial fees."

Advt. in South African Paper.

NO REPLIES NEEDED.

NOTICING a revival in certain of his contemporaries of the favourite old device of suggesting scandal by question, *Mr. Punch*, who hates to be out of the movement, has arranged with a knowing hand, who is behind most of the scenes and is always on the *qui* (hole) *vive*, to provide him with a similar article. May it have much success in provoking curiosity not unmixed with the worst suspicions!

OUR ONE IDEA IS TO ASCERTAIN—

Whether the young nobleman who last week removed a silver-headed umbrella from the club at which he was lunching was really unaware that it was not his own?

And, if so, how it was that it found its way so quickly to a dealer in secondhand umbrellas not a hundred miles from Tottenham Court Road?

How long it will be before Her Grace answers the letter from the Rural Dean, and what she will say when she does?

If the Duke knows?

And why he sent such a long way for a money-order last week, when the village post-office is only just by the park gates?

When the subaltern intends to recover from the severe attack of influenza which has kept him in town so long, and return to his regiment?

Who was responsible for San Bonitos falling two points one morning last week and rising six in the same afternoon?

And, if a certain pretty little lady not unknown to the stallites of a West-End house of musical comedy profited at all by the transaction?

And, if she did, whether she put the money into another sealskin or paid off a part, at any rate, of her debt to a famous *modiste* whose China tea seems to have such an attraction for her clients?

How it is that when *canard à la presse* was ordered at a well-known restaurant on Sunday evening only one party was served, and what the Management would say if all the facts were brought to their notice?

What a certain peer would pay to know for certain that these facts were hushed up for ever?

Who is responsible for the story now going the rounds concerning a well-known Society Beauty and the Battersea Dogs' Home?

Why the Naval officer did not hit the man back but contented himself with being shaved?

Why so many young men of fashion have been up the Monument of late?



MUTUAL SUSPICION.

THE CLUE.

(A Walton Heath Reflection.)

TIME was when, walking in the street,
  Or sitting in a room,
A simple sight my glance would greet
  And chase away my gloom.

A bit of bifurcated wire
  That thrilled me to the core
And fanned a flame of tender fire—
  A hairpin, nothing more.

I fain would guess what plait or curl
  Had cast its shackle free,
And conjured up a charming girl,
  For all were fair to me.

But, young or old or plain or fair,
  I knew, in any case,
A woman's presence had been there
  And sanctified the place.

O Dead Sea fruit upon the bough!
  O false and perjured promise!
When I espy a hairpin now
  I wonder where the bomb is.

Whole-time Occupations. No. 1.

"IS THERE A BAROMETER IN YOUR HALL? The daily observation of a Barometer is a serviceable, interesting, and pleasure-giving occupation."

Advt. in "Westminster Gazette."

All the same, there are times in England when the observation of the barometer is not really very exhilarating.

"Thus a boy working at carpentering would be interested in learning about the different kinds of words he employed."

Educational Review.

For instance, when the chisel slipped suddenly, you would tell him that the word he employed was derived from a small Indian coin.

WINTER SPORT.

IV.—THOMAS, AND A TURN.

MYRA finished her orange, dried her hands daintily on my handkerchief and spoke her mind.

"This is the third time," she said, "that Thomas has given us the slip. If he gets engaged to that girl in red I shall cry."

"There are," I said, idly throwing a crust at Simpson and missing him, "engagements and Swiss engagements—just as there are measles and German measles. It is well known that Swiss engagements don't count."

"*We* got engaged in Kent. A bit of luck."

"I have nothing against Miss Aylwyn," I went on——

"Except the way she does her hair."

"—but she doesn't strike me as being the essential Rabbit. We cannot admit her to the—er—fold."

"The covey," suggested Myra.

"The warren. Anyhow, she —— Simpson, for goodness' sake stop fooling about with your bearded friend and tell us what you think of it all."

We were finishing lunch in the lee of a little chalet, high above the hotel, and Simpson had picked up an acquaintance with a goat, which he was apparently trying to conciliate with a piece of chocolate. The goat, however, seemed to want a piece of Simpson.

"My dear old chap, he won't go away. Here—shoo! shoo! I wish I knew what his name was."

"Ernest," said Myra.

"I can't think why you ever got into such a hirsute set, Simpson. He probably wants your compass. Give it to him and let him withdraw."

Ernest, having decided that Simpson was not worth knowing, withdrew, and we resumed our conversation.

"When we elderly married folk have retired," I went on, "and you gay young bachelors sit up over a last cigar to discuss your conquests, has not Thomas unbent to you, Samuel, and told you of his hopes and fears?"

"He told me last night he was afraid he was going bald, and he said he hoped he wasn't."

"That's a bad sign," said Myra. "What did you say?"

"I said I thought he was."

With some difficulty I got up from my seat in the snow and buckled on my skis.

"Come on, let's forget Thomas for a bit. Samuel is now going to show us the Christiania Turn."

Simpson, all eagerness, began to prepare himself.

"I said I would, didn't I? I was doing it quite well yesterday. This is a perfect little slope for it. You understand the theory of it, don't you?"

"We hope to after the exhibition."

"Well, the great thing is to lean the opposite way to the way you think you ought to lean. That's what's so difficult."

"You understand, Myra? Samuel will lean the opposite way to what he thinks he ought to lean. Tell Ernest."

"But suppose you think you ought to lean the *proper* way, the way they do in Christiania," said Myra, "and you lean the opposite way, then what happens?"

"That is what Samuel will probably show us," I said.

Simpson was now ready.

"I am going to turn to the left," he said. "Watch carefully. Of course I may not bring it off the first time."

"I can't help thinking you will," said Myra.

"It depends what you call bringing it off," I said. "We have every hope of—I mean we don't think our money will be wasted. Have you got the opera-glasses and the peppermints and the programme, darling? Then you may begin, Samuel."

Simpson started down the slope a little unsteadily. For one moment I feared that there might be an accident before the real accident, but he recovered himself nobly and sped to the bottom. Then a cloud of snow shot up, and for quite a long time there was no Simpson.

"I knew he wouldn't disappoint us," gurgled Myra.

We slid down to him and helped him up.

"You see the idea," he said. "I'm afraid I spoilt it a little at that end, but——"

"My dear Samuel, you improved it out of all knowledge."

"But that actually *is* the Christiania Turn."

"Oh, *why* don't we live in Christiania?" exclaimed Myra to me. "Couldn't we possibly afford it?"

"It must be a happy town," I agreed. "How the old streets must ring and ring again with jovial laughter."

"Shall I do it once more?"

"*Can* you?" said Myra, clasping her hands eagerly.

"Wait here," said Samuel, "and I'll do it quite close to you."

Myra unstrapped her camera.

Half-an-hour later, with several excellent films of the scene of the catastrophe, we started for home. It was more than a little steep, but the run down was accomplished without any serious trouble. Simpson went first to discover any hidden ditches (and to his credit be it said that he invariably discovered them); Myra, in the position of safety in the middle, profited by Samuel's frequent object-lessons; while I, at the back, was ready to help Myra up, if need arose, or to repel any avalanche which descended on us from above. On the level snow at the bottom we became more companionable.

"We still haven't settled the great Thomas question," said Myra. "What about to-morrow?"

"Why bother about to-morrow? *Carpe diem.* Latin."

"But the great tailing expedition is for to-morrow. The horses are ordered; everything is prepared. Only one thing remains to settle. Shall we have with us a grumpy but Aylwynless Thomas, or shall we let him bring her and spoil the party?"

"She can't spoil the party. I'm here to enjoy myself, and all Thomas's *fiancées* can't stop me. Let's have Thomas happy, anyway."

"She's really quite a nice girl," said Simpson. "I danced with her once."

"Right O, then. I'll tell Dahlia to invite her."

We hurried on to the hotel; but as we passed the rink the President stopped me for a chat. He wanted me to recite at a concert that evening. Basely deserted by Myra and Samuel, I told him that I did not recite; and I took the opportunity of adding that personally I didn't think anybody else ought to. I had just persuaded him to my point of view when I noticed Thomas cutting remarkable figures on the ice. He picked himself up and skated to the side.

"Hallo!" he said. "Had a good day?"

"Splendid. What have you been doing?"

"Oh—skating."

"I say, about this tailing expedition to-morrow——"

"Er—yes, I was just going to talk about that."

"Well, it's all right. Myra is getting Dahlia to ask her to come with us."

"Good!" said Thomas, brightening up.

"You see, we shall only be seven, even with Miss Aylwyn, and——"

"Miss *Aylwyn*?" said Thomas in a hollow voice.

"Yes, isn't that the name of your friend in red?"

"Oh, *that* one. Oh, but that's quite—I mean," he went on hurriedly, "Miss Aylwyn is probably booked up for to-morrow. It's Miss Cardew who is so keen on tailing. That girl in green, you know."

For a moment I stared at him blankly. Then I left him and dashed after Myra.

A. A. M.

OXFORD INTELLIGENCE.

(*With acknowledgments to the scholarly sleuth-hounds of some of our contemporaries.*)

IT was noticed that at the Torpids the young PRINCE OF WALES, who is, our readers may remember, an undergraduate of Magdalen, cheered his College boat's progress with enthusiasm. "Well rowed, Magdalen!" he was heard to shout several times, pronouncing Magdalen not, of course, as it is spelt, but thus, Maud-lin. This not only shows that he has assimilated the traditions of his University, but it has had the effect of endearing him to his playmates. Another and gratifying proof that the PRINCE is a true Oxonian at heart is to be found in his religious observation of the unwritten law that one must never refer to New College as New *tout court*, but always as New College. This local subtlety he has mastered, much to the gratification of his young companions and tutors.

Curiosity runs high as to the character of the political instruction given by Sir WILLIAM ANSON, the Warden of All Souls, to our future ruler; and the outer keyhole of the sanctum in which the lessons are held is said to be highly polished by inquisitive ears. Nothing has, however, yet leaked out, but I am in a position to announce that up to the present time no emphatic commendation of either Radicalism or Socialism has been made by the illustrious pupil's mentor. This may be taken as authentic. The PRINCE's lightness of step and general buoyancy of manner on leaving the sanctum have much added to his popularity.



Mistress. "WHAT IS THIS ABOUT THE NEW GROOM AND HIS INSURANCE?"

Butler. "WELL, MY LADY, IT SEEMS IN HIS LAST SITUATION THE LADY PAID HIS STAMP, AND WHEN I TOLD HIM YOUR LADYSHIP INSISTED THAT THE SERVANTS SHOULD EACH PAY THEIR CONTRIBUTION, HE SAID—IF YOU 'LL EXCUSE ME, MY LADY—'HE 'D BE BLOWED IF HE DID,' FOR THAT 'S THE SORT OF LANGUAGE, MY LADY, THE LOWER CLASSES EMPLOY."

CONSUMMATION.

IT is strange that in my day-dreams I have so often pictured myself in the Law Courts. There is that scene when I am the principal witness for the defence. . . .

"And now, Sir, what is the name of the lady who was with you on the morning of the 16th?"

"I decline to answer that question." (Sensation.)

"Come, Sir, I must insist upon an answer."

"I decline to answer your question." I draw myself up and blow my nose. (Renewed sensation.)

"I am afraid, Mr. Smith," says the Judge kindly, "that you are doing yourself no good by taking up this attitude."

"I am sorry, me lud, but I must still decline to answer the question." (Applause in court, which is instantly suppressed.)

And, far away, the lady next morning reads through seven and a-half columns of description, and murmurs passionately, "My hero!"

Or, again, it is the most amazing Murder case of the century. I am in the dock, calm and imperturbable, while the grim chain of circumstantial evidence is fitted together link by link. One word from me and it would fall to pieces, but that word cannot honourably be spoken.

At last it is all over. The voice of the foreman of the jury is unhesitating as he pronounces the awful word, "Guilty!" The face of the Judge is stern as he assumes the black cap. . . .

"Stop!" A figure bursts into the court. "In the King's name, stop!"

An hour later volleys of cheering ring through the crowded court as the venerable Judge, his voice shaken with emotion, says, "England to-day is proud of you, Mr. Smith."

Yes, it is certainly strange to recall the day-dreams in which I have been associated with the Law now that the real thing has come, now that I am to appear in the courts in very fact.

Still, it is hardly what I expected, this summons for driving a motor-cycle without a licence.

"The thousand-foot ship is coming, and if New York is going to be so ostrich-like as to give it a left-handed welcome, New York must be prepared to drop out of the running."
World's Work.

All the ostriches we know are right-handed.



Bookseller (having taken an order for notepaper). "HAVE YOU READ *PEBBLES*, SIR? HAD A WONDERFUL SALE."
The Author of "Pebbles." "HAS IT? I THINK I COULD WRITE AS GOOD A BOOK MYSELF."
Bookseller (always prepared to agree with a customer). "DO YOU? WELL, I REALLY BELIEVE OUR BOY COULD, SIR."

SAVED!

(An Heroic Episode in Artificial Water.)

NOT from the high bank of the turbid river,
Watched by a pale-faced crowd that filled the street,
Flinging his coat off, leaped he to deliver
The bantling; yet his name to me is sweet,
Or would be if I knew it, and superb
As the soft fragrance that our steps disturb,
At night-time, of a lowly-flowering herb—
And Herb perhaps it is. Ah well. Now hear his feat.

The place was Kew, the time about 4.30.
You know the tiny tarn where keeps the coot?
Five days of fog had made it beastly dirty,
And there before our eyes a navy suit
Suddenly splashing! Deuce alone knows why
The little fool flopped in. Just to be dry
When there is darkly stagnant water nigh
To some kids seems a crime. His mother heard the bruit,

And shrieked. No melodrama's blood and thunder
Ever came up to that distressful shout;
The infant, frightened by the noise, went under,
Popped up again. . . . More swift than a boy scout
The man, the Paladin, for whom I sweep
The sounding strings, the rescuer, made his leap
In water something less than three foot deep
And hauled the young rapscallion, happily smiling, out.

For him, the hero, was no crowd of gapers,
No cries of "encore" as he issued wet;
No interview with all the evening papers,
No map with cross, no photographs inset,
No glory, no renown: but ah! what pain,
The long chill journey home by District train,
The muffled murmur, "Paddling! He 's insane!"
Sorrow for clothes fordone and spats that need a vet.

Him then, ye Naiads, sing! Ah, be not idle,
Trumpet his fame with conch and well-puffed cheeks,
Ye watery gods, ye spirits of rivers tidal,
Oceans and ornamental ponds and creeks—
Who not for honour, not for fame or pelf,
Scarce knowing if, in fact, the bright-haired elf
Could or could not have scrambled out himself,
Plunged in and spoilt his boots and spoilt his Sunday breeks!

I, anyhow, the deep harmonium's pedal
Press to his fame—the clashing cymbals burst;
Would I might dower him with a pewter medal
For salvage of the partially immersed;
For I, too, hastened to the water's brim,
I also ran, my suit was also trim,
I should have had to save that "pesky limb,"
Only (all praise to Zeus!) he won—he got there first.

EVOE.



THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

HANS AND JACQUES (*together*). "AND I HEAR THERE 'S MORE TO COME!"



EXTRAORDINARY BEHAVIOUR OF A COUNTRY POLICEMAN AFTER A DAY'S VISIT TO LONDON.

INSURANCE AGAINST SUFFRAGETTES.

UNDERWRITERS at Lloyd's are now open to insure golf courses against damage by Suffragettes. The premium is equivalent to 2 per cent., the rate being quoted for all eighteen holes at £1 each for twelve months, underwriters to pay any claims for damage to each green up to £50.

We think, in view of certain recent exploits, that some further quotations will soon be upon the market. In fact, the risks are already being worked out by an enterprising firm of actuaries, and are stated, in all confidence, as hereunder:—

PREMIUMS TO BE PAID ON THE FOLLOWING SPORTING CONTINGENCIES:

By Police Magistrate, against being Hit by Book or other Missile from the Hand of Young Woman in court, on being Charged and in Cold Blood . . . . . 6*d.* per £100

Do., do., after Sentence and in a Temper . . 9*d.* per £100

By Directors of the Crystal Palace, against Bomb, Dorothy Bag or Flat-iron being dropped from Militant Aeroplane . . . . 1*s.* per £100

By Hungerstriker, against being allowed to observe Lent by weak-kneed Authorities . ½ per cent.

By the W. S. P. U. and similar Societies, against the Tables being turned, some Fine Day in the Near Future, on their Own Premises . . . . . 90 per cent.

By Political Martyr, about to Light a Candle in England that all the Power of the PRIME MINISTER may not Put Out (otherwise, to set Fire to another Refreshment Kiosk), against being played upon by the Fire Hose or extinguished in the nearest Lake . . . 95 per cent.

By the Leaders of the Movement against the Man in the Street shortly taking the Law into his own Hands with the nearest Tar-barrel and Feather-bag . . . . . 99 per cent.

By the Man in the Street against the Leaders of the Movement being taken seriously and getting what they want as long as they behave like Spoiled Children . . . . . 1 per cent.

ZIG-ZAG.

A LANG TRYST.

GIN ony decent lad is seekin' for a lass o' sense,
And no' a giggling piece wi' tousie hair,
He micht cry in at the Smiddy yett, and ask for Bessie Spence—
I 've been waiting there this thretty year—an' mair.

It 's no' tae be expeckit he 'll be unco graun' or gret;
I doot he winna be a millionaire;
A woman at ma time o' life maun tak what she can get,
And, as I said, I 'm thretty year—an' mair.

I winna say, fair hornie, that I hae a bonny face,
I 've heard folk ca 't a wee the waur o' wear,
And it 's maybe na' juist perfect; but ma hert 's in the richt place,
Juist as it 's been this thretty year—an' mair.

"BLUSHES FOR WOMEN

ETONIAN'S DEMAND FOR THE MODERN GIRL."

Pall Mall Gazette.

Any time Etonian cares to look in just now, he will find us blushing for women.

THE WATER RIGHT.

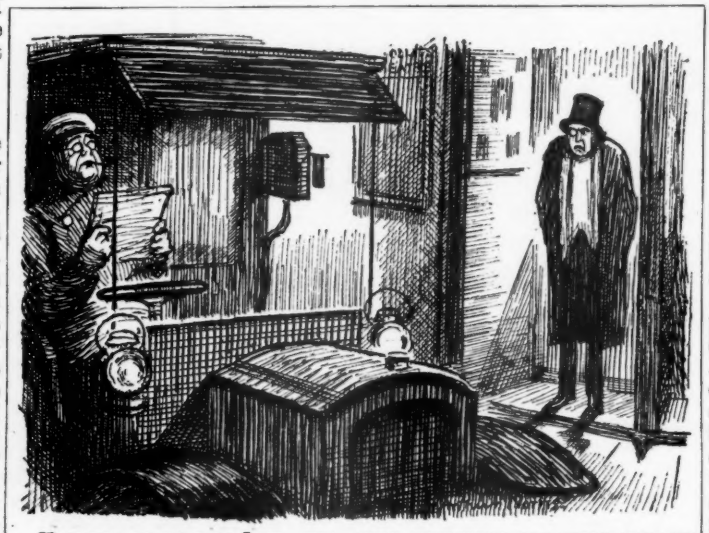
WHEN I settled my house on my wife under a pre-nuptial contract, I forgot to specify, among its many attractions, the water supply, for which I was indebted to the neighbouring landowner. Later on one of the Trustees—a lawyer—found that out. That is the whole plot, and the story begins in the middle.

Letter No. IX. (*He to me.*)

Despite the arguments advanced in yours of the 17th inst., I feel it to be my duty to demand the conveyance to the Trustees of the water right connected with Skew Brig House. If you will favour me with your acquiescence in this suggestion, I shall be happy to have the papers prepared at once.

X. (*I to him.*)

Really, I don't quite see it. My own lawyer assures me that such a step would be (1) intolerably expensive and (2) entirely uncalled for. You see, the valuation of the property given without the water right—£2,400—was enormously below what it would fetch at any time in the open market. I am told that the view from the front-door alone is worth all that. Which being so, I think the Trustees are pretty snug as they are. I will be glad if you can see your way to let the matter drop.



HORRIBLE POSITION OF JONES WHO, AFTER WITNESSING THE WORST PLAY HE HAS EVER SEEN, COMES OUT A LITTLE BEFORE THE FINISH AND DISCOVERS HIS TAXI, FOR WHICH HE HAD FORGOTTEN TO PAY, AWAITING HIM.

XI. (*He to me.*)

We have given the most careful consideration to yours of the 21st, and we are not convinced. You must reflect that the house without the water right would be of very little value.

XII. (*I to him.*)

That is all very fine. But what about the water right without the house?

XIII. (*He to me.*)

I do not understand your last letter at all. The water right is of value as belonging to the house—of great value; and therefore I feel it my duty to advise my Co-trustees to insist upon securing it.

XIV. (*I to him.*)

Exactly. That is just what I am trying to get at. The bally thing is of no value except in conjunction with the house. So what can happen? If I give it away to someone else, trade it, sell, mortgage, barter, assign or leave it in my will, what on earth can the other Johnny do with it as long as the house doesn't belong to him? Don't you see how silly you are? He can't use it, eat it, hang it on his watch-chain or stow it away in his conservatory. Any *fool* could see it belongs to the house. Better chuck the whole thing, don't you think?

XV. (*He to me.*)

I feel bound to protest against the whole tone and tenor of your last letter. The argument is also quite irrelevant. Should you dispose of the water right in question, the owner of it, even if unable to use it himself, could take steps to prevent anyone else from making use of his property.

XVI. (*I to him.*)

But surely he wouldn't be such a rotten sportsman as that. I mean to say what a confoundedly dog-in-the-mangerish thing to do! Hang it all, I feel bound to protest against the whole tone and tenor of your letter. Do you mean to imply that I would ever think of leaving a water right or any other thing to a chap that would behave like that? I absolutely decline to take any steps whatever in the matter.

XVII. (*He to me.*)

It will perhaps help to shorten this controversy if I quote from your letter, now in my possession, of September 13th, 1911. There you say, "Although the valuation—£2,400—is undoubtedly a high one, I do not think it too high, as you must remember it includes a water right, worth fully £200."

XVIII. (*I to him.*)

All right, I admit you have me there. I had forgotten ever writing that. It's a fair score for you. Still you must bear in mind that that was written about ten days before I was married, at a time when a chap is hardly responsible. Is it quite sporting under the circumstances to take advantage of it, do you think?

XIX. (*He to me.*)

I have great pleasure in acknowledging your last letter, which I understand as giving me virtual permission to proceed with the conveyance of the Skew Brig water right.

XX. (*I to him.*)

Stop a bit. There's no virtual permission in the matter. I've been thinking it all over again, and my wife and I have decided, as a protest against the Scottish Temperance Bill, to give up the use of water in our house and have it turned off. So there the matter ends. Jolly weather, isn't it? Is it true you are going off to Norway for September?

[His reply omitted.]

XXI. (*I to him.*)

I dare say you are right. We shall still require a certain amount for washing and all that sort of thing. But as a matter of fact the long drought has happily solved the problem for us. There *is* no water. So why worry about it? *Non est*, my dear Sir, *non est*. I hope you will have a jolly time in Brittany.

[His reply omitted.]

XXII. (*I to him.*)

I cannot, my good fellow, get up the slightest interest in a mythical water supply. There will be time enough to convey it when it begins to run. Hope you will have a good crossing to the Hook.

[Several of his letters omitted.]

XXIII. (*I to him—Telegram.*)

Rain at last. Water reappearing. By all means convey. Rather muddy so far, but plumber thinks it will clear.



Proprietor. "NOT QUITE THE FING, AIN'T IT? WELL, IT'S NOT MUCH OF A TAXI-RIDE TO THE RITZ; TRY A KIPPER THERE."

THE SPECTRE.

(*Mr. Punch's solemn Warning to the latest Type of Malefactors.*)

MIDNIGHT, and the tide was almost full. The wind had long ago fallen, and the sea made hardly a ripple as it crept up the ghostly sands. The moon's image was a great splendour on the waters, and all the white pebbles on the beach were clear. Beyond it, between wave and tilth, the hallowed enclosure lay very still. Not a whisper stirred the dark-green mounds that were tended with so much loving care, the mute memorials of so much toil of men, such high and ardent rivalries, so many of life's fitful fevers, long past and done.

Suddenly there came a great stir and crackle in the briar hedge between the foreshore and the fields, and the face of a woman showed ghastly white as it looked through on the seaward side. She crawled out laboriously and found herself upon a patch of level sward. Then the moonlight flashed on a metal instrument that she held in her hand and made her awful purpose only too clear. She was about to cut the sods in that silent place, to desecrate the earth where Fame had decreed that so many of her noblest sons should lie dead. Madness goaded her on. What was it to her if she shattered the most sacred traditions, links with a famous past, links that united a father's and a husband's love? The hazards were nothing to her. Here and now the deed should be done. She knelt down, but suddenly, as if moved by some irresistible impulse, before she began her work, looked up and round about her.

Was that only a Will-o'-the-wisp that flickered on the swampy ground to her right, or was it something else? No marsh fire, surely, moved so steadily, so purposefully, nor ever gleamed so large. Surely it was a figure, but as surely not the figure of a mortal man. Now as it came nearer, luminous, terrible, she could swear that she saw a face—a face with fixed and glassy eyes that looked ever before them, not at her—this crowned the horror—but at something unseen, something on the ground at her feet. Resolute as a warrior going to battle, it came on and on. And what was this again that it seemed to brandish in one hand—a weapon, surely, as bright as her own; and what was that which it bore upon its back? A bundle or a swathed body?

For some moments she remained there as if rooted to the spot, bound fast in a paroxysm of fear. Then with a great effort she rose, shrieked wildly, dropped her sacrilegious tool, and fled, fled fast as her feet could carry her, till she found a gate, scrambled over it she knew not how, and fell a huddled heap on the roadway.

* * * * * *

They found the trowel in the morning lying where she left it, in the bunker that guards the thirteenth green.

"One o' them Suffrygettes," said the groundsman to his acolyte. "Forchernately she don't seem to have cut the turf anywhere."

"Frightened by Bogey, very like," answered the boy.

"Will winners of Third Prizes write, stating the books they desire to desire?"
T.P.'s Weekly.

We desire to desire MILTON, CERVANTES or MONTAIGNE; but the flesh is weak, and so, against our desire, we desire *The Rosary* of Mrs. BARCLAY.

From a poster:—

"THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS BRIDE. WHO WILL SHE BE?"

The PRINCESS OF WALES. (Too easy.)

THE VISITOR.

THE girl who helped in the opposite flat was again addressing the porter on the landing outside:—

"There 's lots o' queer things 'appens to people in London, and some on 'em takes you quite sudden like—comes on you all of a nonplush, as the saying is. Yesterday evening mother was worryin' 'er 'ead about the tea. Father 'ad bin fractious over 'is tea lately; said 'e was tired of bacon and eggs and if mother couldn't do 'im a omlick 'e 'd 'ave to take 'is custom somewhere else. Omlicks is tasty—I don't say they 're not—but they 're the difficultest things in the world, and if you don't keep a light 'and on 'em they come out on you like a piece o' shoe-leather, and then where are you? You couldn't deceive father with any o' that sort. 'E says 'e 's a—I can't rightly remember the word—something 'e picked up from Uncle Bill—no, not efficure—gormong 's the word; it 's German for wanting your wittles good.

"Well, mother and I was planning about this 'ere omlick, and I was chopping up parsley and mother was wondering if she 'd got to put a taste of onion into it, father being a rare one for onions—mother says 'e 'd 'ave onions in 'is plum-pudding if she give 'im the chaunce—when there come a knock on our front-door and mother says, 'Sally,' she says, 'go and see 'oo it is, and if it 's Mrs. Wortle you can tell 'er we 've got no more sugar to spare. She 's always runnin' short o' sugar.' But before I could git out, the door of the kitchen opens and a lady steps in. She was a real lady and no mistake—'at and feathers, and fur all over 'er and gold chains dangling, and pretty pointy shoes, and scents and perfooms. You couldn't 'a' smelt the old onion, not if you 'd tried ever so, all the time she was in the kitchen.

"'Is this Mrs. Nottidge?' says the lady.

"'Yes, mum, that 's me,' says mother. 'Oo 'ave I the pleasure?' she says in 'er grand way. 'But p'raps you 'll set down. 'Ere, Sally, dust a chair for the lady. We ain't got much, mum, so we 've got to make the best o' what we 've got.'

"'Ah,' says the lady, settin' down, 'that 's very interesting, 'ighly interesting, that is. My name is Robertson.'

"'Oh, indeed,' says mother. 'There was some Robertsons lived in this street once. I 've often wondered what become of them.'

"'Oh, no,' says the lady, 'not them Robertsons, oh dear no. A different fam'ly altogether. I 'm a member of the Society for Aiding the Deserving Pore, and I thought p'raps you could give me information.'

"'Well, mum,' says mother, 'you can take a look round. We 're pore enough, goodness knows, and there 's four more in the upstairs bedroom. Sally, run up and give 'em a bit o' the stick. I 'll warrant 'Enery 's swallered all the buttons orf of 'is weskit. I never knew a boy like 'im for buttons.'

"With that mother give me a wink and out I went. There warn't no kids upstairs, o' course. There 's only me at 'ome, but the lady didn't know that. So I pops up and begun slapping my 'and on the wall and stamping about and knocking up agin the cupboard and making a racket just as if there was four kids in the room 'ollering blue murder with me arter 'em dusting their little jackets. Then I went down agin.

"'I 've quieted 'em, mother,' I says. 'There was only one button left on 'Enery's weskit.'

"'Are not your methods rather draskit?' says the lady.

"'They 're ole-fashioned,' says mother, 'but they 're none the worse for that. Pore people can't waste their time palavering with children. 'Ere you, Sally,' she says, turning to me, 'you 'll 'ave to 'ave a taste o' the stick yourself if you don't look brisker.' And then she runs on with a long story about our struggles and the 'appy 'omes we 've lost and the sad way we 've come down in the world, and 'ow we 've got to leave this 'ouse all along o' the rent and the price o' food going up, and what a misery it is to see your children starving; and 'ow she isn't one to complain, because the Lord made the pore, and if they wasn't meant to be pore they wouldn't 'a' bin made so, and 'ow kind it was of ladies like Mrs. Robertson to come and set in their 'ouses. 'It 's no use,' she says, 'offering us money because we 've got our pride and we couldn't be got to take money, but if you 'll stay 'ere to tea, Mum, and share our last bit o' pickled salmon and cowcumber we shall all be very pleased.' Then she went on to make up a story about father wearin' out 'is boots looking for work and not finding it, and 'ow 'e comes 'ome at nights and cries over the kids, and at last the lady, she gets up and says she 's 'eard enough and it 's a sad case, and the Society will put it in a book and send it out so 's to tell people what a 'eartless Sosherlist Guvment we 've got. Mother told 'er she 'd best go round and see Mrs. Wortle, but the lady said 'er time was up, and so she went out arter shaking 'ands with us, and orf she goes in 'er motor-car. We ain't seen 'er since. I wonder mother 'ad the face to do it."

COMRADES IN DISTRESS.

WAITRESS, you see that doleful little fellow,
That cake or pastry—call it what you will—
No, not the ecstasy in green and yellow
Whose creamy crest outvies the daffodil,
Nor yet that purple bulge; I mean the one
That languishes behind the currant bun.

It breathed, no doubt, a ravishing aroma
When first it left the bakery; perchance
It cherished dreams of winning some diploma;
How humbled now and out of countenance!
This bitter gash! I saw a damsel thrust
Her curious knife within the virgin crust,

And, finding it was not what she was needing
(A maiden's palate craves a richer fare),
She spurned it from her, desolate and bleeding;
For see, red jam is oozing from the tear
That mars the beauty of its toothsome flake;
Waitress, I beg you, let me have that cake!

No, not for eating; like an elder brother
I feel towards that slighted piece of dough;
We 'll sit and sympathise with one another,
And I will bring it comfort in its woe;
I 'll tend its wounds, and it shall hear the tale
Why I am so disconsolate and pale.

This heart of mine has suffered grievous trial,
From me has Fate exacted heavy toll;
I too have been embittered by denial,
I too have felt the iron in my soul;
My Joan refused me; cruel was the jag;
Yes, if you please, I 'll have it in a bag.

More Intensive Culture.

"OSTRICH FARMING IN A NUTSHELL."
Advt. in "Midland News (S.A.)."

"Lansbury now said he would like to justify his action. He did it because of the hideous women and children who lived in Bow, and if only sufficient windows were smashed the Government would be bound to take action."—*Daily Telegraph.*

We don't quite see what the Government can do. And, anyhow, beauty is not everything.

THE SECOND CHEST.

"GOING at five pounds. Going—going—gone!" The auctioneer brought down his hammer. "To Mr. Jarvis for five pounds," he said.

I jumped from the trap and pushed my way through the crowd. The auctioneer's assistants were carrying away the old oak chest which I had driven over especially to buy.

"Half-a-minute," I shouted. "Can you put that up again? I want to bid."

"Sorry," said the man with the hammer, "but it 's been knocked down. Like to bid for the next lot, Sir? Lot seven: A stuffed marmoset in a case, a set of fire-irons, twelve volumes of sermons, and a picture by an artist."

I fled hastily after the old oak chest. "Are you Mr. Jarvis?" I enquired of a bluff, hearty-looking man who stood regarding it with evident satisfaction.

"I am, Sir."

"You don't want to sell that chest again?" I enquired. "I'll give you six pounds for it."

He shook his head regretfully.

"Seven pounds?" I suggested.

"I 'd 'a' took six all right," he answered, "if so be as I could have sold it again; but I 've bought it on commission for a gentleman."

"Would he sell it?" I enquired.

"No, he wouldn't sell it." Mr Jarvis scratched his head thoughtfully under his cap. "I were just thinking, though; if you were wanting to go so high as eight pounds, there 's another chest near by here as I 've always thought must have been made at the same time and by the same man as made this one. I 'm blamed if I 'd know one apart from t'other. Now the man as that belongs to has had a bad harvest and I reckon if I were to go to him as a neighbour and offer him eight pounds for his chest he might take it. Mayhap he 'd take seven. I don't know. Safer to say eight, anyway."

"Where could I see it?"

"Well, if you was to go over to see it at his farm he 'd likely ask you twice as much as he would me. I 'll get it over to my place and you can come round and see it there—and if you likes it you can pay me the eight pound or seven pound or whatever he wants for it."

At the end of a week Mr. Jarvis wrote me to say that the chest was waiting for my kind inspection and that the price would be eight pounds ten shillings—with another ten shillings for commission.

"Couldn't get it for a penny less," said Mr. Jarvis when I arrived, "but I think you 'll agree it 's worth it. I 'm a carpenter by trade and I know genuine old work when I see it. Things aren't put together that way nowadays—though the carving on a modern bit of furniture is a lot better to my way of thinking. Come inside, Sir. I had it carried into my workshop out of the rain."

I followed him in and examined the chest. With the exception of some slight difference in the carving on its panels it might have been the same one that I had seen knocked down to Mr. Jarvis at the sale. The date, too, I noticed, was 1591 instead of 1590.

"So it is," agreed Mr. Jarvis; "I always said they was about the same date, them two chests. Bit worm-eaten in the corner there. Does that matter?"

I told him that it did not, and asked him if he could send it over to the house in which I was staying as I intended it for a gift to my host. He shouted out of the window that the horse was to be put into the cart and called to another assistant to give him a hand out with the chest.

I sat down at his bench to write him a cheque for nine pounds. Then I changed my mind and replaced the cheque-book in my pocket.

Despite the frantic efforts of Mr. Jarvis and his assistant the chest refused to leave the workshop. It was too large to go through the door!



The General. "HAH! SO YOU 'RE TO BE MY PARTNER TO-DAY?"

New Member of Badminton Club. "PLEASED, I 'M SURE. MAY I ASK WHY YOU CARRY THREE RACQUETS?"

The General. "WELL, YOU SEE, I 'M RATHER SHORT-SIGHTED AND GENERALLY BREAK ONE OR TWO ON MY PARTNER DURING THE GAME."

MR. W. L. GEORGE in *The Daily News*:—

"It needs no Charlotte Perkins Gilman to remind us how far away is 'neolithic human nature' when we consider it in relation to the Zeitgeist."

Still, her assurance on the point makes us feel more comfortable.

A LABOUR SETTLEMENT.

ONE afternoon there came a knock at my private door, and Charles's soldierly face presently peered round the edge of it.

"How much is it to come in?" he said.

"Like that, six-and-eightpence; ten shillings, if you come right in."

"Why aren't you asleep?" he asked, still from the doorway.

"I was. I was just in the middle of a beautiful dream. A rich, handsome client with a real fur coat—I suppose you don't happen to have a dream-book about you?"

"That's me," he said, with a grin. "Are you going to finish it?"

"Not now," I replied. "You may come in, if you don't make a draught and disturb the dust."

For some reason or other the dust in my office is strictly preserved, and I have to be very particular about it, the idea probably being to ensure the correct legal atmosphere. It is just this scrupulous attention to detail that makes the City caretaker the artist she is.

As Charles ushered himself in, I retied the bundle of papers I had hastily undone upon hearing a visitor, and threw it back on the desk with the others. Bundles three I have in all. As the man of whom I bought them said, if a client should happen to call, it looks rather cheap to have only an inkpot dividing you. They make quite a picture, the three of them, with their little blue overalls and their little pink sashes tied into bows.

"Well," I said, leaning back in my chair, "what can I do for you? Now I have a very nice line in divorce for one week only, dirt cheap at a hundred guineas. If alimony is desired——"

"Shut up! And don't talk to me about divorce!"

I looked rather hurt; I thought soldiers loved to hear about divorce.

"Look here," he broke out, "I've come for advice, and I hope you've got some."

"Advice! Of course I have. Any amount of it, simply eating its head off. You really want some? Really? Allow me! Let me hang up your hat for you!"

Then I took his hand and wrung it a while in silence; I wanted time to think, to realise properly my position. If he was going to ask my advice about wearing side-whiskers, or whether a friend could marry his deceased wife's sister, I was ready for him. But if——

"I'm sorry, old chap," he put in; "I forgot. I ought to have broken it gently. If you'll wait a moment, I'll go out and tell the office-boy and be ushered in gradually."

"I hope it's nothing complica—I mean, nothing serious?" I said. "Sit down and tell me all about it—in your own words."

I sat very still with the tips of my fingers together, ready for one of those harrowing stories I have read so much about. But it did not come. I counted the buttons of his waistcoat, perused his parting, and finally ran down a smut on the side of his nose. Still nothing came, and the suspense was terrific.

"There's a tiny smut you've got. Just here. Shall I lick it off—I mean, if you'll moisten your handkerchief, I'll take it off for you."

The smut was removed, confidence was restored, and Charles's tongue was loosed. And all done by tact, tact and kindness.

"Thanks. Well—er—the fact is—er——"

"Is that how it is? I see." And with true professional delicacy I got up and switched off the light. It is the little graceful actions of this kind that endear you to your clients and enable you to die with a fortune running into six figures.

"Oh, no. It's nothing like that," he explained hastily.

I switched it on again. Two pretty examples of tact, you see, and both simply thrown away on people like Charles.

"I'm engaged," he blurted out at last.

"But that's not all," he went on, when I had congratulated him. I nodded comprehension.

"A simple case of bigamy, eh—or rather, breach of promise? Well, where is the writ?"

"Don't be an idiot! Her father asked me last night how much I was prepared to settle on her. Me!" and he pointed to himself so that there should be no mistake.

This really was serious.

"What did you say to him?"

"I said I would consult my solicitor about it, and here I am. What on earth am I to do?"

"How much have you got?" He put his hand to his pocket. "No, no," I added; "we can settle up after. I mean, what capital have you?"

"If you mean," he began.

"No assets. I thought so. Any liabilities?"

"Yes, plenty of those—but very old ones. Well, what am I to say? Shall I say that my solicitor tells me I have nothing to settle except a few old debts, which are of no earthly value to anyone but ourselves? Or shall I say straight out that, as I'm settling down, if there's any more settling to be done, it's his turn to do it?"

But my mind was revolving the subtleties of the law, and I waved him to hold his peace, and thought very hard.

"The firm has an idea," I said presently. "Tell me. How much is her father prepared to bring into settlement?"

"That's just the devil of it. He said he would put up as much as I did."

"Very proper and usual," I said impressively. "Now listen. Have you ever heard of what we call in the profession a covenant to settle after-acquired property? No. Well, roughly it comes to this: whereas one party settles hard cash, the other party merely binds himself to do so at some future post-nuptial date. An extremely useful provision when your capital is locked up. You are young, you have energy, ambition, brains—at least, so you will tell him—and several aunts. You *have* some maiden aunts, haven't you? As I say, your prospects are of the brightest. After many years of hard work, promotion, legacies, and so forth, could you or could you not scrape together, say, £15,000 to hand to the trustees of your settlement? Are you prepared to enter into a solemn covenant to that effect?"

"I might manage it," he said, thoughtfully scratching his nose, "I might. I might even manage £20,000."

"Well, go and tell him so, like a man."

He went like a bird.

* * * * *

"Well," I said, when he came to see me next day, "what about it? You told him what I said?" But from his face I knew that things had not gone well.

"Yes, I told him what you said all right," he replied, passing his hand over his brow, "but he only winked—twice, once with each eye."

"It sounds rather as though he were a man of business, Charles—who regularly consults his solicitor," I added for the honour of the profession.

"He is," said Charles dismally, "and he offered me a job in it at five hundred to start with, if I chuck up the Service."

So Charles will have to take off his coat and devote the rest of his days to strenuous toil. Well, honest work will not kill him, and the hours really pass very quickly if you have a good appetite and do not suffer from insomnia. And when he's in doubt or difficulty he can always come to me for advice. There is plenty more where the last came from.



Clarence (remarking defects in his only suit). "NOOSANCE 'OW THE MOTH DO GIT INTO YER CLOTHES, WOT!"

WITH THE MULE-TRAIN.

MULES and mesas and mosquitos
And a land that half its heat owes
To its jobs, its dust, the cantrips of its squealing muley teams;
While the sun-glare, jumpy, aching,
Sets the thirsty levels quaking,
Till a young man might see visions and an old man might dream dreams!

Mine go this way, green, consoling:—
There's the ridge and furrow rolling
To the near-by home horizon, grey and misty, cold and still;
And the wet hangs on the hedges,
And the clouds have mackerel edges;
Miles away a gorse blurs bluely on the landscape's only hill!

That's his point—I'd have you notice,
Not a tucked-up cur coyote's—
'Tis a big red Midland dog-fox leads across his native grass,
Full of pluck, and full of cunning,
And (at present) full of running,
Raised on turkey-cock at Christmas and on goose at Michaelmas.

Now in dreams the usual course is
That a chap may choose his horses,
And I've always leant to longtails when there's galloping to do;
But to-day I'm on a racer,
Not some screw hunt-steeplechaser,
But the sort that wins at Aintree with at least eleven two.

He's a raking powerful jumper,
Though the bank-flushed brook's a bumper,
Though the blackthorn's dark and hairy with a ditch that's deep and wide,
His no scrambled blown endeavour,
Smooth as clock-work, quick and clever,
One turn faster, half an ear-cock, and he's over in his stride!

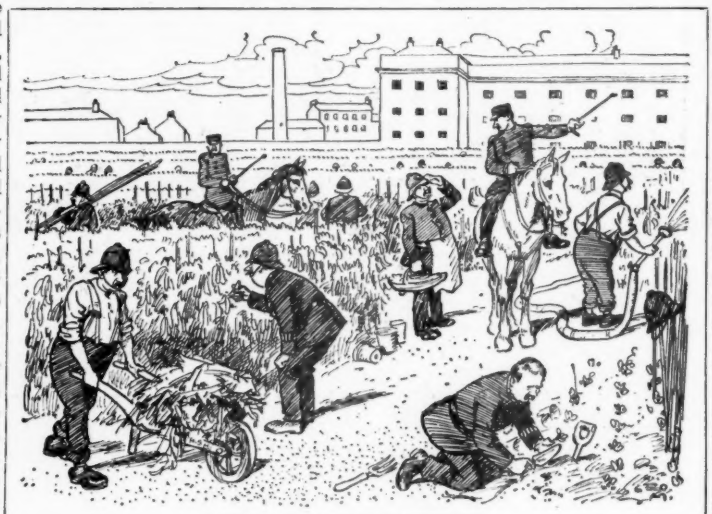
That's the sort; he fairly smothers
With his gallop all the others;
We're alone when, hackles lifted, hounds are racing for a kill,
And the pirate rooks are stooping
At a brush that's mired and drooping,
And a beaten fox is crawling up the hedge below the hill.

There, they've got him sure and certain;
So—who-whoop! ring down the curtain—
Mules and mesas and mosquitos, mighty things have come to pass,
For a penniless poor devil
Has had twenty minutes' revel
On a thousand-guinea racehorse and five miles of English grass!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

POLITICS, according to the author of the admirable *Broke of Covenden* and the happy-fantastic *Fortune*, are more exciting in *An Affair of State* (METHUEN) than any glimpses that we get of them from *Hansard* and the platforms would lead us to suppose. This particular "affair" is the handling of a crisis due to the Workers' League, with its fifteen million members, declaring a general strike, and to a coalition Government paralysed and broken by the independence of a *Mr. Draper*, President of the Board of Conciliation, a risen man of the people, hated by the Right, and dubbed "The Haberdasher." He is backed by the great industrial North, but is, on the whole, a rather isolated and distrusted figure. Realising that the famous Clause Nine of the Conciliation Bill will hand England over in fetters to organised labour, he has the courage to cry "Halt!" But I hope that if and when such a crisis arrives it will find a man of the Centre less emotional and erratic than *Draper*, with "his large and prominent nose and fighting jaw literally cleaving his way through wind and water," his pallors and perspirations, his exalted philandering, his compassless mysticism, his duels, and what not; and a Right less fatuously reactionary, undiscerning and foul-mouthed than the *Duke of Rockingham* and his little lot. I feel sure that it will find a sounder Left than Mr. SNAITH, who, I dare think, has not expended much effort in testing the currents of modern labour politics. But I gather that our author is really weaving a fancy in the neo-Ruritanian manner, and he makes an exciting thing of it. It is nice to meet an Illustrious Personage strolling over to the President's study for a couple of whiskies and a chat, and it is thrilling to hear in imagination "the tumbrils down Piccadilly"—motor tumbrils, no doubt. *An Affair of State* is an eminently readable book, and a very pleasant note of chivalrous loyalty runs through it.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

GROWING PEAS FOR POLICE-WHISTLES AT THE WORMWOOD SCRUBBS PEA-FARM.

Miss VIOLET HUNT is a clever woman. The characters in her latest story, *The Celebrity's Daughter* (STANLEY PAUL), are such dreary scoundrels that you would suppose it impossible to take the slightest interest in their fate. But she makes you do it. The method employed is to introduce amongst them a heroine who, while quite as unprincipled, retains some attractive qualities, the remains of a pious affection for her battered and discredited father, a caustic wit, and above all an abundant and compelling vitality. It is *Tempe's* high spirit that galvanizes the book, and gives it an appeal at which in retrospect you may find yourself astonished. For the atmosphere in which she moves is enough to make the boldest yawn. Miss HUNT has not spared us a detail of the sordid intrigues and wearisome immoralities of the set she has chosen to depict. They and their surroundings are so well drawn that, though it would be easy to dismiss the book as improper (which it occasionally is), cynical, and dull (in places), it has subtle qualities that cannot be lightly overlooked. What might perhaps be called the lilies and *longueurs* of vice have seldom been better conveyed. Also there are some good theatre-scenes, and at least one new situation concerning a dramatic censor. But my chief quarrel is with certain passages in the dialogue of which I thought that the indecorum did not always ring true, seeming indeed less indigenous to the situation than imported for commercial purposes. But I may quite easily be wrong here. Anyhow, it is a brilliant piece of work that should increase its author's reputation.

Life held three things for *Mrs. Tremayne*—her husband, her son, and her house. Her husband died, her son died, and one night somebody burnt down her house. In her own mind she had no doubt whatever that the criminal was one *Blagg*, a particularly repulsive scoundrel who had a fancied grievance against her; and she settled down in a cottage near the scene of the tragedy to collect evidence against him which should make a jury as certain of his guilt as she herself was. That is the main theme of Mr. CHRISTOPHER STONE's new story, *The Burnt House* (MARTIN SECKER), and the obvious way to have treated it would have been as a kind of *Sherlock Holmes*, a let-me-just-run-through-the-most-significant-points-again-*Watson* episode. Mr. STONE avoids the obvious. It is the influence of the quest on the development of *Mrs. Tremayne's* character that engages his attention, and he has drawn a remarkable picture of this lonely woman, battered by misfortune, falling gradually under the spell of her fixed idea of vengeance and emerging triumphantly from her Slough of Despond when *John Dethick* comes back into her life and gives her something human to live for. There is a curiously matter-of-fact air about the story. Neither in incident nor in character does Mr. STONE for one instant strain for effect. Melodrama is always waiting for him with outstretched arms, but he dodges past it with the nimbleness of a Harlequin three-quarter. A good example of this occurs when the faithful chauffeur offers his help to *Mrs. Tremayne:* "And if you 'll allow me to do what I can, m'm, I 'll find out everything for you, m'm, or my name 's not Sebastian Kean." Was there ever a clearer cue for the heroine to smile a sad, sweet smile and murmur nicely-chosen words of thanks? *Mrs. Tremayne's* reply would never have done for the BROTHERS MELVILLE. "But *is* that your name?" she asked, far more interested in this point than in his fidelity.

"THE TRIPE ENTENTE."

Buenos Aires Standard.

We shall not join this.

CHARIVARIA.

THAT a Suffragette's proposal to enter a cage containing three lions, and while there to address an audience on Woman's Suffrage, should have been forbidden is not surprising. The curious point is that no protest came from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

* * *

Whoever is looking after the war in the Near East appears to be very careless. Several battles have had to be put off owing to falls of snow, but the simple precaution of covering the ground with straw has not yet been taken.

* * *

A domestic servant at Berwick has just woken up after a sleep of six days. One of these cheap alarum-clocks, we presume.

* * *

The lunatic who recently posed as a magistrate took his seat, we are told, on the bench, and, when applicants came before him, "listened to them gravely." It was this slip which first aroused suspicion.

* * *

A striking confirmation of Sir EDWARD CARSON's dictum, "Ulster will Fight," was given at a recent boxing contest at Belfast, where the spectators not only knocked down the winner of the competition and poured buckets of water over him, but also severely damaged a perfectly good referee.

* * *

Inspector ARNOLD, after spending forty-nine years underground, is now coming up to live on a pension. "I don't know what I shall do," he says, "when I have to spend all day out on top. Give me smoke and smell." Londoners are justly incensed at the suggestion that these luxuries can only be obtained underground.

* * *

Their civic pride is, however, soothed by the announcement of a French airman that, passing over London a thousand feet up, he knew where he was by the unpleasant smell.

* * *

Little by little the gaps in the world's knowledge are being filled up. Mr. T. SEDGLEY, through the medium of *The Express*, states that he has found out that wasps can sting in February.

* * *

Born near Bridgnorth in the early part of last Summer, a number of tadpoles have not yet become frogs; and a highly respected zoologist informs us that the retardation is due to insufficient food. What tadpoles hope to gain by these foolish hunger-strikes we cannot understand.

* * *

The New York authorities confirm ex-President CASTRO's statement that he has left America "merely for pleasure"—his own and theirs.

* * *

It has been discovered that nearly all itinerant German musicians come from the villages of Wolfstein and Yettenbach, on the Rhine. We fear that the mawkish sentimentality of the public will prevent any arrangement being made for exterminating their instruments at one concerted swoop when they are all at home practising; but we confess that we toy wistfully with the idea.

* * *

What Buttermilk Is. According to an evening paper, "buttermilk is the backbone of Ireland." This explains a good deal.

In the cloistered seclusion of Windsor, the headmaster of Eton has allowed himself to get a little behind the times. "The golf-course," he says, "is an admirable corrective of nervous tension. There is no unrest there." Clifford's Inn hums like a hive at the slight cast upon its activities.

* * *

Just as we thought we had solved the problem of the tasteful yet inexpensive wedding-present, we are stunned by the information, in a daily paper, that the price of pythons has gone up £1 a foot.

From a review in *T.P.'s Weekly*:—

"A charming book . . . If you have a friend who can appreciate really intimate and beautiful writing, buy it, and read it carefully word by word yourself."

Does your little boy appreciate really good chocolate? Buy some and eat it carefully stick by stick yourself.

PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE THE EVENT.

(With apologies to our sprightly contemporaries who occasionally startle us with this kind of thing.)



Josh Blobbs, the Staffordshire miner, who has just won 200,000 marks in a Bavarian lottery.



A terrible tragedy has overtaken a Russian family named Oskof. Desiring to see their aged grandfather they walked from St. Petersburg to Odessa, only to find he had been blacked and sold as a slave to a rubber plantation in Squeegee, where he was subsequently massacred. Returning home on foot, the twelve children were devoured by wolves. Three weeks later the wife fell through a hole in the ice while crossing the Neva, and the husband, in attempting her rescue, lost his purse with the savings of fifteen years. Pushing on alone, he arrived—in a thunderstorm—to find his home (uninsured) burnt to the ground—the dastardly act of a former suitor to his deceased wife's hand. (Portrait is of the bereaved father, Oskof—the only survivor.)

PENANCE.

[The dramatic critic reflects on the present decline in theatrical revenues, attributed in part to abstinence during Lent.]

SOME there are whom conscience tickles,
Bidding pay their Lenten toll,
Cut off sugar, jam and pickles,
And renounce the wassail-bowl,
Give the flesh to flagellation for the purging of the soul.

Some elect to cope with vices
Not concerned with food and drink,
Practise social sacrifices,
Fly the rag-time and the rink,
Shun the carnal snares of coon-can or the ways of men in pink.

Some prefer a mental bleeding,
Close the novel's lurid page,
Give up halfpenny-paper-reading
And in heavier thought engage,
Poring over cyclopædias or the works of saint and sage.

Some, who love the footlights well, swear
To eschew the ballet's ranks,
Girls in Taxis (ay, and elsewhere),
And the boom in hustling Yanks,
To abstain from STANLEY HOUGHTON and the homely life of Lancs.

Thus, my Tompkins, you adapt your
Thespian tastes to monkish fare,
Exile from the Halls of Rapture,
Where you breathed Elysian air,
And the Great Renunciation 's almost more than you can bear.

Much I praise your self-denial,
Spurning joys to which you 're wed;
But, for me, it were no trial,
I 'm so badly overfed,
I should love this form of fasting and could do it on my head.

O. S.

THE S.P.I.K.S.A.

VITELLIUS has been a little off colour again, and though it matters very little to Vitellius, it matters a good deal to us. When Vitellius is dead—he is an Irish terrier with the least touch, so the gossips say, of Airedale in him—when Vitellius has assumed the title of *divus*, the chronicler will have to record that one of the most beautiful traits of his character was that the incidents of a Channel crossing could have no terrors for him; he was hardened to such tests by almost daily use. But just at present, of course, we are not crossing the Channel; we are in a very small flat, and it is rather tiresome. Vitellius came to us with the generic name of Cæsar, but we could not rest satisfied until we had determined to which of the wearers of the purple he bore most resemblance. Hesitating for some time over NERO and HELIOGABALUS, we gave the vote at last to that stout *bon-vivant*, the successor of GALBA. We were certain almost from the beginning that it was not MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS. I do not mean to suggest, of course, that Vitellius is anything of an epicure, and I believe that nightingales' tongues would be absolutely lost on him; but with the things that do happen to tickle his palate his appetite is only equalled by his calm but often untimely submission to the pangs of Nemesis.

The official food of Vitellius is dog-biscuit, broken up and mixed with a very little gravy; and there are nights when he will look up at us with a winning smile, wag his tail, and make some pretence of doing justice to the feast. "I know you two dear good people want me to eat this stuff," is, I fancy, what he would say if he could. "Here am I, tired out after a long day's work—two pieces of decayed fish, some offal from the butcher's shop, and several of those nice little sugar-cakes in the flat below; but I am a good fellow, after all, and unselfish. I will do my best to please you." But even this, unhappily, is not often. As a rule he sniffs casually at the banquet, and then sits up with shining eyes in an attitude of expectant prayer. "A pleasant toy of yours," he confesses. "But now let us turn to dinner." Let it not be supposed, however, that Vitellius's teeth are faulty. Far from it.

Thomas, who gave him to us, and who rather fancies himself about dogs, came and looked at him one day and said, "That creature's coat is in pretty bad condition; you ought to give him more exercise." "We do," I said; "come out for a walk now." Thomas had a rather nice cane walking-stick, and he was wearing light fawn-coloured spats. I persuaded him to throw his stick into a pond for Vitellius to retrieve. After a long healthy swim in every possible wrong direction the emperor found the stick, brought it to land, put it down, shook himself, rolled carefully in the mud, came and pawed Thomas's spats, returned to the stick, galloped about with it in circles for three-quarters of an hour, and then lay down and ate it.

But I should not mind if it were only Thomas's walking-sticks. There is no ruffian in the street so poor that Vitellius will not beg a greasy crust from him; and since, by a strange fantasy, he regards all the flats in our block as rooms in a single house, he is always dropping in on their occupiers and sitting up to a hearty tea of muffins and cake. And then, next morning, he will steal softly away into the drawing-room and—behave as if he were at sea.

That is why I wish to found the S.P.I.K.S.A. The Society for the Prevention of Indiscriminate Kindness to Strange Animals will, of course, be useless unless it is assisted by an Act of Parliament. But when once that is passed there will be uniformed inspectors who will take the name and address of anyone they see giving food to a strange dog in the streets or elsewhere. Then they will communicate with the owner of the dog, and he will be entitled to prosecute. The penalties for offenders convicted at the instance of the S.P.I.K.S.A. will be very severe. For the first offence a fine of two guineas will be inflicted; for the second there will be a sentence of two months' hard labour. But it will not be the usual kind of hard labour; prisoners will be compelled to turn out at 5 A.M. every day and feed a growing dog on half-a-dozen sugar-buns and a large mutton-bone with plenty of meat on it. After that they will exercise the dog up and down the prison-yard until such time as he sees fit to eat a hard dry biscuit for his supper. There will, I think, be no third conviction under the auspices of the new society.

An Explanation.

"The whole of the available public space in the court was occupied. Those present in court included Mr. G. K. Chesterton."
Manchester Evening Chronicle.

No more need be said.

From a quoted review, in a book-catalogue, of *Liverpool and the Mersey*:—

"Mr. Scott has fine powers of expression, and in such a passage as that in which he describes the appearance of the poet when seen by an approaching steamer, he rises to a high level."

It almost compares with our "First Glimpse of Mr. WATTS-DUNTON at Putney from a Penny Steamboat"—now out of print.



"LES BEAUX ESPRITS——"

RUSSIAN BEAR. "A VERY HAPPY THOUGHT HAS JUST OCCURRED TO ME. WHAT ABOUT KEEPING THE PEACE?"

AUSTRIAN EAGLE. "MY DEAR FELLOW, I DON'T WANT TO DEPRIVE YOU OF THE CREDIT OF THIS BRILLIANT IDEA, BUT THE VERY SAME NOTION HAD ALSO OCCURRED TO ME ONLY A MOMENT AGO."



The latest things in pets sketched (to the best of his ability) from life by our artist at Monte Carlo.

LONDON IS SO BRACING.

The Daily Telegraph, in an article on the L.C.C. elections, says, "London has a bill of health of which any holiday-resort might be proud—and people from the other parts of the Empire and from the provinces visit the Metropolis not only because it is attractive, but because it is remarkably healthy."

Mr. Punch suggests a daily parallel column to "Health and Sunshine," and he offers his contemporary a first instalment:—

Hackney-super-Marsh.—The glorious weather of the past fifteen years still prevails. Thousands of people pour into this district by the return business trains each evening. The N.E. wind has been much welcomed, coming straight from the North Sea over East Anglia and the Bone Works. The inducements of Hackney as a pleasure resort will be seen by the following figures:—

February sunshine . 200 hours.
" rainfall . . 4 pints.

No fog has been experienced during the whole month.

BLUE LION. COMF. SAL. BAR. BLLRDS.

Hammersmith.—This favoured resort is still rejoicing in the reports of unprecedented warmth and dryness which are issued by the public-spirited local council. While London generally—and particularly the East London pleasure resorts—have suffered from an abnormally gloomy winter, the statistics below will show the happy lot of this sunny little nook in the West. Prospective holiday-makers will note the very remarkable sunshine figures:—

February sunshine . 250 hours.
" rainfall . . Nil.

No trace of mist was recorded during the month.

CEME. 6 ACRES. COMF. TERMS MOD.

Southwark.—The construction of the new Paul's Bridge should greatly increase the tourist traffic to this charming old riparian cathedral city.

Delightful weather was (as usual, of course) experienced yesterday. The river foreshore forms a fascinating resort for fashionable visitors, who seek at the ebb for stranded treasure. Added zest has been given to their quest by the prize offered by *The Daily News* for any relics of the steamers wrecked by the Moderates.

BEAU RIVAGE. FINEST POS. EUROPE.
CLOSE FRSHRE. CASINO. 6*d.* per night.

Holloway. — Magnificent weather continues in this quiet little spot, where the Castle Hydro is patronised more for its rest cure than for the feverish gaieties of other resorts. Visitors soon fall in with the simple regimen that everyone follows—early rising and retiring—plain cuisine—abstention from stimulants—unconventional costume—and avoidance of restless excursions. It is a tribute to the place that many habitués return year after year.

THE LORD ROWTON ARMS.
SPEC. TERMS BED AND BRKFST.

Marylebone.—The radiant weather continues, with a complete absence of Mistrals, Föhns, Monsoons, and Mizzles. 37,119 visitors arrived yesterday, by rail and 'bus, etc., and 37,117 departed, making an increase of two.

The season, however, culminates in April, when the Cup Tie brings thousands of fashionable travellers, who find more allurement in the charming refreshment resorts handy to the Termini than in prolonging their journey to Sydenham. Short excursions are however numerous, notably to view the monumental masons' yards in the Euston Road.

HÔTEL TUSSAUD.
ACCOM. FOR CROWNED HEADS.

Little Known Habits of the Sphinx.

"But we now know that, sphinx-like, he only disappeared to rise again."
Manchester Evening News.

ONE MORE CHAPTER

(*Being a suggested finale to Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON's vivid and suggestive work, "The Victorian Age in Literature"*).

THE most curious and inspiring manifestation of the Victorian Age has been left to the last, but it is, of course, perfectly obvious to the simplest person that the last is really first. Until the appearance of this portent, what had been lacking in the Victorians was, in a word, self-consciousness. They were like a huge and prosperous business concern which, when the end of the year comes and stock-taking is necessary, has no one capable of performing that tedious but needful operation. They were like a millionaire who has no arithmetic. The money is there, but he cannot tell how much it is; the scrip is there, but he does not know its value.

It is given to some firms to go on quite happily without taking stock; and it is given to some millionaires to rest content with dividends and make no enquiries as to capital. But England is not always like that. England has a genius for complacency, but it also has a genius for anxiety. Its genius for complacency is fairly steady; its genius for anxiety is sporadic. Everyone with a grain of observation must have noticed now and then that, in the terrible slang of the man on the 'bus, we get into the grip of a don't-know - where - he - are - ishness. Periodically this want of direction, this ignorance of the meaning of life, has been terrifically apparent in our little island, but never more so than towards the end of what for convenience in this book has been called the Victorian Age, although as a matter of fact the really salient thing about the Victorian Age was its habit of borrowing from other ages.

At the end of that remarkable era of poets with one leg shorter than the other a feeling of unrest came to be evident, which can be best expressed by the statement that England was looking for a prophet, or not perhaps so much a prophet as a lamp or star of guidance. Perfectly equipped to go, she was unaware of the way. She was like a first-class pedestrian with knapsack and staff all complete but no map. She was like the captain of a superb liner who has lost his compass. She was like the inspired picture by FRED BARNARD (that neglected genius) of the yokel holding a lantern over the sundial to see the time. She knew that time was somewhere hidden there, but she did not know how to educe it. Even more so, perhaps, was she like a motor-car absolute in every part and ready for everything but with no member of the party capable of acting as chauffeur. It was then at that critical moment that the man arrived, forced, as foolish old TAINE in his only wise remark expressed it, out of space by the sheer demand of his time.

It was, in a word, peculiarly CHESTERTON's mission to explain and account for. Every one has heard of personally-conducted tours of the world. CHESTERTON was the first and greatest personal conductor. With his pointer in his hand he accompanied mankind to every spot of interest and made all clear. He missed nothing. No scruple of conscience was too minute for his attention; no cataclysm of human ambition great enough to daunt him. By his assistance the wayfarer was provided with a new map, which CHESTERTON (who was also an artist) rapidly drew from his own head. By his guidance the captain of the liner regained an approximate idea of the whereabouts of the pole. But it was CHESTERTON's special mission to assist the benighted rustic by instructing him in the divine mission of the sun. For too long had the sun been obscure to the Victorians. CHESTERTON drew aside the veil. It was under CHESTERTON that England at last realised where she was. He made it all enormously clear.



McSlaughter (the great). "WELL, THAT'S 8 UP AND 7."
A. Worm, Esq. (pathetically). "WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE TO WIN A MATCH?"

RAG-TIME AMONG THE POETS.

FAMILIARITY is said to breed contempt. One hesitates to say that it does that in the case of the best poetry, but it certainly rather dulls the edge of pleasure. In other words we can know poems so well that their freshness wears off. And that is where rag-time, the great antiseptic, comes in; for by its aid all poetry, however trite, can be made new. Take, for example, SOUTHEY's famous lyric, "The Battle of Blenheim." Most persons are, perhaps justly, tired of the form in which we learned it—

> "It was a summer's evening,
> Old Kaspar's work was done,"

and so forth. But apply the method of "*Dixie*," with a little help from "*Everybody's Doing It*," and you get a totally new and invigorating poem. Thus:—

It was a sum-
It was a sum-
Mer's evening, and old Kaspar's work
It was done, it was done, it was done;
And he before
And he before
His cottage door was sitting there
In the sun, in the sun, in the sun.
And by him sported on the
Green, on the green, on the green,
His little little grandchild, sweet Irene.

(The name is, of course, Wilhelmine, but rag-time must have a dissyllabic Irene in it, every time.)

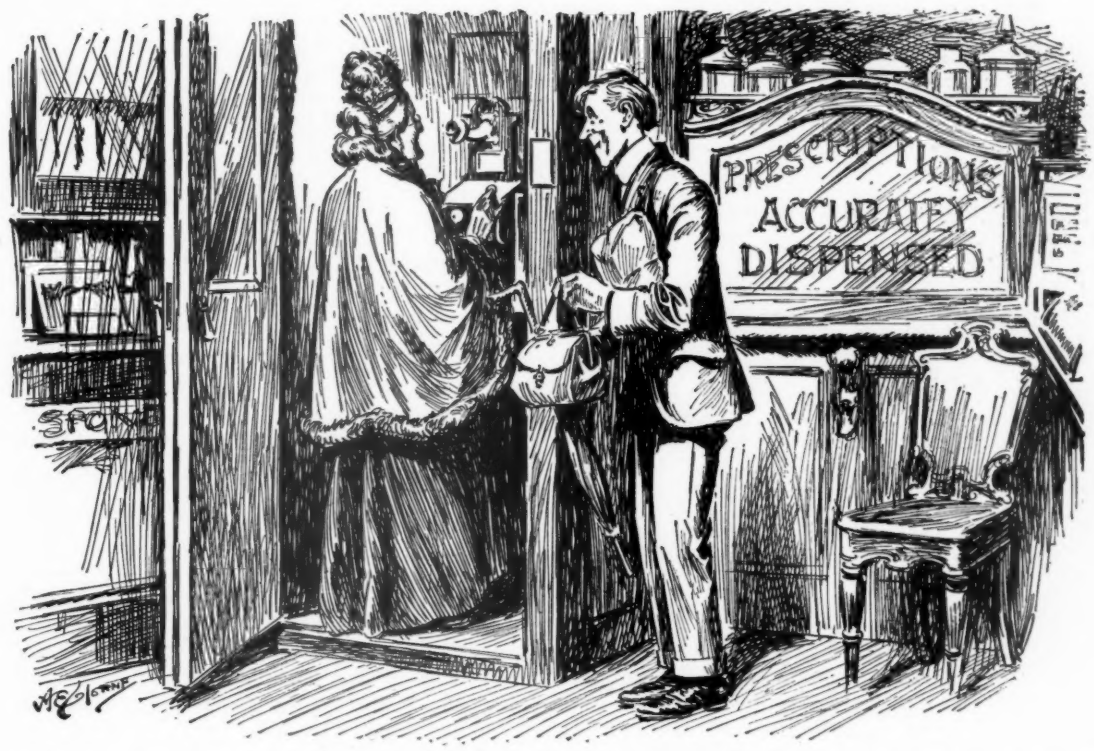
The monotony of the stanza in "The Daffodil Fields," Mr. MASEFIELD's latest joy-ride on Pegasus, has been commented upon. With a little skilful syncopation even that poem might be made cheerful and bright. Try it.

East is East and West is West.

"NIGERIAN DURBAR STRIKING SPECTACLE IN EAST AFRICA."

And this from the high-priest of Empire, *The Pall Mall Gazette!*

The *Salome* craze seems to have already reached Tasmania, where, according to *The Hobart Mercury*, an Independent Candidate (whose independence would appear to extend to matters of history) told the electorate that "the Liberal Government reminded him of the daughter of Herodotus, who for dancing before Pilate asked as reward for the head of John the Baptist on a charger." This is one of the few good stories of his day that HERODOTUS somehow missed.



Dear Old Lady (using call-office telephone for the first time, to operator at the Exchange). "AND AS YOU 'VE BEEN SO NICE AND ATTENTIVE, MY DEAR, I 'M PUTTING AN EXTRA PENNY IN THE BOX FOR YOURSELF."

FOLLOWING PRECEDENT.

ENTENTE-CORDIALITY is in the air. One of the first acts of the new American President, Mr. WOODROW WILSON, was to send a friendly letter across the Mexican border couched in the following terms, which seem to have an air of familiarity to us, we cannot think how. It was no fault of President TAFT's successor if anything went wrong with the document. We subjoin the text:—

MM. les Présidents, great and good (but somewhat too numerous) friends, I desire to address to you my congratulations and best wishes on the occasion of your election to the highest and most precarious office that your country can offer, and this I do most heartily quite irrespective of the brevity of your reign. Being desirous of adding a further proof of my sincerity I am pleased to confer upon you my Order of the Canned Eagle, a quantity of the insignia of which accompanies this letter, sufficient, I hope, to go round. Accept, MM. les Présidents, good and great, if transitory, friends, the assurance of our complete esteem and high consideration.

Your good Friend, WOODROW.

Mr. WOODROW WILSON has not as yet received any reply, the accredited reason being that his letter occasioned such a sanguinary *mêlée* among the addressees that no one was left alive to respond to it.

LATEST CUCKOO LORE.

(*The extraordinarily early advent of the cuckoo this year has not escaped the attention of* Mr. Punch's *nature correspondents.*)

A VERACIOUS correspondent sends us a remarkable account of the conduct of a cuckoo in Kew Gardens. It has been observed on several occasions to visit early nests of thrushes and starlings. After each visit the nest was found torn in fragments. It is conjectured by our correspondent (an eminent naturalist) that the female bird is disgusted that the male bird should alone enjoy the privilege of song and feels that its own claims to equality of voice will never be recognised unless and until it proves them by an exhibition of violent and revolutionary behaviour.

Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC (the famous Sussex naturalist) reports that there is an extraordinary alteration in the cry of the cuckoo this season. Instead of its customary call of "Cuck-oo," every time he has heard it the bird has said "Jew-jew."

Our Bishop's Waltham correspondent announces that the Smallholders' Association of the district are offering a reward of 10*s.* for every dead cuckoo. The Association declares that the damage to crops done by the local hunt is infinitesimal compared with that done by photographers, cinematographers, and newspaper correspondents in pursuit of the evasive early cuckoo. One farmer complains that a *Daily Mirror* correspondent, in his endeavours to get a snap-shot of a rook in the act of cuckooing, spoilt no less than half an acre of winter wheat.

A correspondent writes from the Army and Navy Club that there is only one explanation of the cuckoo's early arrival this year. As the air in France and Germany is so crowded with army dirigibles and aeroplanes that a cuckoo cannot cuck in peace, it is only natural that the timid bird should come to England, where there is not the slightest risk of its flights being checked by collision with anything in Colonel SEELY's Aerial department.

WINTER SPORT.

V.—A TAILING PARTY.

THE procession prepared to start in the following order:—

(1) A brace of sinister-looking horses.

(2) Gaspard, the Last of the Bandits; or, "Why cause a lot of talk by pushing your rich uncle over the cliff, when you can have him stabbed quietly for one franc fifty?" (If ever I were in any vendetta business I should pick Gaspard first.)

(3) A sleigh full of lunch.

(4) A few well-known ladies and gentlemen (being the cream of the Hôtel des Angéliques) on luges; namely, reading from left to right (which is really the best method—unless you are translating Hebrew), Simpson, Archie, Dahlia, Myra, me, Miss Cardew and Thomas.

While Gaspard was putting the finishing knots to the luges, I addressed a few remarks to Miss Cardew, fearing that she might be feeling a little lonely amongst us. I said that it was a lovely day, and did she think the snow would hold off till evening? Also had she ever done this sort of thing before? I forget what her answers were.

Thomas meanwhile was exchanging badinage on the hotel steps with Miss Aylwyn. There must be something peculiar in the Swiss air, for in England Thomas is quite a respectable man . . . and a godfather.

"I suppose we *have* asked the right one," said Myra doubtfully.

"His young affections are divided. There was a third girl in pink with whom he breakfasted a lot this morning. It is the old tradition of the sea, you know. A sailor—I mean an Admiralty civilian has a wife at every wireless station."

"Take your seats, please," said Archie. "The horses are sick of waiting."

We sat down. Archie took Dahlia's feet on his lap, Myra took mine, Miss Cardew took Thomas's. Simpson, alone in front, nursed a guide-book.

"*En avant!*" cried Simpson in his best French-taught-in-twelve-lessons accent.

Gaspard muttered an oath to his animals. They pulled bravely. The rope snapped—and they trotted gaily down the hill with Gaspard.

We hurried after them with the luges. . . .

"It's a good joke," said Archie, after this had happened three times, "but, personally I weary of it. Miss Cardew, I'm afraid we've brought you out under false pretences. Thomas didn't explain the thing to you adequately. He gave you to understand that there was more in it than this."

Gaspard, who seemed full of rope, produced a fourth piece and tied a knot that made even Simpson envious.

"Now, Samuel," I begged, "do keep the line taut this time. Why do you suppose we put your apricot suit right in the front? Is it, do you suppose, for the sunset effects at eleven o'clock in the morning, or is it that you may look after the rope properly?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Cardew," said Simpson, feeling that somebody ought to apologise for something and knowing that Gaspard wouldn't, "but I expect it will be all right now."

We settled down again. Once more Gaspard cursed his horses, and once more they started off bravely. And this time we went with them.

"The idea all along," I explained to Miss Cardew.

"I rather suspected it," she said. Apparently she has a suspicious mind.

After the little descent at the start, we went uphill slowly for a couple of miles, and then more rapidly over the level. We had driven over the same road in a sleigh, coming from the station, and had been bitterly cold and extremely bored. Why our present position should be so much more enjoyable I didn't quite see.

"It's the expectation of an accident," said Archie. "At any moment somebody may fall off. Good."

"My dear old chap," said Simpson, turning round to take part in the conversation, "why anybody *should* fall off——"

We went suddenly round a corner, and quietly and without any fuss whatever Simpson left his luge and rolled on to the track. Luckily any possibility of a further accident was at once avoided. There was no panic at all. Archie kicked the body temporarily out of the way; after which Dahlia leant over and pushed it thoughtfully to the side of the road. Myra warded it off with a leg as she neared it; with both hands I helped it into the deep snow from which it had shown a tendency to emerge; Miss Cardew put a foot out at it for safety; and Thomas patted it gently on the head as the end of the "tail" went past. . . .

As soon as we had recovered our powers of speech—all except Miss Cardew, who was in hysterics—we called upon Gaspard to stop. He indicated with the back of his neck that it would be dangerous to stop just then; and it was not until we were at the bottom of the hill, nearly a mile from the place where Simpson left us, that the procession halted, and gave itself up again to laughter.

"I hope he is not hurt," said Dahlia, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"He wouldn't spoil a good joke like that by getting hurt," said Myra confidently. "He's much too much of a sportsman."

"Why did he do it?" said Thomas.

"He suddenly remembered he hadn't packed his safety-razor. He's halfway back to the hotel by now."

Miss Cardew remained in hysterics.

Ten minutes later a brilliant sunset was observed approaching from the north. A little later it was seen to be a large dish of apricots and cream.

"He draws near," said Archie. "Now then, let's be stern with him."

At twenty yards' range, Simpson began to talk. His trot had heated him slightly.

"I say," he said excitedly. "You——"

Myra shook her head at him.

"Not done, Samuel," she said reproachfully.

"Not what, Myra? What not——"

"You oughtn't to leave us like that without telling us."

"After all," said Archie, "we are all one party, and we are supposed to keep together. If you prefer to go about by yourself, that's all right; but if we go to the trouble of arranging something for the whole party——"

"You might have caused a very nasty accident," I pointed out. "If you were in a hurry, you had only to say a word to Gaspard and he would have stopped for you to alight. Now I begin to understand why you kept cutting the rope at the start."

"You have sent Miss Cardew into hysterics by your conduct," said Dahlia.

Miss Cardew gave another peal. Simpson looked at her in dismay.

"I say, Miss Cardew, I'm most awfully sorry. I really didn't—— I say, Dahlia," he went on confidentially, "oughtn't we to do something about this? Rub her feet with snow or—I mean, I know there's *something* you do when people have hysterics. It's rather serious if they go on. Don't you burn feathers under their nose?" He began to feel in his pockets. "I wonder if Gaspard's got a feather?"

With a great effort Miss Cardew pulled herself together. "It's all right, thank you," she said in a stifled voice.

"Then let's get on," said Archie.

We resumed our seats once more. Archie took Dahlia's feet on his lap. Myra took mine. Miss Cardew took Thomas's. Simpson clung tight to his luge with both hands.

"Right!" cried Archie.

Gaspard swore at his horses. They pulled bravely. The rope snapped—and they trotted gaily up the hill with Gaspard.

We hurried after them with the luges. . . .

A. A. M.

DISAPPEARING GENTLEMEN.

THE DAILY MAIL'S "own correspondent" at Rome relates in a recent issue the strange experience of a generous Canadian rejoicing in the name of Gaway. While he was visiting the Forum a man, who appeared to be an Englishman, approached him and entered into conversation:—

"The stranger said he was going to be received by the Pope, to whom he had to present a sum of money, but that he had not the full amount in his possession. The Canadian lent him £100, whereupon the stranger disappeared."

On communicating with our own correspondents in several other capitals, we have been able to obtain evidence of several other cases in which the superb confidence and generosity of the representatives of the Dominions are worthy of at least equal note. Thus, a New Zealander named Googley was standing on the Rialto the day before yesterday, when a man, who appeared to be a Scotsman, engaged him in conversation. The stranger informed Googley that he was about to have an audience of the Doge of Venice, to whom he had to present a purse of 50,000 sovereigns from the Italian community resident in Portobello, Scotland. As he was unfortunately £5,000 short, the New Zealander promptly lent him that sum, whereupon the canny Caledonian vanished into thin air.

A wealthy Newfoundlander named McJuggins, who has recently been visiting St. Petersburg, was accosted a few days ago by what appeared to be a Manxman. In the course of an animated conversation the Manxman explained that he had come all the way from the Isle of Man to engage in a three-legged race with the TSAR against two of the most notorious Grand Dukes. Unluckily he had not enough money in his possession to pay for the regulation costume enjoined by the Procurator of the Holy Synod—viz., "shorts" of cloth of gold and a jersey embroidered with precious stones. McJuggins at once agreed to lend him a quantity of uncut jewels, which the Manxman promised to return after the race, but, strange to say, he has not been heard of since. On enquiry at the Imperial Palace at Tsarsko Seloë, McJuggins was assured that no such contest was in prospect or indeed had ever been contemplated by any member of the Romanoff family.

A South Australian named Swallow was recently visiting the Acropolis at Athens, when a total stranger, who in dress, accent and demeanour appeared to be a perfect Welsh gentleman, came up and asked his assistance. He had obtained a concession to erect a beautiful week-end bungalow on the Plains of Marathon for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, but unless he could deposit £10,000 with the Greek Government that day the option would lapse. Mr. Swallow at once furnished the sum, whereupon the stranger, genially observing "a man with a name like yours is capable of anything," suddenly became invisible and has not yet been discovered by the Athenian police.



PERFIDIOUS MAN.

Constable. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, SIR? SUFFRAGETTES BEEN A-TAMPERIN' WITH YOUR LOCK?"

Belated Reveller. "NO, I DID IT MYSELF, BUT THE LITTLE DEARS ARE GOING TO—TO GET THE BLAME FOR MY BEING SO LATE, WHAT?"

Impending Apology to Lord Kitchener's Cook.

"CAIRO, Tuesday Night.

Kiamil Pasha dined with Lord Kitchener to-night.—Central News.

A report was widely circulated yesterday that Kiamil Pasha was dead."

Daily Telegraph.

"He is a ruler of a type which most of us supposed had become as extinct as the dado."

Daily Colonist (B.C.).

As the antimacassar, anyway.



Socialist Demagogue. "THE EMPIRE, FORSOOTH! AND WHAT'S THAT, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS; THE EMPIRE'S AN INVENTION OF THE TORIES!"

THE LAST STAND.

(*Golf will appear for the first time in the Olympic Games' programme for* 1916.)

FETTERS of sloth hang round and hobble us,
Swiftly the webs are spun;
Scarce have we time ere the spiders gobble us
To utter "Jack Robinson."
Chief of our shames, we have lost our claims
To excel the world at Olympic Games;
We are heirs no more to the old Discobolus;
We can neither leap nor run.

Where, ah where shall we seek asylum?
How shall we gild again,
Fallen and tarnished deep, the whilom
Coronals? Frank and Dane
Filch from our brows the olive boughs;
Sprinters we have, but they halt like cows;
And as for our chess and our chucking the pilum—
Ah, stop! It is too much pain.

Thus did I muse, and my heart debated
Sadly about Berlin;
Here, I thought, shall the lease undated
Of Albion's pride fall in!
We shall gain no goal, I said to my soul,
We shall fall at the foot of the greaséd Pole,
We shall bow our heads to the Czech, checkmated,
We shall yield the palm to the Finn.

When lo! like a sun-burst seen through vapour
As a three-days' fog clears off,
I found this par in my morning paper,
"Hellas embraces golf":
German and Yank, you may keep your swank
With the quivering lath and the diver's tank,
But who shall best o'er the bunker caper,
And joust in the sand-filled trough?

None, I think, but the loved of Heaven
Whose path is the ancient green,
Whose hearts are buoyed with the sea-dogs' leaven,
Whose brand is the iron keen;
Only the race with the brassie face
That follow the spheres in a long, stern chase,
That still putt out as the tars of Devon
Put out to the Spaniard's teen.

Here (so carry our drives, O Castor,
Pollux our chip-shots eke)
I will wager a crown to a mere piastre
That Teuton and Gaul and Greek
And the far-away Japs and the sledge-borne Lapps
Shall fall to our *plus*-four handicaps,
And the god shall fasten the oleaster
To the blade of a British cleek.

EVOE.



THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.



Child. "Goin' shoppin', Muvver?"
Child. "Goin' shoppin' down Rye Lane, Muvver?"
Mother. "Yus, dearie."
Mother. "No, dearie; Mother isn't dressed for Rye Lane."

TEMPORARY COMPANIONS.

["Wanted, at once, as temporary companion."—*Advt.*]

Are you lonely? Are you going a journey? Are you bored, or busy, or cross? If so, ring up Mayfair 000123 and state your wants; we will supply them.

The subjoined is only a small selection from what we can do. If you don't see what you need in the catalogue, ring us up and say so.

Section I.—Travel Department.

Companions for any length of journey, from Euston to Willesden, from Putney to Pekin. Good conversationalists (better than the most engrossing railway novel) always on hand. Also a special line for those who prefer taciturnity. Sitters-opposite, with faces that do not irritate. The longest and most tiresome journey a pleasure.

In ordering, kindly state whether companion is wanted draught-proof or capable of resisting asphyxia from tightly-closed windows.

Are you a bad sailor? Our chatty Channelites banish sea-sickness more effectually than drugs.

Section II.—Social.

To those about to settle in a new neighbourhood. Remember the importance of first impressions. Our Visiting Companions will see you through this trying ordeal. Sent down on receipt of wire for any period, from a week-end upwards. Fit and Finish guaranteed. Take one of our Companions with you when returning your first calls. The result will surprise you.

Section III.—Political.

Companions of all shades of opinion can be forwarded at a moment's notice. Enormous success of our new speciality—the Feeble Opponents. *A child could convince them!* Try one for your father or husband. Ill-temper a thing of the past. A grateful client writes:—"You deserve the blessing of every woman who has learnt to dread the very mention of politics. Since I heard of your Convertible Land-Taxers, home has been a different place. Please send me another half-dozen, as those we had were all used on the morning after Mr. Lloyd George's last speech.

What about those boring Relations? Let us deal with them for you. Our Companions in this department receive the oldest story with peals of unforced merriment. Uncle's visit over before you know it!

Many other varieties to select from. Purse-holders for Sales. (Ladies safeguarded through the most tempting shops, and only allowed to purchase articles of which they are in actual need. A long-felt want!) Also our Fourteenths at Table, Theatre Companions (Thrilled, Amused, or Critical—state variety required), and a thousand others.

Write to-day!

"Dr. Mabie's Lectures
'The Background of Face' Read at Imperial University."
Japan Times.

We find that a three-and-sixpenny green felt shows ours up best.

From a calendar:—

"O that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it comes!
Troilus & Cressida, iii. 3."

O that a man might know the end of *Julius Cæsar* (v. 1)!

FORCED CARDS.

I USUALLY defend myself by claiming that my mind isn't built for learning card games. I have cynical friends who say, "Why drag in card games?" but, of course, they exaggerate. My mind is equal to any amount of politics, law, and finance. The moment I sit down at a little green table, however, I am chastened, shamed, publicly humiliated.

It usually happens like this. Suppose it is evening. I am tired, and I sit down with the relish of the tired business man who has been sitting down all day. I pick up a book or a newspaper or a time-table, and muse over it. Just as I begin to enjoy myself comfortably, in rush Ruth and Alice and Jack.

"Come on, Uncle, join us at Snitch!" they cry, and flock about me.

"Is it a restaurant?"

"No, it's something like Double Dummy Mumps, only faster."

Instantly I perceive their meaning. They mean cards. I am not so easy.

"I don't know it. Never played it. I am very sorry, but my experience in such games is very lim——"

"That doesn't make any difference," they cry. "We can teach you."

"You can't." I state this with certainty. "It's been attempted."

"Oh, yes, we can. You'll get it all in a second. Why, it's one of the *simplest* games."

Wearily I lay down the paper. There is no hope. All is lost. We wake a sleeping card-table in the corner of the room, set it on its unwilling feet, and sit down about it. Alice produces a huge pack of cards and hands them to Jack, who proceeds to arrange and disarrange them in a purposeless sort of way.

"Now explain the game, please," I venture. "How do you play?"

"The idea," says Jack, "is not to get sevens. And of course the Ace of Diamonds counts ten."

This is the way such people always begin.

"Yes, but what do I do? Do I hand the cards to my partner, or put them on the table, or stuff them one by one into my pockets, or just put them in piles? And what happens to the pile in the middle of the table?"

There is a general sigh of weariness about the table. "Oh, you'll see in a minute when you've started playing."

I wait impatiently and apprehensively. Presently I find myself with about a dozen cards in my hands. On the backs are some very pretty pictures, representing Sir WALTER RALEIGH (brown and black) before Windsor Castle (mostly black) throwing a brown cloak into a black puddle, while QUEEN ELIZABETH (brown), followed by brown gentlewomen, steps all over it. As an example of economy in art, the thing is admirable.



First Bluejacket. "I OFFEN WONDERS, BILL, WHY PARSONS ALWAYS WEARS THEIR COLLARS *GOIN' ASTERN.*"

"Hurry up, Uncle," says Ruth severely. "It's your turn."

I am dazed.

"What do I do?"

"Play any three cards."

"How do you mean 'play'? Do I put them down somewhere?"

"Yes, on the table."

I do so.

"No, no! Not face up!"

I reverse them.

"No! Don't you see that now we know what they are? Play three more."

I do so.

"Now take back the three you played first."

I do so, and breathe again. The game goes on.

But my respite is short. In a moment they are after me again. I am frozen with terror. My hands shake.

"What do I do?"

"Put down three more. No, not there . . . over here! Good." There is a murmur of applause. But Alice has been looking over my shoulder, "to help me," as she explains it. She gasps.

"Good heavens, you played the Queen of Sheba!" she cries to a horrified audience. "Never mind, Uncle. We shan't count it this time." Her tone is indulgent. "You couldn't be expected to know that it counts thirty against you."

The next time my turn comes round my heart is in my boots. I play three cards. Alice watches me again.

"No, Uncle, not those cards . . . no, no, not *that* one . . . . Haven't you even got them sorted? Now discard. No, not into your pocket. No, not under the table . . . . There . . . that's right . . . No, *here!* Now play three . . . . No, not those . . . there!"

So the game progresses. I am led as the blind. At last the process ends, the scores are added. I am minus eighty-three. I am miserable.

"You did beautifully," they all assure me in chorus. "You'll learn the game in another jiffy. Don't you think it's fun? Now for another."

Quietly but resolutely I rise to my feet. "I am very sorry," I say. "I have a headache, or something. I regret that I cannot join you in another round. The subject is a painful one. Good night."

"Lostwithiel was easy-going in a general way, but when he did put his foot down upon any point he was immovable."
Family Herald.

Thus differing from us, who are particularly mobile on such occasions.

Life's Little Tragedies.

"But to claim that because a sprinter can cover a hundred yards in ten seconds, that therefore he can accomplish a speed of better than three miles an hour, is to talk nonsense."
Sheffield Independent.

It is pathetic that, at the very moment when he was about to crush his opponent, the writer should have been let down by a careless compositor.



Village Orator (seconding a proposition for the repair of the reading-room roof). "I THINK YOU 'LL ALL AGREE THAT THE ROOF *DOES* LEAK VERY BAD. *ESPECIALLY IS THIS NOTICEABLE IN WET WEATHER.*"

THE REVIVAL.

AWAKE, my Muse; O idle Muse, awake.
There was a time, and not so long ago,
When we habitually did betake,
From morn's young flush till dinner's tardy glow,
Ourselves to song: when we went near to break
All records with a fine unfailing flow,
So full, so pure, that people wondered how
We did it—as I sometimes wonder now.

Delia it was that then controlled our song,
Delia that ruled our most surpassing lays;
Her charms that swept us, so to speak, along
As on a wave. In such a maiden's praise
The veriest idiot could not go far wrong,
So fair was she. Why, in that goodly phase,
We did our piece *per diem*; once, by heaven,
In one triumphant burst we managed seven.

O Inspiration, never have I known
Aught to compare with that imperious prime.
Her (fair) hair sang itself; her eyes alone
(Blue, luckily) were pools of various rhyme.
On these and on her figure (all her own)
We sang magnificently till, as I 'm
A sinner, she remarked that she could not
Stand any more—which chilled me like a shot.

For Delia, though too late we learned it, lacked
One charm for want of which all charms are vain;
The very music which one might have backed
To sweeten lemons filled her heart with pain.
It was a crushing blow. In point of fact,
I made a dark oath not to sing again,
But put my songs away and in my throes
Vowed my snubbed soul thenceforth to dullest prose.

But now again there rises in my breast
A quickening zeal to sing the long day through;
I think I feel the better for the rest.
Then wake! We need not tackle aught that 's new.
Our Delia's old collection, if redrest
And slightly altered here and there, will do.
'Tis Araminta now that rules our lay,
A better girl than Delia, any day. DUM-DUM.

"TORY PARTY SPLIT OVER BONAR LAW.

It would appear that the Bonar Law as an issue has been discredited and that it will be abandoned by the party as an active measure."
Manila Daily Bulletin.

Mr. BONAR LAW has had hard things said of him by his opponents at home, but until this outburst in the Philippines, no one, not even his worst enemies, had ever referred to him as an "issue" or an "active measure."

From a list of prices in an Evesham cinema palace:—
"Fantails. One shilling."
Ordinary pigeons, sixpence.

"SLIPS THAT LOST GOALS.
HOW HULL CITY WON AT CRAVEN COTTAGE.
Fulham .. 0 Hull City .. 0"
Daily Chronicle.

Apparently one of the "slips" that lost Hull City some goals was due to the printer.

A SUFFRAGE COMEDIETTA.

SHE was going round selling *The Militant* and making converts, and she was shown in just as I was busy over the housekeeping books, after breakfast. She was young and pretty and tailor-built.

"I'm Maud Timmins," she began (she had a charming smile); "I daresay you 've heard of me?"

"Yes," I said, "I think I have. But—are you *really* a Suff? I didn't know any of you were like *you!* I had a notion of *spectacles* and *goloshes*, you know, and a *forty-five-inch waist*."

She laughed. "Oh, well, we have some dear devoted women who are perhaps a little in that way. But, for making converts, we find we must employ youth and charm and brightness; that 's why I want *you!*"

"It 's awfully sweet of you to say so" (that 's *me* talking), "but my time is simply *frightfully* full—what with social engagements, acting as Papa's housekeeper, and preparing for my marriage in three months' time."

Her face grew beautifully serious. "But there 's a higher part of you that wants something higher than all this—that wants a Vote!"

"Oh," I replied, "I shall *have* a vote when I 'm married! Jack will vote *exactly* as I tell him."

She held up her hand reprovingly. "With that brow, it 's no use trying to hide your higher self. Doesn't your heart *throb* when you hear of the great Woman's Movement?"

I said it hadn't throbbed up to now. "And as for my *brow*," I went on, "please, *please* don't look at it! My hair isn't really *properly* done yet."

Well, she talked and talked, and before she left she 'd made me promise to go to a great meeting the next night. "Our glorious Claribel is to speak!" she told me.

"But I thought she was abroad?" I said.

"Supposed to be," she answered. "But she 's just getting herself smuggled across the Channel in a big packing-case marked 'Explosives.' Isn't she grand?"

* * * * * *

I 've been to the meeting. It was Jack's evening for coming, but I couldn't help that. It was splendid! Maud Timmins looked *sweet* in pink *cachemire-de-soie*. She sat by me for a time and told me who was who. There was Mary Holmes, who managed to get into the House of Commons and tied herself to the SPEAKER'S chair; and there was Grace Clutterbuck, with her arm in a sling (in reaching up to slap a policeman she grazed her poor dear hand against his horrid hard helmet!), and lots of other heroines. And when the famous Claribel appeared on the platform, oh there was such clapping and cheering! And when she told us what it felt like to cross the Channel in a big packing-case marked "Explosives" we all stood up and screamed, and seven ladies were carried out choking!

When I got home I found Papa and Jack smoking together.

"I 'm one of them!" I cried. "I 've joined the W. S. P. U. Here are my sash and badge and card of membership! Oh, it was so *splendid* to-night! Claribel is so *grand*, and Maud Timmins is so *sweet*, and they 're all such *brave, determined darlings!* And I felt such a poor *worm* among them, never having broken anything or burnt anything or been in prison."

Jack looked glum, and Papa sighed and said, "You 've been happy enough up to now, Kitty, without a vote."

"This is not a question of *happiness*, Papa," I told him. "It 's a question of righting a wrong—of abolishing an injustice—of doing something I can't remember to a thing I 've forgotten——"

Papa burst out laughing and I turned away. "I don't expect sympathy in the matter from *you*, Papa," I said, "but I don't despair of making *Jack* see eye to eye with me."

* * * * * *

Jack sees eye to eye with me, and I could wish it might stop there. I 've taken him to several meetings, and he 's even more enthusiastic now than I am. I 've introduced him to Maud Timmins, and she 's had a great deal to say to him. I don't think I like her quite so much as I did. Jack simply *raves* about her. "She 's a ripper!" he said yesterday. "The idea of such a woman as that not having a vote—or anything else she wants! She 's the prettiest, cleverest, most charming girl I ever met—except you, of course, Kitty," he added, *almost as if it were an afterthought.*

* * * * * *

I don't see *how* I 'm to get through all my social and domestic duties and work for the W. S. P. U. as well.

Jack and I were to have gone to a great meeting to-night, at which Maud Timmins was to tell of her frightful experiences at Holloway; but I had a headache, or thought I had, and said I wouldn't go. *He actually went without me!* "Of course you wouldn't wish *me* to stay away too, dear," he said; "you 've the Cause too much at heart for that. What message shall I give your friend, Maud?—Miss Timmins, I should say."

I looked at him. "I have no friend called Maud," I said frightfully coldly, "and I have no message for Miss Timmins," and I went up to my room and shut the door with the bang of an injured woman.

* * * * * *

I 'm not one of them any longer! I put it to you—how *can* a girl run her father's house, keep no end of social engagements, prepare for her own wedding, and at the same time sell *The Militant* outside railway-stations and places, speak at street-corner meetings, break windows, throw things into letter-boxes, and pour stuff on golf-greens? It stands to reason that *one* set of duties must go; and so I 've had to sever my connection with the W. S. P. U., and have sent back my sash, badge, flags and everything.

Of course they 'll all despise me, call me a doll, a weakling, a reactionary in an upholstered cage, and all that sort of thing. But I don't care. Anyhow, Jack won't see that Maud Timmins any more!

* * * * * *

I 've told Papa and Jack. They didn't twit me a bit. We had a regular cosy fireside evening to-night, with music and chat. After all, be it never so voteless, there 's no place like Home! Jack was nicer and more devoted than ever—but still I 'm glad he won't have any more chats with that Timmins creature.

During the evening I went to fetch Papa a book he wanted from the library, and on my return, when I was just outside the drawing-room door, I heard him say to Jack, "It was a capital idea of yours, my boy, and for all our sakes I 'm delighted it 's worked out so well!"

"What clever thing has Jack been doing?" I asked as I went into the room. But I never heard what it was, for he immediately began to tell me of a dear little house in Mayfair that he thought we might go and look at.

"From the artistic point of view the chief success of the evening was scored by Mr. Joseph Bull, whose banjo selections were executed with great brilliance. A complete master of his instrument, Mr. Bull gave a splendid rendering of Wagner's 'Tannhauser.'"—*Surrey Mirror.*

What we always say is, if we can't hear Tannhauser on the ocarina we don't want to hear it at all.

"Mr. C. L. Baillieu, who is rowing in the Oxford crew, is a son of Mr. W. L. Baillieu, Acting-Agent General for Victoria, pending the arrival of Mr. Peter McBride."—*Standard.*

When Mr. BAILLIEU, junior, will resign and accept a nephewship.

ART AND UTILITY.

[English Verse Composition is now threatened as a feature of modern education. The following correspondence is published without any guarantee as to its authenticity.]

Dear Father,—Since a school expects
Its junior members to be dumb
About the manifold defects
Of comfort and curriculum,
I have, until the present term,
Observed that custom, like a worm.

But now must ask you if I ought
To waste my time and, what is worse,
To waste your money, being taught
The art (?) of writing English verse;
No art, I hear, since Homer's day
Has ever yet been made to pay.

If you could see the little swines
Who take the prize for this offence,
Could see the masters alter lines
And turn their rubbish into sense,
You would, I really think, agree
That this is not the place for me.

* * * * * *

Dear Alfred,—Yours of 2nd inst.
Is just to hand, and in reply
Would beg to say I am convinced
That—though, of course, in days gone by
It didn't pay the bards to sing—
Now there is money in the thing.

Before commercial enterprise
Had reached its present happy state,
When people didn't advertise,
But left the sale of goods to Fate
Or merit, then the artist's trade
Was very often under-paid.

The painter's pictures didn't sell,
The writer couldn't place his stuff;
But now that pretty posters tell,
And polish pleases in a puff,
There is a chance for cultured lads
To make a fortune out of ads.



Eminent Professor. "And so you see, my dear young lady, the electrons or B particles which are expelled from the atom lose their kinetic energy by impinging on the gaseous molecules, which they ionise, and when their velocity is reduced sufficiently are eventually swallowed up."

Dear Young Lady. "Oh, I *see*; but what fearfully rough luck on the electrons!"

THE UNEXPECTED.

Upon the Variety stage they are known as Jolly Jackson and Dreary Drew, Cross-talk Comedians. Jolly Jackson is full of irrepressible fun; Dreary Drew relies for his humour upon an exaggerated melancholy. In private life they are known as Alf and Monte, and it is with their private life that we are for the moment concerned.

The scene is a sitting-room interior. The remnants of breakfast are on the table. Before the fire a thin, pale, lugubrious man is seated, reading *The Music Hall Mirror*. This is Monte.

The door opens, and a jolly little red-faced man enters and pirouettes across the room, singing—

"Oh, why did I fancy Nancy
When Nancy did not fancy me?"

"Shut up," growls Monte.

Alf—for it is he—perches upon the edge of the table and beams upon his partner. "I have had an idea," he says solemnly. "It is a new turn for us which will storm the town. Every nut will be cracked about it. It is to be an imaginary conversation between the Devil and the Deep Sea." He roars with laughter and dances round the room, singing—

"'Any sum from five pounds to five thousand
Lent upon your note of hand.'
If that were only true
No more work I'd do—
Oh, what a happy, happy land!"

"I shall play the Deep Sea," he continues, alighting once more upon the table, "while you, with your unerring dramatic instinct, will give a vivid impersonation of——" But Monte has risen and solemnly leaves the room.

Now comes the question to which we have been leading up all this while—*Which of these two is Jolly Jackson and which is Dreary Drew?*

No, gentle reader, you are quite wrong. The merry Alf is Jolly Jackson, the melancholy Monte is Dreary Drew. That is why we have called our story "The Unexpected."

From a seed catalogue:—

"When the quantity in a penny packet is not stated, but only the price per oz., the quantity may be estimated in the following way:—If the price, for example, is 1s. per oz., a penny packet will contain about one-twelfth of an oz., or to put it in another way, twelve penny packets would make about one oz. If the price is 6d. per oz., six packets will make about one oz., and so on."

Dullish people, gardeners.

THE MOESO-GOTHS.

"AND where," said Francesca, "shall we go for the holidays?"

"Holidays!" I said. "Holidays! What inspiration made you mention that beautiful word?"

"Well," she said, "Easter's coming on, you know. It's quite early this year, and if we don't make up our minds soon we shall be too late: we shall get left."

"But, of course, we will make up our minds," I said. "Minds were given to us in order that we might make them up. Only first let us dwell for a moment on the vision roused by the word 'holidays.' Do you see it, Francesca? The weary labourer resting in some haunt of immemorial peace, recovering his energy for the toil that is yet to be accomplished, while his wife and children bring him refreshment and minister to his needs. Stop! Don't speak. Don't shatter it. Don't——"

"Oh, but that's not at all my vision," she said.

"There," I said, "it's gone. You've driven it away. Cold, callous and cruel one, you have murdered a vision."

"But if I drove it away first I couldn't have murdered it."

"Yes, you could," I said. "You drove it away, you know, and then you sprinted after it and beat it on the head. Anyhow, it's dead."

"Mine isn't," she said dreamily; "mine's alive and kicking. I see a handsome, matronly woman reposing in the midst of a glowing Southern landscape, while her children weave garlands of roses for her and sing songs about her resting-place. I see——"

"Isn't there a man in it?" I said.

"Yes," she said in a rapt voice. "I see a cloaked figure of a man not yet past the prime of life. He advances slowly. The children implore him to withdraw. He still advances. Now he uncloaks himself. No, no! I can bear much, but not this." She buried her face in her hands and shuddered.

"Bravo, Ellen Terry!" I said. "And now, perhaps, you'll begin to talk sense. Not all the time, of course—one mustn't expect too much—but every now and then."

"Right-o," she said.

"Francesca," I said, "I really cannot allow you to talk slang."

"Oh, but it isn't real slang. It's early English. All the early English said 'Right-o.'"

"But you," I said, "are not early English. You are——"

"I," she said with a proud air, "am Indo-Germanic with a dash of Moeso-Gothic; but I have married into an early English family."

"What jargon is this?" I said.

"Jargon!" she said. "I read it in a learned article last week. If I have remembered it correctly, am I to be blamed?"

"Yes, Francesca," I said, "you are. The shock of hearing these awful words from your lips has unmanned me. Indo-Germanic, indeed!"

"But there were Indo-Germans once, you know. They lived; they ate Indo-Germanic food; they talked Indo-Germanic; they made love to one another. Tell me, oh tell me, you who are a Master of Arts, what is the Indo-Germanic for 'I will be a sister to you'?"

"They never said it. But the what's-his-name Goths did. Only I can't quite remember the run of it."

"Don't worry," she said. "It'll come back to you. And, talking of coming back, let's settle about the holidays."

"Yes," I said eagerly, "let's. You begin, and when you've done your half, I'll chip in with mine."

"No," she said, "I don't like that way. It doesn't seem to give me a fair chance. You begin."

"Let me tell you then," I said, "that I don't want any holidays at all. I'm willing to sit tight and go on working. I'm one of the bull-dog breed."

"But the best bull-dogs don't sit tight," she said. "They prowl."

"I'm not one of that sort. I'm one of the tight-sitting dangerous ones."

"Very well," she said, "I'll take the children somewhere, and you stay here. You can keep an eye on the workmen."

"The workmen!" I said. "What workmen?"

"The workmen who are going to pull down the wall between the bathroom and the little dressing-room."

"But——"

"Now you're going to say you haven't been consulted."

"Not I," I said. "You laid it all before me. I know all the details and object to most of them. I won't have it done. Besides, think of the dust. I shall choke."

"Then," she said, "you'd better come with me and the children. The workmen won't miss you."

"Francesca," I said, "why are you prizing me up with a lever? However, I will once more yield. No, you must not praise me. Nature made me like that, and I can't help it. Now we will settle where to go. See, I have torn three strips of paper. The long one is for—shall we say Tunis?"

"I should love Tunis," she said.

"The shorter one is for—— What's the shorter one for?"

"South Africa," she suggested.

"So be it. And the shortest one is for——"

"Brighton," she said very firmly.

"Yes, we'll call it Brighton. Now observe: I place them thus between my closed fingers so that they all look the same length. You pull one of them out, and whichever it is that's the one we go to. I hope you follow me."

"To the end of the world," she said, and promptly pulled out the longest strip.

"Dear old Tunis," I said.

"No," she said. "Good old Brighton. This is the shortest strip. Isn't it the duckiest little half-inch of holiday-paper you ever saw?"

"Francesca," I said sternly, "you have torn off the best part of Tunis."

"It's lucky it came out like that," she said, "for I've got the same lodgings we had two years ago." R. C. L.

ON A FRIEND OF MY WIFE'S.

ON you who, with insuff'rable conceit,
Take ev'ry favour as the wage of worth,
Deeming yourself the very salt of earth,
Carping fastidious at the food you eat,
Though charity it is that finds you meat;
Disdaining snobbishly the careless mirth
And lively joys of those of humbler birth,
Their cheery greetings scorning in the street;—

On you, whose artful blandishments have won
My wife's fond love, as she, unshamed, avows,
I well might wreak swift vengeance with my gun,
But, being a Scot whom pawky methods please,
I'll sell you unbeknownst, then chide my spouse
For losing you—her precious Pekingese.

Under a photograph in *The Onlooker*, which shows Emmanuel acknowledging a bump in the Lent Races, the following admonition occurs: "Note how the cox of the victorious crew claims 'a bump' with uplifted hand." Our contemporary is in error in supposing that these races are rowed backwards.



THE CHILD IS DAUGHTER OF THE WOMAN.

Suffragette (just home after a strenuous day and expecting important correspondence). "HAVE ANY LETTERS COME FOR ME?"

Daughter. "YES, MOTHER, BUT I TORE THEM UP FOR A DOLLS' PAPER-CHASE."

Suffragette. "TORE THEM UP! I NEVER *HEARD* OF SUCH BEHAVIOUR! HAVEN'T I OFTEN TOLD YOU THAT LETTERS ARE SACRED THINGS?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT will be happy news to many that Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS has written another epic about Dartmoor folk. In many ways, apart from its actual length (and Mr. PHILLPOTTS was never one for scant measure) I should regard *Widecombe Fair* (JOHN MURRAY) as a big book. Its scope and aim, nothing less than to tell the human comedy of an entire district, make it the largest achievement that its author has so far to his credit. Mr. PHILLPOTTS himself says in his Preface that the idea of the work has been maturing for twenty years; and I for one can well believe it. Look at the very title! It is amazing how a Dartmoor writer can have so long refrained from using it. Sooner or later Mr. PHILLPOTTS was almost morally bound to tell us the true histories of certain immortals, known hitherto only as a string of beloved names. They are all here, they and their families, the *Pierces*, the *Harry Hawkes*, the *Gurneys*, and the rest, even down to *Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh*. You will scarce make their nearer acquaintance without a thrill. These, however, are but a handful amid a crowd of characters to be numbered by the score, so that the book becomes not so much a single story as a collection, from which everyone may choose a different favourite. My own would be the diverting history of *Farmer Sweetland* and his courtships. The spectacle of a pampered egoist, robbed of his self-esteem and, later, happy in its recovery, is very aptly conveyed. I liked *Widecombe Fair* so well that I am the more sorry to find its Preface, already alluded to, revealing Mr. PHILLPOTTS as very cross with somebody. He complains that he has been condemned for the large part played by inanimate nature in his stories. Well, for myself, remembering the delight I have taken—and it is here renewed—in his gift of scene-painting, all I can say is, "Please, Sir, it wasn't me!"

If you are still in any doubt as to where the "life romantic" is to be discovered in our sordid modern civilisation, go to RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. He knows. It centres (I mean centers) in the offices of a great American newspaper. Nearly all the stories in *The Red Cross Girl* (DUCKWORTH) hinge on the possibility of fame or adventure that lie, like the quest of the Grail, before the star reporter of a Transatlantic print. By far the best of these tales, I think, is the one called "The Grand Cross of the Crescent," which tells how *Dr. Gilman*, of Stillwater College, the obscure author of *The Rise and Fall of the Turkish Empire*

in five volumes, ploughed *Peter Hallowell*, son of the millionaire founder and supporter of that institution, in Ancient History; how for that reason he incurred the wrath of *Cyrus Hallowell*, and the time-serving Principal, and lost his job; how *Peter*, a good sort after all, was sorry for this and, having been sent to Constantinople to mug up his subject at headquarters for the next examination, secured for the doctor by means of bribes the highest honour that the ruler of Islam could confer on distinguished foreigners; and how a friendly press agent worked up a gigantic boom out of this for the college and all concerned with it, but one which was of no practical use to the kind-hearted *Peter*; for in the end the now famous and reinstated sage, entirely ignorant of the source of his celebrity, remarks, "I regret to tell you, Hallowell, that you are not passed. I cannot possibly give you a mark higher than five." There are other good yarns in this book, and indeed the author may generally be relied upon to "deliver the goods." But I do wish that when in London his characters would do as London does. On this side, for instance, we never "feed buns to the bears" at the Zoo. I don't know how it is done, but I feel sure that the keepers would not allow it.

The only girls we men never fall in love with are those whom our mothers and sisters most persistently recommend for that very purpose. They may be pretty, they may be smart, they may not even be obtrusively good; nevertheless we do not get engaged to them. It is not that our female relatives are actuated by envy or malice; it is simply that men and women do not see eye to eye in the matter of charm. Thus I am unable to agree with Lady RIDLEY as to the probability of *Margery Fytton* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). I find unbelievable the ubiquitous conquests with which she is credited almost as a matter of course, nor can I think that, with all the fineness of character innate in her and intensified by the tragic circumstances of her youth, she could so easily and immediately have unsettled the affections of her cousins' prospective husbands. It would have been the other way on; her aunt's campaign for the marrying off of her daughters would have been aided by her having *Margery* to live in the house. Interested men would have come there because they were in sympathy with *Margery*, but would have stayed on because they were in love with one of her cousins, for the cousins had, as *Margery* had not, the volatile spirit of sheer femininity which brings men under. The last thing I suggest is that this *Margery* is unreal; she is very lifelike and exactly true to type, but her type is unhappily the wrong one for Lady RIDLEY'S purpose. The book is more especially a woman's book, and, while all who read it will be thrilled by the story and fascinated by the minuteness and delicacy of the portraiture, the ladies will go further and flatly refuse to agree for a moment with the one exception I take to it.

An engaging simplicity marks Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS'S method of telling a tale, and he can mingle a little laughter with a little pathos in delightfully soothing proportions. Of the stories which make up his last book, *The Lady of the Canaries* (BLACKWOOD), one is an experiment in the supernatural, and one has a tragic ending, but the rest are in the spirit of very genial comedy. "Sanderson's Venus" tells how a young painter, inspired by *Simon Jubb*, "the Lucifer of critics, the Don Juan of art, with whom the reputation of no old master was safe," to hunt out other pictures by the unknown author of an incomparable Madonna in the Palazzo Montegrigio, "invaded private houses so incessantly that he felt like a gas-inspector," and found out at last—but I shall not tell you what he found out. "The Unfortunate Saint," again, will be welcome to those who remember the writer's previous exercises, in the manner of M. ANATOLE FRANCE, on the careers of holy men. But I must join issue with Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS on one point. In his last study, which he calls "Troubles with a Bear in the Midi," a very moving anecdote that has something of the flavour of R. L. STEVENSON'S adventures with the unforgettable *Modestine*, he is in difficulty about the diet of bears, and begins to collate literary testimony. Two features in the tariff are set forth as follows:—

"(1) Sons of the prophets (and so, presumably, all men who are not too old. Holy writ was the authority for this item).

"(2) Naughty children (this item was derived from vague recollections of romances read in early youth)."

As to the "sons of the prophets," I want Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS to read 1 Kings xiii. He will find that his arctology is hopelessly unorthodox.



FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.

AN INGENIOUS BUT TACTLESS ARTIFICER PRESENTS JULIUS CÆSAR WITH HIS BUST MADE FROM AN OSTRICH EGG.

I am convinced by this time that women-novelists adore a strong, silent, rugged hero, who keeps his emotions pent until the flood-gates burst open and the heroine is overwhelmed by a veritable spate of emotion. In the flesh I admit that I have never to my knowledge met this type of man, but in fiction I have a very decided fancy for him as being much more satisfactory than the philanderer who constantly interrupts the story by making love all over the place. In *The Beloved Enemy* (METHUEN), *Edmund Curne's* manners did not amount—he was an American—to a hill of beans, but he had the patience of a night-watchman and a heart of gold. The lady—*Elizabeth Thornton*—was perhaps, in spite of her sunniness and beauty, not quite worthy of her prize. Thoughtlessness is sometimes a pardonable defect of nature, but I found it hard to forgive her for neglecting her delightful father when he was critically ill. Madame ALBANESI'S theme is the influence of adversity upon character, and she puts *Elizabeth* through a very severe course of treatment, but still the remembrance of that extraordinary lapse remained to convince one that her heartlessness was so ingrained that not the most powerful doses of ill-fortune could purge it. That, however, is my only murmur, and I only insist upon it because this is the most ambitious—and in many ways the most successful—of Madame ALBANESI'S novels.

CHARIVARIA.

IN view of the unparalleled increase of armaments now taking place in Europe, the opening of the Palace of Peace, which was originally fixed for the beginning of September, will take place slightly earlier.

* * *

"Germany to-day possesses at least five airships capable of arriving here at night and destroying wholesale British Fleets, Dockyards, and Magazines. To learn how this imminent National Peril can be averted, see *The Review of Reviews*." Thus an advertisement. One can well understand *The Review of Reviews* being interested in the danger, being itself a Magazine.

* * *

The German courts have decided that the KAISER may not evict from his estate a farmer whose lease has five years to run. We should have thought, however, that a charge of *lèse-majesté* might have been successfully preferred against the insolent fellow.

* * *

At the recent durbar held by Sir FREDERICK LUGARD, Governor of Nigeria, many of the Emirs, Reuter tells us, were attended by their Court jesters. Their favourite joke, we hear, was to cry out in a loud voice, "Whoa, Emir!" whenever the horse bearing one of these dignitaries became too restive.

* * *

More early cuckoos! Ice-cream barrows, we read, have already made their appearance in the streets of Tunbridge Wells.

* * *

At a complimentary dinner to Sir ARTHUR LASENBY LIBERTY, last week, he was presented with a bust of himself by Sir GEORGE FRAMPTON. Though inferior in point of size to the statue of Liberty outside New York, it is a much better likeness.

* * *

The fact that two Sambur deer escaped from captivity at the Zoo the other day has led to the suggestion that all the inmates of that institution shall wear some distinctive striped costume. Under the present haphazard arrangement, if one were to meet, say, a jaguar, walking down Regent Street, one would have no means of knowing whether it was an independent jaguar or an escaped prisoner whom the nearest constable ought to arrest at sight.

* * *

At Ellington, in Northumberland, a school has been erected in twenty-four hours. Now that this has been proved to be possible it is thought that the practice of young scholars burning down their school-house whenever they want a holiday will fall into desuetude.

* * *

A New York dentist states that champagne, if taken regularly, destroys the teeth. Frankly, we are alarmed, and shall knock it off at breakfast.

* * *

It is stated that a queen wasp has been seen near Stroud. After the recent mistakes as to mystery airships, we shall not be surprised to find this turning out to be a Suffragette.

* * *

The Municipal Council at Brest has imposed a tax of threepence a day on perambulators. "The mothers and nurses," says *The Mail*, "are up in arms at the demand." The babies, of course, had already assumed that posture.

* * *

M. MAETERLINCK, *The Book Monthly* informs us, has written a work on Death, which will be published in the course of the summer. It should be in great demand with those who care for light holiday reading.

* * *

An advertisement of a "HUGE SHOE SALE" attracts our notice. We ourselves never attend any but Dainty Little Shoe Sales.



Thoughtful Person. "SOMEHOW THE NOTICES OF SOME OF THESE VOCALISTS DO NOT SEEM TO BE SUFFUSED WITH THAT MODESTY WHICH ONE EXPECTS TO FIND AS THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF GREAT TALENT."

SO SMALL A THING.

IT lies before me, the little tempter, and a thousand dreams of possibilities rise as I contemplate it. *Alnaschar's* basket of crockery did not lead to more. It may contain wealth and it may contain ruin. No one knows, but the odds are on ruin. It depends, of course, a little on how sensible I am—or, rather, not how sensible, for if I was sensible I should throw it in the fire, but with what degree of caution I proceed in my foolishness. If I do little I am less likely to make a mess of it than if I do much; but then comes in the question of my mental anguish when I discover what I might have done had I only been a little bolder. But whichever way the luck goes this thing is as certain as death—that regret and disappointment are its inseparable companions. Excitement, too, I admit, and even triumph; but those others are the steadier attendants: they "sit by your bed and bring their knitting."

Well, there are three weeks yet before anything can happen, and that gives me time to make up my mind whether or not to swear off. Meanwhile, there it lies, the little tempter, my bookmaker's code and list of rules for the flat season, just arrived by registered post.

The Salome Craze again.

"'Do you like my room?' Margot turned with her quick smile. 'I expect you find it rather bare?' 'I like it,' Jennifer answered earnestly. 'It's like you.'"—*Home Chat.*

"Here the oath was daministered by Chief Justice White."—*Yorkshire Post.*
Hush!

"One comes across real love once in the proverbial new moon."—*Tatler.*
"Every month I bring you violets."

EMPORIUM SPORTS.

[A Sports and Games Exhibition has recently been held at some London Stores, where—to follow the lines of the announcements—a Great Gathering of Champions was present "to di-cuss matters of sport with visitors and personally to demonstrate their mastery at their respective games," and where space was provided to practise driving, approaching, putting; to bat and bowl at the nets; to cast a fly; to punch the ball; to row in a fixed racing boat; to play a 100 up at billiards, "AND ALL UNDER THE EYE OF A CHAMPION." Not least of the allurements offered was the chance of trying to bowl out HOBBS, or "to have a chat with a Champion, and thus to improve your game."

Mr. Punch has secured the following account by a survivor.]

"HERE we are," said Charles as we entered. "No, not that way, you ass!"

I have always wondered what a trout says when he sees his pal led away by the hook. Now I know. I flapped a despairing hand at Charles and swerved off towards the earnest sportsman who had just contrived a successful cast at me. I followed my ear, which was pointing taut in the direction of the angler.

My progress was interrupted by a resounding cry of "Fore!" and I ducked swiftly, just in time to add to the general *éclat* of a golf-ball's impact. The hook still held, however, and the next moment I was brought up under the bank.

"Now in a case like that," the Expert was saying, as my angler gaffed me neatly in the vicinity of the front collar-stud, "when the fish made a sudden plunge you should have let the line run. Had it not been of superfine quality, and the rod, too, one of them would assuredly have given way under the strain."

"What about my ear?" I murmured. "Only one of the best ears could have—ah, thank you!" I continued, as the hook was released. "No, it 's all right, really. I've been thinking for some time of having the lobe pierced. So useful for hanging a key-ring on, you know."

The Expert listened with some impatience to my angler's apologies.

"And if there 's anything I can do for you," the latter wound up.

"Nothing, nothing!" I assured him. "Unless—well, if you *would* just get that Gentleman Usher for me. Thanks!"

I carefully extricated the Gentleman Usher from the landing-net—he looked a bit white about the gills—and asked him the way to the cricket stand.

"I have never yet had the honour of asking Mr. HOBBS's advice on the matter of my play," I said. "True, I cannot hope to reproduce with any fidelity that lovely shot of his past cover, but I *should* like to know if the best people will wear a knotted silk-handkerchief round their necks next season. In which case," I added hastily, "you may rest assured that I am not the man to slink off home without going to your haberdashery department and buying half-a-dozen of this neck-wear."

"No doubt," said the man, retiring to the safety of formula, "you would like to have an opportunity of bowling HOBBS out?"

"Do you—do you really think I could?" I asked excitedly, grasping him by the arm. "You know, there 's that ball of mine which goes with the shirt-sleeve, and you think it 's going to be a half-volley (sometimes it is). It used to be pretty useful in College matches when the bowling screen was a bit off colour. Do you think it might get the better of HOBBS—the Oval's HOBBS — England's HOBBS — the Empire's HOBBS?"

"Well, Sir," said the man, "you can but try. To get to the cricket stand you take a flying leap over the middle of the skittle alley, skirt the hopscotch yard and the fifteenth green, and then go along the butts—I should say the first-floor gallery," he corrected himself. "Up there, Sir, you 'll have to be very careful and do your best not to look like a stag, because there 's some gentlemen stalking up the grand staircase under the direction of the Open Championship Gillie, and some mistakes have been made already, Sir."

"Thank you," I said. "I hope I am not deficient in natural courage, but first of all you shall tell me where to find the bar."

"Under the direction of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, Sir? Yes, Sir. Straight ahead down the Punch Ball Avenue, Sir."

"Thank you," I said, "and after that I will go and do a little hammer throwing in the China department."

I never got as far as the China department. First of all the Miniature Foxhounds (under the direction of a distinguished M.F.H.) ran me to earth among the Manchester goods, and then, when I emerged blowing, I was very nearly harpooned by a figure in a gent.'s whaling outfit whom I recognised as Charles by the spats which he wore over his sea-boots. (Always a dandy, Charles.) I made a desperate charge through the murderous hail of golf balls, tennis balls, cricket balls, and billiard balls, seeking for further cover, only to be held up on a *chevaux-de-frise* of spillikins. Recoiling from this, I put my foot through the skin of a racing eight, and came down heavily on to a stray dumb-bell.

* * * * * * *

"Perhaps this gentleman will try a bout with you," were the next words I heard, as somebody alluded to me with his foot. I struggled to my feet and beheld Charles—perjured traitor—who had lured me to the place, deserted me, and (all but) harpooned me. I was not the man I was—while I was lying stunned I fancied I had been bob-sleighed over, and I also felt that some too zealous golfer (from a Service club) had been using me as a bunker—but I seized a foil in a fevered grip.

"Charles," I hissed, "I am going to pink you all over. Then I will have three rounds with you in the ring. Then I will bowl at you in the nets. Then I will cast flies at you. Then I will play you a hundred up at billiards—and if you fancy I can't hurt you at that you 'll be cruelly undeceived, my son. *I* am going to be an assailant now, under the advice of all the Experts."

* * * * * *

Charles's man opened the door and I delivered a limp bundle into his arms.

"This," I said, "is your master. Arrange him roughly on his bed, and then send for a surgeon to make the necessary extractions, etc. We have been playing a compendium of sports together. This end, by the way, is his head. It is wearing spats merely as a temporary dressing."

I had just enough strength left to return to my taxi.

"To the nearest hospital," I said. "I am going to give myself up."

PAST AND PRESENT.

[Mr. Justice BANKES has in public protested against the excessive wordiness of Counsel.]

THE world observes and notes with thanks
The views of Mr. Justice BANKES.

But he, alas, is not the first
Whose fate has been to learn the worst,

To wit, how very prolix are
The speeches spoken by the Bar.

Yes, Counsel's tendency to bore
Has been remarked upon before

By their unhappy Lordships, who
Have been obliged to hear him through.

Since Judges first began to sit
They always have complained of it;

Nor were they more contented men
Or less inclined to grumble when

The Bar included in its ranks
The very learned Mr. BANKES.

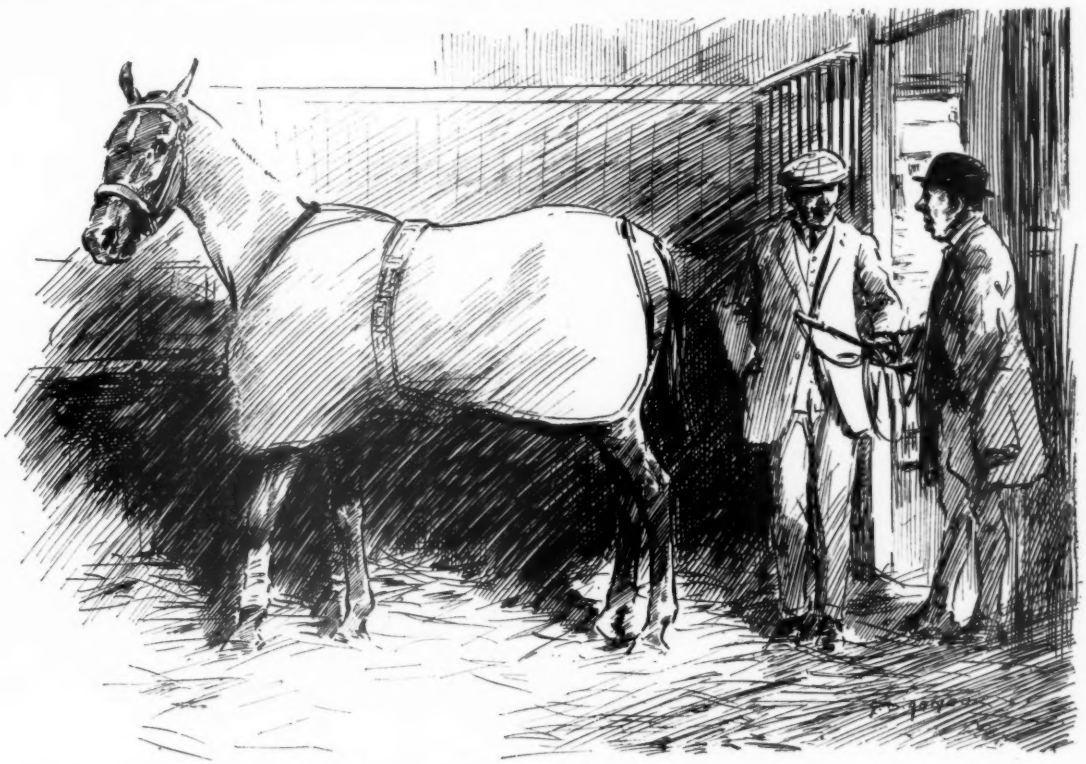
"Bedford Modern School (3) v. Oakham School (4).—In this match the game was much more even than the score indicates." *Field.*

Don't blame the score, though. It did its best.



THE NEW COCKTAIL.

PRESIDENT WILSON (*examining American Eagle's tongue*). "MY POOR BIRD! WHAT *HAVE* THEY BEEN DOING TO YOU? WHAT YOU WANT IS A GOOD STIFF LEAVE-IT-TO-WOODROW!"



Irish Dealer (summoned to inspect the latest of a series of frauds emanating from his establishment). "LAME WID SHPLINTS! BEDAD, CAPT'N, I BELAVE IF I SOLD YE A DUCK UT WOULD DROWN!"

A TRIBUTE TO ALEXANDRA, QUEEN OF NURSES.

IT is just fifty years since Denmark's PRINCESS won the place that she still keeps in the hearts of the English people when she came over the sea to be wedded to our PRINCE OF WALES. It is desired to record this Jubilee by the building of a Queen Alexandra's Nurses' Home in connection with the Alton Hospital for Crippled Children.

The QUEEN-MOTHER has always been devoted to the welfare of Nurses, and has closely concerned herself with the interests of those who tend the little patients at Alton. *Mr. Punch* ventures to appeal to the many friends who share his love of children and his loyalty to QUEEN ALEXANDRA to help of their generosity to raise the sum of £10,000 needed for this most appropriate memorial. Contributions should be sent to Sir WILLIAM TRELOAR, Moorgate House, 61, Moorgate Street, E.C.

From an account of the induction of a minister, in *The Aberdeen Free Press*:—

"In the evening a largely attended social meeting was held in the church, when Rev. J. J. Calder presided. After tea Mrs. Geddes, Schoolhouse, and Mrs. G. Craig, Knockdhu, robbed the minister."

A quaint and pleasing custom.

"The comparison between Ibsen and Shaw has often been rudely laboured. . . . Shaw is ever and everywhere a realist. Ibsen remains the mystic and the symbolist. We cannot conceive of Mr. Bernard Shaw writing 'The Lady of the Lake.'"—*Everyman.*

Nor can we conceive of SCOTT writing *The Lady from the Sea;* but you never can tell.

A MAN'S LAST WORD.

DEAR, when last night I begged you to bestow
  Your hand on me, and, far from feeling flattered,
You gave me your uncompromising "No"
  And left my heart irreparably shattered,
I swore (quite fluently) to sail awa'
And pot the larger-sized carnivora.

But, ere I buy my outfit (at the Stores)
  And brush aside for years Convention's trammels,
Please ask yourself—such tenderness is yours—
  What harm you've suffered from these luckless mammals,
That you should send me forth resolved to gain
Oblivion by plunging them in pain.

Pause and reflect how at an early date
  Maybe some stricken brute will cease his snarling
And (in the jungle's tongue) ejaculate,
  "I die because of Arabella Darling."
Your tender heart could not but take amiss
The prospect of a leopard saying this.

Consider, please, how every skin you see
  Will rend your bosom with the thought (Oh! Circe!)
"Perchance its owner's death was due to me,"
  Since *qui per alium facit, facit per se;*
Would not this burden prove a lot more hard
Even than mating with the present bard?

A GREAT CONTEST OF WITS.

IN a recent number of *The Daily Mail* London and Greater London were startled and shocked to learn that Mr. PLOWDEN, the BERNARD SHAW of Marylebone, has a serious rival—by which we mean a comic rival.

The deadly article ran thus:—

"A South London Solomon is Mr. I. A. Symmons, the magistrate at Greenwich Police Court, where he has patched up many a domestic quarrel and solved many a matrimonial problem. Mr. Plowden will have to look to his laurels as London's most quoted magistrate.

A handsome man with a ruddy complexion and keen but kindly blue eyes, Mr. Symmons inspires confidence at the first glance. His manner is cheerful and tolerant, but he can be firm to the point of severity if he suspects that a witness or prisoner is lying to him. A good man to confess to, but a bad man to deceive, he quickly probes to the heart of evidence, makes his decision swiftly, and punishes according to the means of the offender.

Some of Mr. Symmons's comments are worth reproducing. The following are samples:

Nagging is the constant reiteration of unpleasant truths.

Any man can talk a woman over if he tries.

Life is a compound. It has the tears of things, it has the joy, the humour, the pleasure of things.

If some women were only better cooks there would be far fewer domestic differences for us to settle.

There is always the chance for the good joke.

A large share of the melancholy of life is due to some derangement of the digestive system."

Feeling that these momentous statements were of such a nature as to need investigation, *Mr. Punch* commissioned one of his less dull young men to visit the famous cadi of Marylebone, and bring the matter before him; for it is surely the highest proof of solicitude to tell a man that his pre-eminence is in danger. The setting star is always happy to learn of one that is rising, and his friends cannot be too eager in bringing the news.

Mr. PLOWDEN, a short corpulent man with a long black beard, was discovered in his court dealing out jests and sentences with insouciant rapidity and terrible effect. The windows rattled as the laughter swelled, and the cracking of policemen's ribs and splitting of witnesses' sides were like pistol shots. Even the prisoners had tears of merriment in their eyes.

When at last, our commissioner writes, everyone was either in hysterics or gaol, and the court rose, I approached Mr. PLOWDEN with the above cutting in my hand.

"What 's that?" asked the wit. "A summons?"

I gave it to him and he ran his eagle eye over it.

"Ah, no," he said, "not a summons but a SYMMONS."

For myself, I had difficulty in retaining my feet, but an usher passing at the time fell into a stupor of mirth from which, I am told, he has not yet recovered.

"And what can I do for you?" Mr. PLOWDEN inquired in his inimitable way.

"Simply this," I said. "The suggestion of that article is that your nose is being put out of joint. Kindly tell me how you yourself feel about it."

"Well," replied the Marylebone Solon, "do I look down-hearted?"



["General Sir —— —— and Lady —— are recruiting on the Italian Riviera."—*Society News.*]

MENTAL PICTURE MADE BY OLD LADY ON READING ABOVE. SHE SAYS, "IT IS A SHAME THEY CANNOT GET ENOUGH ENGLISHMEN TO ENLIST IN THE ARMY AND HAVE TO GO TO ITALY TO GET ITALIANS. WHEN I WAS A YOUNG GIRL," ETC., ETC.

I admitted that he did not.

"Nor am I," he said. "And to prove my confidence in myself, excellent fellow as my colleague no doubt is—and in a very good court too, by the way, Grinnidge—I back myself to beat him. There are a number of his best things in that article. They are no doubt the harvest of the reporter's mornings for many months; but give me five minutes and I will produce an equal number of better things."

"Good!" I said, scenting some first-class copy.

"Come back in five minutes," Mr. PLOWDEN continued, "and I will give you a sealed paper containing new side-splitters. In court to-morrow I will try them publicly, and you shall see the result and judge for yourself."

I agreed, and the next day attended as arranged.

Never was there such a morning. Officials tottered gasping for breath into the street and leaned against lamp-posts and omnibuses to complete their fits of hilarity. Traffic was suspended. Portions of the ceiling fell down. "*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum,*" said Mr. PLOWDEN more than once. Prisoners escaped. The public gallery was like a battle-field.

Here are Mr. PLOWDEN'S rival *scintillæ juris*:—

"Eat, drink, and be buried: that is the summary of too many lives.

The wiser the wife the better the dinner she gives her husband.

Life is a mixture. It isn't all beer and picture-palaces.

It isn't only at the National Gallery that Constables are injured.

The best constables are the politest—they might be called 'If-you-police-men.'

A lost latchkey leads to a multitude of sins."

During the recital of these sparklers one man and one only kept a straight face. In vain did Mr. PLOWDEN bend his wits upon this stolid spectator, until at last he called an usher and ordered him to conduct the man from the court as a hindrance to justice. The usher returned saying that he had done so.

"Was he deaf?" asked Mr. PLOWDEN.

"No, Sir," said the usher. "He comes from Greenwich."

Spring Fashions.

FROM a recipe for batter pudding:—

"Add the remainder of the milk, beat again and turn quickly into hot, buttered gem-pans and bake above half an hour. Have the oven hot, secure them together with a piece of flower wire. Twist a length of narrow green ribbon around the stalks and you have a pretty bouquet for your dress or hat."—*Barrow News.*

We never wear any pudding but tapioca on our hat.

"England scored early, but Sotland—a team all Scottish-bred and born and playing for Scottish lubs—showed up splendidly."
Sunday Chronicle.

"'Twas brillig and the Scottish lubs"—to quote the opening line of our new poem.

"A reduction of 9½d. per cwt. in the price of gas has been made by the Wandsworth, Wimbledon and Epsom District Gas Co."
Wimbledon News Letter.

We always put our gas in the scales before using it, to make sure that we have not been given short weight.



Youth. "OH, EVERYTHING BORES ONE NOWADAYS. WORST OF IT IS, WHEN I'M BORED I CAN'T HELP SHOWING IT."
Lady. "OH, BUT YOU SHOULD LEARN TO DISGUISE IT UNDER A MASK OF GAIETY, LIKE ME."

THE TWO EPICURES: A FANTASY.

[According to an article in *The Morning Post* a real Russian sable coat of full length, consisting of 180 skins, was purchased last year by a lady for £5,000.]

In the old red house with the gables
There dwelleth a fair unknown.
Is she forward or coy? I can't determine,
But I know that a hundred-and-eighty vermin,
Nine-score warranted Scythian sables,
Were skinned for her sake alone.

She wears her furs in the winter,
In summer she lays them by,
In summer she sits in her garden of roses,
I see her (in dreams) where the box-hedge closes,
And none with passionate lips may print her,
Save only the butterfly.

He hath tasted the jasmine petal,
He hath turned from the lily tall,
He hath quaffed the wine of the musk-rose flagon
And pilfered the fruit of the hot snap-dragon,
He hath chosen at last on her face to settle,
On the fairest flower of all.

Fortunate (think you, reader?)
Who tastes at his wanton whim
The damask cheek and the mouth of a maiden;
Ah, but my heart with dreams is laden
Of another feaster, a finer feeder
A luckier far than him.

Sweet is the dew of honey,
But an unsubstantial froth;
Sweet are the lips of Amaryllis,
But who shall say what a butterfly's bill is?
I like my meals to be costing money,
I envy the brown-winged moth.

Oh, richer than Circe's posset
Where the beadéd bubble clings;
Oh, richer than all the Roman orgies
Is the delicate feast my fancy forges
In the old red house, in the closet
Where she keeps her winter "things"!

All else I would give no dam for,
But this my appetite spurs—
To feed with kisses that cost a guinea,
To feed till a pain grows under my pinny,
To feed till I perish at last of camphor
On her Sardanapalian furs.

EVOE.

"At the beginning of his swing Sherlock's left foot registered six stones and his right five stones . . . and at the finish of his swing his left foot registered nine stones and his right foot one stone."
Daily News.

Nothing like golf for reducing the weight.

From a notice of the Japan Society:—

"Mr. Garbutt will read a paper on 'Japanese Armour from the inside.'"

This should be warm stuff.

WINTER SPORT.

VI.—A HAPPY ENDING.

"FOR our last night they might at least have had a dance," said Myra, "even if there was no public presentation."

"As we had hoped," I admitted.

"What is a gymkhana, anyway?" asked Thomas.

"A few little competitions," said Archie. "One must cater for the chaperons sometimes. You are all entered for the Hat-making and the Feather-blowing—Dahlia thought it would amuse you."

"At Cambridge," I said reminiscently, "I once blew the feather 119 feet 7 inches. Unfortunately I stepped outside the circle. My official record is 2 feet."

"Did you ever trim a hat at Cambridge?" asked Myra. "Because you 've got to do one for me to-night."

I had not expected this. My view of the competition had been that *I* should have to provide the face and that *she* would have to invent some suitable frame for it.

"I 'm full of ideas," I lied.

Nine o'clock found a small row of us prepared to blow the feather. The presidential instructions were that we had to race our feather across a chalk-line at the end of the room, anybody touching his feather to be disqualified.

"In the air or on the floor?" asked Simpson earnestly.

"Just as you like," said the President kindly, and came round with the bag.

I selected Percy with care—a dear little feather about half-an-inch long and of a delicate whitey-brown colour. I should have known him again anywhere.

"Go!" said the President. I was rather excited, with the result that my first blow was much too powerful for Percy. He shot up to the ceiling and, in spite of all I could do, seemed inclined to stay there. Anxiously I waited below with my mouth open; he came slowly down at last; and in my eagerness I played my second just a shade too soon. It missed him. My third (when I was ready for it) went harmlessly over his head. A frantic fourth and fifth helped him downwards . . . . and in another moment my beautiful Percy was on the floor. I dropped on my knees and played my sixth vigorously. He swirled to the left; I was after him like a shot . . . . and crashed into Thomas. We rolled over in a heap.

"Sorry!" we apologised as we got back on to our hands and knees.

Thomas went on blowing.

"Where 's my feather?" I said.

Thomas was now two yards ahead, blowing like anything. A terrible suspicion darted through my mind.

"Thomas," I said, "you 've got my feather."

He made no answer. I scrambled after him.

"That 's Percy," I said. "I should know him anywhere. You 're blowing Percy. It 's very bad form to blow another man's feather. If it got about, you would be cut by the county. Give me back my feather, Thomas."

"How do you know it 's your feather?" he said truculently. "Feathers are just alike."

"How do I know?" I asked in amazement. "A feather that I 've brought up from the egg? Of course I know Percy." I leant down to him. "*P—percy,*" I whispered. He darted forward a good six inches. "You see," I said, "he knows his name."

"As a matter of fact," said Thomas, "his name 's *P—paul.* Look, I 'll show you."

"You needn't bother, Thomas," I said hastily. "This is mere trifling. I *know* that 's my feather. I remember his profile distinctly."

"Then where 's mine?"

"How do I know? You may have swallowed it. Go away and leave Percy and me to ourselves. You 're only spoiling the knees of your trousers by staying here."

"Paul and I," began Thomas——

He was interrupted by a burst of applause. Dahlia had cajoled her feather over the line first. Thomas rose and brushed himself. "You can 'ave him," he said.

"There!" I said, as I picked Percy up and placed him reverently in my waistcoat pocket. "That shows that he was mine. If he had been your own little Paul you would have loved him even in defeat. Oh, musical chairs now? Right-o." And at the President's touch I retired from the arena.

We had not entered for musical chairs. Personally I should have liked to, but it was felt that, if none of us did, then it would be more easy to stop Simpson doing so. For at musical chairs Simpson is—I am afraid there is only one word for it; it is a word that I hesitate to use, but the truth must prevail—Simpson is *rough.* He *lets himself go.* He plays *all he knows.* Whenever I take Simpson out anywhere I always whisper to my hostess, "*Not* musical chairs."

The last event of the evening was the hat-making competition. Each man of us was provided with five large sheets of coloured crinkly paper, a packet of pins, a pair of scissors and a lady opposite to him.

"Have you any plans at all?" asked Myra.

"Heaps. Tell me, what sort of hat would you like? Something for the Park?" I doubled up a piece of blue paper and looked at it. "You know, if this is a success, Myra, I shall often make your hats for you."

Five minutes later I had what I believe is called a "foundation." Anyhow, it was something for Myra to put her head into.

"Our very latest Bond Street model," said Myra. "Only fifteen guineas—or three-and-ninepence if you buy it at our other establishment in Battersea."

"Now then, I can get going," I said, and I began to cut out a white feather. "Yes, your ladyship, this is from the genuine bird on our own ostrich farm in the Fulham Road. Plucked while the ingenuous biped had its head in the sand. I shall put that round the brim," and I pinned it round.

"What about a few roses?" said Myra, fingering the red paper.

"The roses are going there on the right." I pinned them on. "And a humming-bird and some violets next to them . . . I say, I 've got a lot of paper over. What about a nice piece of cabbage . . . there . . . and a bunch of asparagus . . . and some tomatoes and a seagull's wing on the left. The back still looks rather bare—let 's have some poppies."

"There 's only three minutes more," said Myra, "and you haven't used all the paper yet."

"I 've got about one William Allan Richardson and a couple of canaries over," I said, after examining my stock. "Let 's put it inside as lining. There, Myra, my dear, I 'm proud of you. I always say that in a nice quiet hat nobody looks prettier than you."

"Time!" said the President.

Anxious matrons prowled round us.

"We don't know any of the judges," I whispered. "This isn't fair."

The matrons conferred with the President. He cleared his throat. "The first prize," he said, "goes to——"

But I had swooned.

* * * * * *

"Well," said Archie, "the Rabbits return to England with two cups won on the snowfields of Switzerland."

"Nobody need know," said Myra, "*which* winter-sport they were won at."

"Unless I have 'Ski-ing, First Prize' engraved on mine," I said, "as I had rather intended."

"Then I shall have 'Figure-Skating' on mine," said Dahlia.

"Two cups," reflected Archie, "and Thomas engaged to three charming girls. I think it has been worth it, you know."

A. A. M.

A UNICORN STORY.

I CARED not for his lordship's right,
Nor for his lordship's rangers,
Because the lanes with may were white
And Age and I were strangers;
In Woolcombe Wood that summer morn—
The wisest wood in Britain—
I found a baby unicorn
As pretty as a kitten!

Most fairylike and elfinwise
Was he from hoof to ear-points,
A budding horn betwixt his eyes,
The tiniest of spear-points;
Beside the brook where earth the brocks
He stripped a sapling sallow,
As ruddy as a little fox,
As dappled as a fallow!

He stamped and snorted on the view,
He trotted and he ambled,
But ever yet the closer drew
And in my shadow gambolled;
I rubbed his ears and wild shy head
Where still the velvet lingers;
He ate with grace my salted bread
And mumbled at my fingers!

A mile he followed o'er the grass
And took the crusts I tossed him,
Then, sudden as the shadows pass,
I found that I had lost him;
I whistled on the dainty thing,
None answered to my calling,
Save for the far-off, tuneful ring
Of faint-heard echoes falling.

Though naught know I of signs and saints
And things pertaining thereto,
And portents that a herald paints,
One marvel I can swear to:
In Woolcombe Wood that summer morn—
A wood it ne'er deceives me—
I saw a little unicorn,
But nobody believes me!

A DETAIL.

UPON his appointment to a Colonial Governorship it seemed meet to the members of his old department, his colleagues, deputies, juniors and what-nots, to give a dinner to Sir Henry Kelkershows, K.C., K.C.B., K.C.V.O., LL.M., F.R.S.L., and once President of the Wimbledon Wanderers A.F.C. Saunders and I were appointed to do all the dirty work of the affair, not because we were the most businesslike, but because we had the least business to do. We demonstrated our incapacity from the start by keeping all our notes and accounts in separate books, which could not be made upon comparison to tally in any one important particular. Over the mere pecuniary department we did not worry much; "let's have the dinner first," we agreed, "and see about that afterwards." The graver difficulty arose when I telephoned to Saunders on the morning of the appointed day to say that the list was now closed and covers might safely be ordered for thirty-six diners. His only comment upon this was that there were thirty-seven names on his list and it seemed a pity to leave the last man with nothing to eat.

"Have you counted them?" said I.

He had.

"Have you counted them carefully?"

He had.

"Then count them again," said I.

He had.

We adjourned consideration of the matter for separate recounts. I took my list and counted from the top to the bottom; the total came to thirty-six. I counted from the bottom to the top; the total came to thirty-six. I started in the middle and counted out both ways, and still the total came to thirty-six. Then I rang up Saunders again.

"Well," I said tolerantly, "what do you make it now?"

"Thirty-seven. And you?"

There seemed nothing for it but that I should go and see Saunders personally, except that Saunders should come and see me. This I brought about. I produced to him my list, the cheques I had received and all other data, and waited for him to confess that he was no mathematician.

"There is no method known to science," I said, "by which you can arrive at a total other than thirty-six."

"Quite so," said he, as he proceeded to compare his list with mine. "But it seems to me that you have omitted the name of one person who, I have reason to suppose, will be present at this affair."

It appeared that he was right after all. It is odd how these little things escape one. I had omitted to include Sir Henry Kelkershows, K.C., K.C.B., K.C.V.O., LL.M., F.R.S.L., and once President of the W.W.A.F.C.



Dentist (at first sight of patient). "YOU OUGHT TO HAVE COME TO ME BEFORE."
Patient (delighted, and darting for the door). "AH, I WAS AFRAID I MIGHT BE TOO LATE. GOOD MORNING!"



Cook. "LOOK HERE! WHAT D'YOU MEAN BY BRINGING ME THIS? MISSIS ORDERED LAMB, NOT MUTTON."

Butcher Boy. "THAT 'S ALL RIGHT, OLE DEAR; PRIME CUT O' LARST YEAR'S LAMB!"

LETTERS THAT HELP US.

THE soul-shaking coincidences noted by a correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette* (March 4) in regard to the initials of the surnames of the Oxford crew have stimulated some of our readers to similar activity in this intellectual pastime. Some of the most luminous contributions are here subjoined:—

SIR,—As a pendant to the remarkable coincidences noted by *The Pall Mall Gazette* with regard to the initials of the Oxford crew, may I be permitted to point out the astonishing fact that the present Liberal Administration has a CREWE of its own, who was educated at Cambridge and until recently was in charge of the Colonial Office?

Yours, etc., A. TABB.

SIR,—May I call attention to the singular coincidence brought to my knowledge during a recent visit to the New Forest? Malwood, the residence of the late Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, is quite close to the Rufus stone, while Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT, the present Secretary of State for the Colonies, is constantly contiguous at Cabinet meetings to the Attorney-General, Sir RUFUS ISAACS. In this context may I ask if any of your readers can inform me whether it is really the case that the present PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, when driving from the tee, invariably uses a runcible spoon and not a driver?

Yours, etc., ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

SIR,—May I call your attention to a wonderful coincidence that has so far escaped the notice of experts? Last Friday, Professor Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH was entertained by the Whitefriars Club and had his health proposed by Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL. Not only were they both knights and Whitefriar knights, but while the initials of Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH'S surname form the title Q.C., those of his health proposer are R.N. The fact that the Professor has never been called to the Bar, while Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL never served in the Navy, only enhances the singularity of the coincidence.

Yours, etc., TIBERIUS MUDD.

DEAR SIR,—The curious similarity between the name of the Progressive leader and the bell in the Westminster clock tower deserves, I think, to be chronicled at this juncture. The fact that the former is spelt with two "n's," while the latter only has one, will doubtless furnish food for philologists. Apropos of municipal politics I cannot refrain from noting that in Bermondsey the name of the unsuccessful Labour candidate was AMMON. Can this be a descendant of the Jupiter Ammon of whom I used to hear in my childhood?

Yours, etc.,
BALMERINO DOTT.

DEAR SIR,—May I draw your attention to the significant nomenclature of some of the leading billiard players of to-day? DIGGLE is a namesake of the Bishop of CARLISLE. REECE is obviously a relation of the eminent sailor immortalized in one of the ballads of the late Sir W. S. GILBERT. GRAY recalls the author of the famous "Elegy," while STEVENSON carries our thoughts from the green cloth to the green foliage of Samoa. Yours, etc.,

(MRS.) GAGA TOOP.



THE GERMAN LLOYD.

KAISER WILHELM (*on the new Berlin-London telephone*). "HULLO, IS THAT THE CHANCELLOR? I SAY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW IDEA OF TAXING CAPITAL?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "EXCELLENT, SIR. MOST FLATTERING, I 'M SURE."

KAISER WILHELM. "AND WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN THEY KICK?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "TAX 'EM ALL THE MORE."



"YES, I LIKED THE SERVICE, BUT I NEVER ENJOY SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY. I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF THAT PEW-RENT RUNNING ON AT HOME ALL THE TIME."

IN THE TEETH OF RESISTANCE.

I WENT into the place which was called a Drug Stores. There were one or two cameras in the window, a number of scent bottles and some portraits of celebrities in the pharmaceutical world —Mr. SIMS, Mr. SANDOW, Miss PHYLLIS DARE, and so on. I said to the eminent Harley Street specialist who stood behind the bar, "I want a tube of Kallinikos Tooth Paste, please." He moved away two or three steps, prised up one of the glass cases of his museum, and said, "We have a much better preparation here called Tenika, if you care to try it." I said, "I want a tube of Kallinikos Tooth Paste, please." He said "Tenika is now being recommended by all the most fashionable physicians. It is the best germicide in the world; another advantage of it is that you get more of it for a shilling." I said, "I want a tube of Kallinikos Tooth Paste, please." "Tenika," he said, "is the best preparation in the market. All our customers find that they prefer it to Kallinikos. I use Tenika myself."

I gazed round the emporium in silent despair. Then I moved away to a corner and sat down on a weighing-machine, between a large basket of sponges and a little conventicle of soda-water syphons. I looked for some time at their silent, patient faces, then I looked at the door. Outside ran the careless stream of London's traffic. I bowed my head in my hands and thought. Then I had a bright idea. I got up and went to the consulting counter again. The Rosicrucian was still there. "Acolyte of Æsculapius," I said to him solemnly, with a tear in my voice, "you are one of the initiated; you swing a censer in the sacred shrine; you serve the son of Apollo. It is not to be expected that a miserable pilgrim like myself can come up to your style, but in all things possible I should like to imitate you. Tell me what is the hair-oil that you use—what the saponaceous detergent, and I will strive to follow your example. Tell me the shape of your lufah, the size of your bath. Tell me where you get the wonderful pine-breathing pastilles that make your voice so melodious, and I also will send for a sample bottle as per 'ad.' Tell me everything about your private life, and the name and address of the young lady you walk out with, and I will try to love her too. But spare me this one foible. Say, if you like, that I have a rich uncle who will disinherit me if he ever hears of my using any other tooth paste. Think that I have acquired a morbid craving, now too strong to be overcome, for this miserable, ineffectual fangwash. Only be merciful, and give me a tube of Kallinikos!"

Looking deeply grieved, he wrapped the abhorred dentifrice in a little piece of paper, sealed it and placed it on the counter. Just then a stranger came in and went up to the oracle. "I want a tube of Kallinikos Tooth Paste," he said. And he got it immediately, without demur. He was a weak-looking man and did not appear to have any gift of rhetorical persuasion. It would have fared ill with him, I think, if it had not been for me. And if he knew all that I had done for him he would not have broached his little tube that night without first of all lifting a silent glass to my memory.

A FAIR FIELD.

To the Editor of "Punch."

(Three Enclosures.)

The Blashgrove Registry Office,
Blashgrove Terrace, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I noticed recently in your columns a letter from Messrs. Trewer and Trewer, House Agents, calling attention to the frank and honest descriptions of properties to let appearing in their advertisements. I therefore beg to inform you that I have lately adopted similar principles in my business, as it is found that ladies are apt to state the attractions of the situations they want filled, but neglect to mention the drawbacks. At this moment a letter is before me from a lady who describes at length a pot with india-rubber plant on the kitchen window-sill, but makes no reference to the fact that the house is of four floors and all coal and water have to be carried up from the basement. I make a point of ascertaining the true circumstances in each case so that neither mistress nor servant will be misled by the descriptions in my monthly list of Sits. Wanted and Sits. Vacant (1*d.* post free). I enclose three cuttings taken at random from my current list which will show you the fairness of the claims I make for myself.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) P. A. BLUNT.

P.S.—I ought to mention that people who have been brought up among black-beetles get to like them, and that, as is generally known, they are lucky, and no house where there are plenty of black-beetles ever takes fire.

WANTED, AT ONCE. COOK-HOUSE-PARLOUR-KENNELMAID. Only two in family, but there are five St. Bernard dogs, and the children next door run in and out. Basement Kitchen eight feet three inches by twelve feet seven inches, looking on to back area, on wall of which several rare fungi luxuriate and would well repay study. Kitchen lighted with gas-jet in addition to window. Range does not smoke when door is closed. An iron cylinder over mantelpiece containing seventy gallons of boiling water keeps Kitchen warm even in coldest weather. In Summer the operation of cooking has been compared to stoking a battleship in the Red Sea, but the area may be used as a sitting-room. No followers allowed, but mice are friendly, and black-beetles all that could be desired—they are stated to "dearly love a bit of music." There are also some toads in the coal-cellar which might be made a source of amusement. Liberal allowance of fly-papers all the year round. Drawing-room is on first floor; there is no Bath-room, and water has to be carried from basement. Applicant would be required to wash dogs once a week, clean bicycle, and rub up brass on harness of pony-trap. Late dinner; breakfast 7.30. Dogs' dinner is served at 12 o'clock. Meat allowed once a day; fare as follows:—

Sunday.—Joint.

Monday.—Hash, or cold meat.



The Nut (on his first voyage). "I SAY, WHAT IS THAT LIGHT OVER THERE THAT KEEPS BOBBIN' IN AND OUT?"

Quartermaster. "THAT'S THE NORE LIGHTSHIP, SIR."

The Nut. "JOVE! IS IT, REALLY? DO YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT IT WAS A DALLY WILL-O'-THE-WISP."

Tuesday.—Cold meat or hash (left over from Monday).

Wednesday.—Hash (left over from Tuesday).

Thursday.—Hash (left over from Wednesday).

Friday.—Hash (left over from Thursday).

Saturday.—Hash (left over from Friday) or grilled bones.

Evening out every second Sunday in third month, unless Master and Mistress at home. Matrimonial aspirations discouraged. Attic bedroom; sheet of zinc has now been nailed over damp place in wall. Comfortable home for serious-minded girl and lover of nature not more than 5 feet 7½ inches in height, as scullery ceiling is low. Wages, £11 10*s.*, rising to £12 5*s.*

CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW is anxious to recommend Parlourmaid (who wishes to better herself) as she fears she will be poisoned if she refuses to do so. Tall, dark eyes, handsome, nice manners, ladylike appearance. May be trusted with Britannia metal and low-grade electro-plate. Has simple, trustful nature, and if given custody of will drawn in her favour would not suspect existence of a later will. May now be engaged under advantageous circumstances as none of her male acquaintances or relatives will be out on ticket-of-leave for at least eighteen months.

WANTED, HOUSE-PARLOURMAID, by lady of ample means who has become an "Invalid" as the easiest way of getting attention paid to herself. Should be thoroughly muscular and of athletic tastes as drawing-room is on ground floor and bedroom on second floor, and "Invalid," who weighs sixteen stone, never walks except to come down to basement to listen at kitchen door. Last House-parlourmaid dismissed for surprising her at key-hole, and previous one for saying, "You look quite well to-day, madam." Applicant must be prepared to share carrying chair (heavy end) with ancient retainer. Chair drill as follows:—

11.30.—Bedroom to drawing-room.

1.10.—Drawing-room to bedroom.

2.30.—Bedroom to street (dead lift into carriage for Applicant).

3.50.—Street to bedroom (dead lift for Applicant).

4.45.—Bedroom to drawing-room.

7.0.—Drawing-room to bedroom.

All meals served in bedroom, including fried sole and Chablis, at 2.15 A.M., and three oysters and brown bread at dawn. Burglar and fire alarms tested three times a month at midnight. A previous House-parlourmaid married the doctor's chauffeur.

Amusements of Well-dressed Men.—I.

"Frequent robberies which have occurred at houses in Birmingham suburbs during the occupants' absence are believed to be the work of well-dressed men, who, on receiving no answer to their ring, force the doors, and then raising their hats to imaginary persons walk off."—*Overseas Mail.*

"The Brick and Tile Company have been entrusted with an order for 400,000 double chequered blue tiles for consignment to Holland. As it takes 4,000 of these tiles to weigh a ton, the total weight of the consignment will be 1,600 tons."—*Oswestry Advertiser.*

This estimate includes the straw.

VARSITY SHOP.

THE suggestion has recently been put forward that the old Universities should become more closely associated with commerce. There seems indeed no reason why they should not associate themselves directly with trade by founding businesses, putting forward proprietary articles of their own, and generally making use of the advertising columns of the Press.

For instance:—

I HEAR THEY WANT MORE BALLIOL (OXON.).

LINCOLN FOR HATS.

GOOD MORNING! HAVE YOU USED CLARE'S SOAP?

A. C. BENSON, Magdalene College, Cambridge, PROPRIETOR OF THE COLLEGE WINDOW-CLEANING COMPANY.

TRY OUR WORCESTER SAUCE, DELICIOUS WITH PROVOST OATS.

HAVE YOU THAT TIRED FEELING? SEE OUR CAMBRIDGE BACKS.

OXFORD FOR HIGH-CLASS COLLARS, as patronized by the late CECIL RHODES. ALL SHAPES—HALF-BACK, THREE-QUARTER-BACK, ETC. MADE IN RONDEBOSCH.



DISTINCTION.

"LOOK, MOTHER! THERE'S THE LADY THAT BELONGS TO THE LITTLE DOG NEXT DOOR!"

YVONNE.

I HAVE always said that if ever I met Yvonne I should fall in love with her. You, perhaps, are an unromantic person; you could not fall in love with a mere name; that would be absurd. You, perhaps, are happily married to Amelia (or Eliza). But why was *she* favoured above all others? For some charm which I'll wager you can't describe. What, for the matter of that, did Eliza (or Amelia) see in you? She, poor dear, may by this time have fallen to wondering; but I will not dwell upon that.

Only remember this: her charm and yours may fade, but Yvonne is always Yvonne. To get a letter signed "Yvonne"; to call from the foot of the stairs "Yvonne." Try it; and then have a shot at Amelia (or Eliza) afterwards. But first of all you must hear the story.

You know those initials they put at the top of business letters? Perhaps you are not in business? I congratulate you. Well, suppose you were, and that your name was Cyrus K. Bulger, and the name of one of your many typists Euphemia Stunt. Then at the top of every letter you dictated to the fair Euphemia would appear the mystic sign C.K.B./E.S., so that if anything went wrong you could share the blame publicly and fight it out in private. But supposing that one bright spring morning I had a letter from you marked C.K.B./Y.A., what then? I should call at your office, and there would be a vacancy in your staff without formal notice.

Now this is what actually happened. I *did* get a letter marked C.K.B./Y.A., from my friend Charles Kay Bradshaw, of the Life and Liberty Insurance Company; and I went to his office in search of Yvonne. Ever since I had known Charles it had been C.K.B./O.A.; that must be Olive, I thought, or Ophelia, dark, beautiful, interesting—the elder sister; but Yvonne!

How I treasured that letter, with its queer little mistakes! She had not mastered the horrid machine yet, and she never would—I would see to that. I had never been to Charles's office before, and when I arrived I did not know whom to ask for. It was Miss Adair, I felt certain, Yvonne Adair, the loveliest name in the world. However, I began with Charles. He was businesslike; we would get to the point at once. Who had typed the letter? I held it out tremblingly and he looked at it without emotion.

"Atkins," he said.

"*Christian* name?" I cried.

"Oswald," said Charles, simply. "But that's his father's name, too; so we call the son 'Young Atkins.' Have you any objection?"

"A LITTLE BIT OF BLUE."

WHEN the waves rise high and higher as they toss about together,
And the March-winds, loosed and angry, cut your chilly heart in two,
Here are eighteen gallant gentlemen who come to face the weather
All for valour and for honour and a little bit of blue!

Chorus.

Oh get hold of it and shove it!
It is labour, but you love it;
Let your stroke be long and mighty; keep your body on the swing;
While your pulses dance a measure
Full of pride and full of pleasure,
And the boat flies free and joyous like a swallow on the wing.

Isis blessed her noble youngsters as they left her; Father Camus
Sped his youths to fame and Putney from his grey and ancient Courts:—
"Keep," they said, "the old traditions, and we know you will not shame us
When you try the stormy tideway in your zephyrs and your shorts.

"For it's toil and tribulation till your roughnesses are polished,
And it's bitterness and sorrow till the work of oars is done;
But it's high delight and triumph when your faults are all abolished,
With yourself and seven brothers firmly welded into one."

So they stood the weary trial and the people poured to greet them,
Filled a cup with praise and welcome—it was theirs to take and quaff;
And they ranged their ships alongside, and the umpire came to meet them,
And they stripped themselves and waited till his pistol sent them off.

With a dash and spurt and rally; with a swing and drive and rattle,
Both the boats went flashing faster as they cleft the swelling stream;
And the old familiar places, scenes of many a sacred battle,
Just were seen for half a moment and went by them in a dream.

But at last the flag has fallen and the splendid fight is finished,
And the victory is blazoned on the record-roll of Fame.
They are spent and worn and broken, but their soul is undiminished;
There are winners now and losers, but their glory is the same!

Chorus.

Oh get hold of it and shove it!
It is labour, but you love it;
Let your stroke be long and mighty; keep your body on the swing;
While your pulses dance a measure
Full of pride and full of pleasure,
And the boat flies free and joyous like a swallow on the wing.

R. C. L.

BY FAVOUR OF THE MILITANTS.

[The issue of the following circular in imitation of certain gracious concessions made by Strike Committees may shortly be expected.]

NOTICE.

In response to numerous requests, the W. S. & P. U. beg to announce that they have arranged for a series of

PASSES

which they are prepared to grant to suitable persons who are able to give satisfactory proof of their attachment to the Cause. The Passes, some of which are of a graduated value, will be issued as follows:—

(1) *Public Speakers, Members of Parliament, etc.*

Persons able to satisfy the Committee of their *entire attachment* to the Cause are granted Pass A, which entitles them to complete freedom from interruption.

Persons able to satisfy the Committee of their *partial attachment* to the Cause will be granted Pass B, which entitles them to speak with interruptions occurring only at the end of each completed sentence.

[N.B.—The constitution of a completed sentence will be explained on referring to any member of the Committee.]

(2) *Golf Clubs.*

Passes will be granted to golf clubs upon the following terms, viz.:—

(*a*) Clubs in which the *entire Committee* give satisfactory proof of attachment to the Cause will be permitted Passes to be attached to the pins on the greens, which greens will then be exempt from alterations.

(*b*) Clubs in which only a majority of the Committee are in favour of the Cause will be permitted a Pass entitling them to exemption from any further damage than is involved by the making of one small bunker on every other green.

(3) *Public Gardens.*

Public Gardens with *two* or *more* Buildings, Pavilions, or Stands of any description erected within their grounds, will, on satisfactory proof being given that a majority of their officials are in sympathy with the Cause, be granted a pass entitling them to have only one of such buildings, stands, &c., destroyed, always provided that proper facilities are afforded by the said officials, who must in all cases have the buildings suitably furnished with tar, paraffin, &c., before the arrival of the officer of the W. S. & P. U.

(4) *Letters and all Correspondence.*

Passes will be granted to completely satisfactory persons only. These Passes entitle the holder to the use of a letter-box to be set up at Clifford's Inn. All letters posted in this box will be immune from damage.

(5) *Magistrates, Judges, &c.*

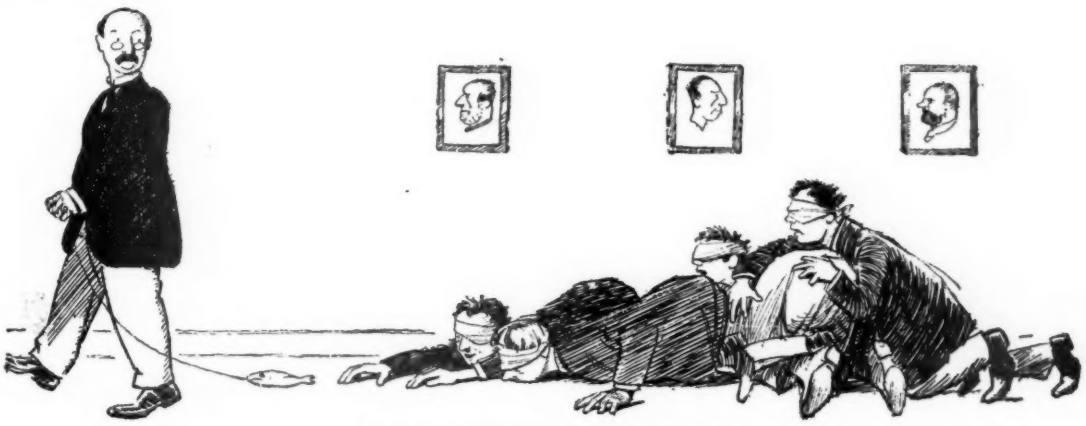
Active sympathisers among the above will be granted Pass A, giving complete immunity from assault.

Pass B, for passive sympathisers, excuses the holders from attack, except with (1) books below the weight of 2 lbs.; (2) single-pot inkstands.

(6) *Employers of latch-keys.*

Members of the General Public desirous of obtaining Passes (to be pasted on their front-doors) giving freedom of access by latch-key should apply to the office of the W. S. & P. U., accompanying their applications in all cases with a declaration to the effect that they are not (1) opposed to the principle of Votes for Women, (2) Cabinet Ministers.

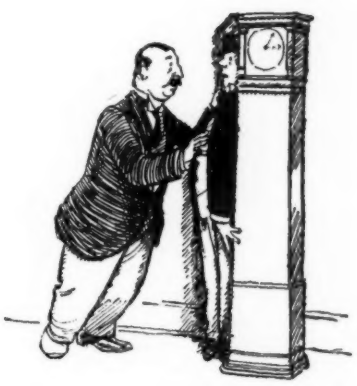
HOW SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVES ARE TRAINED.



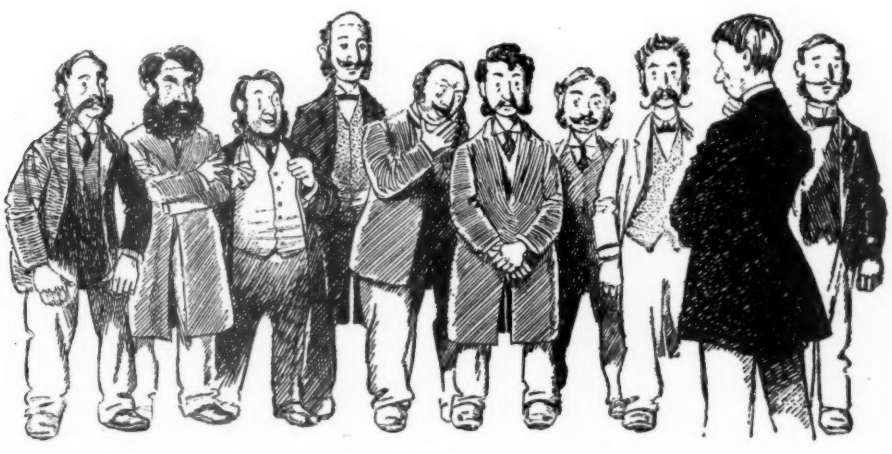
STUDENTS FOLLOWING A SCENT BLINDFOLDED.



PRACTISING THE "SHERLOCK" SPRING ON A DUMMY.



HIDING IN CORNERS. (A FINE ART.)



LEARNING TO DETECT FALSE HAIR, WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, EYEBROWS, ETC., WITHOUT TOUCHING.

AT THE PLAY.

"HER SIDE OF THE HOUSE."

IF I were a Dramatic Censor I should put my ban on all plays in which the physical relations of a newly married pair are discussed. An audience that is left cold by the most lurid vice may get very hot and uncomfortable over certain phases of the domestic virtues. The vicious people in this rather foolish play were harmlessly absurd; but about all the business of a separate establishment for bride and bridegroom there was an atmosphere of indecency. Not the robust indecency of a French farce, but the half-baked sort at which you are supposed to be free to snigger because you don't see the legal tie broken but only vulgarised. There is vulgarity enough—heaven knows—in a social system that daily delights in the public exploitation of a private sacrament; but the authors of *Her Side of the House* do not set out to satirize this; they are busied to invent new vulgarities of their own.

And a far and fantastic search they have to make for them. They shew us a convent-bred girl for whom her French grandmamma arranges a marriage with an English marquis, neither side making any profession of love. He wants her money and she wants freedom. Not freedom simply from grandmotherly control; she has larger notions of liberty; she wants to experiment in the meaning of love, of which her knowledge is pardonably hazy; and she wants to choose her own teachers. So she dispenses with a honeymoon and splits up her husband's house into two parts, one for herself and her friends, and one for him and his. They have (I gathered) a "Lounge Hall," a billiard-room, and servants' offices in common; but nothing was said, I think, about a mutual restaurant.

All this sounds a little licentious, but it is arranged with a great air of innocence, as if the girl were dealing with a doll's house—not, of course, the IBSEN kind. Once established in "her side of the house" our *ingénue* prosecutes her studies in the science of Eros. She is not particular where she gets her answers to such elementary questions as "What is passion?" "What is love?" At one time it is a former admirer—a very dashing fellow (in the text)—who conducts her education; at another it is a blameless old manicurist from whom she seeks enlightenment. Then again she gets wrinkles from her husband (when he pays a call), and from a wicked lady with a past to draw upon and designs of her own on the sanctity of this peculiar home.

But her whole time is not given to the accumulation of first principles; incidentally she is drawing comparisons between her lover (in theory) and her husband, in favour of the latter. How long the process might have continued I dare not conjecture; but only a few months had elapsed when one night, Grandmamma—a very practical old dowager—put her foot down, took the heifer, so to say, by the horns, and locked her out of her side of the house. A prisoner in the neutral section, with no way of escape except to the bridegroom's territory, she overhears (it is a way she has) a conversation from which she learns that his lordship, satisfied that she desires still more accommodation in the matter of freedom, is prepared, for her benefit (not for his own, as is apparent from the type that he proposes to elope with) to clear the way for his wife to divorce him.

Against such heroism she cannot remain proof, and falls, experimentally and without loss of modesty, into his arms.

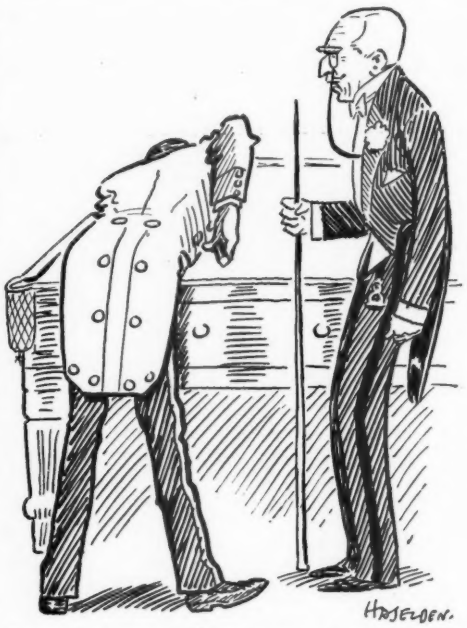
I find I have not yet mentioned a veteran stage-duke (uncle of the bridegroom) who held the sanest views about this caricature of matrimony and gave expression to them with a candour that greatly diverted the house. If the play is saved, the medal must certainly go to Mr. SPENCER TREVOR, who brought this relief.

I confess to having felt a little shock when I saw that Mr. GODFREY TEARLE was to be a British marquis; but he played with a very reticent propriety and did all that was possible to preserve the decencies. Miss DULCE MUSGRAVE, who was the bride, has a gentle voice and, for a *débutante*, acquitted herself well. She was natural in her gaiety, but when she had serious things to say she was apt to take on the intonation of the stage, so that you might have thought she had been on the boards for years and years. Miss HELEN FERRERS as a *grande dame sans merci* had no difficulty about keeping in her own particular groove. Mr. DEACON had an ungrateful part to play as the lover, and lady-killing is not his *métier*. As for the villainess, who stayed on the bride's side of the house, I think she would have been more at home on the Surrey side of the Thames.

It is not a bad fault that Mr. WORRALL's ambition should outrun his experience. He has a sense of humour that promises better things if only he will learn not to waste it on an artificial theme. His present play, written in conjunction with Miss ATTÉ HALL, had a flattering welcome which should not deceive its authors. In a little speech Mr. WORRALL gallantly acknowledged the help of Miss ROSINA FILIPPI who "produced" him. I hesitate to criticise the work of so charming and accomplished an artist; but it was lucky that the play attempted no resemblance to actual life, for any illusion must have been shattered by the jumpiness of one or two of the performers. After the first dozen words of a conversation somebody must needs spring up, prance round and lean over the back of some other seat for a sentence or two and then off again. One never sees any such behaviour except on the stage. Is it done to brighten things up for us? It hasn't that effect upon me. On the contrary, I too grow restive and can scarce restrain myself from getting out of my seat and climbing all over the auditorium.

I think Miss FILIPPI can never have felt like that; but she has imagination and will understand, now that I have told her what I suffer. And perhaps, another time, she will tell them to keep still.

O. S.



THE "SIDE OF THE HOUSE" THAT WE SHOULD HAVE LIKED TO SEE.

The Duke of Vernay (Mr. SPENCER TREVOR) plays 50 up with the footman behind the scenes.



(*Agonising position of master, who is trying to make a good impression on his strait-laced aunt from whom he has expectations.*)

Master (*worried*). "MARY, HAVE YOU SEEN A LETTER ANYWHERE ABOUT MARKED 'PRIVATE'?"

Mary. "YOU MEAN THE ONE FROM THE MAN WHAT CAN'T GET 'IS MONEY OUT OF YOU, SIR? I PUT IT BE'IND THE MIRROR, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SUBURBAN householders have so many little worries that they might well be spared the final inconvenience of being haunted by the spirit of the wicked aristocrat on whose estate their detached houses have been built. Yet it is to this that Mr. E. W. HORNUNG dooms them in *Witching Hill* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Though a peer of the realm, *Lord Mulcaster* had made a perfect baronet of himself, so bold and bad had he been in the days of the Regency. He died, but the evil that he did lived after him in the form of a sort of Influence which so wrought upon the tenants of the villas in Witching Hill Road and Mulcaster Park that their characters became completely warped. Religious tenants took to gambling, engaged tenants toyed with the idea of murdering their *fiancées*. Even the Vicar's sister abandoned parish-magazine fiction and composed a novel so lurid that the Vicar, after one reading, put the MS. in the fire. It is an ingenious idea which, like most ideas, could have been developed in more than one way. To me it seems an admirable basis for a frolic of the Gilbertian or Ansteyan type. Mr. HORNUNG has preferred to try to thrill us, and I think he has chosen the more difficult plan. With such a scheme it would have been easier to amuse. Nevertheless, if one or two of the stories seem a little mild and drawn-out, the last but one, "The Locked Room," is excellent. Possibly because the adventure happens to the teller of the story, and not to his rather wooden friend, *Uvo Delavoye* (whom, till then, he has allowed to monopolise the centre of the stage), this particular tale seems more vivid than the rest.

I have known so long and so well the charm of Miss ALICE BROWN'S art that it is no surprise to me that she should have written one of the best and freshest child-stories that I have ever read. *The Secret of the Clan* (CONSTABLE), which will remind you a little of *The Golden Age* of Mr. KENNETH GRAHAME, tells the tale of four girls, most cunningly differentiated, who are allowed by their adorable lady-guardian to run wild, because if she made rules they might be broken, and she loved her children much too well to let them risk the taint of disobedience. The girls' idea of forming themselves into an imaginary tribe of Indians, sworn to secrecy, does not pretend to be novel; the novelty comes when their vows bring them into unavoidable collision with their gentle guardian. A night escapade, begun by one of them with the purpose of conquering her fear of the dark, gets them into trouble and requires explanation. Their dear hearts are torn asunder between the claims of their oath of secrecy and a passionate desire not to hurt their guardian's feelings. The oath prevails and their lips are sealed, until, after much tribulation, a way is found out compatible with the nicest sense of honour. A really fascinating book, full of humour and gentleness and the gayest imagination. And you may have left your childhood far behind, but that will make no difference here. New England has no more delightful writer than Miss ALICE BROWN, and it is a marvel to me that Old England knows so little of her rare gifts.

Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH carries the happy reader *From Studio to Stage* (JOHN LANE) at lilting speed, the journey enlivened by endless stories perhaps mostly true. Starting in life he fancied himself as an artist. Here and there in

the volume may be found veiled hints of conviction that had he stuck to his early love he would have done even better than on the stage, where he has managed pretty well. As is commonly the case in biographies and autobiographies the most interesting passages are found in the opening chapters. Charm is increased by the cynical frankness with which the author exposes his alleged weaknesses and jots down his indiscretions. I fancy WEEDON was not such a sad young dog as he paints himself. Did he really, as is narrated in the chapter suggestively entitled "Fast Life in London," help "Tottie" FAY into a cab at the solemn hour of midnight and recklessly pay her fare to Highgate? I trow not. The difficulty graphically portrayed is suspiciously suggestive of more remunerative embarrassment that came to him later in life in consequence of a superfluity of (stage) babies. All the same, it is a funny story, admirably told. Another confidence reveals his youthful engagement to a lady whom he describes as "considerably older than myself, even less attractive, who had a very substantial income." At this time his balance at the bank stood at £6 10*s.*, while his liabilities amounted to over £700. Something must be done. So he seriously contemplated marriage, to which end the lady was obviously disposed. At the last moment courage forsook him and he bolted. His experiences as actor and manager, with vivid peeps behind the scenes at Drury Lane and elsewhere, supply racy material for the story of a strenuous life, frankly told, liberally spiced with the precious salt of humour. As collaborator with his brother GEORGE, WEEDON GROSSMITH has countless friends and admirers among readers of *Punch* who do not forget "The Diary of a Nobody." WEEDON is Somebody. Nevertheless his actual Diary is scarcely less delightful than the other.



"WHICH DOG DO YOU WISH ME TO HIT, MADAM?"

"OH, SIR, YOU ARE KIND INDEED! *NOT* THE DEAR LITTLE ONE WITH GREY-BLUE EYES AND M. F. ON HIS COLLAR—THAT'S MY BINKIE. I'M *SURE* HE WAS NOT THE AGGRESSOR."

I have been awaiting it this great while—a really good story that should make use of the Pageant, as lately to be observed in the rural districts of England. Happily, now that it has come, it proves quite worth the waiting; its name is *New Wine and Old Bottles* (FISHER UNWIN), and it is written by Miss CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. If this lady does not know her theme from intimate observation, I am no judge; certainly the humour and trials and rewards of the pageant-period could hardly have been better realized. You see the plot in the title. Scrooge, that somnolent little Cotswold town, was the old bottle, into which the arrival of energetic but charming *Miss Valentine*, straight from a Florentine villa, poured new wine with the most devastating results. *Miss Valentine*, looking about her on a fair prospect marred by apathy and local feuds, was inspired with the idea of a Pageant that should unite and quicken all the sluggish life of Scrooge. She did not know (as Miss SMEDLEY and I know too well), first, that newcomers have no business with inspirations; secondly, that nothing is more fatal than to impart such a scheme to the Wrong people and thereby damn it for ever in the eyes of the Right. But for some accidents of love, this is what would have happened to *Miss Valentine*; not all her energy and enthusiasm could have saved the Pageant, if certain things had not happened. What these were, and the charm and humour and even pathos of their telling, you must discover unaided by me. If a fraction only of the late adherents of Mr. LOUIS PARKER and Mr. FRANK LASCELLES purchase this book and enjoy it (as they must), its success is certain.

I opened *The Only Prison* (JOHN LONG) with some vague expectation that Miss ELLEN ADA SMITH might be found to have provided a fresh solution for the problem of the Suffragettes. Of course I was disappointed. Her novel is really a variation upon an old theme—and one in which I have always resolutely declined to believe—the man who takes credit and reward for the literary work of another. It is only fair to add at once that Miss SMITH has provided complications that add greatly to the interest of the main situation, if not to its inherent probability. Thus, before *Henry Agar* came to prosper feloniously on the renown and royalties that were actually earned by *Mary Dornafield*, he had saved her life in a railway accident at the peril of his own, and could in this way persuade himself that he had a kind of moral claim upon the results of her preservation. That is one excellent new point. Another is that he was at the time sacrificing personal comfort in order to keep alive a very uninteresting wife at Davos. So altogether there was something to be said for *Agar*. What was said, when the inevitable exposure came; what *Mary* did, and how it all ended, you shall find for yourself. The book is well enough written to give interest to the process, though I believe that the author will do better work yet. Upon one small point however I most vehemently join issue with her. This is the manner in which she bases *Agar's* success at the Bar upon the reputation of his supposed skill as a novelist. I should like counsel's opinion upon that!

The "Smart" Heart.

What's this, good Doctor, that you say I've got?—
An "intermittent pulse"? Lor! that sounds bad;
But what exactly is it? Kind of dot-
And-carry-one affair? I say, that's sad!

You mean it merely drops a beat or so,
A sort of syncopated pit-a-pat?
But, my dear fellow, surely you must know
That's good old rag-time! Oh, I don't mind *that*!

Misprints that please Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence.

"The Bard of Anon asks 'What's in a name?'"
Natal Mercury.

CHARIVARIA.

ONE hundred painters engaged on the battleship *Queen Mary* have come out on strike. Every effort will be made to prevent a sympathetic strike on the part of the Royal Academicians.

* * *

A man in Colchester has killed five hundred rats in five weeks. We have often wondered how Colchester amused itself when not engaged in the serious business of eating oysters.

* * *

Except that he fell and sprained his ankle during the ceremony, was attacked by ptomaine poisoning at the subsequent dinner, and had to sail for America alone, owing to his bride missing the boat, the wedding of Mr. JULIUS WOERZ, of Schiedam, may be said to have gone off without a hitch.

* * *

The case of the elephant in WOMBWELL'S menagerie, which recently ate £20 worth of notes, coming so soon after that of the bank-note-eating dog mentioned in these columns, makes it seem likely that, in a few years, domestic pets will be beyond the means of most of us.

* * *

The Press has once more begun to ask how cricket can be brightened. A little sunshine next summer would help.

* * *

Greenwich Observatory has looked into the matter, and reports that there are fifty-two million stars. The author of "*The Night Hath a Thousand Eyes*" will doubtless revise his lyric and bring it up to date.

* * *

A Spartan *régime* for the legal infant is advocated by Mr. Justice LUSH, who has laid it down in court that a stuffed iguana is not a "necessity."

* * *

The prudent habit of leaving the greater part of one's jewellery at the banker's seems to be spreading in America. A millionaire's wife has been seen at the opera at Los Angeles wearing gems valued at less than £80,000.

* * *

We have no confirmation, up to the moment of going to press, of the rumour that the members of the Dominion House of Commons who sang loudly during a great part of a recent sitting are to appear on the London music-hall stage as the Canadian Gag-Time Octette.

* * *

As tragic a case of the Devil and the Deep Sea as has ever come to our notice is revealed by the statement in a daily paper that only the institution of the side-whisker can cure the cloth-cap habit at Cambridge.



Genial Squire. "MANY HAPPY RETURNS, WILLIAM. I WAS JUST GOING TO CALL ON YOU WITH A LITTLE BIT OF TOBACCO."

William (aged 80). "THANK YE KINDLY, SIR, BUT I BE DONE WI' SMOKIN'."

Genial Squire. "WHY, HOW 'S THAT?"

William. "WELL, I'VE 'EARD THAT BETWEEN EIGHTY AN' NINETY 'S A TICKLISH PART O' A MAN'S LIFE, SO I BE TAKIN' NO CHANCES."

Quite recently we mentioned the aviator who, when a thousand feet above London, recognised it by the unpleasant smell. We now read that a fox-terrier smelt its way back to the Metropolis from Birmingham.

* * *

Two motor-omnibuses collided the other evening, in Oxford Street. If this internecine strife is to become prevalent, the Traffic Problem may solve itself.

* * *

Has newspaper opinion no weight? While our journals, commenting on a recent case of alleged shop-lifting, were still ringing with condemnation of the practice of petty pilfering, a man at Stratford was sent to prison for stealing three iron boilers.

The Great Impersonators.

"Of 15,000 women with votes for the London County Council, only 40,000 voted last Thursday, said the Rev. Silvester Horne, M.P., at Whitefield's Tabernacle on Sunday."
Eastern Daily Press.

Let this be a warning to us.

"The light-hearted verve and abandon with which she danced both this and the Polka Comique which preceded it carried her audience off their feet."
Daily Colonist (B.C.)

They simply had to join in.

"He is described as a man possessing a thick dark moustache of about 6ft. 7in. in weight. It is thought that he will probably visit Calcutta and the police have been directed to be on the look-out."—*Empire.*

They cannot miss him.

"THE LONDON LOOK."

[To a lady just returned from six years in Canada, who writes to *The Chronicle* to say that she notices "a difference that has taken place in Londoners" during her absence. "Coming from a land full of hope and promise for the future," she has been forcibly struck by "the sad and hopeless expression worn by the average Londoner."]

FROM regions of the Golden West,
The promised land of boundless prairie,
Where if you do but scratch the soil
At once it teems with corn and oil,
And Labour goes to work (or rest)
Light-footed as a fairy;—

Land of the well-known Maple-leaf,
Where legs are lithe and muscles limber,
Where no one yet was heard to sigh,
But all men wear a glad, glad eye
That comes of canning fruits and beef
And logging virgin timber;—

Where rolls of greenbacks, rolls and rolls,
Drop from the trees (just like Utopia);
Where Fortune smiles without a break,
And all the world is on the make
And carries in its button-holes
A blooming cornucopia;—

From that Elysium homeward borne,
You find yourself completely staggered,
Treading once more our London ways,
To note the contrast she betrays,
The dull despair of lips forlorn,
Of eyes how strangely haggard!

You say you can't account for this.
Six summers back you left us cheery;
Contentment sat on every brow
Six little summers back, and now
You see the same Metropolis
Hopelessly dull and dreary.

Blithe as a bird that scales the sky,
That day when you and London parted,
We went about as though on air,
Carolling lightly here and there.
What means this sad decline? Oh why,
Why are we so downhearted?

Madam, we thank your fresher eyes
Through which we pierce the humorous vapour
That screens us from ourselves, and find
How changed we are; but was it kind
To send the news of your surprise
Up to a *Liberal* paper?

Anyhow, here's a Tory's view
For light upon the situation:—
Madam, six painful years ago
Our sanguine hearts had yet to know
What LLOYD could scheme and GEORGE could do
To devastate the nation! O. S.

The Old Firm.

"The wreath placed on behalf of his Majesty by his son, Prince Eitel Friedrich, at the foot of the statue to Frederick William III. at Breslau bore the inscription: 'God's and our firm will ensure victory to our just cause."—*Morning Post.*

We are glad to see that the partnership goes on.

"Built on the lines of an old farmhouse kitchen, French girls in picturesque costumes flit about with cups of coffee and liqueurs."
Everyman.

And they talk about French figures!

THE CHRISTENING OF CANBERRA.

GREAT satisfaction is expressed amongst patriotic Australians that the Federal Government should have resolutely refused to emphasize the historical or personal associations of their country with the Mother-country, and have decided instead to call their capital, Canberra—a name which is at once Australian, indigenous and aboriginal. In view of the epoch-making nature of the event, we have invited the opinions of a number of leading patriots, scholars and littérateurs on the choice.

Mr. P. F. WARNER writes: "While disclaiming any right to dictate to the Commonwealth Government in this matter, I cannot help regretting that they have not seen their way to commemorate the greatest of all Australian products—cricket. For my own part, I have never disguised my belief that the best name for the new capital would be Trumpersville, though I admit that Spofforthstown has much to recommend it."

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE writes: "As the most intimate living friend of ROBERT BROWNING, FITZGERALD, GEORGE MEREDITH and TENNYSON, may I be permitted to express my regret that the claims of none of these great men have been regarded in the nomenclature of the new Australian capital?"

Mr. P. A. VAILE, the great lawn tennis and golf expert and author of *Wake up, England*, though himself a New Zealander, takes a keen interest in Australian politics. He writes: "The Australians have missed a great opportunity. They should have called their capital Boomeranga, or, perhaps, Boumëringue, in memory of the famous aboriginal missile which, when all is said and done, is the outstanding contribution of Australia to the inventions of the world. I may add that I have for many years been engaged in researches into the flight of the boomerang, in which the antagonism of topspin and undercut is reduced to a perfect harmony, and hope soon to publish them in a definitive monograph."

Sir GEORGE BIRDWOOD writes: "Inasmuch as philologists trace the derivation of the word to an aboriginal perversion of 'Cranberry,' a fruit which grows in great luxuriance on the spot, I can only say that I prefer it to Wallaby, Wattleton or Federalia."

Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM expresses regret, on the grounds of euphony, that the more melodious name of Myola was not chosen. "The termination -ola," he observes, "is consecrated to music—*e.g.*, viola, pianola—though an exception must be made in the case of Gorgonzola—and naturally appeals with peculiar force to all persons of an artistic temperament.

Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH writes: "I must confess to a bitter disappointment that the name which I suggested, viz. Proportionalia, with a view to celebrating the triumph of proportional representation, did not even achieve the distinction of serious consideration. I cannot profess enthusiasm for Canberra, but it is a great relief to me personally that Venus was not selected."

Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE writes: "The only redeeming feature of the situation is the negative one that the name Shakspeare was rejected. For the Commonwealth to link its lot with the arch-impostor would have been a cosmic catastrophe."

The latest projected alliance between the Peerage and the Music Hall Stage is indicated by the following significant "exchange" advertisement in *The Motor Cycle*:—

"Excellent Ccronet and Banjo, each in case, for good side-car."

The honeymoon will be spent motoring.



A MINISTERIAL BANK-HOLIDAY DREAM.

O TO BE AT HAMPSTEAD NOW THAT EASTER'S HERE!

[The House, for the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, is to sit on Easter Monday.]



Old Gentleman. "Everything seems very forward, Thomas."
Thomas. "Yes, Sir; I suppose that be on account of Easter fallin' so early."
(*Old Gentleman retires indoors to think it out.*)

CRICKET REFORM.

It is becoming more and more evident that something must be done to "brighten cricket." We have listened patiently to the many helpful proposals that have appeared in the Press in the last few weeks and given them our most thoughtful consideration, and we feel that now our turn has come.

It has been suggested in some quarters that spectators should be admitted free for the last hour's play of the day. That seems to us a very happy idea, and one which might be carried a good deal further. It is generally conceded that the game cannot exist without spectators. (It is not as if the players were doing it purely for the fun of the thing.) Well, why not admit all spectators free? A much larger crowd could then be confidently counted upon. We shall be told, of course, that the club's finances would suffer from such open-handed treatment. But we have not overlooked that difficulty. It could be met by making a small charge—of perhaps a shilling a head—"upon retiring," that is to say, as they go out.

The necessity for a band has been very generally insisted upon, and quite rightly. But it is ridiculous to suppose that every member of the crowd is interested in music. And if nothing more than this is to be done it is clear that the great majority will be reduced to looking on at the cricket after all. The band must be supplemented by other attractions. A few simple side-shows would do much—a picture palace perhaps at each corner of the ground, some pierrots, an Aunt Sally or two, and, let us say, a joy-wheel would probably be found quite sufficient, for ours is ever a good-humoured crowd. The programme would, of course, have to be changed, say, twice a week, and to meet this need every touring eleven might carry with it its own little troupe of itinerant artists. Lancashire would bring its clog-dancers, Somerset its team of wrestlers, and local talent would be encouraged in every possible way. On the more special occasions (that is to say, when the match itself is more than usually dull), pageants illustrating the development of the game from pre-historic times might parade the ground.

Again, all are agreed that there is too much cricket. For this a simple remedy could be found. Why not have a season with no cricket at all? It might foster appetite.

As to alterations in the actual rules of the game, we feel a little diffident in putting forth our views, for one of the very highest authorities has just told us that what cricket really wants is "ten years of sober government and freedom from scares and criticisms." It is not that we are without happy ideas on this subject. We still believe that our notion of making the wicket so wide that the ball on occasion would pass between the stumps is really a capital one, and would add quite a sporting new element to the relations between batsman and bowler. And our own special reform—the corrugated pitch—would without doubt introduce many bright and amusing episodes. But even if we may not tamper with the rules something can surely be done to improve cricket as a spectacle. Whatever other attractions we are able to provide there must always be a few members of the crowd, old sportsmen

of the bull-dog breed, who are there to see the game. Can we do nothing to relieve the monotony for them? At least the players might adopt the very obvious expedient of fancy dress, and it would be a pity not to make use of the umpires in the same way. At present they add little or nothing to the spectacular effect.

And now we come to the final reflection that there may be no need, after all, to take any steps to brighten cricket. The problem may solve itself. When we consider all that the W.S.P.U. has done in the last few months to brighten golf, surely there is no need to despair.

THE SPORTSMAN.

ALFRED BINKS PROSSER was enjoying himself immensely. He was seated in a covered stand, while outside, in the drizzling rain so characteristic of an English spring, the Porthampton "Yellowhammers" and the Ringsley "Lobsters" manœuvred a heavy football over a large area of watery mud dotted here and there with pools of muddy water. A big button of brown and yellow—the Porthampton colours—was in his coat, and a gilt tie-pin made in the shape of a hammer also neatly indicated on which side his sympathies lay.

The "Yellowhammers" were leading by one goal to nil, and Alfred experienced a satisfying sense of having done his best to bring about this result. He had cheered his own men through fair play and foul, and had consistently booed their opponents. He had also shouted a great many pertinent exhortations, such as "Play the game, Ref.!" "Pull your socks up, Ref.!" "Go and buy a pair of specs, Ref.!" Indeed his advice to the Referee must have been a great help to that harassed official. In addition to all this he had indulged in a spirited verbal skirmish with an excited Ringsleyite, and had wittily advised him to swallow a sponge if he couldn't speak plain for spluttering.

Altogether, except for a natural and laudable hoarseness, Alfred felt at the top of his form when the whistle went for half-time.

He had long supported the "Yellowhammers" for the excellent reason that their ground was situated but twenty-two miles by rail from his home, while that of the only other professional club within reach on a Saturday afternoon was forty-six. But it was not merely territorial enthusiasm which inspired him, and as the band floundered precariously out into the open he took a bundle of papers from his pocket and reviewed his position.

To Mr. Jim Blow, of Lucerne, Switzerland, he had sent a postal order for 10*s.* and various forecasts of football results. If all these forecasts proved correct he would win £12 10*s.* Among them he had given Porthampton to win.

From Mr. Ted Bangs, of Geneva, Switzerland, he might similarly expect to receive £25 if all his predictions were successful; and among them he had given Porthampton to win.

In the weekly Football Competition organised by *Trifles*, which offered a prize of £100 for a correct forecast of the results of twenty-four selected matches, he had given Porthampton to win.

In a parallel Competition arranged by *Masses Weekly* for a prize of £200, he had given Porthampton to win.

In the Competition announced by *Piffling Pars*, which offered a prize of £500 on the same terms, he had given Porthampton to win.

Likewise in the *Whispers* Competition for £4 a week for life—— But stay! What was this? Alfred stamped his foot with vexation. He remembered now what up to this moment he had utterly forgotten. Just as he had been on the point of crossing out Ringsley on the *Whispers* coupon a few days before, some obscure instinct had prompted him to stay his hand, and he had given the result a draw!

Four pounds a week for life! He dropped the tie-pin and the button into his pocket and went out for a breather. When he sat down again it was in another part of the stand.

Here for some time he urged on the efforts of the "Lobsters" with the utmost zeal, completely putting to shame a small group of Ringsleyites near him. Then at last the ball flashed into the "Yellowhammers'" net and made the scores level, and he gave a long sigh of relief as he watched the goal-keeper pick himself up and scrape the mud out of his mouth.

Minute after minute passed without any further score, and Alfred now sat unwontedly quiet, feeling more and more certain of his £4 a week. But five minutes from time the "Yellowhammers" seemed suddenly to develop a fresh access of energy. They began to press strongly; and in spite of himself, in defiance of all reason, Alfred found himself becoming wildly excited on their behalf. Fight against it as he would, there surged into his breast a mad, illogical, but sporting hope that Porthampton might win.

A minute from time the "Yellowhammers'" centre-forward found the ball at his feet about forty yards from the Ringsley goal. Alfred yelled piercingly, "Shoot, you silly fool! Shoot!" The centre did not shoot, but swung the ball to the outside right. Alfred rose to his feet and waved his arms. The outside man raced along the touch-line and lofted the ball towards the goal-mouth. Alfred stamped on the boards and bawled incoherently. The inside right slid forward, and with a quick jerk of his head sent the ball flying into a top corner of the net. Alfred brought down both his fists with a crash upon the bowler hat of the man in front of him, and with a thrill of pure, unhesitating, rapturous triumph screamed "GOAL!"

At the risk of losing £208 a year for life, Alfred Binks Prosser had shown himself a sportsman. . . . Nor, since his other predictions were all wrong, did he ever have cause to regret it.



Mrs. Bigg (having the worst of the argument). "NAH THEN, CHUCK IT; YOU 'VE ALWAYS GOT MORE TO SAY THAN YER 'AVE TO EAT."



Joan. "ONE REALLY SEES SOME VERY RESPECTABLE-LOOKING PEOPLE AMONG THESE THEATRICAL FOLK."
Rev. Darby. "OH, DEAR ME, YES! I UNDERSTAND THAT MANY OF THEM HAVE QUITE NICE HOMES."

DEFERRED STOCK.

IT was a wonderful Spring afternoon. Perambulators blossomed on the Heath, boy scouts burgeoned into scoutmasters, crocodiles had come out of their lairs. On every side of me young male shop-assistants walked and whispered honeyed nothings into the shell-like ears of young female dittos. I only was sad. This was because of a little explanation I had had with Araminta just after lunch. I was rather pleased than otherwise when she said to me, "Of course you remembered to buy that foolscap this morning?" because it gave me a chance to expound to her the principle on which I regulate the petty details of everyday life. It is a fixed idea with Araminta that I am slightly careless and unmethodical. Nothing could be further from the truth. So I said, "No," and at the same time smiled sardonically. (An article on sardonic smiles, illustrated by photographs of the faces of Cabinet Ministers smiling them, will be found on some other page of some other paper.) After I had got this over and my mouth had resumed its normal footing, Araminta, looking slightly relieved, went on. "But you said you simply must have it to-night," she murmured reproachfully, "and some bootlaces and dog biscuits——"

"Araminta," I broke in, "civilization is a lethargic monotony. We are both lotus-eaters; so is the dog. Constant supplies of little luxuries lie round about our door——"

"Not unless you order them up in the morning."

"—— lie, I should rather say, behind the counters of the little shops at the end of the street. Why should I get these things an instant before they are absolutely needed? If it is at all possible to infuse any flavour of romance into our swathed and padded existence, it can only be done by waiting until the last possible chance, and then sallying forth like a relief expedition and buying boot-powder, tooth-laces, sealing-biscuits and dog-wax at the psychological moment when failure to procure them would bring the wolf to the door. In all good stories of desert islands it is just when the dishevelled mariner despairs of being able to cook the yams or iguanas which he has been lassoing all morning with his neck-tie that the bale of hermetically-sealed pine-vestas is washed ashore from the wreck. So it is with me. It is quite true that I have been longing for foolscap, not to speak of various other what-nots. It is quite true that I must have them this evening——"

"Isn't it better?" began Araminta, seizing a moment when I stopped for breath—

"No, it is not better to have them always in stock. That is your method, but not mine. In a few moments I shall issue forth and pay a visit to the stationer; from him I shall go on to the biscuit-monger and the bootwright and come back hung all over with little parcels like the good St. Nicholas. Your ideal, it seems, is the Garden of Alcinous, where the greengroceries never run out. Mine is the date-palm of the oasis which greets the eye of the thirsty Bedouin, now at his last gasp. Such is romance."

So saying, and before Araminta had time to recover from her bewilderment, I clapped my plum-coloured Carlsbad on my head and went out.

As I said before, all nature was smiling. Shop-assistants cooed of love. It was then that I became suddenly sad. I should not have minded about nature; it was the shop-assistants who worried me. I realised almost at once that it was Thursday afternoon; and Thursday is our early-closing day.

THE LANDSCAPE GARDENER.

REALLY I know nothing about flowers. By a bit of luck, James, my gardener, whom I pay half-a-crown a week for combing the beds, knows nothing about them either; so my ignorance remains undiscovered. But in other people's gardens I have to make something of an effort to keep up appearances. Without flattering myself I may say that I have acquired a certain manner; I give the impression of the garden lover, or the man with shares in a seed-company, or—or something.

For instance, at Creek Cottage, Mrs. Atherley will say to me, "That's an *Amphilobertus Gemini*," pointing to something which I hadn't noticed behind a rake.

"I am not a bit surprised," I say calmly.

"And a *Gladiophinium Banksii* next to it."

"I suspected it," I confess in a hoarse whisper.

Towards flowers whose names I know I adopt a different tone.

"Aren't you surprised to see daffodils out so early?" says Mrs. Atherley with pride.

"There are lots out in London," I mention casually. "In the shops."

"So there are grapes," says Miss Atherley.

"I was not talking about grapes," I reply stiffly.

However at Creek Cottage just now I can afford to be natural; for it is not gardening which comes under discussion these days, but landscape-gardening, and anyone can be an authority on that. The Atherleys, fired by my tales of Sandringham, Chatsworth, Arundel, and other places where I am constantly spending the week-end, are re-adjusting their two-acre field. In future it will not be called "the garden" but "the grounds."

I was privileged to be shown over the grounds on my last visit to Creek Cottage.

"Here," said Mrs. Atherley, "we are having a plantation. It will keep the wind off; and we shall often sit here in the early days of summer. That's a weeping ash in the middle. There's another one over there. They'll be lovely, you know."

"What's that?" I asked, pointing to a bit of black stick on the left; which, even more than the other trees, gave the impression of having been left there by the gardener while he went for his lunch.

"That's a weeping willow."

"This is rather a tearful corner of the grounds," apologised Miss Atherley. "We'll show you something brighter directly. Look there—that's the oak in which KING CHARLES lay hid. At least, it will be when it's grown a bit."

"Let's go on to the shrubbery," said Mrs. Atherley. "We are having a new grass path from here to the shrubbery. It's going to be called Henry's Walk."

Miss Atherley has a small brother called Henry. Also there were eight Kings of England called Henry. Many a time and oft one of those nine Henrys has paced up and down this grassy walk, his head bent, his hands clasped behind his back; while behind his furrowed brow, who shall say what world-schemes were hatching? Is it the thought of WOLSEY which makes him frown—or is he wondering where he left his catapult? Ah! who can tell us? Let us leave a veil of mystery over it . . . for the sake of the next visitor.

"The shrubbery," said Mrs. Atherley proudly, waving her hand at a couple of laurel bushes and a—I've forgotten its name now, but it is one of the few shrubs I really know.

"And if you're a gentleman," said Miss Atherley, "and want to get asked here again, you'll always *call* it the shrubbery."

"Really, I don't see what else you could call it," I said, wishing to be asked down again.

"The patch."

"True," I said. "I mean, Nonsense."

I was rather late for breakfast next morning; a pity on such a lovely spring day.

"I'm so sorry," I began, "but I was looking at the shrubbery from my window and I quite forgot the time."

"Good," said Miss Atherley.

"I must thank you for putting me in such a perfect room for it," I went on, warming to my subject. "One can actually see the shrubs—er—shrubbing. The plantation too seems a little thicker to me than yesterday."

"I expect it is."

"In fact, the tennis lawn——" I looked round anxiously. I had a sudden fear that it might be the new deer-park. "It still is the tennis lawn?" I asked.

"Yes. Why, what about it?"

"I was only going to say the tennis lawn had quite a lot of shadows on it. Oh, there's no doubt that the plantation is really asserting itself."

Eleven o'clock found me strolling in the grounds with Miss Atherley.

"You know," I said, as we paced Henry's Walk together, "the one thing the plantation wants is for a bird to nest in it. That is the hall-mark of a plantation."

"It's Mother's birthday to-morrow. Wouldn't it be a lovely surprise for her?"

"It would, indeed. Unfortunately this is a matter in which you require the co-operation of a feathered friend."

"Couldn't you try to persuade a bird to build a nest in the weeping ash? Just for this once?"

"You're asking me a very difficult thing," I said doubtfully. "Anything else I would do cheerfully for you; but to dictate to a bird on such a very domestic affair——. No, I'm afraid I must refuse."

"It need only just *begin* to build one," pleaded Miss Atherley, "because Mother's going up to town by your train to-morrow. As soon as she's out of the house the bird can go back to anywhere else it likes better."

"I will put that to any bird I see to-day," I said, "but I am doubtful."

"Oh, well," sighed Miss Atherley; "never mind."

* * * * * *

"What do you think?" cried Mrs. Atherley as she came in to breakfast next day. "There's a bird been nesting in the plantation!"

Miss Atherley looked at me in undisguised admiration. I looked quite surprised—I know I did.

"Well, well!" I said.

"You must come out afterwards and see the nest and tell me what bird it is. There are three eggs in it. I am afraid I don't know much about these things."

"I'm glad," I said thankfully. "I mean, I shall be glad to."

We went out eagerly after breakfast. On about the only tree in the plantation with a fork to it a nest balanced precariously. It had in it three pale-blue eggs splotched with light-brown. It appeared to be a blackbird's nest with another egg or two to come.

"It's been very quick about it," said Miss Atherley.

"Of our feathered bipeds," I said, frowning at her, "the blackbird is notoriously the most hasty."

"Isn't it lovely?" said Mrs. Atherley. She was still talking about it as she climbed into the trap which was to take us to the station.

"One moment," I said, "I've forgotten something." I dashed into the house and out by a side door, and then sprinted for the plantation. I took the nest from the weeping and overweighted ash and put it carefully back in the hedge by the tennis-lawn. Then I returned more leisurely to the house.

If you ever want a job of landscape-gardening thoroughly well done, you can always rely upon me. A. A. M.

SOCIETY IN THE SUN.

(With acknowledgments to the Monte Carlo representatives of our photographic contemporaries.)



LORD AND LADY BERTIE MAINWARING TAKING A CONSTITUTIONAL. LADY BERTIE, WE NEED NOT REMIND OUR READERS, WAS RECENTLY ONE OF THE BEAUTIES OF THE LYRIC STAGE.



THE GRAND DUKE OF SPLOSHSTEIN-PUNTERSBURG LEAVING THE CASINO WITH TOPSY, LADY SPIFFINGTON. WE HEAR HIS SERENE HIGHNESS HAS BEEN LOSING HEAVILY THIS SEASON, WHICH MAY ACCOUNT FOR HIS EXPRESSION.



GENERAL SIR HERCULES DE VERE BROWNE WALKING ON THE TERRACE WITH A FRIEND.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DUMPSHIRE LEAVING THEIR HOTEL AFTER LUNCHEON.



ANOTHER MILITANT.

Mother. "SO YOU TRIED TO TAKE HER HOOP AWAY AND SHE BOXED YOUR EARS? WELL, IT SERVED YOU QUITE RIGHT!"
Bobby. "OH, MUMMY, MUMMY, YOU SEE I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS A SUFFRAGETTE!"

THE CHANGELING.

"GRAY were her eyes as the deeps of a mountain-locked water,
Pink as the bloom of a blush-rose her countenance shone;
Love made of my heart, Mrs. Jones, an immediate slaughter—
I refer to the infant you showed me last week, to the daughter
Who seems to have gone.

"She knew a good thing when she saw it. Not everyone chooses,
Directly they gaze at my features, to burst into crows,
But she, only lately alit from aerial cruises,
Six months from the skies, she remembered *The Masque of the Muses*
And made for my nose.

"It was love at first sight; we were natures predestined to tally;
And I think, if those tales of a former existence are true,
In Babylon I and your daughter erewhile had been pally,
For as soon as I said to her, 'Diddums,' she answered my sally
With a spirited 'Goo'!

"And now what is this you have brought me? This thing that gets furious,
Howls at my overtures, screams when I jest as I did,
Blind to all bonds of the past, to all sense of a curious
Psychic affinity. Lady, the article's spurious:
That's not your kid.

"Not a trace of your ravishing child I detect in this gaby,
With two little dots in a plum-coloured face; I can see
Not a hint of my fair in this fractious—whatever it may be;
I don't doubt that it's cutting its teeth, but your genuine baby
Would never cut me.

"I am sorry (please take it away and do something to stop it;
How can I go on in the midst of this horrible moan?)—
I am sorry, I say, for your bright, your original poppet,
But the facts are quite patent, the gipsies have managed to swap it
For one of their own."

Sincerely I spoke. To assist the good lady I said it,
But (strange to relate) she took umbrage; with kisses and purrs
Besmothered the bantling, refused altogether to credit
My views on its origin; calmed it and rocked it and fed it,
And *still* says it's hers. EVOE.

"O'Neil is in the feather-weights (9st. and under) and Pollard competes in the feather-weights (10st. and under)."—*Gloucester Citizen.*

JACK JOHNSON, we understand, is another entry for the feather-weights (20st. and under).

"'The factory man that doesn't have belt troubles simply beats the trouble bird to his belts and keeps them in order.' That's what our New York manager, Mr. Chase, says, and he has had as much or more belt experience than any man we know."—*Advt.*

We do not like this sort of talk. It seems to us hardly delicate.



POUR LA PATRIE.

FRANCE (*calling for a third year of military service*). "THIS IS A GREAT SACRIFICE WHICH YOUR COUNTRY ASKS OF YOU, MON ENFANT. ARE YOU READY TO MAKE IT?"

CITIZEN SOLDIER. "BUT OF COURSE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 10.—La Session est morte. Vive la Session!

Death happened last Friday. New birth dates from to-day. House, in fact, has enjoyed exhilarating recess of two days, one being Sunday, the other including usual Saturday half-holiday. Reasonable to expect in such circumstances that legislators who for thirteen months have had their noses in uncomfortable proximity to Parliamentary grindstone would come back browned by exposure to occasional rain, brimful of health and spirits, eager to buckle-to at business of fresh session. On the contrary, gathering in both Houses unprecedentedly small, deplorably depressed.

Noble Lords, whose business aptitude is well known, having listened to speeches from mover and seconder of Address, Leader of Opposition and Leader of House, straightway agreed, and went off to dinner on stroke of half-past seven. The Commons, faced by necessity of working double tides in order to meet exigencies of financial year, which closes on 31st, could not stand things later than nine minutes to eight, at which precise moment a dwindling gathering dispersed. But they did not confirm Address, over which talk will simmer for rest of the week. When limit of Ministerial patience is reached there will be loud complaints of tyrannical shortening of debate. And here, on very first night of Session, something like half a sitting is wantonly chucked away.

The MEMBER FOR SARK, looking in at House of Lords, found ABERCONWAY on his legs, moving Address with successful observance of consecrated custom by which original thought or independent criticism is regarded as undesirable. Afraid worry and weariness of long Session have told upon a disposition naturally kind, peculiarly sweet. SARK certainly grumpy.

"Seems to me," he growled, "Parliament is being run strictly on family lines. Just heard FRANCIS M'LAREN arrayed in velvet and fine linen make neat little speech seconding Address in the Commons. Come here and find my old friend, his father, moving Address in Lords."

Young M'LAREN, gifted with a fine voice, accomplished in elocution, acquitted himself in manner that drew frequent cheers from both sides. Only threatened note of discord was struck by opening sentence, when he described himself as the youngest Member on Ministerial side. WEDGWOOD BENN, seated Gangway end of Treasury Bench, obviously thought remark superfluous. Accustomed to have that distinction attributed to him—he never assumes anything for himself—naturally did not like to hear it claimed by another. Made movement as if about to rise and enter protest. Fortunately BANBURY, sitting next to him, quickly discerned situation and laid restraining hand on the Cherub's shoulder, and what for half a minute threatened an unpleasant scene passed over.



MORE BANBURY SENSATIONS.

BANBURY'S appearance on Treasury Bench created consternation in Strangers' Gallery. Rumour ran round asserting that he had "been bought." Various surmises as to particular price extorted for so great a possession. Some said he had ousted LLOYD GEORGE from the Exchequer. Others affirmed that, at ten minutes' notice, he had undertaken care of the Navy, *vice* WINSTON, about to be elevated to the House of Lords. Absence of MCKENNA from Treasury Bench being noticed, it was thought that BANBURY had accepted the Home Secretaryship and that Suffragettes had better look out.

Simple fact is that, in accordance with ancient tradition, the MEMBER FOR THE CITY OF LONDON has a place found for him on Ministerial Bench on opening night of new Parliament. PRINCE ARTHUR doesn't hanker after privilege. But BANBURY, wrestling with native modesty, takes the prominent place, enlarging the bounds of precedent to include the third Session.

Reference in Speech from the Throne to anniversary of KING EDWARD'S wedding-day stirred up memories of fifty years ago in bosom of young M'LAREN. "We are," he said, "all delighted to be reminded of those days long ago when QUEEN ALEXANDRA came in the Spring as a bride to London."

Business done.—Parliament meets for third Session.

Friday.—What I like about ROWLAND HUNT is his thoroughness. Time flies so rapidly, events crowd upon each other with such bewildering insistence, that his first Parliamentary achievement is forgotten. Two years ago young bloods of Unionist party, convinced that "Arthur is played out," succeeded in relieving him of cares of Leadership. Have since from time to time had occasion to meditate upon sagacity of the move. It was ROWLAND HUNT who first raised standard of revolt. Declared from his place behind Front Opposition Bench that he had no confidence in his nominal Leader.

This too much even for cynical indifference of PRINCE ARTHUR. Decided that if someone must go he was not the man to budge. Accordingly ROWLAND was drummed out of regiment, Party whips being no longer sent to him. By-and-by he came to heel again, and has since reserved his gift of denunciation for more legitimate objects on t' other side of the table.

Still in his ashes lives their wonted fire. Amendments to Address touching on most of conceivable topics have through the week crowded the paper. For the most part lengthy in phrase, rambling in argument, they excited no interest. Such as have been submitted have not succeeded in drawing an audience appreciably exceeding a quorum. Then comes ROWLAND, effectively bringing up the rear with an amendment whose comprehensiveness encircles the globe.

He proposed to ask the House to approach the Sovereign with expression of regret "that Your Majesty's Government have failed to provide sufficient forces on sea or land or in the air for preserving the safety of the country and the Empire."

Omission of reference to the waters under the earth seems to imply exceptional satisfaction with the submarine flotilla. Unfortunately the Amendment, standing at end of long list, was not reached, and conjecture on this point lacks support or dismissal by explanation. 'Twill serve as it stood. When mighty intellect has bent itself to consideration of vital issues on land and sea and in the air, what is happening in the deep unfathomed caves of ocean may, like Ministerial plan for reform of Second Chamber, be left for consideration at a later unnamed date.

Business done.—After five days' dreary debate in House rarely half full, Address agreed to. Main interest centres in fact that at opening of new Session Ministerial majority was maintained at or about the round 100.

HOME LIES.

WHEN she comes to watch me play,
Kate (my sister) loves to brag
Of the goal I dropped one day;
Says I smashed the corner-flag,
And the ribs of Jones (the blue)—
"Quite a gentle tackle, too!"

When my blind untutored smites
Earn their spectacled rewards,
Katie solemnly recites
How I stopped the clock at Lord's
"With a shot that HOBBS or FRY
Simply wouldn't *dare* to try!"

When, again, to dearer friends
She explains with what an ease,
As the sacred flame descends,
I descend to lines like these—
Does my blushing sweetheart, Maud,
Listen, rapt and overawed?

Not a bit of it; she knows
Any self-respecting kid
Always keeps a stock of those
Things her brother never did—
Knows that *her* relations weave
Yarns which *I* do not believe.

All her people love to spout
Streams of eulogistic rot,
Vie with mine in pointing out
Virtues that we haven't got,
Till we cry through tears of shame:
"Dear, I love you just the same!"

"The Small Woman.

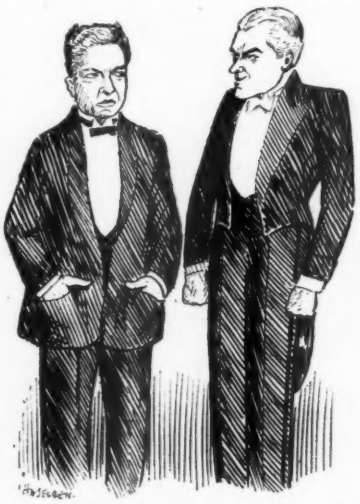
A Plea for a greater Range of Ready-made Sizes."—*Daily Chronicle.*

After all, size is not everything.

AT THE PLAY.

"OPEN WINDOWS."

WHETHER or not Mr. MASON, when he is out to write one of his pleasant books, is apt to look at real life too much through the eyes of a teller of tales with whom the story comes first and humanity second, it is certain that his new play betrays the hand of the novelist. He seemed to treat his audience as if they were readers of a serial of which they had had the misfortune to miss the first twenty chapters, and needed a *résumé* of the foregoing argument. Unhappily, the necessary revelations had to be made by word of mouth, and required a very delicate diplomacy, and this took up practically



John Herrick (Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER) to *Philip Brook* (Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE). "Your request that I should hand your daughter over to you is couched in very unusual terms. You say nothing about 'the paternal instinct.'"

the whole of the First Act, and even then they were none too clear. But this wouldn't have mattered much if Mr. MASON, in his anxiety to be done with his preliminary chapters, had not been tempted to ignore the improbability of some of the conditions under which he made his *précis*. Thus for the purposes of his play he has somehow to impart to us the chequered career of *Philip Brook*, who under this assumed name is acting as secretary to *Sir Henry Cluffe*; and how does he do it? Scarcely has *John Herrick* (Home Secretary) set foot for the first time in *Sir Henry's* country house on a week-end visit, when his host says to him in so many words: "I have a secretary who has by heart the matter of the Bill which you want to discuss; but if you knew all that I know of his past—how he said he had climbed Mount Everest when he hadn't—you might not care to have anything to do with him. I will therefore proceed to tell you the facts, and you shall decide for yourself." Now *Sir Henry* was under no sort of obligation to *Herrick* to tell him *Brook's* secret, which could not conceivably affect the value of his political advice; but he must have been under a good deal of obligation to *Brook* himself *not* to tell it. Such, however, are the exigencies of drama without a chorus when you cut out the first eighteen years of your story.

However, on the whole, Mr. MASON coped very adroitly not only with the technical difficulties involved in our enlightenment, but with the task of making us realize a tragedy of whose remote origin we had to learn by report. Perhaps he would have done better still to have sacrificed one of the unities, as he did in *The Witness for the Defence*, where he shewed before our eyes, in that most effective First Act, the source of all the subsequent trouble.

Signs were not wanting (as they say) that he has been studying other dramatic conventions besides the unities. His stage-irony was very pronounced. When *Lady Cluffe* went out of her way to wonder how *Herrick*, minion of fortune, would conduct himself in adversity, even the most childlike of us looked knowingly up to the blue sky in absolute confidence that a bolt would presently emerge.

But there was one convention which rather irritated me. Eighteen years or so before the curtain rose, *Brook* had passed a "riotous" week with his lover in Fontainebleau (I give the epithet which she employed when relieving her husband's curiosity about this pre-nuptial episode). Being too poor to marry her, and, I dare say, too much pressed for time (for his ship had already started from Tilbury), *Brook* went on to Marseilles to join an exploration party bound for the Himalayas. It was to secure a name for the child of this union that the lady hurriedly married the unsuspecting *Herrick*. But not once, apparently, during the three years of his time in the East did it occur to *Brook* that there could be any question of a child. Yet he was not without imagination, as shown in the matter of Mount Everest.

Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE, who took the part of *Brook*, recognised that a man who is in revolt against life is seldom a very lovable personality; and he did his best (which can be very good) to discourage sympathy. On the other hand, sympathy was invited by the lady, very attractively played by Miss IRENE VANBRUGH. And I might have been quite



Little Boy. "CARRY YOUR BAG, SIR?" *Man.* "NO." *Little Boy.* "THEN I 'OPE IT STRAINS YER."

sorry for her if I could have convinced myself that, for the sake of legitimatising her child, this woman, who at the time was a star of promise in the art-world of Bohemian Paris, would have thrown up her career, married a man she didn't want, and gone to live a drab life with him and his people in Norwood (for these were still the days of his obscurity). The really pitiful figure was *Herrick* himself, but he was made of rather weak stuff, not very appealing.

The play had its moment of sensation. I do not refer to the audible thrill that ran through the theatre on the butler's announcement that Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER was about to make his first entry. I refer to the moment when *Herrick* summoned *Brook* to his room and the presence of his wife. The audience was palpably intrigued. Yet the scene when they met was not very moving. After all they had no quarrel. Neither had wronged the other. The real wrong done was by the wife to the husband, and she remained a silent spectator of the scene. It was just a question whether the child should be told the truth and allowed to choose between the two men. I am ashamed to say I was not much concerned one way or the other; though I know I ought to have been pleased when her grace and sweetness imposed silence upon both her fathers—actual and adoptive.

Mr. MASON's theme did not make for hilarity, but I think he might still have given us more to laugh about, though I grant that his one joke was quite good. I omit, from sheer sense of tact, to mention the unrehearsed humours of a certain deciduous moustache, which went far to relieve the strain of the Second Act. The gay girlishness of *Elsie* (very prettily played by Miss ROSALIE TOLLER) brought relief, but tempered by the reflection that she was the very centre round which the tragedy turned.

The acting throughout was sound, but it revealed no very new talent and added little to established reputations.

In conclusion you may want to know what the "Open Windows" were for, and what they opened on. I think they had something to do with sanitation; and I know they had nothing to do with KEATS. I have an impression that they were first mentioned in connection with Norwood; and there, of course, the view from them may well have been "forlorn"; but not over "faerie lands." O. S.

"IN THE SPRING."

WE select the following items, from various catalogues which have lately reached us, as being in harmony with the approaching wedding season:—

MISS FORTESCUE (LILY).—Delicately tinted with pink; long slender white throat; very elegant and graceful; slightly scented; looks best by artificial light; very popular in drawing-rooms and conservatories during winter months; requires attention; must not be cut.

MISS WINGATE (DAISY).—A strong new growth; crimson lips, bright eyes; reaches perfection out of doors when allowed to run wild; may be introduced anywhere with confidence.

THE HON. MRS. PENDRAGON (ROSE).—An old favourite; mature, well rounded, sturdy growth; clinging variety; needs re-planting in order to thrive.

LORD RONALD (KENTISH NUT).—True stock; thin, extra curled, quick sprouting imperial variety; much in request for dinner-tables.

MISS PERKINS (WALLFLOWER).—Very hardy; blooms all the year round; requires no attention.

THE SOFA-DOG.

"NAUGHTY dog," said Francesca—she was addressing, not me, but the Great Dane—"you have been on the sofa again."

"Well," I said, "he's off it now. As soon as he heard your fairy footsteps in the passage he began to slink off. It's quite wonderful what an ear dogs have for footsteps."

"He's a very wicked dog," said Francesca.

"No, no! He thinks it's a trick. He's got it into his head that you'd be bitterly disappointed if he didn't get on to the sofa when you're not in the room and get off it as soon as he hears you coming. Just you try him. Go into the passage. There! He's up again. Knock at the door. Didn't I tell you? Isn't he the quickest mover out of a sofa you ever saw? Oh, good dog, good dog!"

"Sofas," said Francesca, "are not meant for dogs. You encourage him to spoil them. You never think of the covers he ruins."

"Oh, yes," I said, "I do. I know the covers by heart. Let me tell you what they are. There are two brown herons apparently feasting on red azaleas, blue convolvuluses (or convolvuli, if you prefer it) and yellow melons. It is an intricate and beautiful picture of heron-life, when the world was a younger and a better place."

"It was not designed for dogs," she said.

"There," I said, "you go again. For my part, I believe the inventor intended his pattern to be completed by a dog. It was his last picture. He had meant to weave in a dog somewhere, but death came upon him before he had time. 'Put a dog with the herons,' he murmured with his last breath, but they did not understand him. And now this dumb animal of ours takes up a great artist's thought and completes it."

"Covers it with mud," she said.

"Completes it," I repeated. "That dog teaches us all a lesson. Francesca, do you know who said that?"

"Yes," she said, "it was NAPOLEON, but he did not speak of furniture."

"He spoke of what he saw, and so do I. And, what is more, I will not allow——"

"You must not," she said, "be too Napoleonic. Such an attitude is improper in a modest household like ours. You were going to say——?"

"I was going to say that I will not allow myself to speak harshly to you, even if you fail in sympathy with the natural desire of a dog to avoid draughts."

"Draughts?"

"Yes, draughts. You will find if you lie down on the floor that it is a mass of draughts."

She bent herself to the carpet. "There isn't a vestige of draught," she said.

"Not there, Francesca," I cried. "That's the only draughtless spot in the room. Try close to the door. Lie down there with your face on your paws. Look out! The butler's coming."

"He isn't."

"No. I invented him; but you don't do it as well as the dog."

"You are too clever this morning," she said.

"It is a way I have," I said.

"And that being so," she continued, "I have determined to resign all my household duties into your hands."

"Francesca," I said, "you overwhelm me."

"Poor dear," she went on, talking softly to herself, "it is a very hard morning for him to begin on."

"No matter," I said; "I am ready. Only tell me what I have to do, so that I may note it down on paper."

"Food first," she said. "You will start with the cook."

"Oh, but that's delightful!" I said. "Do you know, Francesca, that it has been my one ambition to interview Mrs. Pears officially? I have caught glimpses of her when the children have had Christmas trees, but now I shall really know her."

"That's capital," said Francesca. "And you must order luncheon and dinner, you know."

"Yes," I said, "we will lunch on beefsteak and kidney pie, roly-poly pudding, and, just to celebrate the occasion, a Welsh rarebit."

"An excellent meal for the children," she said. "Alice and Frederick particularly will revel in it. But there might not be any kidneys."

"No kidneys!" I said. "There must be millions of kidneys in the world."

"Then," she said, "you must think of the servants, and you must order dinner for us. But I will not interfere with you further."

"Oh, yes," I said, "do interfere with me. I want you to. I like it. I'm not like some. I——"

"Well then," she said, "after Mrs. Pears you must see nurse. She's dissatisfied about something. And the housemaid wants to consult you about linen; and Bain has a list of garden things he wants to buy; and the boot-boy's mother is going to call at 11 o'clock to plead the cause of her son, who has done something abominable with a catapult; and after that you'll have to sit by Muriel and Nina while they practise; and there'll be lots of other things turning up as you go along. Away with you now to your work, and whatever happens keep a brave heart and a smiling face. I shall stay here to look after the dog and muse on the mutability of human affairs."

"Francesca," I said after a pause, "I have been thinking this matter over, and I have come to the conclusion that things had better go on as they are."

"I thought you'd think that," she said.

"The duties you propose to me, though various, are slight and unimportant. I should perform them too well and too quickly, and I should thus put a slur on all your past activities. You would never be able to look me in the face again. I cannot bear that thought. Go and busy yourself about the hive while I stay here and guard your self-respect."

"And you may as well," she said, "keep an eye on the furniture."

"Get down at once, Odin," I said. "Sofas were not meant for dogs."

R. C. L.

REAL TURTLE.

On the cold of a pavement in ugly E.C.,
A show for the idle and curious giving,
Crude calipash stiffens and crude calipee,
Past feeling, let's hope, but yet horribly living;
Chelonian, spoil of a warm tropic tide,
With horny eyes glazing, with flippers' faint gesture,
They've laid him—awaiting a summons inside,
Where the chef and his satellites stand in white vesture.

Does he hear—if at all, as I hope he does not—
In the chatter around him the monkeys that quarrel
Where the palms fringe the beaches, blue, steamy and hot?
Is the roar of the traffic the surf on the coral?
I know not, but only beg leave to opine
That he's helplessly tragic, an object of pity;
May his ghost haunt your slumbers, O masters of mine,
Who at seven absorb turtle soup in the City.



Sportsman. "Can you tell me where to send a handkerchief I have found belonging to Father Maloney?"
Irish Priest. "I can; but he 'll have no use for ut. He 's been in Hiven these three weeks."

THE EASTER BONNET.

A Comedy of a Parcels Lift.

Miss Selina Lightfoot to Violette et Cie.
Easter Sunday, 1911.

Dear Madam,—I am greatly disappointed not to receive the Marie Stuart bonnet which you promised me faithfully should be here on Saturday evening. The result is that I have had to attend church in my old one, thus breaking a habit now many years old of wearing new things on this day. But what troubles me more is your failure to keep your word, for that has never happened before.

Yours truly, Selina Lightfoot.

Violette et Cie to Miss Lightfoot.
(*By hand.*) *Easter Tuesday.*

Dear Madam,—Your letter is very surprising, for our messenger-boy, who brings this, positively assures us that he placed the bonnet in the parcels lift to your flat on Saturday at about 5.30. As the box was too large for the lift he took out the bonnet and wrapped some silver paper round it.

We are Yours obediently,
Violette et Cie.

Miss Lightfoot to Violette et Cie.
Easter Tuesday.

Dear Madam,—I of course accept the word of your messenger. He seems a very nice honest sort of boy; but unfortunately I cannot verify it as I should like to, as the lift has stuck in the flat above; and as the occupants—an elderly gentleman and his servant—are away for the Easter holidays we cannot get in to liberate it. If, as I cheerfully believe, the bonnet is in this lift, I will obtain possession of it on their return.

Yours truly, Selina Lightfoot.

Miss Lightfoot to Mr. Browell.
(*To await arrival.*)
Easter Tuesday.

Miss Lightfoot presents her compliments to Mr. Browell and begs to draw his attention to the fact that the parcels lift has been stuck in his flat ever since his departure, to the great annoyance and inconvenience of the other tenants. Will he kindly have it put right immediately? If by any chance a parcel in silver paper should be in the lift Miss Lightfoot would be glad to have it.

Mr. Rupert Browell to Miss Lightfoot.
Three days later.

Mr. Browell presents his compliments to Miss Lightfoot and begs to say that he exceedingly regrets that the lift should have behaved so inconsiderately during his absence. It is now mended. Mr. Browell has pleasure in sending Miss Lightfoot the silver paper parcel.

Miss Lightfoot to Mr. Browell.
The same day.

Miss Lightfoot presents her compliments to Mr. Browell and would take it as a favour if he would inform her if the fish which has been occupying the lift for the past five days with her parcel belonged to him.

Mr. Browell to Miss Lightfoot.
The same day.

Mr. Browell presents his compliments to Miss Lightfoot and begs to state that the fish was a haddock ordered by his housekeeper before she was aware that both he and she were going away for Easter.

Miss Lightfoot to Violette et Cie.
The same day.

Dear Madam,—I find that, as I anticipated, your boy was quite truthful. The bonnet was in the lift; but by a sad mischance the lift contained also a haddock, which, since it was there some days, has saturated the bonnet with the odour of fish. Do you think anything could be done to put it right, and ought not the owner of the flat

above, where all the trouble occurred, to pay for it?

I am,
Yours truly,
SELINA LIGHTFOOT.

Violette et Cie. to Miss Lightfoot.
The next day

DEAR MADAM,—If you will send the bonnet we will see what can be done. Probably a new lining will serve. In any case we agree with you that it is hard that the expense should fall on you. Yours faithfully,
VIOLETTE ET CIE.

Miss Lightfoot to Mr. Browell.
The same day.

Miss Lightfoot presents her compliments to Mr. Browell and begs to inform him that her bonnet has been rendered unwearable by spending five days in the company of his haddock in a restricted space. Miss Lightfoot would be glad to know what Mr. Browell proposes to do about it.

Mr. Browell to Miss Lightfoot.
The same day.

Mr. Browell presents his compliments to Miss Lightfoot and greatly regrets that her bonnet has been rendered unwearable, but he suggests that the proper person to approach would be the landlord, who is responsible for the lift being kept in working order. It was not Mr. Browell's purchase of a fish that was irregular, but the failure of the machinery which moves the lift freely up and down.

Miss Lightfoot to Violette et Cie.
The same day.

DEAR MADAM,—If, as you think, a new lining will meet the case I agree to that being done; but I know that I shall always feel conscious of the bonnet's aroma, even if it has none, and I shall wear it only in the streets, omnibuses, &c., and never when calling, and never, of course, in church. Please tell me what the cost of the lining will be. Yours truly,
SELINA LIGHTFOOT.

Miss Lightfoot to Mr. Browell.
Two days later.

Miss Lightfoot presents her compliments to Mr. Browell and begs to inform him that the landlord denies responsibility. According to his letter he is surprised that Mr. Browell should leave his flat for so long with a fish in the lift. Miss Lightfoot has ascertained that a new lining to her bonnet, the least that can be done to it, will cost four shillings, and she begs to suggest that Mr. Browell should discharge this account.

Mr. Browell to Miss Lightfoot.
The same day.

Mr. Browell presents his compliments to Miss Lightfoot and begs to say that he considers the landlord's reply evasive. At the same time he cannot acquit himself of a certain negligence in the matter of the fish, and he therefore begs that Miss Lightfoot will allow him to defray the cost of a new bonnet and dispense with the injured one altogether.

Miss Lightfoot to Mr. Browell.
The same day.

Miss Lightfoot presents her compliments to Mr. Browell and begs to thank him for his extreme courtesy in the matter of the bonnet and the fish.

Mr. Browell to Miss Lightfoot.
A week later.

Mr. Browell presents his compliments to Miss Lightfoot and would like to inquire if she is a "Patience" player, because if so he would greatly esteem the privilege of calling upon her to explain a very fascinating variety known as "The king stops the way," which she possibly may not know and which comes out only once in very many times.

Miss Lightfoot to Mr. Browell.
November 8, 1911.

MY DEAR MR. BROWELL,—I have done it at last! It came out this evening, absolutely honestly too. I feel prouder than I can say.

Yours sincerely,
SELINA LIGHTFOOT.

Mr. Browell to Miss Lightfoot.
Easter Sunday, 1912.

DEAREST SELINA,—Please accept the accompanying flowers as a reminder of last year's embarrassments and their happy sequel.

Your devoted RUPERT.

From *The Times* of June 3, 1912:—

BROWELL : LIGHTFOOT.—On the 2nd June, at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Square, by the uncle of the bride, Canon Lightfoot, assisted by the Rev. Morrice Boy, Rupert Browell, of Belvedere Mansions, S.W., to Selina Lightfoot, second daughter of the late Major Lightfoot.

The Danger of Dictating with a Lisp.

"Office-boy wanted, to make himself youthful."—*Advt. in "Manchester Evening News."*

"In nearly all that pertains to woman's dress England has made and is making great strides."—*Daily Mail.*

One of the exceptions must be the skirt. Nobody makes great strides in that.

HALF AND HALF;
OR, THE HAPPY MEAN.

[The fashion columns of an evening paper definitely threaten the *Zouave*, or trouser skirt.]

JONES'S sails will now want trimmin';
No more scope henceforth for him in
Laying down the law to women.

Frankly, dismally he owns
He was all for picking bones
Up to now with Mrs. Jones.

She is pretty, she is good,
But to all who ask her would
Say she is misunderstood.

All the intellectual pitch,
All the noble purpose which
Animates the smarter rich

In a very marked degree
Animates herself, but he
Calls it mere frivolity.

When she kept a poodle cat,
Very bald and very fat,
He did not approve of that.

When she danced the Flapper's Flit
(Hailed in Kensington as It)
He professed to have a fit.

When she smoked her first cigar
(Oh, how narrow husbands are!)
"You," said he, "have gone too far."

In the breezy *tête-à-tête*
Which ensued, he begged to state,
She must be "more moderate."

How then could the man be hurt
Later to behold her girt
In a knickerbocker skirt

Coming down below the calves?
"When," she said, "I wear Zouaves,
I am doing things by halves."

Commercial Candour.

Notice in a shop-window:—

"Look. Look. Look.
Price Low. Quality High.
Beef Sausages.
4d. lb.
Try them and note the flavour."

"Pruning is one of the operations to which the old saw . . . is peculiarly applicable."
Daily News.

Personally we have tried pruning our apple-trees with an old saw and cannot recommend it.

A Dangerous Business.

"NEGOTIATION GOING ON.

The National Union of Railwaymen is negotiating with the Board of Trade.

NEGOTIATOR INJURED.

Mr. F. E. Smith, while out hunting at Bicester had a toss while negotiating some posts and rails and had his rib broken."
Madras Times.

For the Actor-Manager's Cigar.

"For Sale.—Massive Hall-marked Silver Cigar Case. Size 5ft. by 3ft."
Advt. in "Statesman."



THE SUSPECTED SEX.

Stationmaster-cum-porter of wayside "Halt." "'ERE, BILL, JUST KEEP AN EYE ON THE OLE GAL ON THE PLATFORM WHILST I GETS MY DINNER."

Bill. "WHOFFOR? SHE CAN'T COME TO NO 'ARM."

Stationmaster. "I'M NOT THINKIN' OF 'ER 'EALTH, I'M THINKIN' ABOUT MY STATION. SHE MIGHT WANT TO BURN IT DOWN."

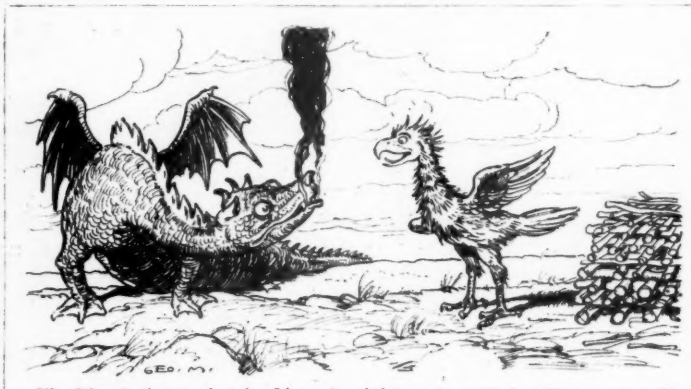
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

QUITE unshaken by the realists, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD still continues to uphold the Right; and very well it is for the land-owners of England that she does so, for *Mr. Edmund Melrose*, most dramatic of the figures who influence *The Mating of Lydia* (SMITH, ELDER), tyrannical, sinister, italianate, combining a passion for antiques with the worst excesses of rack-renting and unrighteous evictment, would have been just the fellow for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to get his knife into; as it is, a timely shot in the dark—and the pacified CHANCELLOR will rake in colossal death-duties, whilst the estate, handed over through the generosity of the heir to the wicked virtuoso's disowned daughter, will be merged with that of *Lord Tatham*, type of all that is best in our ancient aristocracy. *The Mating of Lydia* is dowered with Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD'S accustomed dignity of style, painstaking if not too intimate characterisation, and wealth of unconcealed knowledge. (Did *you* know that certain Cumbrian dalesmen still preserved the ancient "yan-tyan-tethera" and so on for "one-two-three" in counting their sheep?) *Lydia* is a slightly advanced—but, oh, so slightly advanced—young woman who sketches the Cumberland scenery. Wooed ardently by young *Lord Tatham* she prefers *Claude Faversham*, before whom a moral struggle lies. Agent and heir-expectant of the Byronic miser, he has to decide whether he will break with him if he cannot persuade him to repair the insanitary cottages that fester on his domains. Enough to say that Virtue triumphs in the end, as it did in the brave days of old before fiction had condescended to the lower middle-classes, the Pottery towns, and the outer suburbs. To all tired travellers in these wildernesses I recommend *The Mating of Lydia*.

Perhaps when I have proclaimed myself as this great while past one of the most zealous admirers of "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM," which I certainly am, he will allow me to produce one very small bone for picking between us. It is not that I in the least object to his recapturing the first fine careless rapture of his funny stories by repeating them. I do not. Indeed, I myself could be after reading them every day for a whole year and more, the way I would still be amused at the hinder end of it. What I do think unnecessary is that he should call his new book *Doctor Whitty* (METHUEN), when that plausible hero is so obviously *Dr. Lucius O'Grady* and no one else. Moreover, not only does it contain at length the episode of the local band and the National Anthem, but the other characters of *Ballintra* tally exactly with those of *Ballymoy*, namely, *Colonel Richardson* with *Major Kent*, *Thady Glynn* with *Timothy Doyle*, and so on, each with each. The artist of the picture-wrapper seems to have felt this as much as I did, for his *Dr. Whitty* is as like Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY as makes no difference. So why not have added the *Regan* episode and sold it as the book of the play? However, this once stated, I have only to record as usual my delighted appreciation of Canon HANNAY'S engaging hero, his wiles, his geniality, and his happy economies of the truth. So long as the reverend author continues thus successfully not to leave gaiety all to the laity he may call his characters by what names he pleases and be sure of a welcome from me.

It is asserted by those in the know that a book, to have any chance of a remunerative circulation nowadays, must be a novel, and the blame for this is attributed, with some confidence, to the depraved taste of the modern public. As one of the accused I resent the imputation and reply that if authors would treat us with less contempt we should be even more free with our money. Take the case of C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON; there is no doubt that the peculiar gift of these brilliant collaborators is the writing up of motor tours in a style inimitably vivid and light-hearted. As long as they continue their offer to put us in a car and give us a run over any part of the earth, no one will refuse the lift. Why then overload the caboodle with an alien plot of fictitious passion and adventure? Had *The Love Pirate* (METHUEN) been entitled *The Californian Tour* and been written as such, I should have been the last person to be disagreeable about it—it was the best of *bons voyages*; but the alleged virtues of *Nick Hilliard* and the *Princess di Sereno*, their loves and escapades, could not convince and might bore even a child. All the end and most of the middle of the story were apparent as soon as one read the beginning. I have no doubt that the authors' intentions are of the kindest; they feel obliged to entertain their passengers *en route* and to adopt this orthodox way of doing it. Let them, say I, relieve themselves of any such obligation on any future trips which they may invite me to take in their company, and I, for my part, shall hope there will be many such. There is still plenty of ground to cover and one, if only one, form of motor with which they have not yet experimented, to wit, our old friend, the Red General, of the Heavy Brigade.



The Phœnix (preparing for his centennial transformation). "PARDON ME, SIR, BUT COULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH A LIGHT?"

Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT's fine craftsmanship, his faculties of sensitive observation and fastidious selection increase (as is seemly but none too common) with the ripeness of his experience. There are a thousand-and-one charms in *The Catfish* (HURST AND BLACKETT) and not a page over which one does not murmur, "How true!" or "How jolly!" or "By Jove, that *is* so!" The Catfish, "the demon of the deep," is, apparently, to cod as a cat to rats—uncomfortable but extraordinarily stimulating. Yet the very delicate portrait of *Mary Festing*, who, herself passed by, loves and understands and mothers *George Tracy*, the hero, ill deserves such a label under it. I make bold to say that it is the only wrong thing in Mr. MARRIOTT's book. The rest is sheer delight. The story is just the development of this central character of *George*, with so much of the lives and thoughts of others as shall serve to illuminate it, and the author has handled his theme with an admirable restraint. With a few deft touches he has presented quite a dozen and a half of sentient, articulate, lovable people. He has dared to see and to state the beauty that is in life touched, yet unclouded, by sorrow, but not made squalid in the neo-realist manner. *George Tracy* is too much alive, one would say, to be a portrait; he is the creation of an affectionate student of his kind. He remains interesting to the end, which is marriage. But his childhood is the outstanding triumph of this remarkable miniature. Such and such things are thought and said and suffered by the human boy, and such and such wounds he deals, unwillingly and half-wittingly, to those he loves. And, to be frank, I find this *George Tracy* worth all the *Stalkies* on the one side and the *Eric Littlebylittles* on the other of the modern novelists' galleries of odd and even boys.

It seems to me that the STANLEY WEYMAN traitor-hero is rather *vieux jeu*. At first, like ping-pong, he was piquant because he was new. But now we know all about him. He comes from Paris. To save his neck or fill his depleted purse he has agreed to spy upon the *noblesse*, of which he is an off-shoot, and not till the last chapter will his gallantry and his misfortunes overcome the scorn with which he inspires the blue-blooded damsel whom he fain would wed. In *Skipper Anne* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Miss MARIAN BOWER has tried to break new ground by making NAPOLEON send her young gentleman of France to England, to the home of the English tutor who had married his Royalist aunt and become the father of the necessary Royalist maiden. It was a case of "your honour or your life." Of course he chose to keep his life, and went off under an assumed name to unravel the plot that was bothering NAPOLEON. I should have done the same in his case. Instinct and novel-reading experience would have told me how charming was my *émigrée* cousin; but once I had proved it I should have dropped my pinchbeck mask and let NAPOLEON (on the other side of the Channel) go hang. But this young man tried to make the best of both stools, and fell between them. Incidentally he concealed his perfect knowledge of English from his bi-lingual relatives for more than two hundred pages, during all the time, in fact, that he was living in their house. I 'm afraid, in the language of the Halls, I *don't* think. Apart from that, I find the story rather too obvious. And there are chapters, if you will believe me, with the headings, "The Plot Thickens," and "The Green-eyed Monster." But people of a less *blasé* condition of mind than myself will find that the book is pleasantly written and not unexciting.

Suggestion for an up-to-date examination paper:—

"Indicate the probable course of English History, if militant suffrage methods had been in fashion more than three centuries ago, and

1. Mary, Queen of Scots, having gone on hunger-strike, had been instantly released by the alarmed Elizabeth.

2. Through the destruction of the turf on Plymouth Hoe, Drake had been prevented from playing his historic game of bowls.

3. Corrosive acid had been poured on the letter inviting William of Orange to England."

"An Athens telegram to-days says the Crown Prince and the Greek Government have received telegrams of congratulation from all the sovereigns and heads of States, including President Poincare, on the occasion of the fall of Janina. The massage from Emperor William is stated as being particularly cordial."

Manchester Evening News.

We know that sort of massage—a cordial thump between the shoulder-blades.

CHARIVARIA.

It has been laid down in court that hecklers may not be ejected from meetings. "The proper course," said the magistrate, "is to take such a person's name and address and apply for a summons." The process seems very swift and effective, but strikes us as rather too rough.

* * *

On the occasion of the bursting of a vat of porter at a Cork brewery, one of the workmen had to swim through the escaping liquid to save himself from drowning—thus in all probability realising the dream of a lifetime.

* * *

Salmon taken from the Tyne are alleged by the Conservancy Board of that river to taste like tar and smell like petrol. If the striking taxi-drivers are thinking of giving a little dinner to celebrate their recent victory, they need look no further for the fish-course.

* * *

The Boat-Race is ancient history now, but it will never be forgotten. It was the only one of the series which a daily paper described as "The Struggle of the Sixteen," instead of "The Battle of the Blues."

* * *

We live quickly nowadays. Twelve hours before the production of *Bought and Paid For*, at the New Theatre, *The Daily Sketch*, unable to wait any longer, mentioned what a great success the opening performance had been.

* * *

New careers seem to be flung open to our youngsters daily. A Harlesden butcher's shop is exhibiting the notice, "Wanted, a boy for sausages."

* * *

About your uninvited guest at a party there is, as a rule, a something unobtrusive, something perhaps a little furtive. He is content to slide in and remain, like some violet in its mossy bank, glued to the refreshments table. They breed stouter hearts in Cardiff, where, the other day, a citizen not only attended a wedding-breakfast without an invitation, but rounded off his day's pleasure by assaulting the host with a poker.

* * *

Life's Little Ironies. Mr. Cyril Maude had to pay twopence on the letter containing the threat to kill him.

"I never remember one day what has taken place the day before," says an eminent magistrate. Despite this assurance, however, his clerk intends to take no risks, and will laugh as usual.

* * *

A good deal of advertisement is being given just now to a hen in Pennsylvania which lays rectangular eggs, thus facilitating enormously the task of the packers. It is a kindly thought, but obviously inspired by the habits of the Dixie hens, who, if we recall the song correctly, lay their eggs ready scrambled.



THE AGE OF LUXURY.

You buy your collar-studs by the pound and never pick up the fallen ones.

Precautions are being taken by the Board of Agriculture to prevent the introduction of the potato moth from France. Channel steamers are being closely watched.

* * *

After twenty-three years' absence from London, a returned native makes the statement that all young men in the Metropolis seem to him to be dressed exactly alike. It is tactless speeches of this kind that shake the nut to his kernel.

* * *

Married at Doncaster last week, a man arrived in London alone. Asked by interested parties where his wife was, he said, "I lost her on the train." To the absent-minded the luggage rack, for all its convenience, is a great snare.

A severe earthquake was recorded by Mr. J. J. Shaw at West Bromwich, at 9 A.M. on the 14th inst. When will the Militants learn that these tactics are only damaging their cause?

* * *

The March of Civilization. Representative Hay, of Butler County, Mo., U.S.A., has introduced a Bill prohibiting women from wearing dresses that button up the back.

* * *

The writer in the evening paper who referred to *The Quintessence of Ibsenism* as "one of the best of Mr. Shaw's earlier works," has not yet received the snub which we had anticipated for implying that there are degrees in perfection.

* * *

Immediately after winning an action for heavy damages on the ground that a taxi-cab accident had ruined his chances in the ring, Mr. Harry Lewis, the American pugilist, knocked out Jack Harrison, the English middle-weight champion, in less than three rounds. Mr. Harrison would be well advised to wait for a return match till this mere wreck of a man has been run over by one or two motor-omnibuses.

* * *

London music-hall managers, always on the look-out for novel turns, have doubtless already made overtures to the Turkish general who, after the surrender of Janina, "walked slowly," according to a daily paper, "with his head bowed to the ground."

* * *

"You cannot get hold of a woman by the scruff of the neck: she has no scruff," said Mr. Symmons of the Metropolitan Bench in court recently. Scruffs for Women!

"At the Hackney Horse Show Sir Walter Gilbey's Romping Polly won second prize in the four-year-old stallion class, and second in the class for two-year-old mares."
Essex Weekly News.

To Sir Walter's disappointment, however, it was only honourably mentioned in the Jersey Cow section.

"L. G. S.—For the delicate lingerie blouse you describe we think that you will find the water in which a quantity of unsalted rice has boiled quite a sufficient stiffening, and better in this particular case than the gum-water. Wait until the mixture is cold before adding the flavouring."—*Guardian.*

This reminds us that it is time our peppermint braces were renewed.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

THOUGH much I love you, O my land (Great Britain),
And patriot ardour streams through all my pores,
Yet there are moments when I 'm badly bitten
With a desire for alien shores.

I count it joy—so dear I hold your welfare—
Pure joy to pay my taxes; yet at times
I can with comfort, for a little spell, fare
To rather less erratic climes.

Strangely enough, I get this restless feeling
When you are at your best (so poets sing),
When squalls of rain, in fact, and blizzards squealing
Usher the amorous prime of Spring.

Therefore, my Country, we are soon to sever;
Leaving this heart behind, I wing my way
To seaward valleys of the South, or ever
This lyric sees the light of day.

Yet doubt not, as I pace that balmy littoral,
Home-airs will touch me by the tideless blue;
My soul, a sensitive Æolian zither, 'll
Vibrate with kind regards to you.

Faith in your glorious future (never firmer),
Faith in your fixed intent to rule the deep—
This, and the silk-soft Mediterranean murmur,
Shall lull, at night, to dreamless sleep.

But, if the local perfume, too exotic,
By day should drug remembrance (through the nose),
Here is a thought to cancel that narcotic,
Playing upon me like a hose:—

Though we be worlds apart in point of weather,
There is but one sole Golf—my Country's game!
By those red hills, as here amid the heather,
My niblick yet must guard her name!

O. S.

THE HOOK.

"YES, Monsieur, I have suffered a great misfortune. When, two years ago, my left hand was cut off by an automobile——"

"Two years ago?" I had it on the very best authority that this sturdy rogue, who presented to the gaze of charitable passers-by an ostentatious steel hook in place of his left hand, had been begging in this Parisian suburb for something like a quarter of a century. His "misfortune" was indisputable, but it had happened to him when he was a child, long before motors were invented, and he had lived on it ever since.

"Two years ago to-day," he assured me. His eyes met mine. They were large and expressive. "To-day is the anniversary. That is why I am so sad. Two years ago to-day I was finally and for ever deprived of my livelihood. At one stroke, in a fraction of a second, that automobile ruined a great artist."

"But it is practicable to paint with one hand."

"Ah, one could paint with one's toes. Would that I had been merely a painter or an author or a composer! Even had I been a musician I might have manipulated the handle of an organ or perhaps learnt the triangle. No, Monsieur, my art was different from these. It was the only art in the world which requires two hands!"

He gesticulated dramatically. "And I was a master of my art. For years I had perfected myself patiently in its technique. And now, behold I starve. For observe, Monsieur, by no possibility can I pursue my art (or call it a profession if you insist) without a left hand as well as a right."

I fumbled in my pocket for a franc. "Tell me," I said, "what was the profession?"

His expressive eyes paid no heed to the franc, but he had seen it. "Monsieur," he replied, "I perceive that, like all your countrymen, you are sympathetic. Yes, I do not generally bare my soul to a stranger, but I have confidence in you."

The franc changed ownership. He sighed deeply.

"The unique profession," he said, "the only profession in the world which requires the use of both hands! Monsieur, I was a leading member of the *claque*."

INFORMATION.

OUR conversation had turned to the topic of gifts for children, and I gathered from a remark made by Eric Baynell that in his opinion the very best toy for a boy of five was a lettrick sinnle. I hesitated for a moment or two, and then confessed quite openly that I did not know what a lettrick sinnle was; adding, by way of excuse, that I was getting on in years and that, so far as I was concerned, the toy-age was a thing of the distant past.

Eric Baynell made no attempt to conceal his views of my ignorance; he looked at me with wide-open eyes, amazed and even pitiful. Then he ran upstairs to find his own lettrick sinnle, just to show me. It proved to be a really fascinating toy: when you pressed the button the arm fell, and when you pulled the lever it rose again, as often as not. It was as nearly like a railway signal worked by electricity as a toy could be.

This incident gave Eric an opening which he could not ignore, and my education began. In handing me his father's box he told me what a cigarette exactly was and how to work it. He felt rather sorry, I think, for this poor fool who had strayed in for tea, and his enthusiasm for enlightening the ignoramus knew very few bounds.

"You mustn't put it in your pocket 'relse it 'll get all bendy. You put one end in your mouth—watch Daddy, he can do it; not too far in—yes, that 's about right. Now you put a blaze at the other end and the smoke will come, and it 'll keep on coming and coming until there 's only a little bit of sigga-ette left, and you must throw that away."

"Throw it away? Why be so wasteful?" I asked.

"But you *must*!" exclaimed Eric in some alarm. "If you don't, the burn will get in your mouth."

While I smoked he entertained me with an account of his visit to the Zoo on the previous day. He explained just what the Zoo was, and gave me a few tips about the giraffe and his appearance. He also described his father's lawn-mower and roll-top desk. Then his eye, wandering round for something else to tell me about, fell on the piano.

"That 's the piano," he said. I indicated my astonishment. "I 'll show you how it works if you like," he said. "You have to open it first. Thank you. Then you press these white things with your fingers until the music comes out. That 's how it 's done."

"And the black things? I suppose they 're just to make a bit of a pattern," I suggested.

"Oh, no, they make noises too, when you knock them; but the black music isn't very nice, *I* think."

"I say," he said presently, "wouldn't you like to come upstairs and see Baby? He 's *very* interesting."

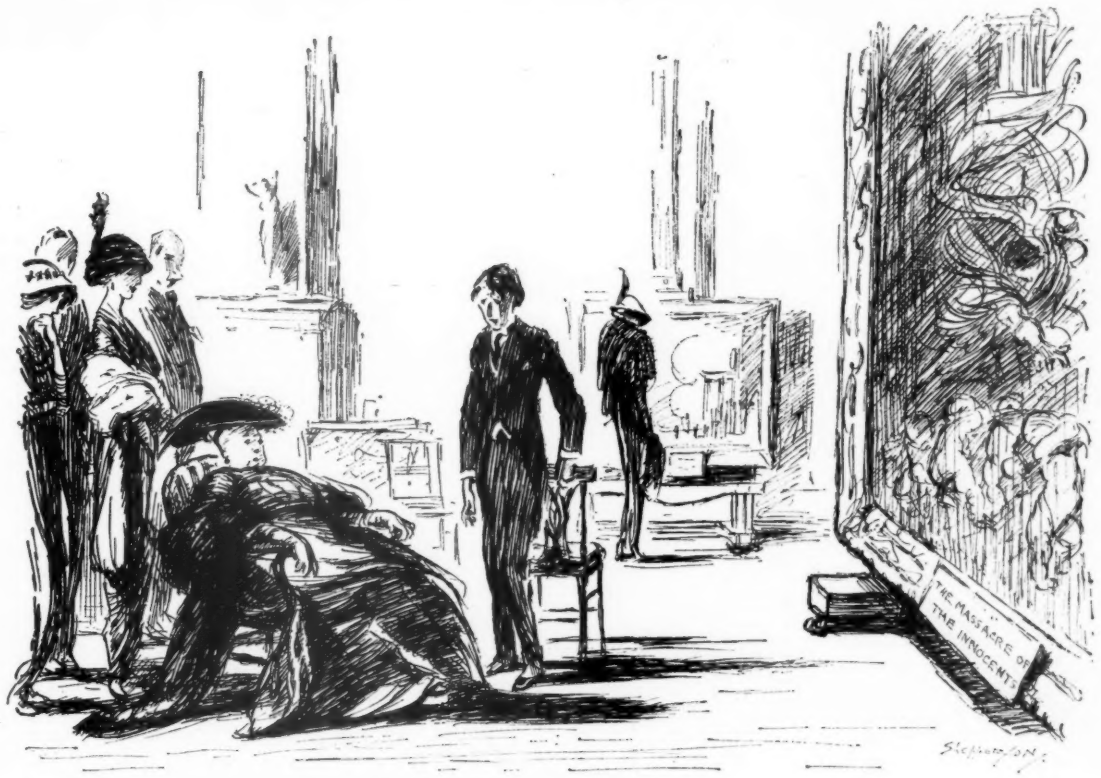
"Baby 's asleep, dear; better choose another time," said his mother.

"Well, p'r'aps we had. He works much better when he 's awake, you know."



NO EFFECTS.

Balkan Leaguer. "IT 'S YOUR MONEY WE WANT."
Turkey. "MONEY, DEAR BOY? SEARCH ME!"



SHOW SUNDAY.

Old Lady. "And does the President of the Royal Academy set you the subjects?"

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

End of the Little Season.

Park Lane.

Dearest Daphne,—I gave a little dinner the other night at the Recherché for Twirlinski, whose dancing has been easily the most outstanding feature of the Little Season. My sweet thing, if you've never seen his performance of "*La Matinée d'un Bœuf*," you've never really lived! It's not exactly what *ces autres* call dancing—*choregraphic poem* is its proper name. He wears an ox's skin and horns, and grazes, and finds a red handkerchief in the field and tosses it, and gives a wonderful bellow on middle C, and a *kick*, my dear child, that's an absolute stroke of genius! A great sob of joy went through the house when that kick was given.

Off, Twirlinski is quite charming, with a most interesting point of view, which he develops in broken English and chipped French. We can none of us quite tell what colour his eyes are. Babs says they're brown. *I* say they're blue. After an enormous amount of coaxing we got him to give some lessons in the new kind of dancing, which expresses the emotions of animals. I learned the *dearest* little dance, "*La Demi-heure d'un Agneau*," in which I express the feelings of a lamb when it first sees a leaf of mint. I wear the darlingest white fleecy dress, and dear Twirlinski says my performance proves me to be "*Artiste jusqu'au bout des ongles!*" Babs and some others also learned of him and, when we were pretty perfect, of course we began to look about for a charity. When one's taken up something new and looks *specially* charming doing it, always the next move is to find a charity that wants help! But all the charities were bagged, I found. Each one I thought of, I heard that some *wretches* were giving a kick-up of some kind in aid of it. At last I'd an inspiration: the street-kerb sellers—those wonderful creatures one glimpses as one drives through the poky parts of town, standing in rows on the kerb with trays full of songs and toys and things hanging round their necks—what do they do when they can't do it any longer? And there was my charity! The Superannuated Street-Kerb Sellers! I simply *longed* to help them! We would hire a theatre—or some dear manager would lend us one—and give our dance-poems.

I threw myself into it with all my extraordinary energy. I was to do my "*Demi-heure d'un Agneau*;" Babs was to give "The Sad Chrysalis and the Joyous Butterfly" (she's all swathed up in brown gauze as the Sad Chrysalis, and, in strictest, *strictest* confidence, my dear, there's a good deal more of the Sad Chrysalis than the Joyous Butterfly about the whole performance!); several others were going to help; and dear Twirlinski himself had promised to appear. Just as everything was getting into train Beryl Clarges came rushing round one day and said, "What's this I hear about your giving a performance for the Superannuated Street-Kerb Sellers? They're *mine*, Blanche! *I* discovered them! It's *my* charity! And I'm going to give my Miracle play, 'The Seven Deadly Sins,' in aid of it. So you see, dearest, it's Hands Off!" Well, we said a few little things to each other, and then a few more little things. And

it ended by both our schemes falling through. Beryl Clarges, my Daphne, is an absolutely perfect specimen of the *felis domestica* without the *domestica!*

The rage for collecting old door-handles has cooled off a bit, and people are rushing after old extinguishers and snuffers. Fallalérie of Bond Street has a simply *dilly* show of them at his gallery, and one's been meeting everybody there of an afternoon. Private collectors, too, have been immensely busy. At Ninny ffollyot's Eleven O'clock the other night (he sent out pink and silver cards with the usual form of invitation, and down in the left-hand corner "Extinguishers and Snuffers") he showed us his latest treasure—the pair of snuffers with which CHARLEMAGNE snuffed his candle when writing his *History of the Franks! Isn't* that nice? Just as we were preparing to go into fits over the funny old things Bunny Trevor broke out with, "How d'you—why d'you—what d'you mean? CHARLEMAGNE'S Snuffers! Those are the very things I've just added to *my* collection! It's to show those that I've asked a lot of people to my Three O'clock to-morrow!"

Ninny turned very pale and Bunny got very hot, and they glared at each other as only two rival collectors *can* glare. "*You* with the snuffers CHARLEMAGNE snuffed his candle with when he was writing his *History of the Franks!*" cried Ninny. "I won't believe it! Mine's the only pair extant. You've been done!" "Shut up!" screamed Bunny. "It's you that's been done. "Mine's the genuine pair!" We had to prevent them from flying at each other; and then Professor Dimsdale, who'd been examining Ninny's collection of extinguishers and snuffers with rather a sniffy air, said in his quiet way, "What's the subject of dispute?" "*That!*" gasped Ninny, pointing at his beloved little lump of rust lying on a velvet cushion; "the snuffers CHARLEMAGNE snuffed his candle with when he was writing his *History of the Franks*—and he says *he's* got some, too!" "And so I have!" shouted Bunny. "I've got the *real* snuffers CHARLEMAGNE snuffed his candle with when he was writing his *History of the Franks.* His are a fraud!" "Tut, tut!" said the dear Professor. "It's not a thing to worry about. CHARLEMAGNE used no snuffers but his own fingers, and he never wrote a *History of the Franks*, because he couldn't write."

Colours are so positively riotous just now that some people have to put on smoked-glasses to look at their friends. With these deafening shades a loud voice and rather aggressive manner are worn, and plenty of slang may be used. A dark pale man is the correct accompaniment to the bright-hued costumes of the moment, and fair men with healthy complexions are quite, *quite* out!



"GRACIOUS, CHILD! WHAT *HAVE* YOU BEEN DOING TO GET SO WET?"

"I WAS FILLING MY WATER-CAN AND I STOPPED THE TAP THE WRONG WAY."

Everybody was delighted (or disappointed as the case might be) to see the Exshires together at the jumping at Sandown Park one day, Vivienne looking *sweet* in a little grass-green velvet coat with gold buttons, a bright red skirt, one red and one green boot, and an orange velvet cap with a tall upstanding blue plume. People hoped (or feared) that things had been straightened out, and a certain case was not to come on after all. Norty said something to Lord Exshire about being pleased to see them there together, and so on; but E. answered, "We ain't reconciled. Things ain't smoothed over." "Oh no, nothing of the kind!" said Vivienne. "But he goes so well with a brightly coloured get-up that I can't do without him just now. Indeed, I'm trying to get the case put back till quieter shades are worn!"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

DRAMATIC NEWS.

ENCOURAGED by the example of the Baron HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD, who has recently written a drama named *Crœsus*, quite a number of eminent publicists are engaged on classical and historical dramas, in which the autobiographical note is agreeably sounded.

Perhaps the most interesting of these ventures is the five-Act drama, *Cleon*, on which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has been engaged for some time past. Holding with some high modern authorities that THUCYDIDES' portrait of the Paphlagonian tanner was distorted by party prejudice, it has been Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S aim to present this great democratic patriot in his true colours, viz., as a generous and warm-hearted humanitarian who was always ready to take up the cudgels for the masses against the tyrannous exactions of the robber oligarchs.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is collaborating with the Baron DE FOREST in a fantastic opera entitled *Proteus*, in which the name part is sustained by a chameleonic hero, whose kaleidoscopic opportunism is crowned with success, to the complete discomfiture of the representatives of an effete and Procrustean consistency.

Mr. ASQUITH has just completed the scenario of a classical morality play entitled *Orpheus.* According to his version of the legend, which differs slightly from that given by LEMPRIÈRE, *Eurydice*, resenting her husband's refusal to allow her to play duets with him in public, throws in her lot with a gang of wild Thracian women, known as the Παγχυρατίδες, who ultimately tear the unfortunate minstrel in pieces to slow music.

Mr. J. A. PEASE'S contribution differs from those of his colleagues in being modern in title and treatment, and is a frankly humorous extravaganza entitled *Where Ignorance is Bliss; or, Runciman and Dunciman.*



Youngest Daughter of Celebrated Scientist (who is lecturing at the Institute on the following day). "OH, DADDY DEAR, I *DO* FEEL SO NERVOUS ABOUT YOUR LECTURE. OUR THIRD-FORM MISTRESS IS GOING TO HEAR YOU, AND SHE 'S SO AWFULLY CRITICAL!"

SAYINGS OF THE WEEK.

THE *obiter dicta* of great men having been exhausted by repeated citation in the daily press, it has been found desirable in the interests of the public to replace them by the utterances of their subordinates, retainers or tradesmen. A few recent specimens of these are here appended:—

It is harder to make a cat laugh than a policeman.—*The Clerk in Mr. PLOWDEN'S Court.*

Hardly any public man will dare to tell the truth on any subject whatever. Personally, I have no shame in confessing that I don't know who BEAUMARCHAIS is or was, and that I prefer a musical comedy to my master's plays.—*Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S Chauffeur.*

There is more character in a man's instep than in his features. Let others paint portraits of the great so long as I am allowed to shoe them.—*Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S Bootmaker.*

Judging from my experience, I should be inclined to say that the strain on a writer who is obliged to say something really pontifical once every twenty-four hours is beyond remuneration.—*Mr. FILSON YOUNG'S Private Secretary.*

There is nothing so cheap as paradox. —*Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON'S Valet.*

Until the English people themselves want knowledge their education will always be imperfect, and they must be content in large parts of their life to be at the mercy of munificent Scotsmen. *Mr. CARNEGIE'S Head Gardener.*

I would rather see Mr. BALFOUR win a game of lawn tennis than hear Lord CREWE make a speech in the House of Lords.—*Lord ROSEBERY'S Fourth Footman.*

There is something very attractive to me in the saying attributed to a genial Irishman: "I 've a great dale too much regard for the truth to be dhraggin' her out on anny palthry occasion."—*Mr. URE'S Haircutter.*

I admit that it would be a compliment to my master if they were to print his letters to *The Times* in large type; but, on the other hand, by printing them in small type they are able to find more room for him. So that what is apparently an act of disparagement is in reality an act of courtesy in disguise. Anyhow, when they *do* give him big type, I shall ask for a rise in my wages. —*Sir HENRY HOWORTH'S Butler.*

THE LASS I LOVE.

THE lass I love, O red 's her cheek,
Her eyes are bits o' heaven;
The reason isn't hard to seek—
Her mother 's out of Devon!

The lass I love, her plaits are black,
Her tongue is soft and merry—
Her grandad got his pedlar's pack
Among the hills o' Kerry!

The lass I love has thrift for three,
For 'twas her mother's granny
That loved a sailor from Dundee,
Where all the folk are cannie!

Now naught o' hers I 've found to link
Wi' the land of leek and daffy,
And yet she 's thieved my heart (I 'll think),
So there 's your touch o' Taffy!

A TRAGEDY IN LITTLE.

THE great question of the day is, What will become of Sidney? Whenever I think of him now, the unbidden tear wells into my eye . . . and wells down my cheek . . . and wells on to my collar. My friends think I have a cold, and offer me lozenges; but it is Sidney who makes me weep. I fear that I am about to lose him.

He came into my life in the following way.

Some months ago I wanted to buy some silk stockings; not for myself, for I seldom wear them, but for a sister. The idea came suddenly to me that any woman with a brother and a birthday would simply love the one to give her silk stockings for the other. But of course they would have to be the right silk stockings—the fashionable shape for the year, the correct assortment of clocks, and so forth. Then as to material—could I be sure I was getting silk, and not silkette or something inferior? How maddening if, seeing that I was an unprotected man, they palmed off Jaeger on me! Clearly this was a case for outside assistance. So I called in Celia.

"This," I said to her, "is practically the only subject on which I am not an expert. At the same time I have a distinct feeling for silk stockings. If you can hurry me past all the embarrassing counters safely, and arrange for the lady behind the right one to show me the right line in silken hose, I will undertake to pick out half-a-dozen pairs that would melt any sister's heart."

Well, the affair went off perfectly. Celia took the matter into her own hands and behaved just as if I were buying them for *her*. The shop-assistant also behaved as if I were. Fortunately I kept my head when it came to giving the name and address. "No," I said firmly to Celia. "Not yours; my sister's." And I dragged her away to tea.

Now whether it was because Celia had particularly enjoyed her afternoon; or because she felt that a man who was as ignorant as I about silk stockings must lead a very lonely life; or because I had mentioned casually and erroneously that it was my own birthday that week, I cannot say; but on the following morning I received a little box, with a note on the outside which said in her handwriting, "Something for you. Be kind to him." And I opened it and found Sidney.

He was a Japanese dwarf-tree—the merest boy. At eighty or ninety, according to the photographs, he would be a stalwart fellow with thick bark on his trunk, and fir-cones or acorns (or whatever was his speciality) hanging all over him. Just at present he was barely ten. I had only eighty years to wait before he reached his prime.

Naturally I decided to lavish all my care upon his upbringing. I would water him after breakfast every morning, and (when I remembered it) at night. If there was any top-dressing he particularly fancied he should have it. If he had any dead leaves to snip off, I would snip them.

It was at this moment that I discovered something else in the box—a card of instructions. I have not got it now, and I have forgotten the actual wording, but the spirit of it was this:

HINTS ON THE PROPER REARING AND BRINGING-UP OF A JAPANESE DWARF-TREE.

The life of this tree is a precarious one, and if it is to be successfully brought to manhood the following rules must be carefully observed—

I. This tree requires, above all else, fresh air and exercise.

II. Whenever the sun is shining, the tree should be placed outside, in a position where it can absorb the rays.

III. Whenever the rain is raining, it should be placed outside, in a position where it can absorb the wet.

IV. It should be taken out for a trot at least once every day.

V. It simply loathes artificial light and artificial heat. If you keep it in your drawing-room, see that it is situated as far as possible from the chandelier and the gas-stove.

VI. It also detests noise. Do not place it on the top of the pianola.

VII. It loves moonlight. Leave it outside when you go to bed, in case the moon should come out.

VIII. On the other hand it hates lightning. Cover it up with the canary's cloth when the lightning begins.

IX. If it shows signs of drooping, a course of massage will generally bring it round.

X. But in no case offer it buns.

Well, I read these instructions carefully, and saw at once that I should have to hand over the business of rearing Sidney to another. I have my living to earn the same as anybody else, and I should never get any work done at all if I had constantly to be rushing home from the office on the plea that it was time for Master Sidney's sun-bath.

So I called up my housekeeper, and placed the matter before her.

I said: "Let me introduce you to Sidney. He is very dear to me; dearer to me than a—a brother. No, on second thoughts my brother is perhaps—well, anyhow, Sidney is very dear to me. I will show my trust in you by asking you to tend him for me. Here are a few notes about his health. Frankly he is delicate. But the doctors have hope. With care, they think, he may live to be a hundred-and-fifty. His future is in your hands."

My housekeeper thanked me for this mark of esteem and took the card of instructions away with her. I asked her for it a week afterwards and it appeared that, having committed the rules to memory, she had lost it. But that she follows the instructions I have no doubt; and certainly she and Sidney understand each other's ways exactly. Automatically she gives him his bath, his massage, his run in the Park. When it rains or snows or shines, she knows exactly what to do with Sidney.

But as a consequence I see little of him. I suppose it must always be so; we parents must make these sacrifices for our children. Think of a mother, only seeing her eldest-born for fifteen weeks a year through the long period of his schooling; and think of me, doomed to catch only the most casual glimpses of Sidney until he is ninety.

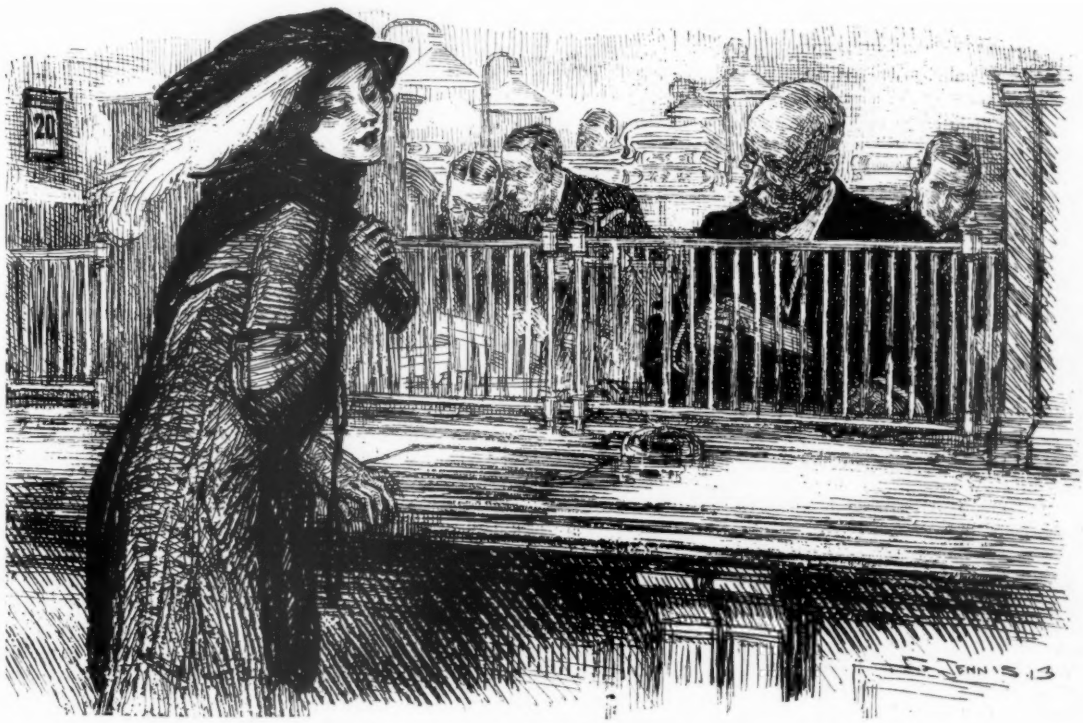
For, you know, I might almost say that I never see him at all now. As I go to my work I may, if I am lucky, get a fleeting glance of him on the tiles, where he sits drinking in the rain or sun. In the evening, when I return, he is either out in the moonlight or, if indoors, shunning the artificial light with the cloth over his head. Indeed, the only times when I really see him to talk to are when Celia comes to tea with me. Then my housekeeper hurries him in from his walk or his sun-bath, and puts him, brushed and manicured, on my desk; and Celia and I whisper fond nothings to him. I believe Celia thinks he lives there!

* * * * * *

As I began by saying, I weep for Sidney's approaching end. For my housekeeper leaves this week. A new one takes her place. How will she treat my poor Sidney? The old card of instructions is lost; what can I give her in its place? The legend that Sidney's is a precious life—that he must have his morning bath, his run, his glass of hot water after meals? She would laugh at it. Besides, she may not be at all the sort of foster-mother for a Japanese dwarf-tree. . .

It will break my heart if Sidney dies now, for I had so looked forward to celebrating his ninetieth birthday with him. It will hurt Celia, too. But *her* grief, of course, will be an inferior affair. In fact, a couple of pairs of silk stockings will help her to forget him altogether.

A. A. M.



Cashier (to lady cashing cheque for £15). "HOW WILL YOU HAVE IT, MADAM, GOLD OR NOTES?"
Lady. "OH, ALL GOLD, PLEASE, IF YOU 'VE GOT IT."

SOLILOQUY OF A LEADER.

ANOTHER deputation? Gracious Powers,
I have seen fifty thousand, all alike,
But all desiring different policies,
And every man of them convinced that he,
And he alone, could save the tottering State.
Oh, in this shattering of ancient things,
This giddy whirlpool of abandoned vows,
Where pledges, watchwords, weathercocks and flags
Are mixed and turned and sucked beneath and tossed,
A dizzy mockery for gods and men,
How shall another deputation help?
No, I'll not see them. Say that they shall have
A letter firmly stating this and that,
And nailing many things to various masts,
So they depart and give me leave to think.

That Grecian grey-beard reasoned well who saw
The world an everlasting flux of change;
He must have known the party-leader's game,
His Edinburghs and Ashtons-under-Lyne,
And all the myriad shuffles that ensued
In that wild hunt, that anxious cheating quest
For *terra firma* mid the shifting sands,
Where one cried, "I have found it," and at once,
Drawn madly down, he plunged and disappeared;
And one, "We are united," and a wave
Broke in his mouth, and he and all his friends
In one wet ruin went the quicksand way;
And I myself was tossed, but here I am
Much torn and shaken, but at least alive.

"Shuffle," says one profuse paragrapher,
"With such a skilful and a graceful step,
That when the dance is over you may leave
A sense of inspiration and resolve
To animate the Party." This I schemed
And but for those who foiled me might have gained.
CHAPLIN, that orotund and massive man,
First put a spoke into my whirling wheel.
Then AUSTEN spoke and spoked me even more,
And WYNDHAM pirouetted with his spoke,
And all was fierce confusion once again,
With Colonel WESTON, from the Kendal moors,
Stirring the witches' broth until it boiled.
Oh wheels and witches' broth and metaphors
Mixed and compounded like our party-cries,
What boots it to unmix you, or to be
A Party-Leader whom no soul obeys?

"My teeth were chattering as with a fever-chill when they all tumbled out. My tone must have told them something of my horror, for they voiced in chorus the cry: 'What's happened?' In my bedazed condition I could not tell them. . . . The words I did speak were without meaning to the others."—*The Story-Teller.*

A very nasty accident to happen. No wonder he couldn't speak distinctly.

"Two policemen saw three suspicious characters dragging a heavy sack, which they dropped on the approach of the officers and made off. They emptied it of its contents, a number of stolen copper fittings, and one of the policemen then got into the sack, while his comrades hid near by."—*Daily Mail.*

And the fact that the sack was still full of copper completely deceived the thieves.



EASTER MANŒUVRES.

Medical Officer. "WHAT DID YOU DO FIRST OF ALL?" *Ambulance Man.* "GAVE 'IM SOME BRANDY, SIR."
Medical Officer. "QUITE RIGHT; BUT WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU HADN'T HAD ANY BRANDY?"
Ambulance Man (promptly). "PROMISED 'IM SOME!"

THE SILENT TEAR.

THEY had always imagined their uncle to be a very poor man. He lived in a little house and spent no more upon himself than was absolutely necessary to keep in existence the partnership between his soul and his body.

When the news of his illness reached his three nephews they behaved each after his own manner.

George, the eldest one, who was possessed of a genuine sympathy and affection for the old man, wired instructions to a noted specialist to proceed at once to his uncle's bedside. Having purchased a stock of delicacies and nutritive jellies and wines he drove round with them personally, to ensure that they should arrive in time. For many years past he had sent him presents of little luxuries. This he had done anonymously, out of respect for the proper pride of his poor relative. When he reached the house he was relieved to find that the doctor had not mentioned his name.

William, the second nephew, hastened to his uncle at once. He, too, had rendered many little kindnesses to the old man. These had been inspired not by any charitable motive, but by a firm belief that even the small amount which his uncle could bequeath to him would be more useful in the future than nothing at all. When he arrived in the sick-room he sobbed loudly behind his handkerchief and reminded the suffering man of the many benefits he had received from his (William's) hands.

Peter, the youngest nephew, looked on the whole business as a confounded nuisance. His uncle had been no exception to his general rule of loving himself only, and he regarded sick-bed scenes, off the stage, as being intolerably boring affairs. However, as he happened to be passing the house on his way to the station, he decided to look in for a minute or two.

The uncle recovered and, but for his being knocked over by a taxi shortly afterwards, might have lived for many years.

After his death it was discovered that he had been in reality an extremely wealthy man. By his last will and testament he left every penny of his fortune to his nephew Peter.

George was grieved, not because he desired the money, but because he would have valued some small recognition of the affection he had always felt for the dead man.

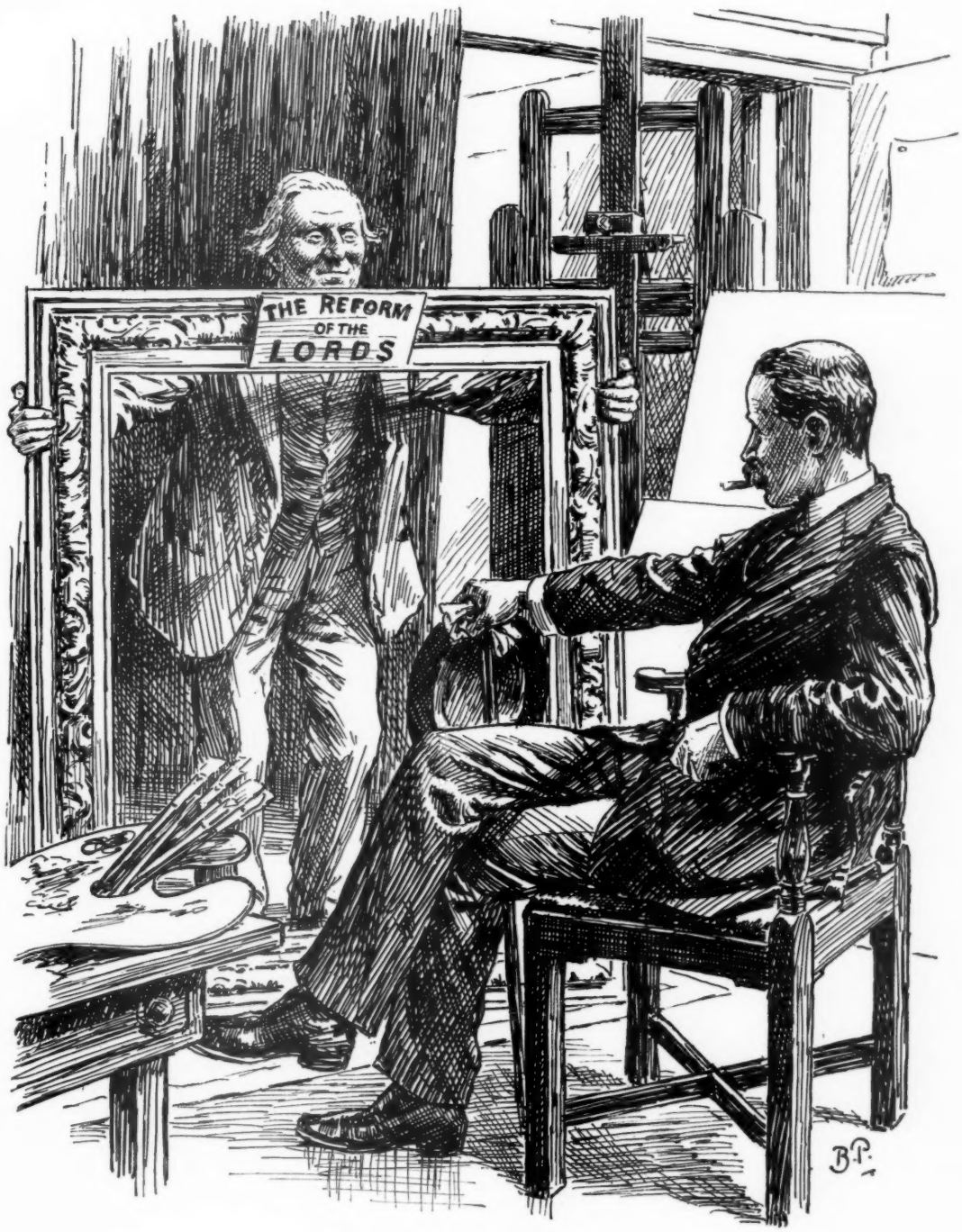
William was furiously angry. He regarded the money and time which he had expended on the old gentleman as a good investment gone wrong. He turned savagely to Peter and said, "What have you done to deserve this? George and I have shown nothing but kindness to our uncle, while you have neglected him utterly and have lived your own selfish life. Why should you fawn upon him during that illness and persuade him to make a new will in your favour?"

"As to that," replied Peter, "George was kind to him because it gratified his generous nature; you were kind to him because it gratified your greedy instincts; and I was selfish because it gratified my selfishness. As to fawning on him, I can assure you that I didn't do anything of the sort. Why he should leave me all his wealth is a complete mystery to me."

"What did you say to him?" demanded William sceptically.

"Say? I was in too much pain to say anything. I'd got a bit of grit in my eye as I opened his door. I just shook his hand, said I was awfully sorry to hear he was seedy, and rushed off, half-blind with the beastly thing, to the chemist's round the corner."

Then the three brothers sought to discover an appropriate moral for this little story. But they failed.



THE FUTURIST.

Mr. Bonar Law. "FOR THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION?" Mr. Asquith. "NO, NEXT."

Mr. Bonar Law. "WELL, SO FAR—IN MY HUMBLE OPINION—IT'S AS GOOD AS ANYTHING YOU 'VE DONE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



HOW TO "BRIGHTEN" THE HOUSE.

House of Commons, Monday, March 17.—Rarely, if ever, has the hollowness of Party pretension to purity of procedure been more cynically admitted than to-night. Exhibition made complete by unveiling not of one side but both. Business of sitting was to allot remainder of Session up to close of financial year, which happens a fortnight to-day. PREMIER moved resolution appropriating whole time for Government business, an arrangement involving some inversion of practice dealing with Consolidated Fund Bill.

Opposition bursting with patriotic indignation. Here was another proof of the inherent iniquity of the Government. As COUSIN HUGH put it, "They have reached that stage in vice when vice is loved for its own sake." BONNER LAW, amid loud cheers from the Opposition, saw in the procedure a fresh step in that degradation of Parliament going on ever since a Liberal Ministry, fatal fruit of successive General Elections, came into power.

As for BANBURY, nothing less than an Amendment would soothe his perturbed feelings. He accordingly moved "That this House declines to sanction any proposal further arbitrarily to curtail discussion of Supply and of the various stages of the Consolidated Fund Bill as a violation of the Constitutional rights of the House."

Thus was battle set in array. So strong the righteous anger of Opposition it seemed possible that in its flaming fire, its unquenchable zeal, it would eat up the Government, majority and all.

Before ten minutes had sped, lo! a strange thing happened. PREMIER admitted that course he invited House to adopt was at variance with custom. But there was a precedent for it. In 1905, when PRINCE ARTHUR was Premier and right honourable gentlemen on Front Bench opposite were his colleagues, precisely the same thing was done. Having demonstrated in detail strictness of analogy he came to crowning turn of comedy.

"The Resolution," he said, "was very strongly opposed by the Opposition of the day. I do not think any one spoke more strongly against it than I did myself."

"With his usual adroitness," as BONNER LAW ruefully confessed, PREMIER had by this admission taken the wind out of the sails of the enemy's barque. Hunting up *Hansard* for report of what took place this time eight years ago, BONNER had gleefully jotted down passages from ASQUITH'S speech in which he denounced PRINCE ARTHUR'S resolution as "marking the degradation of the House of Commons . . . transforming it into a mere automatic machine registering the will of the executive."

Had meant when PREMIER sat down to rise and confound him with rehabilitation of these vituperative ghosts. Effect marred by PREMIER'S admission. Nevertheless something to have the authorised text recited. Read it accordingly. Speaker being ASQUITH it followed as matter of course that no living man could more forcibly denounce the course that PRINCE ARTHUR'S successor to the Premiership was today recommending. As for BANBURY'S Amendment it turned out that it was "conveyed" from JOHN REDMOND, who moved it on PRINCE ARTHUR'S Resolution of March, 1905.

That nothing should be wanting to perfection of the farce, JOHN DILLON got up and announced that "the Irish Nationalist Party will support the PREMIER'S motion with the firm con-

viction that by doing so there is nothing inconsistent with their honourable record as defenders of free speech."

In the end, the proposal submitted by PRINCE ARTHUR eight years ago and then hotly denounced by Liberal Opposition and Irish Nationalists was by their combined forces carried by 227 against 120, what time PRINCE ARTHUR'S men, now in opposition, wept scalding tears of shame and indignation at this criminal tampering with constitutional custom.

What a world this is!

Business done.—Government appropriate all time of House to 31st instant inclusive.

Thursday.—When CHARLES LAMB was at the India Office he was noted, among other things, for irregularity in the hour of arrival at his desk in the morning. A man of high principle, sterling honesty, he, as he once explained, made up for coming late by going away early. To-day House on verge of Easter holiday varies the procedure. It came early (SPEAKER took the Chair at 11 A.M.) and it got away early, adjournment taking place on stroke of five o'clock.

Arrangement avowedly made to give Members residing in distant parts of the country opportunity of reaching their homes before holiday is quite over. In some cases this end may not be achieved without difficulty. Easter recess this year is more conveniently calculated by hours than by days. SPEAKER rising at five o'clock this afternoon will resume the Chair on Monday at 2.45 P.M. Irony of situation sharpened by consideration of fact that this so-called recess includes customary Saturday half-holiday, to say nothing of Sunday.

House of Lords manages things differently. When, as has happened since Session opened, they have no work to do they don't potter around making believe to be busy. They just shut up shop and go off to enjoy life. Yet call of duty, when sounded, finds them ready, aye ready!

Sounded once this week with remarkable result. When they last met they formally adjourned till 28th inst. Probably not one in ten thousand Men in the Street knows that they actually held a sitting this week. Nevertheless they did, and a rare sight was presented to those in secret of intention.

Occasion arose upon necessity for reading a second time a batch of private Bills. There were fifty-four in all, involving great public interests and millions of money. On the Woolsack, unrobed and not bewigged, sat Lord ATKINSON, whose mordant wit delighted the House of Commons whilst he was yet with us, whose gaiety has for years been eclipsed by the sombre shadow of the Upper Chamber. In the Commons the quorum necessary for discharge of public business numbers forty. In the Lords comparative level of quality runs so high that three Members suffice. And here they were all in a row—Lord MOULTON and Lord SHAW, whose memories are kept green in the Commons; Lord DONOUGHMORE, Chairman of Committees in succession to the lamented Lord ONSLOW, fitly completing the necessary trio. With due formality the Clerk at Table read in succession titles of the Bills. Lord ATKINSON, with automatic regularity and precision, put the question: "That this Bill be read a second time. Those that are of that opinion say, 'Content,' the contrary, 'Not content'; the 'Contents' have it."

Next, please, Mr. Clerk at the Table. When the fifty-fourth Bill was reached and passed Lord ATKINSON remarked, "The House will now adjourn," and the four Peers walked forth, not a smile on their noble countenances.

It was magnificent; also, as will be seen, it was business.

Business done.—Commons adjourn for Easter recess.

LOOKING FORWARD.

IN the not too distant future a day came when all the jokes gave out. It had been threatening for a long while and at last it came. The whole stock was absolutely exhausted; no one was left who could make a new joke; no one was left who did not know the old ones. The result was that the people, forced upon seriousness, grew so critical of affairs and so vigilant as to their rights and wrongs that the statesmen laid their heads together to see what could be done to restore the semi-obscurity in which it suited them best to operate.

"Could we not import some foreign jokes?" one grey-beard inquired; but there were two objections to that, one fiscal and the other that foreign jokes always threw up half their fun during the crossing.

"No," said the Prime Minister at last, "what we must do is this: we must arrange to segregate a number of babies every year and bring them up in such seclusion that no kind of a joke can ever get to them, and then, when the time is ripe for them to enter the world, they will constitute a body of responsible adult persons to whom the story of the curate's egg, the brick under the hat, and the riddle about the chicken crossing the road are absolutely new. Thus shall England be herself again."

And it fell out exactly as he said.

ADJUSTMENTS.

I WISH I could make up my mind before leaving London just how long I want to stay. I never can. That is the weak spot of this coupon system. It's a fine comprehensive system in its way, I don't deny. One starts upon the campaign armed at every point, relieved in advance of all harassing problems of barter and exchange. At its best it can cover a sleigh-drive or a cup of coffee in a station restaurant, though for my own part, until one can get coupons for drinks, for the purchase of blotting-paper and wax matches, and for having one's hair cut, I cannot consider it to be wholly adequate. And tipping by coupon is not practised yet to any great extent. But the trouble is that no reasonable person ever knows how long he wants to stay in Switzerland, and whenever he adds on another week he is almost certain to have to move out of his room. For these little instruments irrevocably fix your exits and your entrances, and while you have been enjoying its hospitality your room has been booked by someone else—in an office in London—who arrives one fine day to drive you out, at the point of the coupon, so to speak.

It is just this necessity of moving from one room to another that makes my life a burden in the Alps. You see there is a good deal to be done before I can get my room adjusted to my requirements, and I simply hate to leave it when I have got it right. Much as one regrets the use of underhand methods, most of these adjustments have to be carried out by stealth, for lack of coupons to cover one's minor necessities. And I never like to give the servants extra trouble when they are so busy.

In the first place, I always have to have an additional table. This is generally obtained under cover of darkness from an empty room on a different floor. Of course one must expect reprisals, and for this reason it is well either (1) to secure the second table by padlock and chain to the leg of the bed or (2) to disguise it effectively. Then there is the case of the bath-towel, which can be obtained without any difficulty by the simple expedient of taking a hot tub. But it must be kept under lock and key. Ink will be found in the salon, which is generally unoccupied during the dinner hour. I was once held up by the concierge as I conveyed it up in the lift. But knowing as I did that ink is an awkward thing to snatch at, if it comes to a scuffle, I made no reply whatever to his protests. (And here I would remark that it is of no small advantage in the

game to maintain an unimpaired ignorance of the language.)

By this time we are getting on, and may turn our attention to alterations inside the room itself. The furniture will have to be shifted round, so that it is possible (on really cold days) to sit on the radiator with one's feet on the end of the sofa. Then comes the question of the electric light. The Swiss electric light has one pleasant peculiarity. It goes on all the time, and it is not etiquette to turn it off, except on really brilliant days. But that does not compensate one for the miserable quality of the illumination of the bedrooms. Your first business is to make a careful and detailed inspection of the public rooms. You may find it disheartening. In many of them the lights will be either quite out of reach or protected by massive cut-glass globes which make it impossible to get at them. But at last, if you persevere, it is probable that in some secluded little writing-room or corner of the lounge you will come upon an unprotected bulb of great power and brilliancy that is within reach. It remains to effect an exchange. This is not always so easy as it looks, for you must choose your moment, and if you wander about waiting for your chance, with the bulb from the bedroom up your sleeve, you are leaving the bedroom itself defenceless. If it is discovered to be in the dark suspicions will be aroused. After some years of experience, I find myself that the best plan is to have a bulb in hand. This is simply annexed, at the outset, from the far end of a remote passage. You keep it waiting in your pocket—though you have to be careful if you are out ski-ing—till your opportunity comes. Then you silently and swiftly substitute it for the one you have marked down. When you have in turn transferred that one to your bedroom, you will still have an extra bulb in hand, which can be used in the same way when you have to move your room. You take your light along with you.

Believe me, there is no room that can be made more comfortable than the average room in a Swiss hotel. But it does take a little care. I have been fortunate this year in sticking to Number 34 from the day when I first arrived many weeks ago, and as I have been in a particularly acquisitive mood I am bound to say, on looking round, that I have a lot of nice stuff about me. I fancy there will be a great scene on the day after my departure, when it comes to the sacking of Number 34.

NEW NAME FOR KENDAL: Weston-super-Somervell.



"'ERE WE ARE, BILL! LET'S 'AVE 'ARF-AN-HOUR'S LUX!"

IT'S AN ILL WIND——

Now that the prolonged taxi strike is practically over, it may be interesting to give one or two facts which it has suggested to a correspondent's imagination. This correspondent, we understand, is the person who first communicated to the newspapers the exact dimensions that St. Paul's Cathedral would have to be enlarged to in order that its dome might accommodate the moon, and the value of anything he writes will therefore be appreciated by our readers.

The commissionaires and hotel porters of London (he says) have a vastly increased chest measurement per man as a result of the prolonged blowing of whistles during the strike. The average enlargement is 4·227 inches, or in the aggregate a distance which, if traversed in a taxi, would cost the hirer 1*s.* 4*d.*, exclusive of extras.

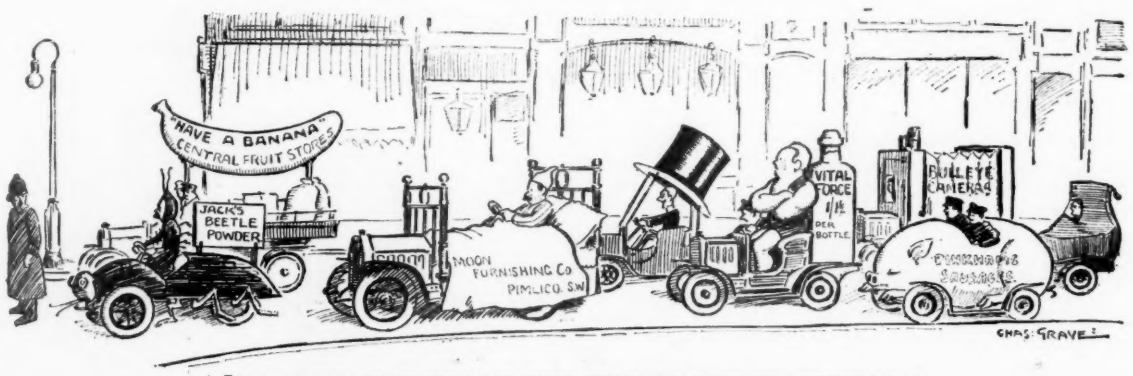
The restfulness and quiet of the Embankment during the past few weeks have produced a remarkable effect upon the men whose daily task it is to control the barges that pass up and down the river. Several of them have become poets (an increase, to be exact, of 99·168 per cent. upon the total available figures for the past twenty-five years), and quite early in the strike one of them was heard by a member of the National Liberal Club to remark to his mate, "What a charming morning!" which shows a clear advance upon the customary vocabulary of these humble workers.

"Lost, from near Dunstan Station, 57 Lincoln Hogs; red ochre on side, blue dot on head."—*Lincolnshire Echo.*

Careless, careless!

"This morning, the Danish cruiser *Ingolf* arrived at Dartmouth for bunker supplies."
Devon Express.

We should have guessed at once what it wanted.



A LONDON STREET SCENE WHEN THE FREAK ADVERTISING MOTOR GETS REALLY GOING.

THE VERY MODERN TRAVELLER.

[A nightmare of the near future, suggested possibly by witnessing "The African Hunt" on the Holborn Bioscope.]

You want to witness the deeds I did
  In the far-off Afric jungle
With the late lamented Dr. Kidd?
  It was not by a careless bungle
That I came alone from the vasty *veld*
  After a long fight stern and bloody,
Alone, with the films tucked under my belt
And the monstrous spoil of a tawny pelt
  That lies to-day in my Tooting study.

Turn on the moving pictures then.
(*They are turned on.*)
  There is your humble servant
Starting forth for the lion's den
  When the tropical dawn was fervent;
Notice the way I pound the grass,
  No one could possibly call me "Slow Toes,"
Hot on the trail, with the sun like brass.
And what about Dr. Kidd? You ass,
  The Doctor was taking these beautiful photos.

Now we have reached the fateful spot
  By the shores of the Jubbjub River;
I raise my rifle, prepared to pot
  (Observe how the poppadums quiver).
Now is the lion leaving his lair;
  Notice the way, at this ticklish juncture,
The wind of the desert is ruffling his hair—
But what is the dot that appears just there?
  I have fired, of course. 'Tis the bullet's puncture.

Still he comes with increased chagrin;
  Once more I have raised my rifle,
When the Doctor shouts, "What a splendid scene!
  Just stop where you are a trifle."
Staunchly I answer, "Right, old pal;"
  I think of the white cliff walls at Dover;
I care not a jot for the animal;
You have never seen, but to-day you shall,
  A lion knocking an Englishman over.

Helpless I lie. The monstrous cat
  Grins wide; when, lo! he has spotted
A movement of Dr. Kidd's. My hat!
  He knows he has been snapshotted!

Straight for the camera mark him swerve
  (The films just here are extremely vivid),
Till Dr. Kidd has a lapse of nerve—
He bunks from his post. You will now observe
  A bioscope artist being chivied.

For I have sprung to the gaping breach,
  I have seized the camera's shutter;
Notice the lion's stupendous reach,
  Long odds for a sporting flutter.
Diddled him. Dodged again. Encore.
  Collared. I knew I had spotted the winner.
Dr. Kidd is, alas, no more.
And now for our Series No. 4,
  The *felis leo* enjoying his dinner.
(*The pictures end.*)

A lion gorged is an easy prey,
  The rest was a simple matter.
I crawled and potted him there as he lay
  Torpid and slightly fatter;
I skinned his carcase and homeward won,
  And although the papers have passed some strictures
  I rest content with my duty done,
  For I know I have taken the best, bar none,
Of the earth's kinematographic pictures. EVOE.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE CHEQUE.

ONCE upon a time there was a wealthy philanthropist who went about offering strangers a bearer-cheque for £100. And first he spread it out before the eyes of a small child, who, after looking at it for a moment, said, "Please give me a penny;" and then he approached a serious young man, who thanked him excessively, but declined on the ground that he wanted to conquer the world unassisted and alone. And then there came along towards him a man in the middling years of life, to whom was the bearer-cheque for £100 likewise tendered; and, looking at it with a merry suspicious eye, the man in the middling years of life said, "Ah, yes, I know those haves," and passed on his way with a jaunty assurance. And then the philanthropist held it out to an old, old man, who snatched it with fervour.

"Within the past three days 300 waiters have joined their section of the union and 500 corks have joined theirs."—*Daily News.*

It will be a dramatic moment when the 500 corks come out together.



BURGLARY UP-TO-DATE.

PROVIDING THE CLUE.

THE PRESSED CRITIQUE.

(*Show Sunday.*)

I know very little about Art and almost nothing about the more terrible modern complications of the malady, but the other day William insisted on dragging me off to see the work of some painter whom he professes to admire. Striking the towing-path at Westminster, we worked our way upstream to the pretty riparian *purlieu* where the man resides and entered his studio, which ought to have been served by a lift, and which struck me as being singularly ill-furnished for the reception of guests. I carefully leaned my umbrella against the wall and it gave a little sigh and tumbled down. I then took off my hat and coat and placed them in a dark corner on what appeared to be a small table with a very pleasingly patterned mosaic-work top.

I was thereupon led to the centre of the room, where the artist, who did not seem to have changed the upper part of his boating costume, eyed me for some moments so searchingly that I felt convinced he could see the return half of the ticket to Askalon which I had in my right-hand waistcoat-pocket. After this, and quite without provocation on my part, he suddenly switched round the rack. I have called it a rack, but I believe the proper trade term for it is an easel; anyhow, it had fixed upon it an object which I could see at the first glance was not only highly and freshly coloured, but also done entirely by hand.

I waited. Nobody seemed to be going to do anything about it, and it was evident that I was expected to speak. Obviously, if I betrayed signs of consternation or sympathy the man would be annoyed; a too enthusiastic admiration, on the other hand, might cause me to be suspected of insincerity, which I hate. The best course appeared to be a kind of jocular and polite commendation, uttered in such a voice as to suggest a considerable intensity of concealed emotion. "That's capital," I said; "capital." (As a matter of fact I really thought it would have been—under a more enlightened code of laws.) After that I paused. It did not seem to be fair that I should have to do all the work, out of training as I was and tired with my long walk; but no one answered my gambit, and William looked at me so sternly that I knew I should have to speak again.

In the old and happier days it was always possible to recognise with a start of pleasure some faint likeness between any specimen of plastic art and the object it was intended to represent. Nowadays, of course, no more humiliating taunt could be levelled at a conscientious artist, and I was not going to give myself away like that. So I pointed at last to what looked like a copper coal-scuttle in the midst of the purple foliage at the extreme left-hand bottom corner of the canvas, and said doggedly, "Especially just here. Hot stuff that."

There was a long pause. Then William, who was holding up one fist in front of his face as if he thought the picture was going to give him a nasty jab in the jaw, suddenly began to talk. He said a good deal about the relativity of values, about keys and compositions, about *bravura* and *pianissimo* (I am not absolutely sure of his exact words, but I think I have them correct), about the interdependence of homogeneity, about the essence, rag-time, the *summum*

bonum and the Pragmatic sanction, and wound up his harangue by placing his hand over the coal-scuttle (*my* coal-scuttle) and saying, "Excellent, excellent—except for that—I do think you ought to cut that out."

Not a little chagrined I moved away. As I cast my eyes round the studio they suddenly fell on a little picture in a rather obscure place, a picture that looked easy, a still-life study of a blue vase with some sunflowers in it. Coming back to the artist, I called his attention to the thing. "I say, I do like that," I said, and I did. "That!" he answered, shrugging his shoulders and turning back to William,—"That! Oh, that was left here by the chap who had the studio before me. I think he must have forgotten to put the text in."

It was then that I suddenly remembered my important engagement in the extreme North-east of London. I said "Good-bye" hurriedly and grovelled on the floor for my umbrella. Then I went to the dark corner and retrieved my hat and my overcoat. As I looked at the latter, whilst going downstairs, I felt suddenly indignant. Whatever may be the value of his work, an artist has surely no right to leave unfinished masterpieces lying about face upwards on tables without so much as a "Wet Paint" notice on them to warn one. It simply ruins a fellow's clothes.

THE YEAR.

DOLBY came into the smoke-room and coughed in an important way. One or two lucky men near the door stole out. The previous night Dolby had taken up and pulverised the proposal that local rates should be a charge on ground-rents. Dolby had demonstrated conclusively, in a speech of three-quarters-of-an-hour's duration, that *his* rates, £38 14*s.* 6*d.*, could not be paid out of *his* ground-rent, £22 10*s.* 0*d.*, Q. E. D.; but the other users of the smoke-room thought it might have been demonstrated more quickly.

"We are bought and sold," began Dolby solemnly. "For eighteenpence any member of this Cabinet would sell his country."

"I shouldn't think of offering EDWARD GREY more than one-and-three myself," said Bailey.

"The signs of the times are most ominous," continued Dolby, declining to be drawn into a discussion of the relative values of Ministers. "I am looking forward to 1926."

"Do you think we shall have some decent weather then?" enquired Sellars.

"It is the Danger Year. Then we shall have only fifty-four *Dreadnoughts*; Germany will have forty-six. Is a majority of eight sufficient? I put it to you as reasonable men: what shall we do then?"

"Dredge the North Sea," suggested Bailey. "It 'll need it badly."

"Hang it, old man," said Austin, who was in the sanguine mood induced by backing two winners, "won't the Colonies buck up and help us? They 're good stuff."

"Let us suppose that Canada gives us six, Australia four, and New Zealand and South Africa two each—well, it doesn't save the situation, for it is obvious to every thinking man that the *Dreadnoughts* belonging to Spain, Turkey, Chili, and probably China, might be placed at the disposal of Germany."

"The Republic of Liberia will back us anyhow," said the invincible optimist, Bailey.

If he hoped that Dolby would prove that Liberia had no *Dreadnoughts* he was sadly disappointed. Fixing him with his eye, Dolby said, "Now we come to armoured cruisers."

"I haul down my flag," cried Bailey; "I give in to the Teutons; but don't let the armoured cruisers open upon me."

"We shall only have a majority of six to four in them," proceeded the merciless Dolby. "As thinking men, what do you make of that? What does BERESFORD say?"

"He said everybody else was all wrong. He might even say you were wrong, Dolby," replied Sellars.

"Now in the matter of torpedo-destroyers—what is the margin of safety there? I appeal to you as an Englishman, Charters."

"I 'm not an Englishman. I 'm a Welsh stamp-licker."

"Turning again to submarines," continued Dolby, "we are utterly behind. And hydroplanes—we have six to defend this Empire. Who dares say that six are adequate?"

No one dared say anything. A faint hope spread through the room that Dolby had finished with the Navy.

Dolby looked round the room triumphantly. "Now I 'll recapitulate my arguments to show that 1926 is the critical year."

Charters nobly threw himself into the breach and faced the foe.

"I 'm looking forward to 1950," he said calmly.

"You think that by then we 'll be able to avenge the defeat of 1926?"

"That wasn't exactly in my mind."

"Then why 1950? I do not grasp your point."

"Because with any luck you 'll be dead then, Dolby."

Dolby spends his evenings in the billiard-room now. He says that serious discussion is impossible in the smoke-room. His first break—on Welsh Disestablishment—is reported to have lasted thirty-seven minutes and reduced the marker to pulp.

WOOLCOMBE WOOD AGAIN.

I LOVE romance, as every maiden should,
Though to the world it seems fictitious tissue,
So off I set to seek in Woolcombe Wood
That baby unicorn (see recent issue*).

All afternoon I rummaged bush and whin,
I chirruped softly this way and the other,
Till, when my confidence was getting thin,
I saw, through lichened trunks, the baby's mother!

A mongrel-looking brute, with tufted tail;
Her hide was white, but weather-worn and grimy;
Her horn was scarlet-tipped, and, like a flail,
It smote the branches as she blundered by me.

She bleated harshly, like a thing distressed,
And while I stood, as curious as may be,
It dawned upon me that she shared my quest—
The mother, too, was searching for the baby.

Through tangled groves that bleating came and went,
Importunate, monotonous, depressing,
Till all at once she thrilled with quick content
And nuzzling sounds of unicorns caressing.

* * * * * *

Though maids have power the unicorn to tame—
Or so we read in legends of romance—it
Was not a power I felt inclined to claim,
So home I trudged, deciding not to chance it.

* *Punch*, March 12th, "A Unicorn Story."

Sporting Headline in *Daily Express*:—

"WILL UNCLE PAT
MISS LINCOLN."

We hope that Uncle will not pat Miss Lincoln.



Mary Ann. "If you please, Sir, I wouldn't mind standing on that there turn-spit thing if any time you 'd like to make a idol of me."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. George Russell has a happy knack of inventing quaint titles for the volumes in which are garnered for the instruction and delight of posterity his contributions to the contemporary Press. His latest, *Half Lengths* (Grant-Richards), contains only a moderate proportion of snippets a newspaper column long and is to that extent better than some of its predecessors. The more generous space afforded by monthly magazines has given fuller opportunity of doing justice to his themes. The volume opens with a striking appreciation and comparison of two Cardinals, Newman and Wiseman. Better still is the study of the character of the late Duke of Devonshire, who, as Lord Hartington, through troublous times maintained at its highest level the tone of English Parliamentary life and statesmanship. The characteristics of the first Lord Coleridge and the only Henry Labouchère are sketched with light but informing touch. Best of all, where all is good, are the miniatures of the Wilberforces, "a family which for a hundred-and-thirty continuous years has served England with soul and speech." The founder was the emancipator of the slaves. One of his sons was Samuel, Bishop of Oxford, of whom Mr. Russell contrives to write without quotation of an alliterative nickname, which over a trivially-minded but numerically large circle has done much to obscure the qualities and achievements of a great man. One of Bishop Wilberforce's sons, Archdeacon of Westminster, to-day lends dignity and spiritual grace to the chaplaincy of the House of Commons. The chapter on Lord Wolverhampton is invested with the pungency of a gay spitefulness. It was, I believe, originally written for the Life of the statesman better known as Henry Fowler, compiled by a dutiful daughter, which shows how Mr. Russell's humour occasionally borders on the reckless.

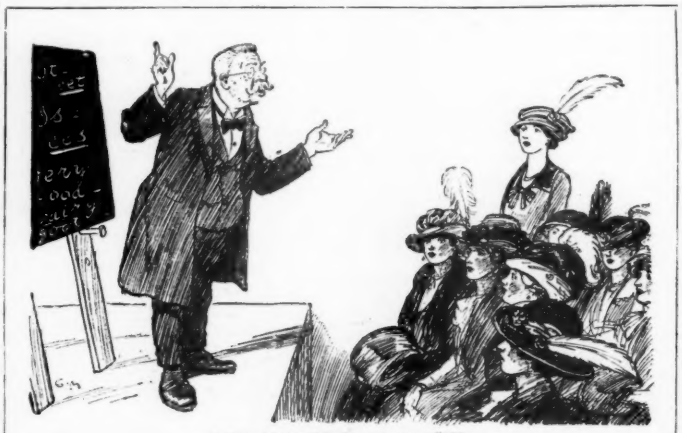
If, wandering over Polynesian Seas, you overheard somebody say, "Talofa!" to somebody else, and the second party replied, "Jorana!" would you immediately understand that the last speaker came from the island of Huahine? You would not? Well, Mr. Jack London would. As far as I can gather from *A Son of the Sun* (Mills and Boon), the Polynesian Seas are as familiar to him as Fleet Street to me. He knows that if you are disorderly in the Tivoli at Apia, it is Charley Roberts who throws you out; that, at Goboto, it is the unwritten law that white men must wear trousers; and a thousand other facts of a similar nature. He is a Polynesian Encyclopædia, and he presents his knowledge to the public through the medium of a series of short stories, dealing with the adventures of one *David Grief*, a trader. The man himself is colourless, but the adventures are hereby certified to be of the finest quality. For sustained excitement, "The Devils of Fuatino" easily heads the list, but I enjoyed almost as much the broad farce of "The Feathers of the Sun." In the former story,

A., a pirate, anchored in a lagoon, has treed B. (who is *David Grief*) on a lofty peak. B. cannot come down without being shot; but, on the other hand, A. cannot leave the lagoon without being blown to bits, for he has to pass directly under B.'s peak, and B. has a collection of dynamite sticks which he proposes to drop if necessary. What should A. do? or, for the matter of that, B.? For solution, see *A Son of the Sun*. The second story deals with the frenzied finance of *Cornelius Deasy*, the beach-comber, the first man to institute paper money in the island of Fitu-Iva. He becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in that position taxes everybody and everything till life in Fitu-Iva becomes hardly worth living. How *did* Mr. LONDON get that idea?

The Silence of Men (JOHN LANE) impressed me chiefly as an instance of clever observation thrown away upon a foolish and unconvincing tale. There is no question that Mr. PREVOST BATTERSBY (more familiar to readers of romance under the name of "FRANCIS PREVOST") knows the life of Anglo-India as there are few who know it, and, what is rarer still, can convey that knowledge. But I wish it adorned a better plot. *John March*, the British Resident in a native state, met *Lynne Ashburton* on the voyage to Bombay, fell in love with her, and finally, in order that she should be legally provided for, married her, though, for a not very obvious reason, the ceremony was kept a profound secret, and made no change in their relations. After a while, however, *Lynne* got bored with this and sailed for England, leaving a note to tell *March* that she had married *Lord Dorrington*, and that he'd better hold his peace about the former little affair. Which he did; and that was his "silence." And then, years afterwards, when he had fallen in love with somebody else, whom he couldn't marry without being a bigamist and couldn't undeceive without smashing the *Dorringtons'* heir, it quite casually turns out that *Lynne* had been married to yet another husband before she met *March*. Well, I have often been impressed by "the silence of men," but I found the silence of this much-wedded woman simply staggering. For all that, and despite some irritating mannerisms and affectations (exemplified by such phrases as "an official reception was a very lion's mouth of ennui," and others equally uneasy), I should call the book well worth reading for its graphic pen-pictures of Indian scenes and character, drawn by one having an obviously first-hand acquaintance with Empire-Builders.

For the sake of Judges and other guileless people, I ought to say that the letters of the title of *Myles Calthorpe, I.D.B.* (JOHN LANE), do not represent a distinction given for services to the state, but stand for Illicit Diamond Buyer. Yet a glance at the picture of *Myles*, on the cover of the book, will convince you that, although he might be a fast and tricky wing three-quarter he could never wittingly have bought or sold a precious stone by irregular methods. Queer things, however, happen in South Africa, and readers of Miss MILLS YOUNG's previous novels will not be surprised to hear that *Myles* had to negotiate a vast deal of trouble before he was able to say to *Joan Farrant*, "With you beside me, the whole world is my kingdom and you my queen." I can just manage to believe in this severely tried hero, but I did from time to time find occasion to wonder whether he was not allowing himself to bear rather too many brunts; and his creator seems also to have thought that he was a little too perfect, for at the very end of the story she admits, with an abruptness that surprised me, that he was not immaculate. Miss YOUNG writes in a most vivid manner, and her book can be warmly recommended to anyone who is likely to be exhilarated by the spectacle of a great fight against misfortune.

Mrs. ELINOR GLYN has achieved some results in the past, but I have my suspicions that she did so rather by good luck than by good management, if her new volume is to be taken as the production of her mature genius. The title-story of *The Contrast* (DUCKWORTH) is a not very enlivening conversation between a benedict and his mistress, disclosing no new thoughts on the situation and showing no new characteristics in the parties, except a tendency in the lady to a domestic virtue alien to the class. The "Point of View" is the sort of story that anybody might write, but most people wouldn't, not because they dared not, but because they hadn't the time to waste. All that the Canon's niece, the Bishop's Chaplain and the spurious foreign Count said, thought and did has been said, thought and done a thousand times before in books. "Fragments" is undoubtedly the best of a bad lot. I cannot say that I was greatly pleased when *Sir John* called *Winnifred* "his darling white dove," but there was about that bird at least a touch of the ingenuous which was very refreshing.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

CLASS IN BROKEN ENGLISH FOR LONDON LADIES OF THE BALLET, TO ENABLE THEM TO APPLY FOR ENGAGEMENTS AS RUSSIAN DANCERS.

Mr. E. C. BENTLEY is shrewd enough to know that the experienced reader of a novel dealing with a murder will inevitably suspect from the start the person with the best alibi. That is to say, if a millionaire is found shot on his lawn the probability is that the culprit is the private secretary who, setting out before the tragedy takes place, spends the night motoring to Southampton—six hours away—and duly reports his arrival there. Mr. BENTLEY sees that this is expected of him, so he accepts the situation and does not make very much of a mystery of that part of the narrative, though he packs the investigations of *Trent*, his amateur detective, full of exciting ingenuities. The real interest of *Trent's Last Case* (NELSON) centres round the motive of the crime, and only when you get to the last three or four pages do you find that, after all—— But to tell that here would be to spoil an excellent story, told with a rare distinction. I wish Mr. BENTLEY would relate some of *Trent's* earlier cases, or let him take up some more as a post-nuptial hobby.

CHARIVARIA.

Too much has been made by newspaper humorists of the Suffragist who threw a pot of paint at the Home Office and missed it. She hit Whitehall—which, in our opinion, is very fair markmanship for a woman.

* * *

We have read a great deal about these lightning waiters' strikes. Now let us see some of these lightning waiters.

* * *

Fined for disorderly conduct in the street, two young men pleaded that they were ratepayers and had a right to sing and dance. That they should have had the cheerfulness to do so, with rates as high as they are, is a sign that the bull-dog breed has not yet died out.

* * *

Ever since the prisoner at Bow Street asked to be allowed to go to Pentonville prison instead of to Brixton, on the ground that the former institution's cells were healthier and airier, the conceit of the Pentonville warders has become, according to our local correspondent, perfectly insufferable.

* * *

The notion that Chinese plays are of tremendous length, lasting for several weeks, is ridiculed by an authority at the British Museum. Some Chinese curtain-raisers, we believe, barely last into the third day.

* * *

The Rush of Life in the North. Two reporters were the only persons present at a recent vestry meeting at Huddersfield.

* * *

A patent asphyxiating revolver has been invented by the Paris police for use in moments of emergency. It emits "a thick and acrid smoke, which causes those in its neighbourhood to sneeze and weep, half-suffocated." We fancy we know the identical cigar which first gave the inventor his idea.

* * *

Only one point remains to be cleared up in the matter of that Hampstead water. A resident in Belsize Park described it as smelling like a geranium; while a denizen of Greencroft Gardens says, "It smelt like paraffin." Has Hampstead succeeded in growing a special paraffin-perfumed geranium?

Hampstead, however, is not to have it all its own way. It is stated that the water supplied by the Coggeshall and Kelvedon Waterworks, of Braintree, has a milky appearance, is slightly effervescent, cures rheumatism and kills plants. Water nowadays can do practically everything except talk.

* * *

According to a Vienna paper, the chief duties of an officer's soldier-servant are, in time of peace, to wash dogs; and, in time of war, to kill flies and mosquitoes. Peace hath her victories no less than war.

* * *

Burglars in Chelsea last week visited a house in Camera Square and removed a fumed oak dining-room suite, a pink silk and rosewood drawing-room suite, a bedroom suite, a piano, a sideboard, a table and some chairs, pictures, china, linen, clothing and silver. They then, says the report, left the house. They did leave that.

* * *

"European civilisation," says Mr. Sethanatha Venkataramani, in an article on the Coromandel fishermen, "has as yet made little or no mark on these humble men." Coromandel fishermen are writing to enquire how Mr. Venkataramani squares this statement with his remark later on in the article that they are "awful drunkards."

* * *

At a recent company meeting, proceedings broke up in confusion owing to those present calling each other cads and liars. This sort of thing is all very well in Parliament, but intolerable in a real business concern.

* * *

The Irish day by day. At Guildford a man has been offering his services as honorary secretary at a salary of £26 a year; and in Nashville, Tennessee, when the judge, following the annual custom, released all Irish prisoners on St. Patrick's day, several negroes put in a claim for liberty on the ground that they were Irish.

* * *

Porridge, says a contemporary, is disappearing in Scotland. We have noticed it do so, especially at the breakfast-hour.

* * *

For posting a bill advertising the Suffragettes' Self-Denial Week on a pillar-box, a woman at West Ham has denied herself twenty shillings and four shillings costs.

* * *

Mexico may have its little troubles, but it has still one claim to be considered as an earthly paradise. It contains a town of 10,000 inhabitants where there is no moving-picture palace.



THE AGE OF LUXURY;
or, What we are Coming to.
Employing a performing dog to amuse your dog.

CRACKED QUATRAINS.

(*The title to be said rapidly nine times before proceeding.*)

For me, my faith is always pinned
To simple folk who call it wind.
It shows a high-falutin mind
To go and gas about the wind.

When we and John combine in chorus,
We make a sound we call sonorous.
You cannot really care for John or us,
If you insist on saying sonorous.

It is a boon to busy men
To say that simple word again.
If you have time to strive and strain,
You may prefer to say again.

He 's not attractive, as a rule,
The grisly Oriental ghoul;
But, if you 'd like him doubly foul,
You 've only got to call him ghoul.

I do not care a crooked pin
About the British Philistine;
And yet he is not such a swine
That we must call him Philistine.

I asked the maid in dulcet tone
To order me a toasted scone.
The silly maid has been and gone
And ordered me a toasted scone.

BRIGHTER CRICKET.

"You heard me quite well, Mary. Cricket. That was what I said. I shall take up cricket again. No, I'm not a bit too old. Nobody is. You can have all sorts of cricket, you know, Mary. There's the cricket you teach your children, and there's village cricket, which was once played on village greens with the Squire and the Rector looking on and all the boys joining in the sport, and the blacksmith (there was always a blacksmith) hitting three or four almighty swipes and then getting bowled by a silly lob; and there's school cricket and club cricket, and country-house cricket, and county cricket, and university cricket, and lots of other cricket—soldiers' cricket and sailors' cricket. Doesn't it make you think of hot days, and the jolly smell of the pads, and the crisp grass, and the taste of shandy-gaff out of a long glass? Don't say shandy-gaff's not your tipple, Mary. It's really everybody's tipple, and you'll learn to like it some day. Bless me, how it gurgles down!

"Mary, I hit an eight once. I give you my sacred word of honour I did—fully run out it was and no overthrows. Don't ask me how I did it. Nobody knows how he does these things. They just happen. This happened in a House match at school. I suppose the ball picked out the one place on the bat and the bat got the ball on the very nick, and away it went and away we went, and before the ball got to the wicket we'd run eight. That's the sort of memory that'll stay you up when you come to your last gasp and wonder if you couldn't have done things better.

"There was a chap at Cambridge—Smith was his name; it really was—and whenever I hear the word 'Fenner's' I can see him quite plainly walking about with his quick step and hear him shouting out, 'Card of the match, gentlemen.' It all comes over me like a dream. I wonder if he's at it still. Perhaps he's selling cards for some great match in the Elysian fields. We were all young then, Mary, and we took things as they came, and we didn't mind sitting and watching and watching, for it's the best game in the world to watch.

"What do they want to brighten cricket for? Cricket isn't an old tin-can or a musical comedy or a pleasant Sunday afternoon. Cricket's a jolly deliberate affair, with good sound rules for keeping it so and preventing the hustlers from getting hold of it and ruining it. Cricket's like life. It spreads out and you've time to turn round in it and room to take your ease and look forward to things. It bores you, does it? That just proves how right it is. You want thrills and shocks and ecstasies and corybantic dances—but that's just what you won't get in cricket, thank heaven. Yes, you're quite right. You have heard me mention Cobden and his three wickets at the end of the match, but that was an exception. You can't arrange a team to be all Cobdens, and if you could you wouldn't get your thrills all the time. Besides, you couldn't stand it if you had it all vicissitudes of that kind.

"But I'll tell you another thing. Cricket's one of our few surviving English institutions. When you're travelling abroad and think of England what comes into your mind? I'll mention one or two things. There's breakfast—fried soles and bacon and eggs with marmalade to top up with. There's wearing knickerbockers and comfortable boots in the country. There's going to the Derby. It doesn't matter a bit if you've never gone to Epsom in your life. When you're abroad you'll begin to think of the Derby as one of the things worth seeing. I've seen a meek little Professor in Constantinople simply pining for the Derby. And then there's cricket—you can't transplant it. Frenchmen and Germans and Russians won't play it, but it suits us, with its profoundly interesting tediousness, its science, its skill, its clean neatness, its white flannels and its smooth green turf. Down with all nonsense about brightening it, say I."

A LURCHER.

All along the moorland road a caravan there comes
Where the piping curlew whistles and the jacksnipe drums;
And a long lean dog
At a sling jig-jog,
A poacher to his eyelids as are all the lurcher clan,
Follows silent as a shadow and as clever as a man.

His master on the splashboard, oh, of ancient race he is,
He came down out of Egypt, as did all the Romanys;
With the hard hawk face
Of an old king race,
His hair is black and snaky and his cheek is brown as tea,
And pyramids and poacher-dogs are made by such as he!

Now the dog he looks as pious as the beak upon the bench,
But he'll pounce and pick a hare up, and he'll kill her with a wrench,
Or he'll sneak around a rick
And bring back a turkey chick,
And you'll wonder how they got him all his cockalorie fakes;
Well, his master comes of people who turned walking-sticks to snakes!

There was once a god in Egypt, when the gods they first began,
With the muzzle of a lurcher on the body of a man;
But the Pharaoh of to-day
He has changed the ancient way,
And has found him a familiar by his caravan to jog,
With the headpiece of a human on the body of a dog!

ONCE UPON A TIME.

The Dog Violets.

Once upon a time there was a patch of dog violets growing on a bank in March. They were very beautiful but they had no scent, and the country people, knowing this, passed them by. Day after day the flowers heard scornful remarks about themselves. "They're only dog violets," said one of the knowing country people. "Don't bother about them," said another. "I know where there's real violets," said a third; "come on!" And since no one likes to be overlooked and despised, even though attention should mean destruction, the dog violets were very unhappy. "As if perfume was everything!" they said; while one of them went so far as to declare that she always found the scent of the other kind of violet overpowering. "A strong scent is so vulgar," she added. "Yes," said another, "and so are rich colours. Pale tints are much more artistic."

One day the princess came driving along in her gold coach from the royal city near by, and seeing the patch of flowers on the bank she gave orders for the carriage to stop. "Oh, how beautiful!" she said, for, being a princess, she had never seen violets growing before; she had seen only tiger-lilies and camellias and smilax and Maréchal Niels. "How beautiful!" she cried as her lord chamberlain brought her a great bunch. "They're only dog violets," he said, for he was well versed in all lore; "they have no scent." "The darlings!" she cried. "It wouldn't matter if they had, I've got such an awful cold;" and she pressed them to her white bosom, where in an ineffable rapture of pride and content they swooned away.



A MODEST REQUEST.

John Bull. "I 'VE JUST BEEN READING FOUR VOLUMES ABOUT YOUR KIND HEART; AND NOW, BY WAY OF PROVING IT, CAN'T YOU TAKE A LITTLE SOMETHING OFF MY INCOME-TAX?"



WARDING OFF THE SPRING FROSTS.

Helpmate. "I 've brought your pyjamas for the asparagus bed, Jack."

A FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time there was a man called James Carmichael, and he was a miser. Like all misers, he could not help it; but, unlike most misers, he was not really very rich, for he was *too* careful. He saved everything, even tram-tickets, which he used as book-markers, and old envelopes, on which he wrote letters to people who did not matter. He had an office high up in a big building; it was very small and he had only a few clerks to help him; when there was any more work to do he did it himself.

Now it happened that some people who were sorry for old bachelors asked James Carmichael to dinner on Christmas Day, and as this did not cost him anything he went. He disliked it very much at first, but in the end he quite enjoyed it, and when he got home he fell asleep in his chair. And while he was asleep a dwarf appeared and talked to him. The dwarf was very cheerful and very rude, and he would not go away until James Carmichael had given him a promise. The promise was that for a whole week he would be kind to the people whom he disliked most, and the people he disliked most were Travellers, who used to come to his office and try to sell him things which he did not want. He hated these people so much that he was frightened of them; they were never allowed to see him, and there was a brass plate on the office door telling them to go away. But when he went back to the office after Christmas he had the brass plate taken down, and the Travellers soon began to come in.

On the first day he bought a typewriter and three bunches of lavender and a packet of hooks to hang coats and hats on; on the second day a lady sold him enough soap to last the office for a year, and he had to give a lot of Christmas-boxes and subscriptions.

He found that when these people came in and made speeches to him, he could not refuse them; he bought an atlas, and two waste-paper baskets, and a directory. So it went on, until on New Year's Eve a little rosy-cheeked man in a shiny top-hat made him insure his life.

He had never insured his life before, but the rosy-cheeked man made such a beautiful speech that he insured for five thousand pounds. Then he put back the brass plate, and one day not long afterwards he fell ill and died. James Carmichael was my uncle, and I was his only relation. . . .

Rather a sad little story, is it not? And if I happen to have told it to you before—as a basis for negotiating a temporary loan—you will be sorry to hear that it really is a fairy tale.

A Howler from Buxton.

"The weight of Goliath's shield was 200 freckles."

"London is as dead as the proverbial door-nail this week-end, as practically everybody who could manage it is away for the Easter holiday. . . . The Easter holiday this year may be fitly described as a stay-at-home one. . . . At most of the London termini there were loud complaints of unparalleled Easter inactivity."—*Continental Daily Mail.*

And so our contemporary's search for truth goes on.

ANTI-TOUCHSTONES.

THE novel advertising device of an enterprising firm of furnishers, each departmental manager of which describes the merits of his particular department and offers his personal guarantee of its excellence, has been usefully extended, since surely the man who directs a concern is the man who knows most about it and is the most to be believed. The clown in *As You Like It* says, "A poor thing, but my own;" the carpet and bedstead and other managers say, "My own, and perfect." The tendency to adopt the latter course being so much more natural than *Touchstone's* diffident attitude, it is no wonder that the furnishers' lead has been followed.

I.

Unaccustomed as I am to public writing I cannot refrain from taking up my pen to give you my word of honour that my little shop is the best there is. (Signed) JOHN SMITH.

II.

As head of the Opposition Snap Division Department I wish the information to become widely spread that my aim is accurate and my arm powerful, while the advantage that my great height gives me should not be overlooked. When there is no book handy or no Government face near enough, I am prepared to shout with the best, and in short to do anything that is humanly possible to let the other side know how unpopular they are, how unconstitutional their conduct, and how august an assembly we all are in.

(Signed) RONALD MCNEILL.

III.

Nothing is more important than to know with whom you are entrusting your turf commissions, especially in a country where gambling is discountenanced by law, and let me therefore describe myself minutely. I have a noble brow much of the shape of an egg, marked by philanthropy, self-sacrifice and open-handedness. My eyes are dark, tender and true; my nose is the soul of honour; my mouth is strong and firm and benevolent; my hands are incapable of taking in money, my one delight being to pay it out. Lastly, my name is Ernest Vansittart Goodman. "No limit" is my motto, and I never question a telegram or postmark; so send your commissions to me.

(Signed) ERNEST VANSITTART GOODMAN.

IV.

As Postmaster-General I should like to say that a degree of efficiency has been reached in my department beyond which it would be unsafe to go. Being the head, I not only ought to know but do know. We have everything that the public can want. We have a fine assortment of stamps at all prices and in all colours, covered with gum on the back so as to be easily affixed to envelopes. Any customer not liking any of the patterns has but to ask for me. We have a series of sub-post-offices all over the country, thoughtfully if not sumptuously furnished, and staffed by as handsome and obliging and alacritous young men and women as can be seen outside the musical-comedy stage. Our lead pencils are the wonder of the world and are in such demand that they have to be chained to the desks; our blotting-paper will blot anything. In short, we are perfect.

(Signed) HERBERT SAMUEL.

V.

Nothing but unremitting toil and vigilance could bring about such results as my department is constantly achieving, and I trust that my share in them will not be overlooked. Day and night, early and late, I am at my post, arranging little surprises for my countrymen, my one idea being to keep them from getting *blasé*. This Easter, it may be recalled by some of my readers, I was in exceptionally good form. If anyone doubts it I would say, Where is Worthing pier? But naturally I had to be very thoughtful and thorough, if only as a reminder to those in authority that Easter must never be so early again. I flatter myself that those four days were among the best I have ever engineered. The wind, the rain, the cold—weren't they all of the highest quality? Trusting then that you will continue to allow me to work these little matters for you, I remain, yours faithfully, (Signed)

THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.



P.C. X123 (knocked down by motor-car—confusedly). "Y-YOU 'VE G-GOT MY NUMBER!"

THE TWO WAYS.

["O you 'll tak the high road an' I 'll tak the low road."—*Old Song.*]

THAT Millichamp lives in London and I don't is a matter of no importance whatever, but the fact nevertheless leads him to adopt an irritating attitude of parental responsibility when I pay him a visit. I, though two years his senior, am a mere provincial, you understand, while he is the complete townsman.

Especially when we are engaged in such pastimes as Dodging the Dray and Missing the Motor-'bus does his fussy concern for my safety become positively indecent. One would indeed imagine on such occasions that traffic was unknown outside London.

Just now I am spending a few days in town, and yesterday Millichamp balanced himself on the edge of the pavement in one of the busiest parts of the City, waiting an opportunity to dive over to the other side of the road, while I stood expectantly behind him. The unbroken stream of vehicles surged by for a long time and I decided to leave him, but though I was not there to see it all I know exactly what followed.

At last a chance came. "Now we can manage it," cried Millichamp. "Stick close behind me, old chap. Do exactly what I do and you 'll be all right." With that he plunged into the street.

"Look out there!" he exclaimed. "Mind that taxi. . . . That 's right. . . .



A GOOD SEND-OFF.

Collector (to airman, going up in risky weather to please public). "SUBSCRIBE TO THE AMBULANCE, SIR?"

Stick close to me. . . . Don't be frightened, old chap. . . . We shall do it nicely. . . . Look out for that van. . . . Take hold of my coat-tail, if you like. . . . Whatever you do, stick close to me.

"Wait for that car to go past!" he shouted. "Stick close to me. . . . Stop a bit for that 'bus. . . . Now. . . . Here we are!"—and he bounded on to the opposite pavement and looked round for his charge.

His face became chalky. "Good heavens!" he muttered thickly. "What can have happened?"

Then I touched him on the shoulder. "Here you are at last," I said cheerily. "I've been waiting here for you quite a long time."

"My dear fellow," he cried, "how on earth did you contrive to get here? I was scared to death; I thought you'd been run down."

"Oh, I came by the subway," I explained lightly. "It's so much simpler, you know."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said he. "I've lived in London a good many years, but I never thought of doing that."

CONFESSIONS OF WEAKNESS.

THE gifted writer who presides over the "Office Window" of *The Daily Chronicle* has been discussing the curious fears of men who are accounted fearless. "Personally," he observes, "with no pretence to special bravery, I would rather grapple with a mad dog than take in my hand a live sparrow or any such harmless animal that—squirms."

As the result of inquiries addressed to a number of intrepid and eminent public characters, *Mr. Punch* is enabled to lay before his readers the following interesting revelations of idiosyncrasy—

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON writes: "In spite of the views of a recent musical essayist in *The Times*, I would rather face a mad bull with no other weapon than a tuning-fork than listen for five minutes to a Rag-time march."

Sir HENRY HOWORTH sends a long communication on the subject which we have been obliged to condense. The gist of it is that he would rather grapple single-handed with a mammoth than write a letter to *The Times* containing fewer than 2000 words.

M. PADEREWSKI wires from Moscow to the effect that he would infinitely prefer to leap from the summit of the Eiffel Tower than entrust his *chevelure* to the mercies of a strange hairdresser.

Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P., in a characteristic phrase observes that he would sooner be seen dead with JOHN REDMOND at a pig-fair than abandon the policy of the All-for-Ireland League.

Mr. GRAHAME WHITE states that he would rather go up in an untried aeroplane in a blizzard than miss an interview in the press.

Finally, Sir ALFRED MOND declares that sooner than live in England under a Tariff Reform *régime*, he would emigrate to Tierra del Fuego and cast in his lot with the cannibal tribes who infest that dismal neighbourhood.

Things Emerson didn't write.

"The great man who once wrote, 'Give me health and a dog and I will laugh the pomp of Emperors to scorn,' wanted to teach an elementary lesson."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

Every morning as we feel our pulse, our dachshund watches us anxiously, wondering if it is one of our pomp-scorning days.

PREMATURE PROGRESS.

("Δαφνις ἔβα ῥόον")

(*Drivers and conductors of the horse tramways at Oxford went on strike on Easter Monday for improved working conditions*).

From change to moving change the world goes on,
Even at Carfax nothing keeps the same,
For Daphnis is not—Daphnis, who would ply,
Urging his antic trolley fleet as flame,
His prancing coursers up and down the High
Unwearyingly, is gone;
Evanished! only now the casual bike,
The hansom and the taxi throng the Corn;
Rusted the metal tracks, the grooves forlorn,
For Daphnis and his friends are out on strike.

Runs it not here, the route from Cowley Road?
And ofttimes punters on the flowery Cher,
Lifting their hands to wipe away a midge,
Have watched the progress of his stately car
Mounting the steep ascent to Magdalen Bridge;
And oft with joyous load
Of married dons have we beheld it fill
(Speaking just now of the North Oxford branch)
Or emptying from its top an avalanche
Of female undergrads. from Somerville.

But sudden on a morn of wind-swept March,
When term was o'er and all the men were down,
And daffodils were selling fairly cheap
But sparslier bloomed the academic gown,
Something aroused the tramcars from their sleep.
They stopped—they stuck like starch:
A rumour went upon the breeze, a cry
Of things that happen here in London town,
And each conductor mused, his punch laid down,
They blooming well strike: blooming well strike I.

Too swift reformer! wherefore art thou out?
Soon shall the high mechanic pomps come on,
Electric road-cars with suspended wires
The business tutor and the commerce don,
The hurrying Change that echoes and perspires,
And stocks in flagrant rout;
Then shalt thou learn what labour movements are
And hope to paralyse our industries,
Mass-meetings underneath the Wychwood trees
And full reports in the pink evening *Star*.

Till then forbear: our feverish unions spurn,
As some grave scholar in his morning sheet
Espies an education paragraph
Saying the classic tongues are now effete,
And hands it, smiling, to his better half:
And both without concern
Resume their breakfast of uncrumpling eggs
Like fallen blossoms in the bacon's shade,
Pass and repass the amber marmalade
And drain the immortal coffee to its dregs,

So thou too, Daphnis, to thy task again!
Emerge and travel on the dreaming rails,
And trot the unpermitted lorry out
When morning lights the sky or evening pales
Still bearing the indomitable scout;
Shake out once more thy rein,
And snatch the platform and resume thy load
Of lady shoppers from the muslin marts
And young light-hearted Masters of the Arts
And set them down upon the Banbury Road. Evoe.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

(*By Our Tame Twaddler.*)

Sir Castor Royle, the famous sportsman author, recently made a remarkable journey to the basin of the Bongo. He and his comrades passed through the gorge of Umpi as well as the impenetrable forests of Gobolu, inhabited by cannibal pygmies, gorillas and cuneiform quaggas. Sir Castor has written a charming account of his experiences under the title, *How I Became a Cannibal*. The book will be shortly published by the firm of Mandible and Champ, but cannot be recommended to persons with weak digestions—at least so says Mr. Goodleigh Champ, who is a man of iron constitution.

The interesting series of articles on the golf-links of Tibet, which recently appeared in *The Chimes*, will shortly be published in book form by Puttmans. In an interesting preface the author, Mr. Isaac Newton, explains how, when he was commissioned by the editor to go to Tibet to write about its golf-links, he expressed some scepticism as to whether they existed at all, but that the Editor cheerily reassured him at once by saying, "What matter? You can always fall back on the Grand Lama." As it turned out, golf is strictly forbidden by the municipal authorities in Lhasa, but this did not prevent Mr. Isaac Newton from writing a series of breezy letters on the costume, poetry and cookery of the country. Mr. Newton has added fresh lustre to the somewhat tarnished laurels of his forgotten ancestor.

The Grand Duke Melchior is about to join the ranks of golfing *littérateurs*. For some years past he has kept an accurate record of every game he has played, with the number of strokes to each hole, witty remarks made by his caddies, etc., and these narratives, profusely illustrated with snapshots by the Grand Duchess, have now been embodied in a volume with the attractive title, *From 150 to 100; or, How I Brought My Handicap Down to 20*. Being a strictly veracious man the Grand Duke has not refrained from giving the objurgations and expletives wrung from him in moments of anguish, but in deference to the feelings of the gentle reader these are all printed in Russian characters.

Mr. Phil. Jungsen, the famous author of *Essays of a Quick Luncher*, *The Shingles of Pain*, and other books that count, has written a philosophical treatise which Chickweeds will soon issue under the title of *The Life Precious*, in which the writer maintains that self-respect can be maintained only by those who have mastered the art of expressing themselves with serenity, clarity and pontifical finality. Mr. Roland Chickweed, in an open letter to the Press, affirms that the book has moved him to frequent tears; and to any one who knows that redoubtable publisher the assertion speaks volumes for the soul-shaking quality of Mr. Jungsen's prose. The volume will be bound in limp moleskin and will contain a portrait of the author in fancy dress as Cæsar Borgia.

Mr. Lemuel Poff, to whom we shall be always grateful for his vivid romance, *The Man with the Single Spat*, has completed a new novel which the Odders will shortly publish under the alluring title of *The Rotters*. Mr. Odder, who ought to know, declares that it is the most arresting study of miasmatic decadence that has yet appeared in English. Mr. Poff, it should be remembered, is the author of that memorable reply to a critic who begged him to abstain from excessive realism. "Why," he gaily observed, "all my books are Bowdlerized—or at least Baudelairized."

RESOURCE.

(How Miss Browne, whose simple appearance attracted too much attention, made herself inconspicuous at Monte Carlo.)





"I SHOULDN'T CRY IF I WERE YOU, LITTLE MAN." "MUST DO SUMFING; I BEAN'T OLD ENOUGH TO SWEAR."

THE TURNCOAT.

SMOOTH as spun silk old Nilus gleamed,
The palms, the huts were sleeping,
When suddenly I all but screamed—
Part of my shoe was creeping!
'Twas a chameleon, glossy black
To match the shoe, with traces
Of diaper upon his back,
A meshed and interwoven track
To represent the laces!

He left my shoe and crossed my sock;
I chuckled, "That 'll trouble you!
That sharp steel-blue, that netted clock
Crowned with a golden W.,
Which stands for 'William,' do you see?—
'Twas her fair hand that neatly
Embroidered it in filigree—"
I gasped in sheer amazement; he
Had matched the thing completely!

"A mug's game this," he seemed to sigh;
"Haven't you something harder?"
Then spied my tweeds, and instantly
Came scrambling up with ardour;
Those tweeds, each thread of which betrays
The Hebridean crofter,
Whose craft alone might blend that maze
Of filmy greens and silver-greys,
Like lichened rocks (but softer).

"Come now," he muttered, changing fast,
"We've left the kindergarten;
Here's something worth my while at last,
Almost as good as tartan."
Then all his limbs together drew
And passed into a coma,
Whence slowly, gradually grew
Each separate thread and line and hue—
Even the peat aroma!

With all an artist's calm delight
He turned to view the colour—
This grey perhaps a thought too bright?
At once he made it duller.
Then with an eye that gleamed with zest
He turned towards me—"Now, Sir,
Pray tell me, could the very best
Tailor in all your woolly West
Have better matched that trouser?"
Hard by there lay a *Morning Post*.
There, on a speech of CARSON,
I set him down amid the host
Of threats of blood and arson.
"Now watch," I cried, "what he will do;
Mark how the little fellow
Will take the authentic Orange hue,
And all his loyal back imbrue
With Ulster's splendid yellow."

His foot was near to "Toe the line!"
His tail ran down to "Traitor!"
A back-bench interjection—"Swine!"—
Was hard by his equator.
The change began, a mingled sheen,
Warm hues that, growing cooler,
At length let all his back be seen
One blatant and detested GREEN—
He was a vile Home Ruler!

"When the Duke of Wellington in 1859 was calling attention to England's defenceless condition, just as Lord Roberts is calling attention to a similar state of things to-day, Kendal supplied a rifle corps in next to no time."
Evening News.

We must all rejoice that Lord ROBERTS is not so handicapped as was the Duke of WELLINGTON in 1859.



SETTLED.

DAME EUROPA. "YOU 'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE MOST TROUBLESOME BOY IN THE SCHOOL. NOW GO AND CONSOLIDATE YOURSELF."

TURKEY. "PLEASE, MA'AM, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

DAME EUROPA. "IT MEANS GOING INTO THAT CORNER—AND STOPPING THERE!"

[Sir EDWARD GREY, in the House of Commons, has expressed the hope that Turkey will now confine its energies to consolidating itself in Asia Minor.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



A QUIET DAY AT WESTMINSTER.

House of Commons, Easter Monday.—Whilst London makes holiday at Hampstead and eke at Greenwich the faithful Commons, like the whining schoolboy with his satchel and shining morning face, creep unwillingly to school at Westminster. Story set afloat that the Opposition have arranged ambush, meaning at unexpected moment to swoop down and defeat Government on snap division. Only their fun. Fair muster on Ministerial Benches; Opposition camp practically deserted.

Notable absence discovered when, on looking towards the Chair, Members find it occupied by DEPUTY SPEAKER. Universal sorrow on hearing explanation that the SPEAKER has met with motor accident, spraining his right wrist and compelling temporary retirement. Nasty accident, but does not chill glow of native humour. SARK tells me that since coming down to House he has received a note from SPEAKER'S house, evidently dictated. By the typed signature JAMES LOWTHER is written "his mark."

As SARK says, not the first time this been done. Mr. LOWTHER made his mark long ago as Chairman of Committees, cutting it deeper when he came to the Chair. No light task to sustain traditions of that lofty pedestal. Success requires possession of rare qualities seldom centred in an individual. Mr. LOWTHER, occasionally tried in difficult circumstances suddenly sprung upon the Chair, has never been found wanting.

In spite of slack attendance (perhaps by reason of it) great stroke of business accomplished. First Order of Day, Report of Vote on Account for trifle exceeding thirty-four million sterling for Civil Service and Revenue Departments. Vote for reduction formally moved with object of raising debate on various Labour questions. Not pressed to a division and money asked for granted.

Army votes came next, making provision for 185,600 men of all ranks comprising land forces. Bit of a breeze between JOYNSON-HICKS and WAR MINISTER on subject of aeroplanes. After long silence under charges of traitorous neglect of National safety in matter of military aviation, SEELY the other day confounded hostile critics by plain tale showing that so far from being behind other nations in this respect the country is for its own special purposes actually ahead of possible rivals. For a while this gave pause to patriots rooted in conviction that in no conceivable circumstances can their own country chance to be on the right path.

To-night JOYNSON-HICKS out again on the old hunt. SEELY stated that the Service had at its command 101 aeroplanes of the highest capacity and efficiency.

"Yes," said JOYNSON-HICKS shrewdly, "but can they fly?"

For a moment this inquiry cast damper over House. DURNING-LAWRENCE, looking on from Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, remembered that in line of thought and turn of phrase it is not quite original. In slightly differing form BACON used it in a famous scene from *King Henry IV.*

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep," *Glendower* boasted.

"But will they come when you do call for them?" retorted practical-minded *Hotspur.* (War Office has at command 101 flying machines. But can they fly?)

Confidence re-established by SEELY'S emphatic reply and vote agreed to without division.

Business done.—A good deal.

Tuesday.—Colonel WESTON, newly returned for Kendal, presented himself to take oath and seat. Caution of old campaigner indicated by fact that

he selected for bodyguard two of the tallest, most stalwart Members. Circumstances of his election peculiar. Standing as Candidate wearing the colours of a Party which, as Lord DERBY said the other day, is firmly re-united on Tariff Reform question, he declared himself a Free Trader, and was straightway renounced by the Party Organisation. His reception consequently dubious in anticipation.

Walking up to Table between CAVENDISH BENTINCK and SANDERSON—Duke of York Columns of the Unionist Party—his figure, unduly stunted by contrast, was at least safe. When thus escorted he crossed the Bar, there burst forth a demonstration without parallel in memory of oldest Member. The COLONEL had not only beaten off the Liberal Candidate, but had increased the Unionist majority. Following ordinary practice, here was established claim to a Party welcome even warmer than ordinary.

Opposition remained ominously dumb. Uncanny silence was, after almost imperceptible pause, broken by hilarious burst of cheering from the Ministerialists, echoed from benches below Gangway opposite crowded by Irish Nationalists. Cheering, mingled with laughter, continued during the march to the Table; renewed when new Member was introduced to SPEAKER and retired to find a place among the silent ranks of the Opposition.

CLERK OF THE HOUSE unexpectedly rounded off excellent bit of fooling. As soon as Member for Kendal disappeared Orders of the Day were called on. Sir COURTENAY ILBERT, rising, named the first on list—

"Mental Deficiency Bill."

This one of those little jokes whose subtlety, inexplicable to outsiders, hugely delights Members. To attempt to dissect it would be hopeless. There it was. Renewed roar of laughter burst forth. Joined in by Opposition, it exceeded in heartiness what had gone before.

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read a second time. FOREIGN SECRETARY seized opportunity of making important statement heralding speedy settlement of War in the Balkans.

Wednesday.—"Such larks," as *Joe Gargery* used to say to *Pip* in their confidential chats.

House met in anticipation of hearing the WINSOME WINSTON expound his Naval policy for forthcoming year. Benches crowded, notably on Opposition side. Before WINSTON rose Ministers thought it well to get the Consolidated Fund Bill through Committee stage. A mere formality. Opposition had had full run on Second Reading. So with light heart House got into Committee.

"Clause I.," said the Chairman. "The question is that Clause I. stand part of the Bill."

Ministerialists hardly took the trouble to cry "Yes!" Of course it would be agreed to, seeing that it is the operative clause without which the Bill must be dropped and the whole services of the State, civil and military, come to a standstill. Sharp on the perfunctory "Yes!" of Ministerialists followed thunderous cry of "No!" from the massed ranks in Opposition.



The new boy from Kendal.

Sudden light broke over Treasury Bench. Trapped again! Opposition evidently mustered in full number. Ministerialists, not suspecting danger, were at the moment actually in a minority. If division were forthwith taken the Government would be defeated, and must go, carrying with them the tottered fabric of their iniquitous schemes.

BOOTH, fresh from protecting ATTORNEY-GENERAL in Committee Room from attack by DENNISON FABER, saved the situation. If division could be delayed for half-an-hour, even fifteen minutes, the straggling stream of Ministerialists would add sufficient force to swamp the Opposition.

Even as he spoke, amid useful interruption which undesignedly helped to serve his purpose, it seemed it was already achieved. ILLINGWORTH, running in from Whips' room, was understood to bring tidings that the majority was assured. "To mak siccar," as the Scottish chieftain explained when he went back to thrust his dirk in the throat of the king's enemy already slain, MASTERMAN rose to add a few words. Interposition met by angry cries from gentlemen opposite who saw their triumph slipping away. These merged in roar of execration when MASTERMAN scornfully alluded to "some things too discreditable even for a discredited Opposition."

There followed uproarious scene, ended by a division which gave the Government, but lately in extreme peril, a majority of 39.

After this it was something of an anti-climax for MOORE of North Armagh to get suspended for describing action of MASTERMAN as "a piece of disgraceful trickery," and for ALBERT MARKHAM, not to be out of the joy-ride, to beseech honourable gentlemen opposite "not to make the House of Commons into a pot-house."

On successive divisions Government majority ran up to 113 and 133. Order reigned in Westminster. But eight o'clock had struck when, in a comparatively thin House, WINSTON rose to make his long-expected speech.

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill passed through Committee and Report stages. FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY explained Navy Votes.

"SING A SONG OF——"

(From the Treble-Dutch)

["The directors of the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappy tot Mynbosch en Landbouwexploitatie in Langkat, Sumatra, have declared a first interim dividend of one tael per share."—*Daily Express.*]

ONCE to cut a little dash
Uncle James—unlike Papa tenacious grown of hoarded cash—
Flung his savings in the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappy tot Mynbosch en Landbouwexploitatie.

"Soon, I hope," cries George, "we'll wed!
Listen!"—Kate, beside her ma, tea
Over, waits and hears it said,
"I've a holding in the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappy tot Mynbosch en Landbouwexploitatie.

Odd—our whims! As Aunt and friend,
Golfing near their German spa, tee
Up, dear Aunt resolves to send
At once for holdings in the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappy tot Mynbosch en Landbouwexploitatie.

* * * * *

Uncle trills a joyous lay;
George, with lover-like (ha! ha!) temerity, demands "the day."
Auntie's rich. All thank the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappy tot Mynbosch en Landbouwexploitatie.



Bee-master (to pupil who has just brushed off bee which has stung him). "AH! YOU SHOULDN'T DO THAT; THE BEE WILL DIE NOW. YOU SHOULD HAVE HELPED HER TO EXTRACT HER STING, WHICH IS SPIRALLY BARBED, BY GENTLY TURNING HER ROUND AND ROUND."

Pupil. "ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU, BUT HOW DO *I* KNOW WHICH WAY SHE UNSCREWS?"

THE ADDRESS.

HAROLD is one of the very worst imbeciles I have ever met.

I don't say this merely because I happen to live with him, but after a long course of infallible proofs.

My friend Mrs. Weston gives dances, but in other respects she is quite nice. I dined there three weeks ago and was secured for one of her dances. As I was going away, she said:

"Can you bring another man with you?"

I thought a moment. "Yes," I said, "I will bring Harold, alive or dead."

"Give me his name and address, then, and I'll send him a card."

Harold believes that he has given up dancing. When he received the card he looked as if his past had risen and struck him in the face. When I explained, I thought he was going to do the same for me.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I've promised you now."

"You talk as if you were my godfathers and godmothers," he said bitterly.

"No," I said, "only your fairy godmother. One man can't do everything; but I assure you both Mrs. Weston and her dances are charming, and as for the supper, *recherché* isn't the word for it."

"I'm glad of that," said Harold, "for it is a bad word."

Finally he consented to go.

I spent the next ten days asking Harold whether he had answered the invitation. On the eleventh he actually began toying with some notepaper. I was just going out when this occurred, but I stayed to dictate a nice apologetic little note about his having just got back from Switzerland, and wrap it up in a neat envelope.

As I went out he shouted after me: "What's the address?"

Our cards had been lost and I have never remembered an address in my life. I have only one answer to such questions.

"Look it up," I said, "in the Telephone Directory."

When I came back he had an air of guilty self-satisfaction.

"Did you post that letter, Harold?" I asked sternly.

"I did," said Harold.

Some days later I found a letter on Harold's plate from the KING. It was marked "Returned Postal Packet."

Harold came down at last; and his face as he opened it was a study of innocent wonderment.

"Gracious!" he said. "Look at that!"

He handed the contents to me, and I looked. It was a rather tired-looking letter addressed as follows:—

MRS. WESTON,
94023 Post Office
HAMPSTEAD.

Harold did not go to the dance alive after all; but I very nearly took him dead.

"It may be trite and common-place, though fitting, to quote the well-known Wordsworthian couplet that the 'lives of great men all remind us how to make our lives sublime.'"
Hamilton Advertiser.

No, no; these Wordsworthian couplets are always fresh to us.

"Lost, Tuesday, between Wallasey-rd., Moseley-avenue, Valkyrie-rd. Finder suitably rewarded."—*Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."*

Oh, the many days we have lost and never hope to have again! (*Sentimental reflection.*)

From a description of the Labrador retriever in *The Gamekeeper*:—

"The tail should be on the short side."

It looks better on the end.

"THE HAPPY ISLAND."

(A Memory, in Two Scenes, of Mr. J. B. FAGAN'S play at His Majesty's.)

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Andrew Remmington's *house.* Andrew *and his* Wife *are discovered chatting over their coffee.*

Andrew. By the way, dear, if you can spare me a moment, I should just like to tell you about my island.

Clair (*bored*). Why?

Andrew. Well, dash it, the audience has got to know *somehow.* Besides, you invested that hundred for me in Aerated Breads so cleverly when I was away that I have decided to consult you in *all* my business affairs in future.

Clair. Oh, go on.

Andrew. Well, briefly the situation is this. There's a pitch-blende mine in this island, and if I could only get the natives to work it I could make millions. But they won't; they're afraid of it. I tried for eight months to make them, and it was no good. (*Coming closer to her.*) But, darling, a very strange thing happened to me in those eight months. I don't know if it was something in the air . . . or in the pitch-blende . . . or what, but I found that I loved you. Clair, dear——

Clair. Don't be absurd, Andrew. You must know it's useless.

Andrew (*gripping her by the arm*). Useless? What do you mean? (*His mind working rapidly.*) Ha! You love another! I guessed as much. Somebody rang you up from the Bath Club just now—that's always suspicious. Who is he?

Clair (*fiercely*). Unhand me, Andrew. Our guests may arrive at any moment.

[*Enter* Derek Arden *disguised as Sir* HERBERT TREE.

Derek. Good evening, Mrs. Remmington.

Clair (*loudly*). Be careful! He knows all!

Derek. Ah! (*To* Andrew) Good evening, Remmington. I've just been hearing at the Bath Club—(Andrew *starts*)—about your trouble with the natives. What you ought to do is to send a really fine figure of a man out there to persuade them that he is a god. Then he could make the men obey him. (*Apologetically.*) It sounds silly, I know.

Andrew (*seizing his opportunity*). All right. *You* go.

Derek (*surprised*). Me!

Andrew. And I'll give you thirty thousand pounds if you succeed.

Derek (*to himself*). Thirty thousand! Let me see . . . I owe seventeen and sixpence in fines at the Bath Club . . . and twenty thousand to my other creditors . . . and five and ninepence to—— (*Aloud*) May I first talk it over with your wife?

Andrew. Do. [*Exit.*

Clair (*throwing herself in his arms*). Derek, darling!

Derek. Did you notice that? He wants to get rid of me. (*Thoughtfully*) Still thirty thousand is a lot of money.

Clair. How can you leave me, if you love me? Take me away with you.

Derek. My dear, I don't think you realise what a bad man I am. My reputation is notorious; I have been kicked out of the Stock Exchange; I am a well-known cheat at cards; I——

Clair. But you're still a member of the Bath Club, dear!



THE RIVAL DEITIES.

Derek (*thoughtfully*). True. There *is* that. . . . Still, I'm a waster. I should only drag you down.

Clair. Well, anyhow, I shall insist on coming out to you in the Third Act. The public will expect it.

Derek. I think you're right, dear. Till then—good-bye. (*They embrace.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*The Island. At the entrance to a cave leading into the mine, an enormous stone idol stands, reminding one faintly of various friends.* Derek *is discovered with his two companions* —Baxter, *an engineer, and* Hall, *an artist.*

Derek. I think all is ready now, if you will kindly summon the natives. As soon as they are here, I shall blow the idol up with dynamite and emerge mysteriously from the cave. The illusion will be helped by the fact that the natives have not yet seen me; and they will take me for a god.

Hall. But they've seen Baxter and me for four days, and they'll know that you're just an Englishman like us.

Derek (*coldly*). You forget that you've been wearing *white* shirts with your riding breeches, and I'm wearing a *blue* one. Besides (*with dignity*) I'm *not* just like you. (*Proudly*) I'm an . . . actor-manager.

Baxter. Ye dinna ken, mon——

Hall (*in surprise*). Are you a Scotsman?

Baxter. Yes . . . when I remember.

[Derek *retires into the cave. Enter the natives in costumes calculated not to shock. They seat themselves in a ring before the idol.*

Hall. Ladies and gentlemen, I must request your kind attention for the performance, which is now about to begin. I don't suppose you can understand a word I'm saying, but no matter. We are about to present to you a new god. At the word "go!" your idol will fall down and a gentleman in a blue shirt will appear in its place. Kindly worship him. Is the dynamite ready, Baxter? . . . Go!

[*There is a loud explosion. The idol falls down, and Sir* HERBERT TREE *appears at the mouth of the cave.*

Natives (*much moved, but mistaking his identity*). Waller, waller, waller, waller, waller. Wow-wow. Waller, waller.

Hall. No, you idiots, it's TREE!

Derek (*holding out his hands to them*). Be not afraid I am the greatest of actor-mana—I mean, I am a great god. (*Going up to one of the natives*) See, you cannot kill me. Take your spear and try

Native (*doubtfully*). I don't want to ruin the play, Sir HERBERT.

Derek (*annoyed*). You fool, this is hypnotism. (*To the other natives*) See, he cannot hurt me. I am your father and mother and brother and uncle and second cousin by marriage. Worship me.

Natives. Waller-waller. Wow-wow. Burra-burra.

They worship him for six months.

* * * * * *

Hall (*to* Baxter *six months later*). Well, how are things going on?

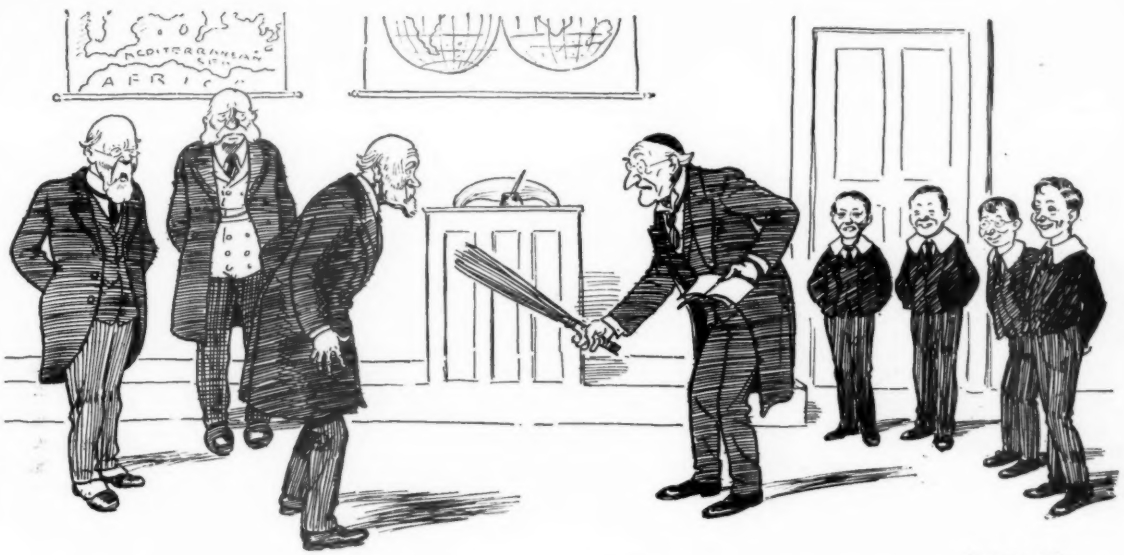
Baxter. They adore him. They do whatever he tells them. They work in the mine or listen to his Pleasant Afternoon Chats with equal willingness.

Hall (*appalled*). Do they have to do *both?* I mean . . . there ought to be a choice.

Baxter. The mine is verra, verra deadly. Nobody would work in it if he had a choice.

Hall. Ah, you haven't heard one of his talks. Listen!

Derek (*to natives.*) I will now tell



"President Poincaré has promised to take part this month in a delightful ceremony at the old school at Bar-le-Duc. All the members still living who formed in 1876 the Classe de Rhétorique are to meet in the same class-room . . . and reconstitute for an hour the scene of thirty-seven years ago."

Mr. A. H. Gilkes, M.A., Headmaster of Dulwich College, in an interview said, "As to the possibility of President Poincaré's example being followed in England . . . I think that it would stimulate them in every kind of way; and certainly it would delight the boys."—*Daily Paper.*

you about death. Death is only sleep. The morning comes after the night. Twice two is—(*rising to his full height and putting his hand on his breast*) fer-hore. My children, I am a great prophet. Isaiah and I *do* say things. Life, my children, is not death . . . and to-morrow to-day will be yesterday. *Ne plus ultra.*

Baxter (*clinging obstinately to his point*). But the mine is *very* deadly too!

Natives. Wow-wow. Burra-burra. Great god. [*Exeunt.*

Derek (*to* Hall). What shall I do now? Shall I say some funny things about this picture of yours, and make the pit laugh; or shall I plunge into the mine to rescue a suffocated native and make the gallery clap? I feel I ought to do *something.* (*Decides to do both.*) Er—which way up is your picture?

Hall (*remembering just in time that* Derek *saved his life in South Africa*). Ha-ha! [*An explosion is heard.*

Derek. An explosion—splendid! And now I can rescue somebody. (*He dashes into mine and returns with dying native.*)

[*Enter* Clair *in evening dress.*

Clair. My hero!

Derek (*astonished*). Clair! This surprises even me, and (*proudly*) I have had a good deal of experience of the stage.

Clair. It's quite simple, dear. I came out with my husband in a cruiser. I don't know why he let me come, but we've just arrived. And I put on my thin satin shoes with the high heels, and climbed up through the forest to where I saw your beacon light. Haven't I kept my shoes clean?

Enter Andrew Remmington.

Andrew. Ah, so you've succeeded in working the mine, I hear?

Derek. Remmington, that mine shall never work. It is a deadly place. Close it down.

Andrew. Certainly not!

Derek (*nobly*). Then you can keep your thirty thousand pounds . . . and—er—my creditors can keep their I.O.U.'s. The natives trust me, and I shall lead them in revolt against you. They trust me, and I shall not send them to their death in your mine.

Andrew (*annoyed*). In that case I shall ask the cruiser to train some guns on you. [*Exit.*

[*The guns are heard. Enter naval officers and bluejackets. A brisk fight with the natives takes place, first one side and then the other* (*and then* Clair) *gaining a strategic position in front of the audience.*

Derek (*to the audience as he whizzes across the stage*). If I am killed, tell Clair that I still love her.

[*The native death-song is heard, and* Derek Arden's *body is brought in.*

Captain Bainbrig (*sadly*). Alas, poor Derek! I know him well . . . at the Bath Club. (*Cheerily*) Well, what about getting home now?

The Audience (*rising*). Good!

Curtain. A. A. M.

IF FLOWERS HAD GHOSTS.

If flowers had ghosts, that thin perfume
Of buds long picked should haunt your room—
Your room that dreams in ancient way,
Where beaux have knelt with Spring's bouquet
For belles in silk of Jacquard's loom;

When wintry fields are bare of bloom
They'd come a-tremble from the tomb;
You'd love them when the skies were gray,
If flowers had ghosts!

So now, when April fires the broom
And cowslips clamber up the coomb,
You would not—this I greatly pray—
Forget the friends of yesterday,
Who spoke of her in days of gloom,
If flowers had ghosts?

"Jingling Bells, which arrest attention and bring on popularity, 1/-."
Advt. in "The Gleaner."

The great thing is to get a good start before the popularity actually arrives.

ON THE BEAUTY OF HAVING TWO DENTISTS.

I USED to employ them alternately, with the strictest impartiality. I may say that I have never had the slightest preference for one over the other. Admittedly, A. has a much better selection of magazines in his waiting-room, and I also prefer his conversation, which is remarkably intelligent. But B. fully compensates for that by the excellence of the view from the window opposite his chair, and, besides, he takes two daily papers. I first gave up the alternative method when B. came to grief over a golden crown which he jammed on to one of my back teeth, driving it home with a hammer at considerable personal inconvenience to me. When it came off at the end of three weeks, I should, of course, have gone back to B. It was his crown, and it was his business to see it through. But I was annoyed about it, and I went to A. It appeared that he had a very poor opinion of gold crowns. After that I introduced a method of recognising merit, which seemed to me perfectly fair to both of them. On the whole I may say that it has worked well. Whenever either of them can put me right for a clear run without toothache for six months or more—I have abominable teeth—I go back to him on the next occasion. But if the run is less than six months I go to the other. You will observe that the scoring is rather after the style of that adopted at Racquets or Fives. You are "in" just as long as you can keep on making points.

A. and B. are of course quite unknown to each other. I maintain the strictest reticence with each of them as to my dental adventures with his colleague. Even in the case of the crown I offered no explanation as to how it had got there. But I always like to observe the eager way in which they begin by making a hasty survey of my mouth to see what has happened there since they last inspected it. And I always imagine them—amiable as they both are in temperament—to be wondering why it is that in the intervals between my visits I allow some incompetent bungler to interfere. Perhaps one or other would protest, but then of course they don't know who it is. It might be the greatest swell in the trade—I mean to say one of the leading specialists.

The upshot is that my teeth are well looked after. Ignorant as the two rivals are of the precise method of scoring, they are both jolly keen to score. They hunt out every vestige of decay in my mouth and pounce upon the slightest discrepancy. And if one of them can find a hole that has been missed by the other, he simply gloats. I sometimes fear that this healthy competition may be carried too far. I mean to say that there is a danger that they will begin stopping sound teeth as a precautionary measure, for fear the other fellow will get hold of them. I don't want to accuse either of them of being mercenary, but you see I am a sort of little gold-mine to any dentist.

And then I like to observe their little differences in style and temperament. A. is eminently dashing and vigorous and scores rapidly all round the mouth. He likes to have three or four teeth in hand at the same time, covering up one while he visits another. He is never sure about B.'s stoppings. He doesn't think them durable. He sometimes puts in some punishing work with the drill, but he always makes a point of giving you due notice before he hurts you. B. hurts you first and then apologises; he hasn't the same pluck. He is afraid that if he gives you any warning you will get out of hand. He is a very sympathetic, cautious, plodding sort of fellow, and he is never sure about A.'s stoppings; he doesn't think them durable. If he has a fault it is that he is altogether too fond of that beastly little wire, like a pipe-cleaner, with which he prods for hidden nerves.

It depends partly on one's mood. There are days when I can thoroughly enter into the bustle and exhilaration of A.'s impetuous attack; there are days when I would rather entrust myself to the soothing hand of B.

The score is 5 all at present and the game is 7 up.

From a Calcutta catalogue:—

"Bioscope is a wonderful machine. Light in it in the night and wind up the machine it will present a living scene, a terrible fight in the field the soldiers are fighting with lance spear and sword. The horses are running with the speed of a lightning, some are groving for their lives so for about battle. This is not all; Want you to eye persuit of dear and other ferocious beasts in a chase, sweeming over the busom of an undulating river."

We shall be delighted.

From the programme of the Wycombe Electroscope:—

"Shakespeare's Great Play—The Three Musketeers."

Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE has gone to High Wycombe to investigate.

"Bootmaker wanted, to make Boots."
Advt. in "Penrith Observer."

And *not* to feed the goldfish.

THE CHEMIST'S DREAM.

THREE stars shone out with a baleful glare,
Scarlet and green and blue,
And a medley of perfumes smote the air,
Lavender, musk and rue.

And the chemist shook, for a nameless fright
Harried his evening walk,
And his face grew pale in the ghostly light,
Like camphorated chalk.

He was sick to death, he was sore afraid,
For he knew from his sense of smell
That he 'd come to the dread phenacetin glade
Where the Hæmogoblins dwell.

Swift and light as the wind-blown chaff
They crowded the path he trod,
With a shriek of joy and a ghoulish laugh
That cracked like a senna pod.

He heard the patter of elfin shoes,
As he fled in that breathless sprint,
And he felt the grip of a deft-flung noose
Of salicylic lint.

They have trussed him tight with boric gauze
To a eucalyptus tree,
With a loofah gag betwixt his jaws
And a bandage round his knee.

Cold ran his blood as a toilet cream,
And the sweat like a perfume spray,
When he saw the glycero-phosphates gleam
And the trail of powders grey.

And he thought with grief of the life he 'd led,
Of his homœopathic pills,
Of the times he had stolen a doctor's bread
Prescribing for coughs and chills;

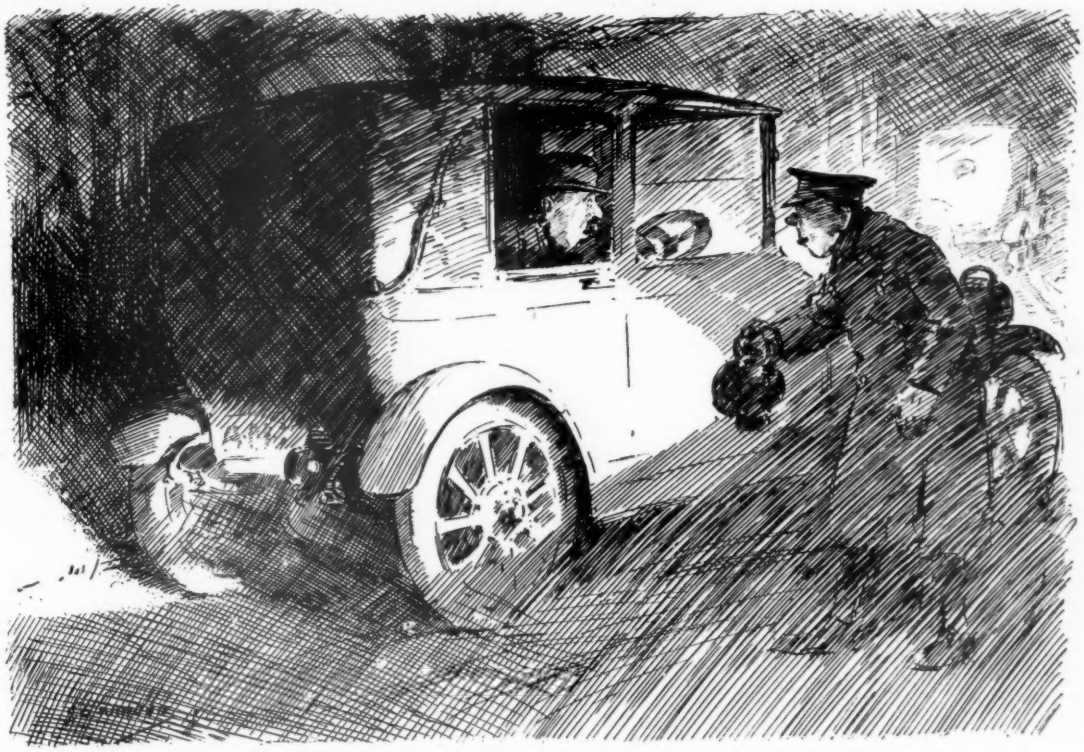
Of the poor little babes who tossed and turned
In their eagerness to toothe,
Diminutive mites who yowled and yearned
For syrups that really soothe.

And he groaned as he thought of the stout and spare
Who 'd sampled his make-shift stuff,
Of the bald old colonels who hoped for hair
On the strength of a printed puff.

Then away to covert the goblins race,
But the chief of the pygmy band
Draws near with a smile on his wizened face
And a nightlight in his hand.

The fuse is fired, the flamelets start
On their journey of spark and smoke—
When just at the really crucial part
The chemist suddenly woke.

J. M. S.



Impatient Owner of Broken-down Car. "Where the mischief are you going now with that lamp?"

Lately Converted Groom-Chauffeur. "Well, Sir, that shover as was 'ere just now told me as 'ow I 'd lost my compression, and I was just going back to see if I could find it along the road."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Jeffery Farnol is the Red Queen. Never have I been hurried along in such amazing fashion as I was by the author of *The Amateur Gentleman* (Sampson Low), who, taking me with one hand, and *Barnabas Barty* with the other, showed how the son of *John Barty* (ex-champion of England and landlord of "The Coursing Hound") came in for a legacy of seven hundred thousand pounds, went forth from his home and, confuting his father's prophecy, became not the least of the Regency bucks. Egad, Sirs! but we went the pace. Foiled villains, now aristocrats, now cut-purses, fell away behind us like hoof-spurned mud; romantic assignations, rescues of the fair, we took in our easy stride; Bow Street runners shouted helplessly in our wake; we diced, we steeplechased, we duelled, for all but six hundred pages without a pause for a lemon or a sponge. And, oh, the brave spirit and the air of it all. Mr. Jeffery Farnol flicks aside probability with an elegant handkerchief; he takes a coincidence as easily as a pinch of snuff. He arranges to restore a long-lost daughter or frustrate a murder between two mouthfuls of a mighty round of beef. Well, well. And if we didn't see *Barnabas Barty* walking arm-in-arm with the First Gentleman in Europe at the end, we married him at least to the fairest lady in England, and what more do you want than that? But I can tell you I was devilish out of breath before it was done.

In *The Combined Maze* (Hutchinson) Miss May Sinclair has given us a story of sombre and relentless realism, set in the unpromising scenery of Wandsworth and of Southfields, that "Paradise of Little Clerks." That the lower middle classes may furnish as good a theme as you can want for high romance she abundantly proved in *The Divine Fire;* but here she rejects all beauty of imagination, except in the character of one girl, a sort of serious *Wendy*, who mothers the young man of the book. This hero, a shining light of the Polytechnic Gymnasium, belongs to a type hitherto, as far as I know, unexplored. A keen and clean-hearted enthusiast for physical culture, with definite ideals of "decency" and a profound contempt for all forms of "flabbiness," he is the last person you would expect to fall under the fascination of a merely erotic woman. Yet he commits this error; and, foreseeing the possible result (as they never do in books or on the stage), he insists, against her will, in trying to repair his mistake by marriage. In the end his very virtue, assisted by the worst of luck, is his undoing.

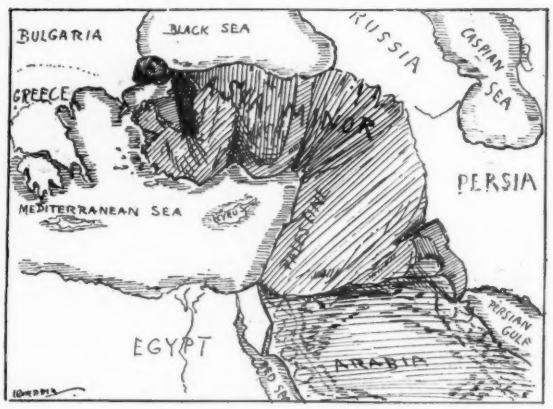
I am so familiar with Miss Sinclair's power of projecting herself, by sheer force of imagination, into circumstances of which she cannot have had any personal knowledge that I was quite prepared for her to give me a very probable account of the sort of event in which I am certain that she never took an active part—namely, a hurdle-race. But for once her creative gift was at fault. I can assure her, from experience, that in such competitions a runner's attention is too closely fixed upon his immediate purpose to be distracted by the waving of any woman's handkerchief. Perhaps she will also accept my authority for the statement that there is no tram-line that goes to Putney Heath. But these are very small trifles; and for all that

matters Miss SINCLAIR has a deadly sureness of touch. One defect, however, she retains. In her passionate anxiety to be masculine at all costs, she is apt to overlook the best feature of the male mind—its regard for reticence.

The house-party that *Arnold Calthrop* assembled at Monkshill must have been a singularly unpleasant one for everybody, but more especially for *Madeline Newmarch*. The position was that *Arnold* and his wife *Lily* detested each other, but, in order that sufficient show of respectability might be kept up to allow of his inclusion in a Radical Cabinet, they had agreed to join forces for this entertainment. Now *Lily*, who, besides being a fool, drank heavily, had taken a violent fancy to *Madeline* and insists that the latter's presence was the only thing that would keep her responsible during the week. The trouble was that *Madeline*, as nice a woman as need be, had already fallen violently in love with *Calthrop* and he with her. So there you are! What should *M.* do? I may add that the situation occurs in *The Right Honourable Gentleman* (CONSTABLE), to which Mr. W. E. NORRIS has brought all the facility and lightness of touch that have so long endeared him to an enormous public. So you can rest assured that the Monkshill shoot is excellent fun for the reader; but as a participant—no, I should have had a telegram on the first morning! What came of it all I won't reveal; the interest is so well kept up by a sufficiency of unexpected incidents that I should be spoiling your pleasure. There is at least one character, *Calthrop* himself, the ex-Conservative who became a Radical-Socialist, that seems worthy of a bigger setting: but Mr. NORRIS has chosen to make only a sketch of him. This he has done very well; while the attitude of his country neighbours towards the "traitor" is wholly realistic.

Considering that Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE's latest book is almost wholly concerned with Miss FANNY BURNEY's *Evelina*, he is perhaps justified in calling it *Fanny's First Novel* (HUTCHINSON). I assume, of course, that Mr. BERNARD SHAW, as a matter of courtesy, was invited to attend the christening. I have so often praised Mr. MOORE's books that I feel licensed to make a complaint about this one. Why then, in the name of an admirer of Miss BURNEY, does he represent her brother as a mere buffoon? Poor JAMES, with his "nautical" wink and claptrap, is nothing more nor less than a figure of fun, and of very insipid fun at that. In telling the story of the production of *Evelina* Mr. MOORE succeeds in conveying the excitement of a first creation, but for the rest he is little more successful in his attempt to make fact into fiction than most novelists are in trying to make fiction read as if it were fact. I like him best when he is not dealing with the "delightful circle which includes such interesting personages as Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick," etc.; but that does not prevent me from advising those who are inquisitive about Miss BURNEY to read this novel—always provided that they have never had the curiosity to read Miss BURNEY herself.

Mr. E. F. BENSON keeps us learned clerks very busy, but, as far as I at any rate am concerned, he is welcome. He has an almost uncanny and certainly delightful insight into people's mental insides and, except that he can never deny himself an aristocratic lineage or two, he deals in those commonplace souls with which for the most part we have to live and which we want to understand. There are plenty of them in *The Weaker Vessel* (HEINEMANN), and there is also a very disturbing element in the less usual *Harry Whittaker*, the brilliant dramatist. Meteoric success in any line is an easy and frequent affair in novels, but in his case it is amply justified and compensated; his greatness is not thrust upon him but is part of his nature, his weak and vicious self. The unswerving affection of his wife, a virtue admirable in life but dullish to contemplate in the ordinary way, is made remarkable here by her intimate knowledge of his failings, his love of the bottle and the other woman in particular. *Eleanor* is as startling, yet credible, as *Harry* up to a point; it is only when she takes to the stage and leaps into immediate and remunerative popularity herself that one begins to have one's doubts of her. This she should never have done or been allowed to do; it interferes with one's enjoyment of Mr. BENSON's deft analysis of a gifted author's exterior and interior circumstances, a thing which everyone who has ever set pen to paper (and who has not, nowadays?) will thoroughly appreciate. There are, I reckon, about 132,650 words in the book, but only one of them I am inclined to criticise. *Marian Anstruther*, wicked, wicked woman though she was, had no business, even when confronted with her wickedness, to bow "steelily." Except for that one lapse, she was a splendid figure and by far the most real of the theatrical celebrities who intervened. Even in cold print she fascinated me dangerously.



TURKEY (JUST) IN EUROPE.

A Good Offer.

"An educated and well-accomplished girl wanted for a boy aged 26, whose wife has recently died with Pneumonia. The boy is 2½ ghar Kapur, strong, stout and beautiful."
Advt. in "Lahore Tribune."

We thought for a moment that "ghar Kapur" meant "round the waist," but obviously it doesn't.

From the Easter Signalling Notes issued to Territorials of the London Division:—

"Smoking is allowed as long as it does not interfere with the work, but when the D.S.O. or any senior officers approach the station it would be as well if they were removed for the time being."

We hope somebody will ask a question about this direct incitement to mutiny.

"This is the reason why Montenegro, while allowing the Archbishop of Prizrend to inquire about the alleged murder of a Catholic priest near Ipek, has objected to an Austrian Consul being despatched with him."—*Daily Telegraph.*

We suspect that the chief objection to his being despatched with the Catholic priest came from the Austrian Consul.

CHARIVARIA.

The Prince of Wales made a lightning tour of Frankfurt the other day, exploring the cathedral in five minutes, and there is some talk of making him an honorary American.

* * *

A Bill to prohibit the use of motor-cars for the conveyance of electors to or from the poll has been introduced by Sir Charles Henry. It is, of course, extremely annoying to be continually asked to lend one's car for this purpose.

* * *

It is denied that Admiral Sir Percy Scott intends to seek election for Parliament. He is reported to have expressed the view that the best Admirals do not enter Parliament.

* * *

Complaint has been made on the grouse moors in the Glenesk district of Forfarshire that the birds fly away at the noisy approach of an aeroplane. The military authorities express the opinion that the grouse will gradually become accustomed to the flying machines. Should this not prove to be the case, the air branch of our army will of course be dropped, for it must not be allowed to interfere with sport.

* * *

The steam cutter of *H.M.S. Impérieuse*, the dépôt ship at Portland, was missing one day last week, and it was ascertained by a diver that she had rubbed a hole in her side against the piles of the coaling dock, and then filled and gone down. Locally it is considered a clear case of suicide, for the *Impérieuse* was to be sold out of the service next month, and the cutter evidently preferred death to dishonour.

* * *

"ILLUMINATED PILLAR-BOXES CANADA SETS AN EXAMPLE"

Thus *The Observer*. But surely our Suffragettes deserve the credit for the innovation?

* * *

"The result of a poll by *The Era* of the actresses of England on the subject of women's votes was," we are told, "244 in favour, 326 against, and 845 indifferent." We are shocked to hear that there are so many indifferent actresses in this country.

A pathetic incident is reported from Peterborough. In the stomach of a bullock which was slaughtered there were found a sovereign, a shilling, and a halfpenny. The poor beast is supposed to have been putting money by for his old age, and it is hard that he should have died without being able to enjoy his little savings.

* * *

Oh, these modern mothers! Kitty, the giraffe at the Zoo, is refusing to feed her baby, who is now being brought up on the bottle.

* * *

A correspondent describes in *The Express* a new method of keeping a weather record, giving each day good or bad marks according to its pleasantness or unpleasantness. We fancy, however, that if an improvement is to be effected much sterner measures than these will have to be adopted.

* * *

M. Léon Bakst considers that we are marching towards the fusion of the masculine and feminine costumes. And a pretty row there will be if the fusion takes place and a husband discovers one fine morning that his wife has gone out in his golfing suit!

* * *

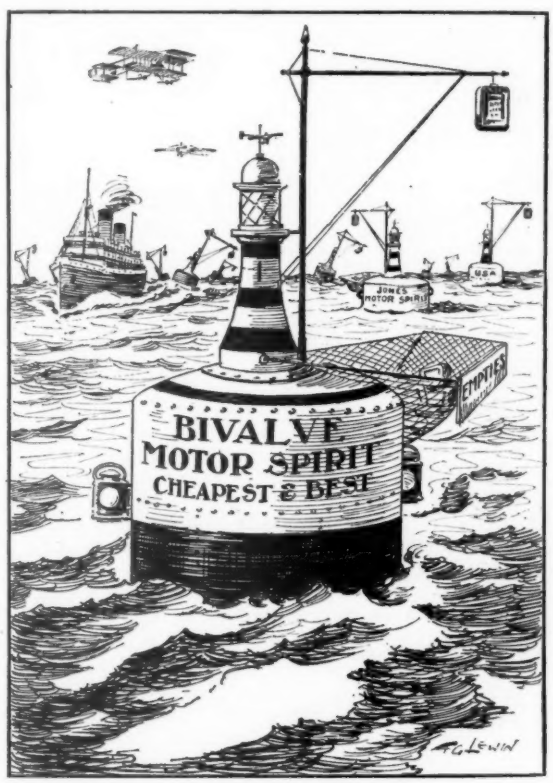
Any attempt to brighten up the "Hatches, Matches and Dispatches" columns of our newspapers is to be welcomed, and we tender our grateful thanks to the couple whose marriage was announced in *The Times* last week under the heading, "Link-cuff." If ever there was an ideal union, surely we have it here.

* * *

From Senlis, in France, comes the news of the disappearance in the night of the clock of the famous church of Noel St. Martin. Time flies.

* * *

We are glad to hear that the Bishop of Carlisle was wrongly reported in a contemporary as stating that he was considering whether it would not be wise to make "vice culture" a condition of ordination. It should have been "voice culture."



OCEAN PETROL STATIONS.

A NECESSITY OF THE FUTURE FOR CROSS-ATLANTIC AIRMEN, AND AN OPPORTUNITY AFFORDING AMPLE SCOPE FOR COMPETITIVE COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.

A DISPASSIONATE CONVERSATION.

"When I was quite a young man," he said, "I used to write down every evening before I went to bed some humorous anecdote, and I kept up the custom for many years. That is how I became a bore. How did you manage it?"

"I don't know," I said; "I think I was born that way. Not that I am a bore in the sense that you are a bore."

"Of course not," he replied briskly, "otherwise I should find you better company. It is the passive element in you which I find so disturbing. Your disconcerting silences; or that awful solitary 'Yes,' which is worse than any silence."

"Yes," I said.

"Now the men I meet at the club," he continued, "the real professionals, who imagine that a game of bridge or a round of golf can be talked about—they are interesting, psychologically, anyway, and at times their enthusiasm is almost infectious. But *you* are just a wet blanket—if I may use the term without offence—a bore without the courage of his convictions."

"I have no convictions," I said, "except that I am a bore."

A SAD BUSINESS.

"LISTEN to this, Francesca," I said.

"Will it take long?" she replied. "Because I happen to be very busy."

"And that," I said, "is just what you ought to be if you are to appreciate what I am going to read to you."

"Come on, then," she said; "let us get it over quickly."

"I am not sure," I said, "that I like that tone. It does not strike me as sympathetic."

She opened her eyes wide, parted her lips, and yearned forward towards me. "Now," she said, "you can proceed. I am brimming over with sympathy. Let me hear your sad story and do what I can to comfort you."

"Do not glare at me," I said. "You discompose me. There, that's better. What I am going to read to you is from *The Daily News*. It is an interview with Mr. H. E. MORGAN, and it is all about the sorrows and sufferings of business men."

"But Tom doesn't suffer much," she said. "If he has sorrows he conceals them well."

"Is your brother Tom a real business man?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "He is on the Stock Exchange. He knows a lot about shares and debentures, and he plays a great deal of golf. He also shoots pheasants and disapproves of the Government. Oh yes, I am sure Tom is a business man, and a high-spirited one."

"But," I urged, "he may have a secret sorrow all the same. Even while he plays leap-frog with his companions in the Stock Exchange a canker may be gnawing at his vitals. His jests may be a mask. You know the clown when he leaves the theatre and goes home——"

"My brother Tom is no clown," she said with dignity.

"You must not catch me up like that," I said. "How do you know that he is not the saddest man in the world when he is away from you in his lonely home?"

"I cannot say," she said. "I have not yet been lucky enough to see him when he was away from me."

"Incorrigible one," I said. "You are pleased to be merry. Now listen to Mr. H. E. MORGAN. The article is headed, 'The Business Man as Hero. How he is Hampered by his Womankind.'"

"But Tom," she said, "has no womankind. Tom is a bacheldore, like *Mr. Peggotty*."

"We will leave out Tom and *Mr. Peggotty*," I said, "and we will devote ourselves to Mr. MORGAN."

"No," she said, "I will not devote myself to Mr. MORGAN. I will do much for you, but not that."

"Francesca," I said, "you shall not escape me. You *shall* hear what this man says."

"I have been pining to hear it for half-an-hour," she said, "but you have refused to gratify me."

"Then listen," I said, "and tremble. Let me see, where is it? 'Marconi scenes'—no, it's not that. 'Europe's determination'—dear me, where—— Ah, here it is. Now then for Mr. MORGAN. These are his burning words: 'I do not ask that the business man should be coddled or kept in cotton-wool, but I do maintain that hitherto he has had far less than his just share of feminine support and sympathy.' There, Francesca, what do you say to that?"

"It is most touching," she said; "but is that all?"

"No," I said, "worse remains behind: 'When a barrister gets his first brief, a doctor his first case, or when an artist sells his first picture or a novelist his first book, his wife is full of pride and joy.' Is that true?"

"It may be," she said; "but are they not all a little young to be married? You sold your first book long before we met. I had no chance to be full of pride and joy."

"No, but you would have been, wouldn't you? Listen again: 'But when a business man gets his first "rise," which has, perhaps, cost him one cannot say how much brain-power, energy and industry, he usually gets scant appreciation from his wife. No man has to plough a more lonely furrow than the average business man making a career for himself.'"

"I cannot bear much more of this," said Francesca, wiping her eyes. "It is most pitiful. But *I* shouldn't have been like that. If you had been an average business man and had got your first 'rise' I should have spread a feast in your honour. I should have talked of your brain-power to everybody. I should have given the children a treat, and should have explained to them the energy and industry, yes, and the goodness of their father, for you are good—I mean, you would have been good if you had been an average business man, but as it is you are merely a writer, and——" She broke down and sobbed.

"Thank you, Francesca," I said. "You are slightly confused, but you have a kind heart. I will now finish with Mr. MORGAN: 'Many mothers would prefer to see their daughters married to a failure in any of the more showy professions than to a successful business man——'"

"Mamma isn't like that," said Francesca.

"Please do not interrupt: 'Sisters are always glad for their brother to pilot them about if he happens to be a soldier or a sailor; but if he is merely in an office they show no such desire.' Is that accurate?"

"Well," said Francesca, "there's something in it. We do like sailors and soldiers even when they're not in uniform. They're more ready to pilot, you know, and they've got more time. They give their minds to piloting, and the business man thinks it a bore. Still, business men can be very agreeable. They've generally got lots of money, though they don't throw it about like sailors and soldiers."

"That may be," I said; "but how shall we answer Mr. MORGAN?"

"I don't think we'll worry about him," she said. "We're not business men and we've no right to speak." R. C. L.

THE TRUE KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

[In many cases recently Suffragettes have only been saved from severe treatment at the hands of the public through the sturdy protection afforded them by the police.]

ROBERT, O Robert, my brave knight-errant,
Lending your aid to assaulted Suffs.,
Your duty disdaining the strong deterrent
That *they've* used *you* like the toughest "toughs;"
Not less to chivalrous deeds you're bound
Than the olden Knights of the Table Round!

And of all those gents of the blameless Order
Sir Gareth's the one who was most your style—
Lynette's young man, who was sworn to ward her,
And did it, however she might revile.
She insulted him, Robert; she chose to flout
The limb of the King. But he helped her out.

Ever he answered in gentle fashion,
Escorting her safe from the clutch of her foe;
And you, whom the fist of the Suff. falls crash on,
Have scorned to retaliate, well we know;
Keeping your knightly vows in mind,
You stand between her and enraged mankind.

Go it, then, gallant Sir Gareth-Robert,
Heir of the old chivalric days!
Talon and tooth of the suffrage mob hurt
Your skin, but your honour they fail to graze;
England is proud of you; *Mr. Punch*
Would shake your hand and endure the crunch.



"TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!"



"Please, Sir, 'twasn't me!"

SI VIEILLESSE POUVAIT!

Lively sympathy has been expressed in many quarters with President Woodrow Wilson in his toilsome endeavours to secure suitable diplomatic representatives for the United States at the principal European capitals; but this sympathy will be heightened tenfold when the public learns the inner history of these negotiations. It is generally known that Dr. Eliot, ex-President of Harvard, and Mr. Olney, the Secretary of State in Mr. Cleveland's Administration, aged respectively 79 and 80, both declined the honour; but the English Press knows nothing yet of President Woodrow Wilson's previous conscientious efforts to secure men for these posts who by their age and dignity would specially appeal to the Old World.

We have it on the best authority that he applied to George Bancroft (born in 1800) and Nathaniel Hawthorne (born in 1804) *before* making overtures to Dr. Eliot and Mr. Olney; also that amongst other eminent publicists, professors and warriors to whom he applied were the following:—

Professor Galusha Maldrup Tittle, aged 91.

Dr. John Flesher Pinchback, aged 93.

Admiral Sherman Tecumseh McClung, aged 88.

General Erastus Blodgett, aged 84.

Judge Epaphroditus Pennypacker, aged 99.

Colonel Myron Goslee Killikelly, aged 82.

Professor Moses Seneca Spratling, aged 103.

Somewhat depressed by the fact that the persons named either declined the offer or, in the case of Messrs. Bancroft, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Poe and Spratling, actually refrained from answering him at all, Professor Wilson then decided to break new ground altogether. "Gunboat" Smith, the famous American pugilist, who was approached by President Woodrow Wilson at this stage of his protracted quest, has stated to a representative of *The New York Undercut* the motives which obliged him to decline the honour. These motives, he explains, were partly political and racial, partly financial and partly hygienic and ethical. "Gunboat" Smith, it appears, is of Irish-American descent, and is animated by the keenest sympathy for Irish Nationalist aspirations. For him, therefore, to accept the post of Ambassador at St. James's before the Home Rule Bill was placed on the Statute Book would naturally be resented by millions of his brother Irish-Americans, including Senator O'Gorman, and would place him in a very false position. Secondly, he could not afford to accept a post which would oblige him to leave the ring when he was earning an income more than ten times as large as the salary attached to the appointment. Thirdly, as a convinced teetotaler he felt strong conscientious scruples about accepting a position which would involve a great deal of entertainment, in which the provision of alcoholic beverages was inevitable. Lastly, he was far too young to accept an appointment which had been offered in the first instance to men of seventy-nine years and upwards.

The various reasons which have led other gentlemen to refuse the flattering offer would fill a book. But, as Mr. Chauncey Depew, the famous American wit, has so aptly said, one can always turn to a new Page, and this is what the President has done. All good luck to the Page which he has chosen!

Another Impending Apology.

"Visits were paid to Rotterdam, where a visit to the Zoo helped to form most pleasant recollections of our Dutch friends."
Sportsman.

"Tallangatta, Tuesday.—Mr. —— was giving a demonstration of the best method of throwing a horse, when the animal fell on him and broke his leg."—*Colonial Paper.*

We like his spirit.

THE UNSETTLER.

I HAD been house-hunting, of course vainly, and after a long wait succeeded in getting a fly at the village inn to drive me to the nearest station. I don't say I had seen nothing I liked, but nothing that was empty. As a matter of fact I had seen one very charming place, but every window had an infernal blind in it and the chimneys were sending up their confounded smoke; and I was in a vile temper. None the less, when a little man in black suddenly appeared before me and begged to be allowed to share my cab (and its fare), I agreed. He began to talk at once, and having disposed of the weather, Sir RUFUS ISAACS, the Grand National and the want of enterprise shown in the ordinary English village, he said that his business took him a good deal into unfamiliar places.

Having nothing to reply to this, I asked him what his business was.

"I'm an unsettler," he said.

"An unsettler?"

"Yes. It's not a profession that we talk much about, because the very essence of it is secrecy, but it's genuine enough and there are thousands of us. Of course we do other things as well, such as insurance agency, but unsettling pays best."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Well," he explained, "it's like this. Say you are thinking of moving and you want another house. You can't find an empty one that you like, of course. No one can. But you differ from other persons in being unwilling to make a compromise. You will either wait till you find one that you do like, or you will go without. But meanwhile you see plenty of occupied houses that you like, just as every one else does. But you differ from other persons in being unwilling to believe that you can't have what you want. This makes my opportunity. You return to the agent and tell him that the only house you liked was (say) a white one at East Windles. 'It was not one on your list,' you say; 'in fact it was occupied. It is the house on the left, in its own grounds, just as you enter the village. There is a good lawn and a wonderful clipped yew hedge.' 'Oh, yes,' says the agent, 'the Old Parsonage.' 'Who lives there?' you ask. 'An old lady named Burgess,' says the agent—'Miss Burgess.' 'Would she leave?' you ask. 'I should very much doubt it,' says the agent, 'but I could, of course, sound her.' 'I'll give you twenty-five pounds,' you say, 'if you can induce her to quit;' and off you go. It is then that the unsettler comes in. The agent sends for me and tells me the story; and I set to work. The old lady has got to be dislodged. Now what is it that old ladies most dislike? I ask myself. It depends, of course; but on general principles a scare about the water is safe, and a rumour of ghosts is safe. The water-scare upsets the mistress; the ghost-scare upsets the maids. Having decided on my line of action, I begin to spread reports, very cautiously, of course, but with careful calculation, and of course never appearing in it myself; and gradually, bit by bit, Miss Burgess takes a dislike to the place. Not always, of course. Some of them are most unreasonable. But sooner or later most of them fall to the bait and you get the house. That's my profession, Sir."

"Well," I said, "I think it's a blackguard one."

"Oh, Sir!" he replied. "Live and let live."

"It's funny, all the same," I added, "that I should have run across you, because I've been looking for a house for some time and the only one I liked was tenanted."

He pulled out a pocket-book. "Yes?" he said, moistening his pencil.

But I have nothing more to tell you about the little beast.



THE HOME CINEMATOGRAPH FOR SUFFERERS FROM INSOMNIA.

"He was a handsome young fellow, standing six feet in his socks and well-proportioned to boot."—*London Mail.*

What size *were* his boots?

LITERARY NOTES.

WE are informed authoritatively that the novel just published by Mr. MURRAY and entitled *The Arnold Lip* has no reference, offensive or otherwise, to any other firm of publishers; while we have reason to believe that the novel in Mr. ARNOLD'S Spring list entitled *Nash and Some Others*, makes no allusion, direct or indirect, to Mr. EVELEIGH NASH.

No particulars are forthcoming regarding a new novel which Mr. ARNOLD has nearly ready, entitled *The Jaw of John Murray*, but we believe it is to be of a striking nature.

Among publications shortly to be expected from Mr. NASH is a novel under the title *That Fellow Arnold and his Little Lot*, which we are given to understand will be highly satirical in character.

Upon enquiry we learn that Mr. SECKER is preparing a new edition of *The Sunken Bell* entirely without reference, expressed or implied, to the fortunes of another publishing house.

Mr. LONG, who has met with a stupendous demand before publication for *The Peculations of Paul*, expressed a hope to our representative that the novel, which deals with the love story of a fraudulent solicitor, will on no account be associated with the head of a rival house of publishers, with whom his relations continue to remain most cordial.

Messrs. PAUL have found themselves compelled to go to press with an immense edition of a remarkable new novel entitled *Who's Ouseley?*

So unprecedented is the demand for *The Great John Long* that Messrs. HOLDEN AND HARDINGHAM are completely exhausted before publication.

The Fat Poor.

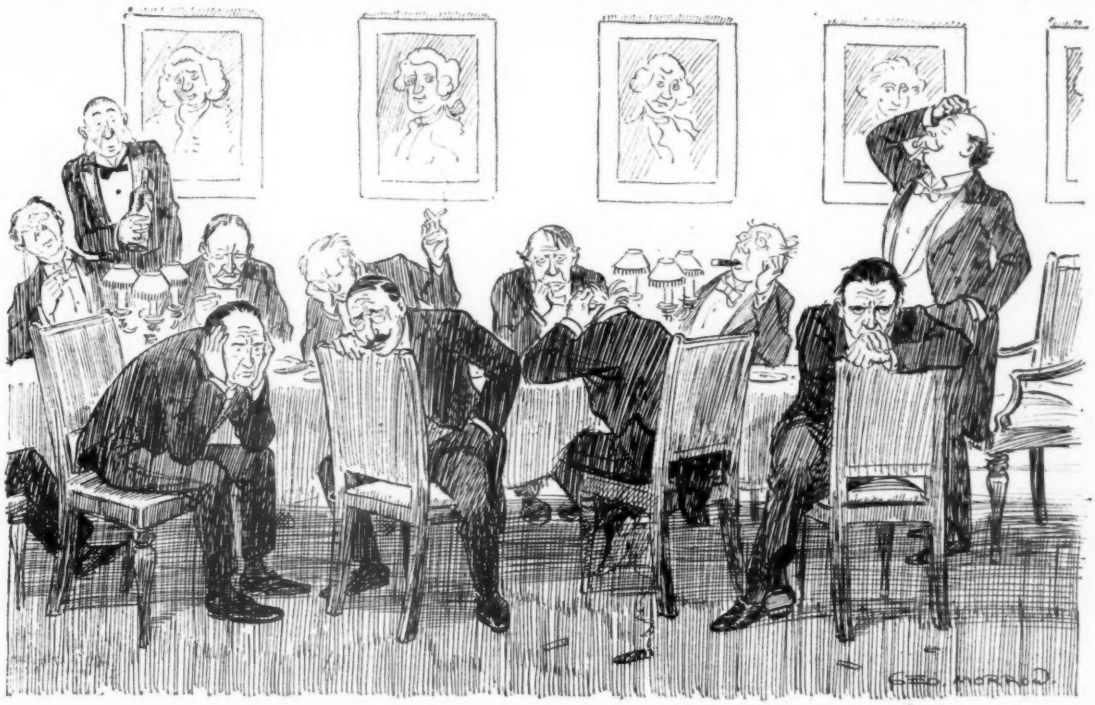
Mr. CHURCHILL as reported in *The Daily Telegraph*:—

"The other measure is to reduce the cost of the Osborne and Dartmouth course, in order that a larger lad than is at present possible may be able to afford to enter the navy."

From an advt. of an Aeroplane Display in *The Knutsford Guardian*:—

"The Flying Exhibition can only be seen from the Ground."

Then we shall remain there, and nothing shall induce us to go up.



The Bon Mot Club had a very distressing experience at their last weekly dinner. Three painful minutes dragged past without any member being able to think of a single witty remark.

NON BENE RELICTA.

(*A Tragedy of the Line.*)

Of Ceres blent and Dionysus' bloom,
Offspring of vineyards and the harvest sun,
I bought it in the Rhyl refreshment-room,
A plain sultana bun.

For this some English farmer ploughed the plain,
For this men toiled beneath an Orient flag;
My purpose was to munch it in the train
Out of a paper bag.

So far so good. I laid it by my side,
Meaning to browse at leisure, and to know
What beauties of the harem, laughing-eyed,
Lurked in the screen of dough.

Oh snobbery! Oh sad self-consciousness!
Into my carriage, whilst I still delayed,
Climbed, with exceeding care about her dress,
A glorious English maid.

I marked her face, I marked her queenly guise,
I marked her hat, and "What," I whispered, "feed
Off bun before those proud patrician eyes—
I dare not do the deed.

"What if she lifts perchance her Norman nose,
As who should say, 'A churl of loutish kind,
He eats his food from paper bags!'" I rose,
I left my targe behind.

I rose and went into the corridor
And found a carriage sacred to the pipe.
The bag? The paper bag? 'Twas not my store;
Some proletariat type
Had left it on the seat, a cast-off shame;
I found it when I took the train at Rhyl.
Ugh! the vile object. Stations went and came
And I grew hungrier still. . . . .

We stopped at Chester. I went softly back,
Hoping against all hope the girl had flown,
And, after long pain and exhaustion's rack,
Love might resume its own.

Alas, no luck. The maiden still was there.
I grasped my courage then in either hand.
My bun, my little bun! I did not care—
Death gnawed beneath my band.

I turned my eyes towards my former place,
Then reeled and turned again; she still sat on,
That haughty charmer with the proud, cold face,
Yes, but my bag was gone!

Nothing betrayed the marble of her cheek;
Only on one red lip—ah, horror dumb—
Stern with the old disdain that left me weak,
Trembled a lonely crumb.

Evoe.

From *The Summerfield Parish Magazine*:—

"The Superintendent of the City Road Sunday School acknowledges with best thanks the following gifts:—Mrs. Woodward, 5/-; Mrs. Mence, 2/-; Mr. Watkins, 2/6! Mrs. Andrews, 5/-."

"My dear, fancy Mr. Watkins!"

"The Scittish law officers receive salaries inclusive of all business."
Evening News.

It doesn't sound as though they did much business.

AN INSURANCE ACT.

Of course I had always known that a medical examination was a necessary preliminary to insurance, but in my own case I had expected the thing to be the merest formality. The doctor, having seen at a glance what a fine strong healthy fellow I was, would look casually at my tongue, apologise for having doubted it, enquire genially what my grandfather had died of, and show me to the door. This idea of mine was fostered by the excellent testimonial which I had written myself at the Company's bidding. "Are you suffering from any constitutional disease?—*No.* Have you ever had gout?—*No.* Are you deformed?—*No.* Are you of strictly sober and temperate habits?—*No,*" I mean *Yes.* My replies had been a model of what an Assurance Company expects. Then why the need of a doctor?

However, they insisted.

The doctor began quietly enough. He asked, as I had anticipated, after the health of my relations. I said that they were very fit, and, not to be outdone in politeness, expressed the hope that *his* people, too, were keeping well in this trying weather. He wondered if I drank much. I said, "Oh, well, perhaps I *will*," with an apologetic smile, and looked round for the sideboard. Unfortunately he did not pursue the matter. . . .

"And now," he said, after the hundredth question, "I should like to look at your chest."

I had seen it coming for some time. In vain I had tried to turn the conversation—to lead him back to the subject of drinks or my relations. It was no good. He was evidently determined to see my chest. Nothing could move him from his resolve.

Trembling, I prepared for the encounter. What terrible disease was he going to discover?

He began by tapping me briskly all over in a series of double-knocks. For the most part one double-knock at any point appeared to satisfy him, but occasionally there would be no answer and he would knock again. At one spot he knocked four times before he could make himself heard.

"This," I said to myself at the third knock, "has torn it. I shall be ploughed," and I sent an urgent message to my chest, "For 'eving's sake *do* something, you fool. Can't you hear the gentleman?" I suppose that roused it, for at the next knock he passed on to an adjacent spot. . . .

"Um," he said, when he had called everywhere, "um."

"I wonder what I've done," I thought to myself. "I don't believe he likes my chest."

Without a word he got out his stethoscope and began to listen to me. As luck would have it he struck something interesting almost at once, and for what seemed hours he stood there listening and listening to it. But it was boring for me, because I really had very little to do. I could have bitten him in the neck with some ease . . . or I might have licked his ear. Beyond that, nothing seemed to offer.

I moistened my lips and spoke.

"Am I dying?" I asked in a broken voice.

"Don't talk," he said. "Just breathe naturally."

"I am dying," I thought, "and he is hiding it from me." It was a terrible reflection.

"Um," he said and moved on.

By-and-by he went and listened behind my back. It is very bad form to listen behind a person's back. I did not tell him so, however. I wanted him to like me.

"Yes," he said. "Now cough."

"I haven't a cough," I pointed out.

"Make the noise of coughing," he said severely.

Extremely nervous, I did my celebrated imitation of a man with an irritating cough.

"H'm! h'm! h'm! h'm!"

"Yes," said the doctor. "Go on."

"He likes it," I said to myself, "and he must obviously be an excellent judge. I shall devote more time to mimicry in future. H'm! h'm! h'm! . . ."

The doctor came round to where I could see him again.

"Now cough like this," he said. "Honk! honk!"

I gave my celebrated imitation of a sick rhinoceros gasping out its life. It went well. I got an encore.

"Um," he said gravely, "um." He put his stethoscope away and looked earnestly at me.

"Tell me the worst," I begged. "I'm not bothering about this stupid insurance business now. That's off, of course. But—how long have I? I must put my affairs in order. Can you promise me a week?"

He said nothing. He took my wrists in his hands and pressed them. It was evident that grief over-mastered him and that he was taking a silent farewell of me. I bowed my head. Then, determined to bear my death-sentence like a man, I said firmly, "So be it," and drew myself away from him.

However, he wouldn't let me go.

"Come, come," I said to him, "you must not give way;" and I made an effort to release my hand, meaning to pat him encouragingly on the shoulder.

He resisted. . . .

I realised suddenly that I had mistaken his meaning, and that he was simply feeling my pulses.

"Um," he said, "um," and continued to finger my wrists.

Clenching my teeth, and with the veins starting out on my forehead, I worked my pulses as hard as I could.

* * * * * * *

"Ah," he said, as I finished tying my tie; and he got up from the desk where he had been making notes of my disastrous case, and came over to me. "There is just one thing more. Sit down."

I sat down.

"Now cross your knees."

I crossed my knees. He bent over me and gave me a sharp tap below the knee with the side of his hand.

My chest may have disappointed him . . . He may have disliked my back . . . Possibly I was a complete failure with my pulses . . . But I knew the knee-trick.

This time he should not be disappointed.

I was taking no risks. Almost before his hand reached my knee, my foot shot out and took him fairly under the chin. His face suddenly disappeared.

"I haven't got *that* disease," I said cheerily. A. A. M.

THE CUCKOO.

The cuckoo, when the lambkins bleat,
Does nothing else but sing and eat.
The other birds in dale and dell
Sing also—but they work as well.

When daisies star the April sward
His eggs he places out to board,
That when his nursery should be full
He may not be responsible.

When other birds, from rooks to wrens,
Good husbands are and citizens,
The cuckoo's little else beyond
A captivating vagabond.

The other birds who dawn acclaim,
Their songs are sweet but much the same;
The cuckoo has a ruder tone
But absolutely all his own.

Now where's the bard that it would irk
To eat his meals and not to work?—
And it's prodigiously worth while
To have an individual style.

So I would be the cuckoo bold
And loaf in meadows white-and-gold,
And make a song unique as his
And shirk responsibilities.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

The Later Edition.

Once upon a time there was a man who now and then liked a little flutter on the Turf. Rarely did he win, but he did not risk much, and he had probably as much fun for his losses as he would have obtained in any other way and not much more expensively. Well, after a long and dreary winter of steeplechasing and hurdling, in which he took very little interest, the flat season at last opened again and all the world was full of talk of the Lincolnshire Handicap; and "the curtain being rung up on the Carholme," and all the old tropes of sporting journalism were trotted out; and in common with most of the male population of the British Isles, and not a few women, this gambler was exercised in his mind as to what would win. There was a very large field—over twenty horses—to pick from, and since none of them had done anything since November, and much may happen to a horse during the winter, the race was exceedingly open, nor was the decision made any easier by the conflicting advice of the prophets and the sons of the prophets, each of whom had a different fancy. So he made up his mind to choose for himself, and, after much searching of heart and the destruction of many telegraph forms, he at last despatched to his commission agent a message desiring him to back Cuthbert both ways for five pounds, and having done this he resolutely forgot all about the race until the boys began to shout the result in the streets. Even then he declined to be hurried, but with a great affectation of apathy he bought a paper, and when he saw that his own Cuthbert, child of his prescience, was first at 100 to 6 you could have knocked him down with an osprey, for this meant over £100 in hand. He retired to his club and let his mind run on what he would do with it. There was a little picture at Christie's in the Friday's sale which had much attracted him—he could now have that; and the new limited edition of Kipling; and an anonymous tenner to one or two needy friends might be managed; and the new billiard-cloth could be assured—all through the gallant efforts of the brave Cuthbert. He also wrote a few letters announcing his success, and then leaving his club very happy in mind, he was met by another newspaper-boy bearing a placard which said, "Lincoln Handicap Sensation," and, idly buying this, the man discovered that the brave Cuthbert had been disqualified and was now utterly discredited and last of all, and a miserable impostor named Berrilldon was first, so that, instead of touching £100 and more, he owed his commission-agent £10. And could there be a much sadder true story?



"I am glad to see you come so regularly to our evening services, Mrs. Brown."
"Yus. Yer see, me 'usband 'ates me goin' hout of a hevening, so I does it to spite 'im."

WHAT EVERY LIBERAL SHOULD KNOW.

Following the example of the Navy, where competitive cadetships are shortly to be established, the Gladstone League is about to found a number of scholarships in current political topics. As a general indication of the character of the questions which will be put, the following specimen paper has been circulated:—

1. State in what circumstances it is possible to conceive that Mr. T. W. Russell would ever resign office.

2. Who is the only member of the Cabinet whom none of his colleagues are able to call by his Christian name?

3. How would you handicap a foursome in which Sir Rufus Isaacs and Lord Robert Cecil were opposed by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Kebty-Fletcher?

4. State your reasons for preferring Handel Booth as a vocalist to Hayden Coffin, or *vice versâ*.

5. Who said that listening to the Rev. Sylvester Horne, M.P., in the House of Commons gave him "pulpitations of the heart"?

6. Where are Elibank, Charnwood, Aberconway, Walton Heath and Criccieth?



GOING IT!

Scene—*A "Bataille de Boules" at a Restaurant on the Riviera.*

British Matron (to her daughters). "Of course, my dears, it is not behaviour I would for one moment countenance in London, but in Rome, as the saying is, one should do as the Romans do, and so I do not know that there would be any particular harm if you each threw just one at your father."

THE MOUNTAIN HARE.

Off steep Snaefell the wind comes cool,
  But in the sun the stacks are steaming,
And on the lawn a furry pool,
  Three lazy dogs that lie a-dreaming;
When suddenly, beside the hedge,
  Near the blue iris fast uncrinkling,
A hare steps on the grassy edge,
  His brown bright eyes with mischief twinkling.

No pursy meadow-hare is this
  To fall a prey to plodding beagles;
He is a *mountain* hare, I wis,
  And trains himself in dodging eagles;
Straight for those dreaming dogs he goes,
  And as he lightly vaults them over
Flips with contemptuous pads the nose
  Of bold Ben Gunn or Jack or Rover!

Away he pelts straight up the hill
  With springing steps that never slacken,
A flash of red along the fell,
  A running ripple through the bracken;
Light as a blown leaf on his feet
  And swifter than a scudding swallow,
While the three dogs in breathless heat
  With one wild howl of "Banzai!" follow.

First goes Ben Gunn, his nose to the track,
  Sore vexed that puss has caught him napping,
And then that scapegrace terrier Jack,
  Wasting his precious breath in yapping;
Then a long pause, and then—unkind,
  Ungallant of her friends to leave her!
Panting perspiringly behind
  A stout and middle-aged retriever.

O craft that doubles in the gorse,
  O speed that skims the open reaches!
What jokes beside the water-course,
  What merry japes among the beeches!
The fells with sun and shadow hued,
  The larches gay with April bunting,
And both pursuers and pursued
  Delirious with the joy of hunting.

But joys are fleeting! Pussy feels
  His friends behind too blown to rally,
And with a pitying kindness wheels
  Back to their own, their native valley;
Plumb on their sacred lawn he halts—
  A sight to drive a true dog crazy!
Tumbles two saucy somersaults
  And *exit*, fresher than a daisy.



FIVE KEELS TO NONE.

The United Powers. "COME OUTSIDE, YOUNG 'UN, WE 'VE PREPARED A NICE LITTLE DEMONSTRATION FOR YOU."

Montenegro. "OH, GO AWAY, YOU SILLY SAILOR-MEN; CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 31.—Looking round more than half-empty benches at Question-time it seems impossible that the Session, but a few weeks old, can hold out to Whitsuntide. As a rule, whatever may befall as an average sitting drones along, there is full attendance at Question-time. Treasury Bench is thronged by Ministers eager to give as little information as possible in adequate number of words. Leader of Opposition and his colleagues are temporarily united in search for opening to trip up Government. Through the Question-hour (which, by the way, lasts only forty-five minutes), no one knows what may turn up. Consequently all are in their places ready to be interested or amused.

Peculiarity of to-day's situation is singular absence on part of Leaders. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed. To begin with, Speaker is represented by Deputy. Two Members on Front Opposition Bench represent flower of the ex-Ministry. The Premier, to whom customary bunch of Questions are addressed, is out of hearing. Chancellor of the Exchequer is engaged in apostolic work recorded by St. Paul, Ephesus being represented by the Marconi Committee-room upstairs. The Postmaster-General is in the same arena. Even Masterman, whose capacity for answering Questions designed with baffling intent is superhuman, extends his week-end.

Hicks-Joynson—or is it Joynson-Hicks? In the early days of Ministerial colleagueship the late Markis used to complain that he never knew whether Old Morality was H. W. Smith or W. H. However precedence runs, the Member for Brentford was all over the shop. The Speaker, who cannot be accused of niggardliness in the matter, has drawn the line at six Questions as a maximum allowance for a single Member. Hicks-Joynson, subtlely grouping four under two headings, managed to evade the regulations and put eight. His activity did little to relieve depression that settled down upon House. As one swallow does not make a summer, so a hyphen linking two surnames does not involve double capacity for commanding attention.

Effect of situation upon Mr. Ginnell comically embarrassing. Appropriated considerable portion of Question Paper with a Shorter Catechism of diversified interest. Had as usual, necessarily in ignorance of nature of Ministerial reply, drafted in manuscript sheaf of Supplementary Questions "arising out of that answer." These he prefaced by addressing "Mr. Speaker." Correcting himself with grave deliberation he substituted the formula, "Mr. Deputy-Speaker." This, regularly repeated through a course of interrogation, occupied some time. But time is matter for slaves and, true Britons all, House of Commons never will be slaves.



KEBTY-FLETCHER IN ERUPTION.

Business done.—Report Stage of the Navy Estimates agreed to without division.

Tuesday.—The measure of success attendant on eruption of Kebty-Fletcher was not such as to encourage fresh effort in same direction. It certainly had the charm of the unexpected. This the third session of the Member for Altrincham; as far as one remembers, his maiden speech was made to-day when he suddenly fell upon Chancellor of the Exchequer and tried to rend him. His acquirements as a linguist are among the proudest appanages of the Liverpool provision market. Since he came to Westminster he has been silent in five languages. This afternoon burst forth in one, and straightway made a Parliamentary reputation.



"Self-confessed vacuity."
(Mr. Denison Faber.)

Began with inquiry set forth on paper desiring to know from the Chancellor of the Exchequer "whether there are any emoluments or allowances attached to his office other than his salary."

On face of it question suggested to penetrating mind of Denison Faber that suspicion of there being "something behind" which stirred its self-confessed vacuity when he came across the Attorney-General's cable message to his brother in New York, "I hope that by the time you come back the Coal Strike may be finished." Whether the mind of Chancellor of the Exchequer was disturbed by similar suspicion is not known. He contented himself with short rejoinder in the negative.

It was here that Kebty-Fletcher, to the amazement of House, erupted. Had Vesuvius on a summer evening, after long period of quiescence, broken forth in flames and streams of boiling lava, the immediate neighbourhood could not have been more astonished.

"Arising out of that reply," he said, "is not the right honourable gentleman's salary sufficient to prevent him wrongfully and improperly gambling ——?"

Evidently more to follow, but whether Kebty meant to finish the sentence in German, Latin, or a dialect of the Slav tongue, no one knows. Loud shout of "Order! Order!" boomed from Ministerial benches. Speaker interposed with obvious remark that the further question did not, as alleged, "arise out" of Minister's reply and was therefore not in order. Lloyd George leapt to his feet and, regarding his assailant with flashing eyes, invited him to "come outside." Of course didn't put invitation in this precise form. That its plain meaning.

Kebty rose respondent to the chal-

lenge. Speaker on his feet again insisting that if Member for Altrincham had further questions to ask he should put them on the Paper. Evidently didn't think a man with such command of language was to be trusted to speak on spur of moment. Kebty bobbed up and down like parched pea in frying-pan. Whenever he rose a howl of execration came from benches opposite. "Snob! Snob!" they shouted. "Cad! Cad!" Whereto well-wishers on Opposition benches, with fuller command of syllables, responded, "Marconi!" "Whitewashing!"

Worse than the uproar was attitude of the Speaker. Kebty's pale lips moved as if he were translating a select passage from a foreign classic. That all right, since not a syllable could be heard. But whenever, after contact with the frying-pan, the parched pea



Hicks-Joynson.

popped up, the Speaker was also on his legs and Kebty dropped down.

Strangers in the Gallery, brought up to respect what they were taught to regard as "the first body of gentlemen in Europe," looked round uneasily. Began to think that by some strange mistake they had strayed into what Albert Markham last week described as "a pothouse crowd."

Sark, who is reaching the status of one of the oldest Members and reveres the memories of forty years of close intimacy, refrains from habit, sometimes perhaps obtrusive, of interposing frivolous remarks on the episode. Jealous for the dignity and high traditions of the House he discerns in it fresh testimony to the deplorable decadence that has marked its proceedings during recent months.

Eruption subsided as suddenly as it had broken forth. Business went on as if nothing out of the way had happened.

Business done.—Alarums and excursions. Incidentally motion that House should go into Committee on Civil Service Estimates agreed to. At end of eight hours Speaker left the Chair. Two minutes later everybody left the House. Sitting adjourned.

THE VERNAL EQUINOX.

When I have got a song to sing,
No power on earth can stop it;
And this, you must admit, is Spring
When bluebells do (or ought to) ring
And Edwin whispers "Ting-a-ling!"
And Angelina, "Drop it!"
When songsters ought to have their fling,
And lovers ought to pop it.
For are not questions things to pop
And is a song a thing to stop?

Ten years ago I loved a piece
Whose Christian name was Mary;
She was a stout attorney's niece
And swore our love should never cease;
But oh! when uncles are obese
Then are they most contrairy.
When this one whistled for the p'lice
Myself, becoming wary,
Remarked, upon a second thought,
To cease, perhaps, was what it ought.

The constable was big and blue,
His views were most decided. . . .
And, now whenever Spring is due,
I thank my stars, as so would you,
If you had got a star or two
And you had fared as I did.
(One's stars will always see one through
If one will but be guided.)
But what I thank my planets for
Is keeping me a bachelor.

"But what," you ask, "of Mary,
pray?"
Another man bespoke her,
Whom she, upon her wedding day,
Was pledged to honour and obey
And even love him in a way,
Although he *was* a Broker.
But as for him, I've heard him say
He's half a mind to choke her.
"But what has this," you ask again,
"To do with Spring?" I will explain.

Though Spring's the time when love is ripe
And ready for the gleaning,
When Corydon assumes his pipe
And, giving it a thoughtful wipe,
Croons lays of an erotic type
But little inner meaning—
'Tis then that husbands feel the gripe
And misery of cleaning.
A wife, they tell me, is a thing
That one is best without in Spring.

Notice outside Oxford:—

"Bear left at centre of town for Banbury."

Sir Frederick should claim it at once.

ROMEO TO RAG-TIME.

Shakspeare on the Cinema.

"'*Romeo and Juliet*' *in eight pieces, half-a-mile long. Comedy, tragedy, love, pathos, crime.*"—Hoarding.

[A weekly paper asks our serious dramatists to turn their attention to the cinema stage. Why not *Romeo and Juliet* on the films—as, of course, a cowboy drama?]

Scene 1.—Cowboy "scrap" in Dead Man's Gully, Ohio, U.S. Gilead J. Capulet's boys engage Samuel P. Montague's gang. Bowie-knives, shooting-irons, broncho-busters, sheepskin trousers, etc. Music (mechanical piano), "Ragging the Ragtime," with chorus of nigger minstrels. Enter Old Man Capulet and Old Man Montague and get busy with their guns. They break up.

Scene 2.—Moonlight dance on Gilead J. Capulet's ranch. Cowboys and cowgirls Boston. Music, "Hitchy Koo." Enter Romeo S. Montague with Benvolio (comic entry, disguised). Old Man Capulet, not recognising them, gives them the glad eye. Romeo sees Juliet (Sadie) Capulet and they fall in love. Conversation cards shown on film—

What 's wrong with her?
She 's a beaut!—eh?

Say! He 's top-notch!

Nephew Tybalt Capulet recognises Rome Montague and gets shirty. Conversation cards shown—

Gee Whiz! A darned Montague!

Another of them Capulet critters!
Well, I 'm jiggered!

They pull out their guns, but Old Man Capulet calls it off.

Scene 3.—Under Julie's window—moonlight. Rome draws hand across forehead, stamps, and hits himself on brisket to show he is in love with Jule. She (on verandah) leans chin on one hand and saws the air with the other to show she accepts him. Nigger coon-song heard off—"Linger longer, Lucy." Cards—

Is it a deal, my Jule?

Waal, you 're It!
What 's wrong with getting hitched
right away?

Whoopee, it 's a cinch!

Scene 4.—Parson Lawrence's shanty. Wedding service on. Rome and Jule stand on and off while Parson Lawrence yanks a book and shoves his

arms around to indicate reading prayer-book. Card—

> "Till death us do part."
> Right! You're hitched!

Wedding march on piano, and dance (two-step).

Scene 5.—Bar scrap in neighbouring saloon. Rome Monty draws a bead on Tybalt Capulet and lays him out. Sheriff says:—"Sentence: Deported as an undesirable." Rome springs on buck-jumper and clears, followed by usual crowd in usual race; winner, Romeo by ten miles. He reaches Jule's shanty unobserved.

Scene 6.—Jule's room on Capulet's diggings. Next morning—dawn. Piano: "So early in de morning." Romeo, by waving left arm upwards, indicates that dawn is breaking. Jule, by catching him by the shoulder and frowning, shows that she thinks he is wrong. Rome twiddles his hands and points one out of the window to tell her that he must escape to another State if he is to avoid being hanged, with further particulars. He lowers himself out of shanty window and rides off on buck-jumper. Piano: "Say *Au revoir* but not Good-bye."

Scene 7.—Juliet, pressed by Poppa Capulet to marry someone else, is afraid of committing bigamy, when Parson Lawrence buys her a two-finger nip of opium. She writes a letter to Romeo. Letter card—

> Only opium, not poison.
> Must take it to throw Pop off the scent.
> Shall come round again in 48 hours.
> Keep your hair on!

She drinks, exclaiming (card)—

> Here's *to* you, Rome!

and drops in her tracks. (Piano—"Down by the willow she's sleeping," sung by darkies "off.")

Scene 8.—Telegraph boy with her letter has stopped to play baseball. Romeo gets another letter first—

> Jule came all over queer yesterday;
> dropped down and pegged out.
> Buried this afternoon.
> Don't take on, now—buck up!

Rome, in despair, buys nip of poison at neighbouring saloon and gallops back on buck-jumper to Old Man Capulet's diggings. Finds Jule in darkened vault. (Music—"The Rag-time Goblin Man.") Rome works his arms about, holds head, rolls his eyes, drinks poison. Card—

> Here's to Jule. Gin, gin!

Drops. (Music—"Massa's in de cold, cold groun'.") Jule comes to, finds him dead, draws a gun and blows her brains out. Enter crowd of cowboys on buck-jumpers, with Old Man Capulet and Pop Montague. They find the bodies. Cards—

> Pegged out—both of them!
> We're up against it.

> I'm always doing the wrong thing—
> I lost a saddle-strap yesterday.

> Well, I'm right-down sorry.
> Put up yer gun, Mont—
> let's quit fightin'!

> Put it there—shake!

Chorus of darkies—"All de darkies am a-weeping;" "Yankee Doodle." Blank sheet, with words, "The B. and S. Film Co., Ltd."



Major Bangstick (of the Indian Army). "Tell your Scout-master that, now I'm home, I shall be pleased to help him, if he'd like it, with field-work and so on."

Horace. "Thanks, awfully, Dad, but—er—are you *quite up-to-date*?—drill's altered a lot since you were home last."

"George Bernard Shaw, a well-known playwright."—*New York Sun.*

We always wondered who he was.

"Specialization in each city university there will be and ought to be *non omnia possums omdes.*"—*Collegian* (India).

Our contemporary will specialise in Latin.

SPRING SPORTS.

["The customary spring sports are being largely indulged in."—*The Margate Correspondent of "The Daily Telegraph."*]

WHEN you have regretfully put your skis back into their box, packed your skates into a brown-paper parcel once more, and put the bob-sleigh into cotton-wool for the summer, you may cheer up, for there are still the spring sports at Margate to be done.

Donning your sand-shoes and calabash pipe, you emerge from the boarding-house after breakfast, sniffing up the invigorating east wind as you go, and proceed to the jetty. Everybody spends the morning on the jetty.

Some of London's most titled people are daily to be seen at the slots there. Men well known in commerce, art, law, and the services take very seriously their daily recreation of working the automatic machines with which a far-seeing enterprise has so plentifully endowed this bracing resort. It is told of Lord B. (with what amount of truth we do not know) that in a single morning he had no fewer than five out of fourteen pennies returned to him, so great was his skill.

For the more ambitious sportsman there is the fishing, which is always to be obtained here, whether the water be rough or smooth. A morning's catch may vary from seven ounces to three and a quarter pounds.

The afternoon is passed by the *habitués* of the place in the healthful exercise of standing by the flagstaff. The rules are very simple; the only condition of the game is that the player must not hold on to anything or lean against anything; he may have his face or his side or his back to the wind, just as he pleases; all he has to do is to stand for one minute. The winners receive handsome bottles of cough-mixture, neuralgia cure, and other suitable gifts.

The evening during the spring sports season at Margate is spent by visitors pretty much as they like. There are certain police regulations which are restrictive to some extent; but it is generally found that after the rigours of the day in this healthy and exhilarating atmosphere, where, although the sun may perhaps be shining with great brilliance, the coldness of the east wind is in no way mitigated, the pastime of the Time-table problem is the most popular. The successful competitor is rewarded by catching the quick train home on the following morning.

More Hunger Strikes.

"The centre-half neglected to feed her inners."—*Hockey Field.*

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE."

ILAM CARVE, the great artist, was a shy man who shunned society. He wandered about the Continent, attended solely by a valet and two moles. The moles lived just beneath his collar. One day (as all the world knows now) the four of them returned suddenly to England, and at the very moment of arrival *Albert Shawn*, the valet, died. Owing to a misunderstanding the three survivors were assumed to be *Albert;* and in the evening editions the death of *Ilam Carve*, England's greatest artist, was sadly announced. *Ilam*, too shy to go through the bother of correcting the mistake, let it be; the valet was buried in the Abbey; and *Ilam* and



Ilam Carve (Mr. HENRY AINLEY). "I am about to take my tie off. This being England, the curtain will be lowered for a minute while I do so."

his two moles started a new existence as *Albert Shawn*.

But the three of them were not alone for long. Soon after his funeral *Ilam* married *Janet Cannot*, the dearest little woman, who cared nothing for art but could manage a house. For two years they all lived happily together. Then the secret began to come out. To prevent a lawsuit over one of his pictures (recently painted and apparently, therefore, a forgery) *Ilam* was urged to reveal his identity. How could he establish it to the satisfaction of a man who knew nothing of art? . . . Quite right. The two moles.

Without wishing to make a mountain out of a mole-hill, I could wish that Mr. BENNETT had managed his final scene somehow else. He makes very good fun of the idea of identifying an artist by his neck rather than by his work, but this does not excuse him for falling back on such an artifice. Anyway, could *Cyrus Carve* possibly have recognised or even have remembered his cousin's moles after twenty-five years? I have been trying to recall the exhibits in this line on the necks of my childhood's friends, and my mind, I fear, is an entire blank.

However, these are trifles. It is the characters of *Ilam* and *Janet* which make the play. Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT owes much to Mr. HENRY AINLEY and Miss WISH WYNNE. As it happened, I read the play before I saw it, and it was amazing to find how real and living a person Mr. AINLEY could make *Ilam*; wonderful how delightful even the most ordinary remarks of *Janet* sounded from the lips of Miss WYNNE. Which had the greater triumph I cannot say; they were both superb. With their help Mr. BENNETT has given us a very pleasant entertainment at The Kingsway Theatre. And there is no reason why he should not give us many more; for his dialogue is always pleasant and easy and his stage-craft amply sufficient for his needs. But as a satirist he is rather ingenuous. Indeed at times he gives one the idea that he has only just discovered London . . . and finds it all very strange. M.

THE STRONGER LINKS.

"WE should be near the eighth green now," I said, as we panted up the slope. "There is a guide-post just on the top of the hill, and—confound it!" The post had suddenly revealed itself just on the top of my nose. It was very dark.

"Never mind your silly nose," said Cicely unfeelingly. "How far are we from the green?"

"Turn to the right," I answered. "A little further . . . further yet . . . Good!"

There was a muffled shriek from the pot-bunker, and I knew that my nose was avenged.

"Don't trouble about getting all the sand out of your mouth," I advised her. "Some people eat grit with every meal, you know. It's considered to be beneficial to the digestion. Have you ever noticed how a dog . . . Ah, here's the flag."

"Get out one of the bottles," whispered Cicely excitedly.

"Take it," I said. "I have come with you in fulfilment of a rash promise, but I absolutely decline to take any part in the actual destruction of the greens. Heaven forbid that I should ever be guilty of such sacrilege."

In the darkness I heard the pop of a cork, followed by a gurgle and the faint splash of a liquid. Then a glimmer of



THE POINT-TO-POINT SEASON.

("*The Man in Possession.*")

Sportsman (in ditch). "Hi! Hullo! don't jump here! This place is occupied!"

white appeared near my feet, which I knew to be a flag inscribed "Votes for Women."

"Isn't it all splendid?" exclaimed Cicely, as we made our way stumblingly across to the tenth green. "I feel simply glorious. Like Joan of Arc, or—or Mrs. Drummond, you know. Here I am, helping on the great Cause and at the same time putting a check on the selfish pleasures of men."

"And women," I added.

* * * * *

There was a deep sigh as the last drop clucked out of the last bottle on to the sixteenth green. Cicely had been strangely silent for some time.

"After all," she said discontentedly, "I don't really know that I'm glad. Golf *is* rather a jolly game, isn't it?"

"More than a game," I suggested. "An absorbing pursuit."

"I've had some good times on the links, too," she said wistfully.

"Do you remember that foursome at Seamouth, when you had to hole out a twelve-yard putt for a win, and did it?"

"Don't," she pleaded. "Do you think it *does* advance the Cause to destroy golf greens?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "I'm convinced that it has precisely the opposite effect. I regard the proceeding with utter abhorrence."

"Then I think you're perfectly horrid to have let me come," she burst out. "Why didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you! I might as well have tried to stop a runaway motor-'bus. So these are all the thanks I get for undertaking all this discomfort and risk out of mere Quixotic chivalry!"

"I wish we hadn't done it," she moaned. "I wish to goodness we hadn't done it now."

"That's all right, Cicely," I said cheerfully. "I rather expected this. That's why I emptied out your corrosive acid before we started, and filled the bottles with water."

"Mr. Hill acted as best man. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hill left for their honeymoon."—*Folkestone Express.*

Very careless of the clergyman to have married the bride to the best man.

"Mr. George wormly replied that he had already answered several times certain questions put to him."—*The Globe.*

Even a Chancellor of the Exchequer will turn.

BEFORE THE TOURNEY.

In days of old the ladye fayre
Would gird her true knight's armour on,
Hand him the sword he wished to wear,
The breastplate he designed to don
Ere sallying forth to bandy cracks
With his ancestral battle-axe.

You can't do that, my Marguerite,
Since breastplates are no longer made,
And I perform each lusty feat
Ungarnished by the hardware trade.
The battle-axe remains, 'tis true;
It cuts the firewood up for you.

But one thing you *can* do for me
Or e'er I go to face the foe,
Thus proving your equality
With those dead dames of long ago.
Your true love looks to you for that;
Dearest, wilt oil my cricket bat?

"'Aeneas Caning Anchises' fetched £550."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Is this the way to treat a father?

"Pigs wholesale 16, retail 14 a shilling."—*Advt. in "South Gloucestershire Chronicle."*

We'll have sixpennyworth.

"ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR."

I knew a man, a mild and cheerful soul,
Whose fancy cherished for its earthly goal
A garden of his own. For many a year
His villa with its cat-run in the rear
And one smut-blackened tree were all he had,
But some good neighbour's garden made him glad,
And sun and rain and every plant that grows,
The modest daisy no less than the rose,
Were his close friends; and he would stroll about
Admiring how the things were coming out,
And fruits and flowers and every singing bird
A friendly envy of his neighbour stirred;
And oft he 'd quote, meandering round the spot,
"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!"
Then came a day when fortune, cruel-kind,
Gave him the very garden to his mind,
Grateful he cried, "Sweet pleasaunce all my own,
No hireling hands shall tend thee, mine alone!"
And casting off his coat, as I 've been told,
He sallied forth to tend his precious mould.

The seasons came and went, and, on a day,
It chanced I journeyed down my old friend's way,
And thought to find him, in some happy hour,
A blissful Adam in his Eden bower.
I called, and from his flower-beds in he came,
But aged he seemed, with bended form, and lame,
It would appear he 'd lately sprained his back
Lugging some seed-potatoes in a sack.
"Well, and how goes the garden, friend?" I said.
He eyed me with suspicion, shook his head,
And put me off; some blighting chance, 'twould seem,
Had dimmed the lustre of his former dream,
And, as within that earliest home of ours,
A fatal serpent lurked amid the flowers,
He, too, had sighed, with all who goalward strive—
"Better to journey hopeful than to arrive."

A genial soul of old, on great and small
He used to smile, and found some good in all;
But now what hates fill that once friendly mind
Of slugs and mice, birds, boys, weeds, wet and wind!
He dreams of deadliest poison for the rats
And sets wire-nooses for his neighbours' cats;
While that small daisy-friend of days gone by,
She gets the weed-destroyer in her eye.
Once, did a blackbird deign from that sole tree
To flood the backyard with its minstrelsy,
Raptured, with good Aquinas he would cry,
"Hark, '*ubi aves, ibi angeli!*'"
Now, at the first notes, all his thoughts are set
On cherries plundered 'neath their guardian net;
Or let a bullfinch pipe, and, with a frown,
"My buds!" he cries, and grabs his shot-gun down.
No fat-filled cocoa-nut now tempts the tits,
They, too, nip buds and must be blown to bits.
Once, though the rain were pelting cats and dogs,
Turning that neighbour's flower-beds to bogs,
He d quote (who is it?) with a cheerful voice,
Smiling, "If heaven sends rain, why rain 's my choice!"
But let heaven try it now, and hear him shout,
"Confound the wet—washing my seedlings out!"
Once, a sun-worshipper, he 'd bask and brown
A month on end; now, let the sun beam down
For one blest week, he scowls and fags about,
Weighed down with watering-pots, and drats the drought.

So day by day he casts indignant eyes
Upon each changing aspect of the skies;
And every night before he goes to bed
Bangs the barometer and shakes his head—
A worn disproof, whate'er its inward grace,
That "honest labour wears a lovely face!"
Poor chap! I know now when I look on you
Why "Mary, Mary" so "contrairy" grew:
Still, rain or shine, the primal curse holds out:
Who tills the earth pays the old price, no doubt.
But, ere that ban a kindly soul can sour,
And blight for good your joy in fruit and flower,
And lest the clay you 're made of, some ill day,
Hurl down the hoe and curse its fellow clay,
Be wise, good friend, before it grows too late,
And let the jobbing gardener through your gate.

THE THRUSH'S SONG.

Dear Sir,—I am a naturalist of considerable (local) repute, and my latest self-appointed task has been the study of bird-songs, and their translation, as far as possible, into human language. It may interest you to know that my researches have enabled me to disprove the popular fallacy that the *Turdus musicus* (common song thrush) warbles his roulades and cadenzas for the allurement and gratification of his mate. This is not the case, for, far from being of an amorous nature, the vocal outbursts of our speckled-breasted songster are nothing more or less than a caustic criticism on the manners and appearance of his hated rival on the next tree but one.

In submitting my translation herewith, I beg to mention that my garden is situated within the ten-mile radius, where the birds sing with a slightly Cockney accent.

First Thrush.

"Swank! Swank! Swank! Swank! Swank!
Get yer beak clipped! Get yer beak clipped! Got yer beak clipped!
Tut! Tut! Tut! Tut! Tut! Tut!
Silly fool! Silly fool! Silly fool! Silly fool!
Cheese it, do! Cheese it, do! Cheese it, do!
Naughty! Naughty! Naughty! Naughty!
Pip, pip! Pip, pip! Pip, pip!
Swelled head and empty too! Swelled head and empty too! Swelled head and empty too!
She 's a peach, peach, peach, peach, peach, peach, PEACH!
For you to eat? For you to eat? For you to eat?
I *don't* think! I *don't* think! I *don't* think!
Cool cheek! Cool cheek! Cool cheek!
I fill the bill—I 'm *It*! I fill the bill—I 'm *It*! I fill the bill—I 'm *It*!" (*Pause to take breath and a passing fly.*)

Second Thrush.

"Swank! Swank! Swank! Swank! Swank!"
(*and so on to end*).

If any of your readers are inclined to doubt this interpretation, I merely ask them to step into any London park or garden and test its accuracy for themselves.

Yours faithfully, Observant Ornithologist.

The duties of a Surveyor are arduous. We read in *The Sanitary Record and Municipal Engineering*—

"The Wells Urban District Council have been inviting tenders for the purchase of a rotary road sweeping machine, and the Surveyor has been instructed to go through same, and report to the next meeting."

We hope he 'll come out all right.



(*Mother, trying to soothe restless infant, changes it over to her other arm.*)

Nervous Gentleman. "HI! DON'T POINT THAT THING AT *ME*, MY GOOD WOMAN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Boy Scouts Beyond the Seas (PEARSON) is the outcome of Lt.-Gen. Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL'S "recent tour of inspection among the Boy Scouts, not only in our overseas dominions, but also in the United States, Japan and China," and in several European countries. The book should, I imagine, appeal urgently to those for whom it has been written, and, at any rate, I can vouch for the fact that it is a wondrous mine of information. Do you, for instance, know what the word "buccaneer" originally meant, and can you explain why the kea is an extraordinarily unpleasant bird? Then again I discovered that Sir ROBERT is "generally up before half-past five," and this was also news to me. I think, however, that to tell a Boy Scout that "a fathom is six feet" is—or ought to be—rather unnecessary. The narrative is interspersed with little quips—I can hardly call them jokes—which are apparently intended to help the reader's digestion. That they did not assist mine is probably just as it should be, and I am very content to believe that Sir ROBERT understands to perfection both the matter that Boy Scouts ought to have and the manner in which they must have it.

I solemnly curse that kindly disposition, innate in all reviewers, whereby they are prompted to say a good word for all and sundry and are left with no adequate means of advertising real achievement when they come across it. I would at this moment be re-possessed of all the superlatives I have squandered that I might spend them in the praise of Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES' *Studies in Love and in Terror* (METHUEN). That title not only indicates exactly what the reader may expect to find inside the cover but it is typical of Mrs. LOWNDES' method of getting to business. When less gifted authors would have searched high and low for a captivating phrase, she is content quietly to explain the position, and this, when you come to think of it, is what authors as well as titles are for. Mrs. LOWNDES fulfils her purpose excellently; having read her, you say, not "What a way she has of expressing things!" but, "What things she has a way of expressing!" Yet her art, if it is hidden, is there; for her style, which no one would examine but a critic, is found upon such examination to be exquisite. Of five faultless stories, the first, "Price of Admiralty," is perhaps the best; the situation of *Jacques de Wissant*, Mayor of Falaise, bound by his public duty to pay honour to the brave dead, who is at that moment first known to him to be his own wife's lover, is a masterpiece of irony in conception and exposition. The four which follow lack only the striking novelty of the first; their circumstances are more familiar, but otherwise their merit is the same. Indeed and in short, the stories have been to me, and must be to all who read them, five very thrilling experiences.

Never having read *He Who Passed*, I am unable to claim any share in the pleasant things that its author says of the critics of this work, in dedicating to them her latest production, *The Life Mask* (HEINEMANN). As I understand, however, that the one was supposed to be fact, while the

other is admittedly fiction, I have no hesitation in calling the latter the better of the two. Comparisons apart, moreover, *The Life Mask* struck me as being a highly remarkable novel, with a plot both striking and original, and written in a style quite distinctive and charming. Like all stories whose theme is "wrop in mystery," it is difficult to criticise without revealing the secret and thus depriving the author of her chief effect. This I will certainly not do. From the moment of your introduction to *Anita*, the girl-widow, living apparently in hiding as the guest of her devoted old nurse, and haunted by dreams of some hideous tragedy that has ruined her life, you naturally want to know what this was. For *Anita*, pleasure is supposed to be over; there is nothing before her but to exist unnoticed and, if possible, forgotten. But old *Sarah* thinks otherwise, and takes her charge to Spain, where, in an exquisite old garden, the inevitable man appears. He and *Anita* are lovers at sight; but there is still the sinister and horrible secret as a barrier between them. Perhaps the secret itself is so obvious that I might have betrayed it with no great harm to your enjoyment. But the final removal of the barrier—ah! no power should make me anticipate the manner of this. I shall just say that seldom, if ever, has a tale given me so genuine a surprise or such an unexpectedly creepy sensation. And of course, looking back, *that* explains everything. It certainly makes a haunting end to an unusual book.

It is very hard to know what to make of *Henry Kempton*, officer in the English army, who bounds as it were from the brain of Evelyn Brentwood and The Bodley Head. The son of a plebeian furniture dealer, he is consumed with an ambition for social progress not unlike that of George Gissing's tragical figures, and, on the advice of a duke's daughter whom he happens to meet at a very mixed garden party, enters the 24th Hussars. In this regiment, which seems to be all at twenty-sixes and twenty-sevens, he falls under the influence of *Major the Honourable John Carados*, a soldier whose immorality and cynicism are only equalled by his fearlessness and efficiency. When this gentleman commits suicide through disappointment in a sordid love affair, *Henry* follows the advice of his idol to the extent of obtaining the V.C. solely in order to advertise himself, but is too cold-blooded to experience sentimental emotion and becomes engaged to *Lady Violet Ravenscroft* without having a particle of affection for her. The problem before the writer appears to be to make him sufficiently human to satisfy the demands of romantic heroism. The difficulty is solved by the curious expedient of making him suddenly cast aside his asceticism and betray his troth to his *fiancée*, at the beginning of the Boer War, with a Dutch woman who aims at playing the *rôle* of Jael and leads *Henry* and his regiment into a trap in which most of them are assassinated. Grievously wounded, he is forgiven by *Lady Violet*, and the novel ends happily on this agreeable note. The grammar of this book is almost as improbable as some of its incidents, but there is a certain rude force about many of the scenes that made me not nearly so much distressed by these deficiencies as I felt that I ought to be.

There are those who object to Mr. Pett Ridge's humour on the ground of its unvarying Pett-Ridgidity. They complain that it tends to become mere stereo. It is true that it has not a very wide range; but, on the other hand, it seldom fails to sparkle and be exhilarating; and I for one have no quarrel with a bottle of champagne because it resembles other bottles of champagne which may have come my way. The Pett Ridge joke is constructed on a formula easy to understand but hard to imitate. It looks simpler than it is. Thus, in his latest work, a Superintendent, discussing the tracking of certain evil-doers, says to the bungling station-detective, "Will you keep your eyes open, Sergeant—," pauses and adds, "and look out for another berth." That sort of thing seems tolerably easy, yet the fact remains that Mr. Pett Ridge is the only writer, except Mr. W. W. Jacobs, who does it even passably well. It is the humour of unexpectedness, a polished version of that which earns the music-hall cross-talk comedians their vast salaries. All of which is leading up to the statement that, if Mr. Pett Ridge's other collections of sketches have pleased you, you will like *Mixed Grill* (Hodder and Stoughton). You may find one or two stories in the book hardly worth reprinting, but the majority are of a quality deserving the dignity of stiff red covers. "The Rest Cure" is perhaps the best of the fifteen, with "Loose Cash" a good second; and, as for the book as a whole, I quote Mr. Pett Ridge's waiter, "You may not like all of it, but what you don't care for you can easily leave."



Pension Officer. "Well, Michael, so you 're living yet?"
Michael (aged 75). "'Deed, an' I am, Sor; an' I always notice that anny year I don't die in March I don't die at all that year."

REVENGE.

You ancient sisters twain who glowered at me
When, having almost missed my train at Harwich,
I, mazed by bawling porters, breathlessly
Blundered into your carriage,

It was not kind, nay, cruel 'twas of you
To show how much you loathed my forced intrusion:
The advent of some wild beast from the Zoo
Had scarce wrought worse confusion.

But, oh, I scored! For when we came to where
The tunnel runs between those last two stations,
Safe in the dark, I gave the ambient air
Six sounding osculations.

Then, with the daylight, as I rose to reach
My bag down—just a swift glance towards you daring—
I joyed to see with stern conviction each
At the other grimly glaring.

CHARIVARIA.

The Times points out that a feature of the proposed levy on property in Germany will be an attempt to make all foreigners who are engaged in profitable occupations in that country take their full share in this work of German self-sacrifice. It is unlikely that an exception will be made even in favour of Englishmen.

* * *

The British steamer *Taion* reports, on her arrival at Hong Kong, that pirates who had booked as passengers have risen and murdered some of the other passengers, and succeeded in getting away with a considerable quantity of booty. To avoid a repetition of the incident it is proposed that in future all pirates before booking as passengers shall be required to wear jerseys with a skull and cross-bones plainly embroidered on the front.

* * *

Lord Denbigh, Colonel of the H.A.C., has been drawing attention to our system of training the Territorial artillery. The men, it seems, are supplied with obsolete guns, and are allowed to practise only once in two years. The temptation to an enemy to come over and invade us in the year during which the H.A.C. has had no practice must be almost irresistible.

* * *

The second volume of *The Life of David Lloyd George* has appeared. To those on the look-out for a good investment——

* * *

Mr. Asquith, a parliamentary reporter informs us, has had his hair cut closely at the back and sides. We should have thought that if ever there was a time when it was essential that the Premier should keep his hair on it is the present.

* * *

There is, of course, no truth whatever in the absurd rumour that the reason why the Premier has altered his appearance is that he has been gambling and wished to baffle the police.

* * *

It is curious how often animal-lovers are indifferent to the suffering of their own species. It is reported that, in her present libel action, Miss Lind-af-Hageby, the anti-vivisectionist, proposes to address the judge and jury for a space of twenty-four hours.

The Suffragettes' policy of burning down houses is, we learn from headquarters, proving a most successful one, a number of well-insured builders having been recently converted to their views.

* * *

A correspondent who has been reading about the damage done to valuable pictures at Manchester by the Suffragettes respectfully draws the ladies' attention to the works of the Post-Impressionists at present on view in London.



Owner of Motor-boat (to friend). "Gee! that was a narrow squeak. I guess we scared those beggars some."

As, however, the Futurist painter, Gino Severini, declares himself a "Dynamist" it is possible that he and the Suffragettes have much in common.

* * *

The instalment system seems to be gaining in public favour. A mother at Barrow in Lancashire has given birth to a twin six weeks after the arrival of its young relative.

* * *

The Tramways Committee of the Middlesex County Council propose to allow dogs to be carried on their cars. The London County Council Tramways Committee, whose receipts have recently been dwindling, are, it is rumoured, contemplating going further still. They will, on payment of the usual fare, welcome not only dogs, but any of the milder animals, such as doves, ant-eaters, deer, sloths, elephants and silk-worms.

* * *

Torquay has decided to celebrate the centenary of Wagner's birth by holding a Wagner festival. This is a much better idea than giving a Rag-Time concert in honour of the occasion.

* * *

The Family Doctor publishes an article on the value of onions. Our contemporary, however, omits to mention one of their most useful qualities. The onion-eater never suffers from overcrowding.

* * *

We cannot agree with Mr. Watson's allegation that no one nowadays cares much for poetry. Why, only the other day, in one of the poorest districts, we came across the following notice on the window of a little third-rate crockery shop:—

"All Kinds of Potery Sold Here."

* * *

At Oaken, near Wolverhampton, some men who broke into the residence of a local ironmaster not only stripped the house of silver and plate, but also burst open the children's money-box and took the contents. It looks as if our burglars are losing all their pretty sentimentality.

"Miss Annie Kenny, the Suffragette leader, appeared at Bow-street Police-court this afternoon under a statue of Edward the Third. . . . The crowd was crowded with well-dressed Suffragettes."—*Evening News.*

We cannot help thinking that a statue of Boadicea or Joan of Arc would have been more appropriate. It might have made the crowd even more crowded.

"Auri Sacra Fames."

"News has been received that Miss H. O. Pagan, a nurse at Modderfontein, is the winner of a competition set by the Rhodesian Eistoddfod for a South African National Anthem. The anthem runs:

Gold bless and keep our land!"

Daily Mail.

"Pagan" seems the right word.

"A detective and an alleged burglar had a fierce struggle in a beer-house with an off-licence at Sunderland early yesterday morning."—*Daily Mail.*

Savage things these off-licences.

THOUGHTS ON SPRING TROUSERINGS.

["Did you ever see a man whose suit was made of precisely the same pattern cloth as your own? . . .
I am still looking for the man who affects my identical taste in modern tweeds."—"*The Office Window*" *of* "*The Daily Chronicle*."]

WHEN critics in a captious key
Reiterate the old, old twaddle
That men in outward form agree
Like vegetables—pea and pea—
Made on the selfsame model,

I answer, "Tut!" and turn to muse
Upon the splendid thought how rich is
The wealth and varied range of views
Exposed by people when they choose
Some vernal scheme in breeches.

Whether a chaste or loud design,
Their choice is individualistic;
Within the tailor's awful shrine
Each separate soul adopts a line
Aloof and almost mystic.

But men are countless as the dew;
And since, in even Spring's profusion,
Patterns are relatively few,
A single type may serve for two
Without the least collusion.

Hence the engaging fancy cheers
My breast like wine amid carousers—
That somewhere in this Vale of Tears
There moves a man of middle years
Who shares my taste in trousers.

Him should I meet, and mark the same
Continuations on his leg, oh,
Oh then I'd wrap me round his frame
With instant ardour and exclaim,
"My twin! my *alter ego!*"

But ah! my heart—I dare not think
How it would chirrup like a cello
If he, the sage of pen and ink,
Who paints "The Office Window" pink,
Should prove to be my fellow! O. S.

THE WAR.

THE girl who helped in the opposite flat was talking to the porter on the ground floor landing:—

"All I can say is, I wish this 'ere war was over and done for, but I suppose if it wasn't the war it'd be somethin' else. Father and Uncle Bill do get that 'ot with one another whenever they meets, I wonder they care to go on visitin', but father says 'e's got 'is family feelin's and Uncle Bill says 'e won't never give us up, 'im bein' mother's only brother and 'avin' a nice little bit o' property—'ouses, you know, and that kind o' thing. So there they go quarrellin' and 'avin' a scrap, and next day or the day arter they 're both as lovin' as a pair o' saints in a winder.

"Last time it was all about LLOYD GEORGE, and they finished up by father chuckin' a sossidge at Uncle Bill's face—ah, and not missin' him neither. 'E's a good un to aim is father, and when it 'it Uncle Bill it went squelch, and Uncle Bill got more supper than 'e bargin'd for. Well, they made up that little bit o' business through father writin' to Uncle Bill and sayin' 'e forgot at the moment 'e'd got a sossidge in 'is 'and, and 'e 'oped it would be took in the sperit it was offered; and Uncle Bill answered on a lovely sheet o' paper with 'is monnygram in blue at the top, a W and a S all mixed up together like, to stand for William Sampson, and 'e said 'e wasn't one for bad blood between brothers-in-lor, but 'e was sorry about the waste of a good sossidge, and this oughter be a lesson to all of us not to let our angry passions git in the way of our friendships, and as to the apolligy 'e accepted it and would come round soon and smoke the pipe o' peace.

"Well, 'e come o' Sunday night just as mother and me was clearin' up supper, and father says, 'Bravo, Bill,' 'e says, 'you 're a man o' your word,' and Uncle Bill says that nobody 's ever found Bill Sampson backward in that way. 'I 've come arter supper,' 'e says with a laugh, 'so 's not to git mixed up with the eatables this time,' 'e says. 'It might be a pork-pie next, and that ain't so soft as a sossidge,' and then we all 'ad a good laugh—all except father, and 'e did 'is bist to jine in. Father 's a very generous man, but 'e 's proud, and I could see 'e didn't relish Uncle Bill illudin' to the little contrytemps—that 's what Uncle Bill called it in 'is joky way. It 's the same as what we call a rough and tumble.

"Father and Uncle Bill lit their pipes and then they got to work on their talkin'. They started about the war, and father 'e says, 'I don't 'old with this 'ere naval demingstration,' 'e says. 'I 'm for the Montynegroes,' 'e says, 'and I don't see what call we 've got to put no pressure on 'em. They 're little uns,' 'e says, 'but they 're plucky, and I can't abear to see them big bullies set about them. That ain't a proper use for our *Dreadnoughts*.'

"'That 's all very well,' says Uncle Bill; 'but you 're forgittin' the balince o' power.'

"'What 's that?' says father.

"'It 's this,' says Uncle Bill. 'Supposin' you was to go and grab 'old of a pot o' money that don't belong to you——'

"'E 'd never do that,' says mother. 'E ain't one o' that sort.'

"'Ah, but I 'm supposin',' says Uncle Bill. 'It 's only 'ipothical,' 'e says, or some such word as that. 'I 'm not really sayin' 'e 'd go for to pinch what don't belong to 'im.'

"'And you 'd better not, Bill Sampson,' says father. 'But let 's 'ear a bit more about this 'ere balince o' yourn.'

"'Let 's say as *I* pinched the money,' says Uncle Bill. 'Well, if we wos both Great Powers and you come along, you 'd 'ave the right to make me give you 'alf on it.'

"'Is that the lor?' says father.

"'That 's the concert o' Europe,' says Uncle Bill.

"'Then,' says father, 'I don't want no more o' your concerts. I 'll 'ave no second 'elpin' o' that dish. I 'm a Montynegro, I am, and I don't care 'oo 'ears me say it.'

"'But,' says Uncle Bill, 'the Austrians are mobilisin' their army.'

"'Let 'em mobilise,' says father. 'They won't 'urt nobody but theirselves. They 're all talk.'

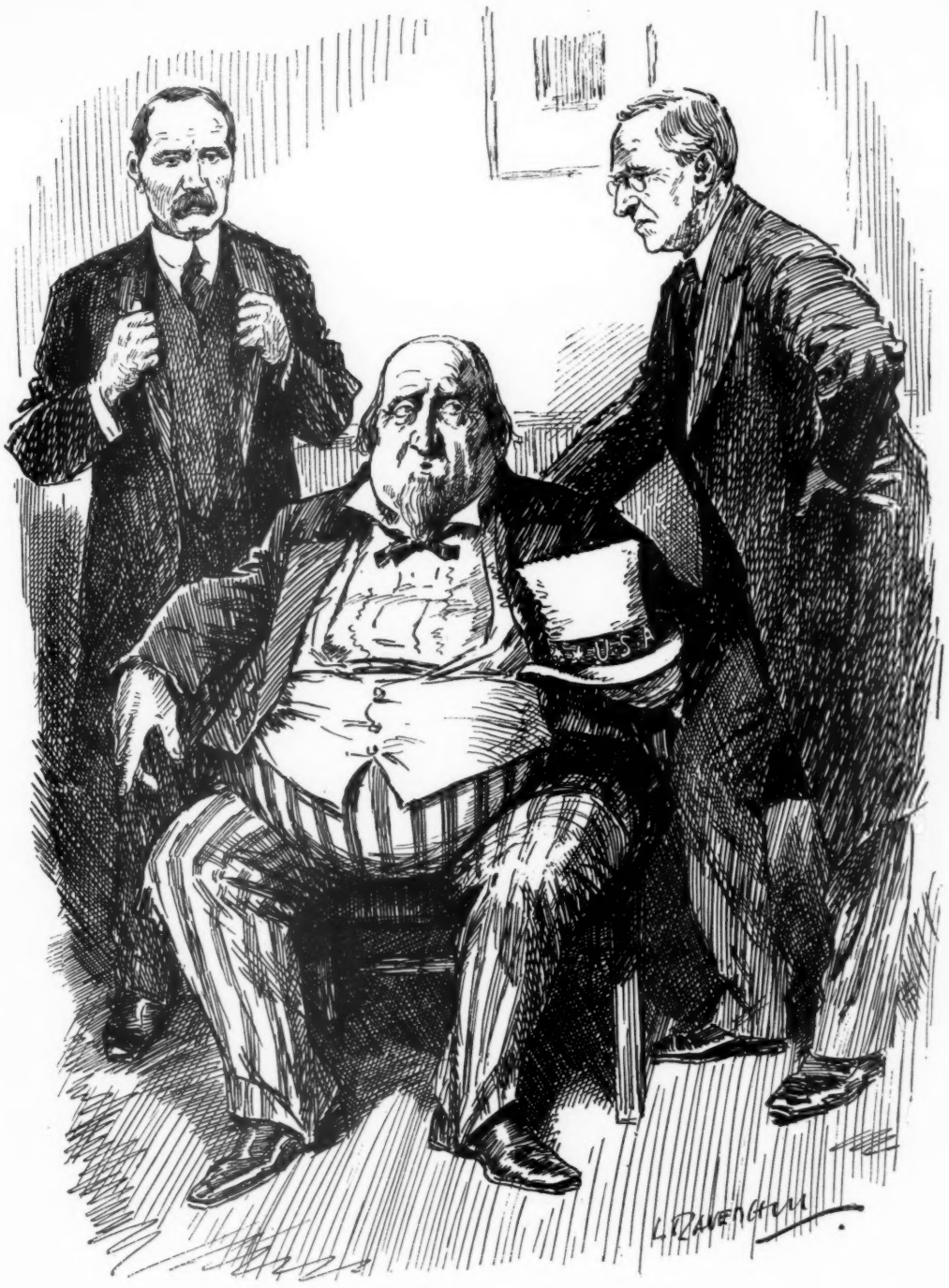
"'They 're not the only ones,' says Uncle Bill. 'There 's others can do a bit o' talkin' too.'

"'Meanin' yourself, I suppose,' says father.

"'No,' says Uncle Bill, 'meanin' you.'

"'Now, look 'ere, Bill Sampson,' says father, 'I 've 'ad too much o' you and your balinces and your concerts o' Europe. You 're enough to make a monkey cry with your bullyin' nonsense. If you can't argue no better than that, go and do it somewhere else.'

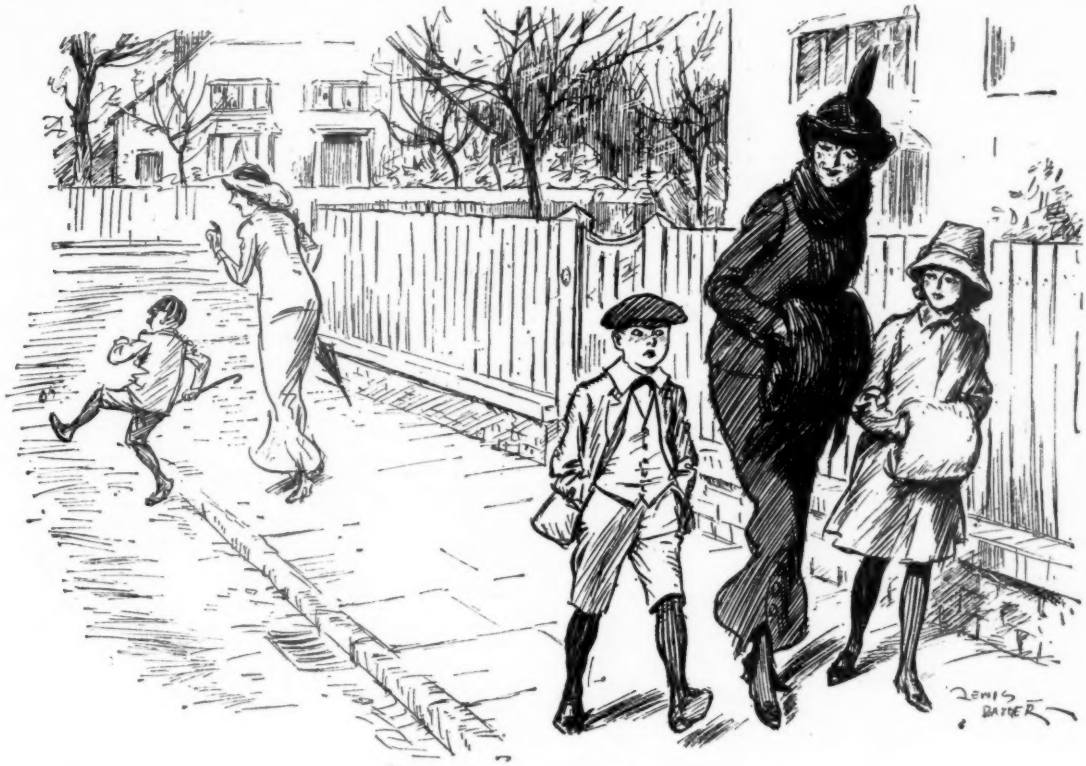
"Uncle Bill give 'im a look, and then 'e put on 'is 'at and went out o' the door; but 'e 'adn't bin gorn more 'n 'alf a minute before 'e puts 'is 'ead in agin and shouts, 'Abar Montynegro!' I dunno what 'e meant. Father 'eaved a cushin at 'im, but Uncle was too quick. We ain't seen 'im since."



PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

President Woodrow Wilson. "HE 'S SUFFERING FROM EXCESS OF TARIFF. I SHALL HAVE TO REDUCE HIM."

Mr. Bonar Law. "I WISH I HAD A PATIENT WITH HALF HIS COMPLAINT."



"What a *very* nice little boy Freddy is—*so* quiet and well-behaved."
"Well, I'm blowed! You mothers are rum! That's what Freddie's mother always says about me!"

TO A BEAUTY PHOTOGRAPHER.

(By a celebrity in time of crisis.)

Lo, as a lover steals with faltering feet,
  On Valentine his morning, to the doors
Of his coy mistress, so to this your seat,
Artist, I come, and with all force entreat,
  "Take me, for I am yours."

Yet, ere you lead me to the torture chair,
  Hear first my charge: 'Tis generally borne
That only Beauty gains your favouring care,
That you restrict your labours to the fair;
  Others you treat with scorn.

Well, I lack loveliness (and so do you);
  It is for that that I demand your skill.
Art should create; where Nature's charms are few,
It is for Art to show what She can do.
  What—are you stubborn still?

Then further. In your ear let me confess
  That I am famous; I have written books;
There is an editor who asks, no less,
To put me in our Illustrated Press,
  That men may know my looks.

It is a crisis, gravely tho' I shrink
  From the publicity that must be faced;
And really, if the people have to drink
My features in, it would be well, I think,
  To give them something chaste.

Therefore I beg you, by your sacred Art,
  To tone me up and do the thing in style;
There may be money in it quite apart
From the advertisement. Ha! ha! you start.
  Heav'n bless you for that smile!

Come, then, to work, and, as the need is great,
  So be your triumph. This shall be my pose;
Yours be the rest. 'Tis yours to palliate,
To make the rugged smooth, the crooked straight,
  Especially my nose.

Now I am settled. Stately as a swan,
  Thoughtful but not austere. Woa, Artist, woa!
I have a giggling humour coming on.
You looked so funny. It will pass anon.
  Now. Are you ready? Go! DUM-DUM.

The Graceful Touch.

"Mr. Collins Bailey, of Portsmouth, delivered a short address on Home Rule, and the remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent."
Portsmouth Evening News.

We regret to state that the rumour that the Master of Elibank is about to follow the example of the Maclaine of Lochbuie and go on the variety stage, with the idea of interpreting the emotions of his old colleagues in the Scots Cabinet, is officially denied.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE RESOLUTE SPIRIT.

ONCE upon a time there was in the Suffolk village of South Highbolt a Tudor grange. It was richly timbered, with vine leaves carved on its barge-boards, and it had a great hall with a roof-tree springing from a cross-beam of massive stoutness, and a very beautiful pilastered gallery, and altogether it was such a house as, although damp and insanitary, sends romantic travellers into ecstasies. But it had come upon evil days, and having been bought cheaply by a speculative London builder had been sold by him at an enormous profit to an American plutocrat, and—a minute plan of all having been prepared—was now being taken down with great care, every brick, stone and beam numbered, to be re-erected in the American millionaire's estate on the banks of the Hudson as a garden hostel for his guests and a perpetual reminder of a country older and more beautiful than his own.

Now it happened that, like most Tudor granges, this one was haunted. Ever since the year 1592, when a wealthy heir apparent, named Geoffrey, had been poisoned with a dish of toad-stools by his spendthrift younger brother, more than anxious to upset the exasperating financial provisions of primogeniture, and their sister Alice had unconsciously partaken of the same dish, Alice and Geoffrey, as well as could be managed in their disembodied state, had devoted themselves to the old home and the discomfort of its various successive inhabitants; and their dismay was intense on seeing its component parts gradually being packed into a series of trucks, to be drawn to some distant spot by a traction-engine. To demolition pure and simple they were accustomed. Many were the neighbouring mansions, most of them also haunted, which they had seen pulled down, and not a few rebuilt; but it was a new experience to observe a house bodily removed they knew not whither, nor could they discover. In vain were other ghosts consulted; none knew, not even the youngest. The point then was, what was to be done? for Geoffrey and Alice were divided in opinion as to their duty, Alice considering that her first allegiance was to the structure, and Geoffrey that his was to the site.

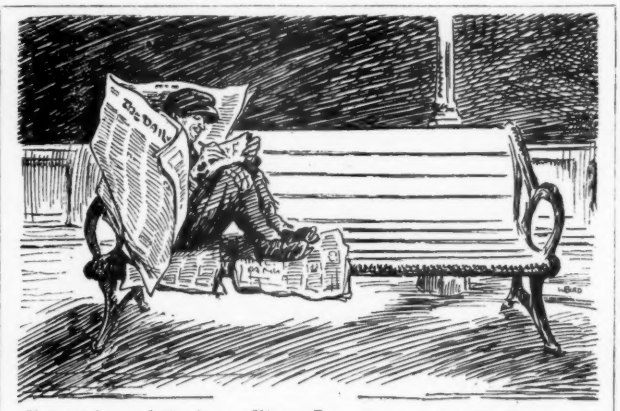
"It is our family home," said Alice; "marry we must go with it, no matter where."

"Nay, sister," said Geoffrey, "that were foolish. We are Suffolk ghosts—more than Suffolk, South Highbolt ghosts—and here we ought to stay. Suppose it is going to London—how then? You are far too simple and countrified for the great city. The others will laugh at you."

"Let them," said Alice, "I care not."

"Wait till you hear them," said Geoffrey, "all sensitive as you are! Anyway, here I mean to stay."

"But how foolish!" said Alice; "for surely, Geoffrey, you would not haunt nothing? What use could that be? How can you make nothing creak? or blow out candles when there are none? or moan along passages that do not exist? or wring your hands in South Highbolt at casements that are elsewhere?"



Extract from a letter to an editor. "I THANK YOU FOR THE HOSPITALITY OF YOUR COLUMNS."

"True," replied Geoffrey, "but I can carry on the mechanism of haunting just the same. I can gibber where the old home used to stand, as many another honest Suffolk ghost, ay, and Essex and Norfolk ghosts too, I wis, are doing at this moment. I belong to the village and shall stay here. I hate travel. No doubt to create anything like the sensation to which I have been accustomed will be difficult, but I can do my best. Even the poorest efforts, however, will be better than accompanying a traction-engine along a public road in broad day—verily a degrading occupation for the unlaid spirit of a fair lady."

"Circumstances alter cases," Alice replied. "I conceive my duty to be to yonder wood and stone. Nothing shall shake me. Wherever they go, there go I also."

"And I too," said Geoffrey, "am adamant. South Highbolt is my home and never will I leave it."

It therefore happened that when the time came for the road-train to leave, every vestige of the house being packed away, Alice took a tearful farewell of her brother and crept dismally into the last truck with a bibulous brakesman, and either such was her melancholy at leaving home or such the completeness of his potations that she caused him not a single tremor all the way to Harwich, where a vessel was waiting to convey the grange to America. It was when Alice realised this and took up her abode in the stuffy hold as near to the roof-tree as she could nestle that her courage first began to fail, for she was a bad sailor; but once again duty triumphed. . . .

It was on the first night on which the re-erected Tudor grange was opened as a hostel for the millionaire's guests that Alice was placed in the delectable position of realising that the consciousness of having been virtuous is not always the only reward of a virtuous deed; for she had hardly waved her arms more than thrice, or uttered more than three of those blood-curdling shrieks which dated from the moment when her suspicions that the fungus that she had just swallowed so greedily was not a mushroom but a toadstool assumed an air of fact, when Professor Uriah K. Bleeter, one of the most determined foes of the American Society of Psychical Research and all its works, sprang through his bedroom window to the ground below, taking with him the sash and some dozens of diamond panes.

And now the Tudor grange, even emptier than it had been for so long in England (since America is a greater country), is once more for sale, preferably to a Suffolk landowner; and the millionaire who bought it lives entirely on his yacht.

From a police-court case headed "Furious Driving" in *The Cromer Post*:—

"Police-constable Woodcock said he saw defendant drive the horse over three-quarters of a mile of road in twenty minutes. When he stopped defendant the horse was trembling."

A chill, no doubt.

"It is a fact not generally known that sailors who are off the southern coast of South America, and are in want of water, make for the mouth of the Amazon, where they can procure fresh water 200 miles from the coast."
Rexall News.

It seems a long way to go for a drink.



Host. "How do you like the course?"
Visitor. "Well, I don't wish to appear ungrateful, but I should like to lie down!"

ORIGINS.

The Select Committee on Motor Traffic dangers, whatever the results of its investigations may be, has at least made a splendid start. It has already earned the gratitude of all antiquarians by the flood of valuable light which it has thrown on the vexed question of the origin of the Rule of the Road. One of the witnesses has pointed out that the rule came into being "about the time when men carried swords, so that they could seize their weapons with their free hand and turn round and defend themselves against attacks from behind."

We may now confidently look to the Select Committee, in the course of the sittings that are yet to come, to enlighten us upon the origin of other curious customs—equally closely connected with the dangers of motor traffic—which have grown up almost imperceptibly among us.

Does the custom, for instance, of walking on the outside of the pavement when in the company of a lady date—as we have always supposed—from about the time when ladies took an interest in shop windows?

Is it true—as we have good reason to believe—that the custom of shaking hands when acquaintances meet dates from about the time when men considered it prudent to keep the other fellow's right hand out of mischief until they saw how he was going to take it?

Are we right in supposing that the custom of knocking at a door before entering—obviously an old survival—dates back to about the time when most private residences were protected by a portcullis, on which you had to knock pretty hard if you wanted to make your way in?

These are moot points, some of them perhaps more moot than others; but there is no doubt at all in our mind that the custom of dressing for dinner dates back to about the time when the Court of Charles II. encouraged luxury, and no one dreamt of getting out of bed before that hour of the day; and it is interesting to note that the custom of using umbrellas dates back to about the time when they were first introduced.

We hope that if witnesses before the Select Committee have any more solutions to offer they will at least be free from ill-natured criticism. It has already been pointed out that the Rule of the Road on the Continent is the reverse of what it is in this country; but that circumstance is due, we understand, not so much to the fact that swords were never carried in France or Germany, as to the fact that all foreigners in the Middle Ages were notoriously left-handed.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

["We shall all be flying soon."—*Miss Trehawke Davies.*]

Although my flying days are o'er,
And I, now verging on three-score,
Do not intend to quit the floor,

I greet with feelings of elation
The prospect that awaits the nation
Of universal aviation.

* * * * *

I 'd simply love to see Hall Caine
Careering in an aeroplane
Athwart the limitless inane;

Or watch Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree
Soar to the zenith like a bee,
With Mr. Handel Booth, M.P.;

Or mark, upon some night in June,
Great Garvin, in a gas balloon,
Shoot madly upward to the moon;

Or gaze with rapture on Le Queux
As in his hydroplane he flew
To Vladivostok or Peru;

Or speed the parting of "Tay Pay"
As gallantly he winged his way
To Stellenbosch or Baffin's Bay.

* * * * *

Oh, won't it be a priceless boon—
Far finer than a rag-time tune—
To see these worthies flying *soon!*

WILLIAM'S SECRET.

[*A study in the methods of Mr.* William le Queux, *whose new book, "Mysteries" (*Ward, Lock & Co.*), leaves us cold.*]

The mystery of the astounding events which startled all Europe a few years ago has never been elucidated, therefore now for the first time I will relate the facts, which will astonish many.

It was a beautiful evening in September, and London was, as is usual at such times, empty. I had received my customary invitations from the Nobility to shoot over their preserves, but I had decided to remain in the Mecca of all Englishmen, London, in the hope that some astounding adventure might happen to me. Therefore it was that I was seated alone with my revolver in the smoking-room of the Devonshire Club on a beautiful evening in September.

Suddenly the door opened and my old friend Baron Banana came in. I had frequently dined with him on his yacht at Monte Carlo, therefore I knew him well.

"Good evening, Caro Barone," I said with a gay smile, for he and I had always been great companions and had sometimes lent each other money.

"My friend," he said, putting his hand on my shoulder and twirling his moustache despairingly, "I want you to do something for the Czar of Russia." At these words his face went the colour of ashes.

"What is it?" I asked hoarsely.

In an instant three low-looking determined men in dark tweed overcoats burst into the room, each with a loaded revolver covering us.

"The papers," muttered the first of them thickly, levelling his revolver unhesitatingly at Baron Banana's neck, "give me the papers!"

Without a word I handed him *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Westminster Gazette*, *The Morning Post* and *The Daily Chronicle*.

The ruffian, who had a big black beard and elastic-sided boots, blanched visibly, and turning again to my friend Baron Banana angrily pressed his revolver, which was loaded to the hilt, against the Baron's elbow.

"Give me the secret papers," he said in a hoarse whisper to my friend.

"They were stolen from me yesterday," said my friend Baron Banana, with whom I had often dined on his yacht at Monte Carlo.

The ruffian went as pale as ashes. Without a moment's hesitation he discharged his deadly weapon at the ceiling. Immediately I fainted.

* * * * *

When I recovered consciousness two years later, I found myself to my amazement lying in a sumptuously-furnished cabin. Therefore I went on deck and found that I was on a magnificent steam-yacht off the coast of Algeria.

Suddenly the most beautiful girl I have ever seen appeared on deck and glided towards me. In less than a month we were the greatest friends.

"I adore you," I declared passionately one evening, taking out my revolver and raising her hand to my lips.

"Hush," she murmured in a hoarse whisper.

Two weeks passed, and I was standing on deck one morning when she came suddenly towards me, her beautiful face the colour of ashes.

"What is it?" I asked hoarsely.

She handed me a packet of papers.

"Take these," she said, "and give them to Popoff, the Chief of the Police in Warsaw," mentioning the name of the most dreaded detective in Russia, Paul Popoff. "It is a matter of life and death."

"Whose?" I asked anxiously.

"Yours," replied the beautiful girl, whose name I found out afterwards was Maritza.

Immediately I swooned.

* * * * *

I must have been unconscious for six months. When I came round I found myself to my astonishment in the deepest dungeon of the dreaded Schüsselburg, from which no prisoner ever returns alive. I made up my mind that my last moment had arrived, and drawing my revolver decided to sell my life dearly.

Suddenly the door of my cell was opened, and my old friend Baron Banana, with whom I used frequently to lunch on his yacht at Monte Carlo, was kicked in by one of the guards.

"How are you, my dear old chap?" I said, for his face was as pale as ashes.

"The papers?" he said in a hoarse whisper.

We drew out our revolvers, for we were resolved to sell our lives dearly, if the guards interrupted us at this moment.

"I am Paul Popoff," my friend Baron Banana went on, mentioning the name of the most dreaded detective in Russia.

Immediately I drew out the packet, which Maritza had given me, from the lining of my waistcoat.

Without a word the Baron opened the packet with the greatest eagerness. Suddenly he gave a cry. The packet contained, not the letters he had hoped for, but a deadly bomb!

Both our faces went the colour of ashes.

Then there was a loud explosion—and I knew no more.

* * * * *

When I recovered consciousness I found myself, to my intense surprise, in the Barnes mortuary. As may be supposed, I desired to remain in that place not an instant longer than was necessary, therefore I escaped by the window. Having a few shillings still left in my pocket, I took a taxi to Scotland Yard in order to clear up the mystery of my friend Baron Banana and the beautiful Maritza, whom I still loved with all the intensity of my soul.

At Scotland Yard I waited for three weeks, when suddenly the door opened and there entered a man whose presence there rendered me speechless.

It was Paul Popoff, the most dreaded detective in Russia.

He noted my amazement, and, laughing as he advanced towards me, exclaimed:

"Now that we meet here, allow me to introduce myself under my real name. I am the German Emperor."

At these words my face went the colour of ashes.

"Then who is Baron Banana?" I asked in a hoarse whisper.

In an instant he drew his revolver and handed me a packet of papers.

Immediately I swooned.

* * * * *

One word more. Not many weeks ago, while walking along the Strand, I noticed a short bearded man coming out of a Cinema Palace. At the same moment our eyes met. Instantly his face went the colour of ashes and he jumped into a taxi.

It was the Czar of Russia!

A. A. M.

From a picture-framer's circular:—

"GENUINE OIL PAINTINGS.

I have in my employ some of the best and cleverest artists and can guarantee you first-class work at the following reasonable prices, including Landscapes, Waterfalls, Mountain Scenery, Fruit and Flowers, etc. 10 × 8 1/- each, 12 × 10 1/9 each, 18 × 10 2/6 each."

We have laid out 3/6 on a "Bunch of Grapes rising over Ben Nevis" (10 × 8) and a "Cauliflower coming down at Lodore" (18 × 10).

"Some heat seems to have been engendered through the action taken by the Somerset Archæological Society respecting the installation of an improved heating apparatus."

Estates Gazette.

Evidently the apparatus is a success.

"Young Man (reliable) Wanted, who can kill and make himself useful; live out."—*Advt. in "The Devon and Exeter Gazette."*

We certainly recommend this last arrangement in case the police should call.



Priest. "Now, Pat, ye 're very behindhand with your garden. There 's nothing showing."

Pat. "Shure, Father, the slugs and such bastes were so throublesome last year that I thought I 'd put the spoite on thim and not grow annything at all, at all."

SOMEWHERE NEAR BLENHEIM.

(*A typical Oxfordshire scene at the present moment, with sincere apologies to* Robert Southey *and all pedantic students of rural dialects.*)

It was an April evening;
Old William, fairly ripe,
Was walking homewards from the pub
Puffing a dark clay pipe:
He took to help him o'er the green
His little grandchild Emmeline.

She saw her brother, Henry John,
Wave something in his hand,
A leaflet issued by *The Mail*
He could not understand;
He looked for someone to expound
The words so large and smooth and round.

The old man took it from the boy,
He leaned against a stile,
He scratched a ruminative head
And smiled a maudlin smile;
"That is a tract," said he, "that be,
About the vamous policy."

I seed one at the "Spotted Pig;"
John Brown he read un out;
They 're going to plough the big Park up,
And that 's what it 's about;
There 's several thousand words," said he,
"Explaining that there policy."

"But tell us what it 's all about,"
Was Henry John's remark,
And little Emmeline said, "Lor!
Why should they plough the Park?
And is it true, or just a tale
Invented, granfer, by *The Mail*?"

"It was the Great Duke," William said,
"Who laid the First Lord flat;
But what they fought each other for
I bain't so sure of that;
But everybody knows," said he,
"It wor a vamous policy."

"The Great Duke lives by Woodstock town,
The First Lord rules the sea,
The Duke 's a great Conservative,
His cousin—what are he?
There 's some as says—but there, my head
Ain't what it was," the old man said.

"Howmbesoever, in *The Mail*,
The Great Duke took and wrote
As summat 's wrong with English land;
This here 's un's antidote.
'I 'll plough the Park,' says he, 'for wheat.'
'You will?' says Winston. 'Well, I 'm beat.'"

"But what," said Henry John, "do things
Like rural problems mean?"
"And does the Great Duke love *The Mail*?"
Quoth little Emmeline.
"Ah! that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twor a vamous policy."

Evoe.

The Age of Luxury.

"Bedroom (small) and Sitting Room Required by young gentlemen; bathroom and accommodation for small dog."
Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

The small dog seems to be the more particular of the two.

From *The Weekly Times*' report of Mr. Forbes Robertson's speech at the O.P. Club banquet:—

"He added that his farewell to London did not include Miss Gertrude Elliott."

Mr. Punch is not at all surprised, and wishes them many more happy years together.



"Whit kind o' dance is this Turrkey Trot, Wullie?"

"Weel, it's like this, noo. Ye tak' yer pairtner, ye push her forrit, ye pull her back, an' ye tirrl her roun' whiles."

FASHION NOTES.

[According to the Press, Landscape Frocks "painted to resemble well-known masterpieces" are to be the newest fashionable sensation.]

Dearest Milly,—You will of course expect me to tell you all about the latest modes. Well, to begin with, Goose and Edwin are showing some really charming Turners for evening wear. This firm's "Fighting Téméraire," in old gold net over blue chiffon with a dash of rose, would look exceedingly well on anyone who was not afraid of a little colour. There are also some quite too delicious Whistlers (including an "Old Battersea Bridge" that would be the very thing for half-mourning), the soft shades of which make them especially suitable to very young blondes.

I was immensely taken, too, with a wonderful Napier Hemy, in dark navy merino, the skirt made billowy, with a bodice of tulle clouds, which has been ordered for a smart yachtswoman. More fragile is a "June in the Austrian Tyrol" afternoon confection, of green and blue velvet, with which is to be worn a Hobbema "Avenue" hat of brown straw, trimmed with absolutely straight uprising plumes, like the trees in the famous original.

I hear that Messrs. Égalité, of Regent Street, are making a feature of a special line in ready-made Leaders; the coat and skirt of the popular russet and green being finished off with a dainty toque in various sunset shades, the whole giving the effect of masses of foliage caught by the last rays of evening.

À propos of this firm, I should tell you that Mrs. Blank Dash, the wife of the well-known artist, created quite a sensation in Bond Street last week by appearing in the smartest of tailor-made costumes of hand-painted canvas. Everyone was admiring the delightful *je-ne-sais-quoi* blend of colouring; but only now am I able to publish the fact that this was really due to the material employed being the Academy rejecteds of the lady's husband. Messrs. Égalité were of course responsible for this triumph; and I am told further that, in order to keep abreast of the latest movement in fashion, they have opened a branch establishment in the King's Road, where customers desirous of obtaining the real Chelsea *cachet* can have their own materials made up within a stone's-throw of the studios supplying them.

Next week I must write to you about the new designs in oil-painted coats for wet weather.

Yours,

Louise.

I'D HAVE A DAIRY.

I'd have a dairy—
  Stool, churn and dish,
An if a fairy
  Gave me a wish;
Fragrant and airy,
  Long, clean and cool,
I'd have a dairy—
  Dish, churn and stool!

Three maids are plenty—
  May, Moll and Meg;
If I paid twenty
  I'd have to beg;
Thrifty and tenty,
  Up with the day,
Three maids are plenty—
  Meg, Moll and May!

Cows of my raising,
  White, red and roan,
I'd have a-grazing
  In fields of my own;
Milkers amazing,
  Morning and night,
Cows of my raising,
  Roan, red and white!

I'd give the fairy
  Cream, curd and whey,
Best of my dairy
  Fresh every day;
These shouldn't vary
  'Neath my door beam;
I'd give the fairy
  Whey, curd and cream!

Vie de Bohème.

From a recent statement by a juvenile scholar:—

"The old blind King of Bohemia was slain at the battle of Crecy, and Edward, Prince of Wales, adopted his crest and motto, 'Hitchy Koo.'"



THE POINT OF IT.

Mr. Asquith. "OF COURSE I 'M DOING THIS FOR THE HONOUR OF MY COUNTRY; BUT IF I *SHOULD* CHANCE TO IMPALE A TORY OR TWO—WELL, I SHALL NOT WASTE TIME IN VAIN REGRETS."

[Javelin practice for the next Olympian Games has already begun in the Park.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 7.—For some months a war-cloud has lain ominously low over the East of Europe. From its component parts, rare in complexity, full charged with electricity, there would follow on explosion a conflict by the side of which the wars of the past century would seem to be but skirmishes. Avoidance of this appalling calamity is, according to admission frankly made in the Chancelleries of Europe, largely due to the sagacity and confidence-inspiring character of the British Foreign Minister. Without putting himself forward with intent to assume a position of prominence Sir Edward Grey's right to presidency, alike at gatherings of the Ambassadors and at conferences of representatives of the Allies, has been instinctively recognised and generously acknowledged.

Rising to-day in crowded House, hushed to state of anxious expectancy, he made characteristically frank statement disclosing current situation. At a moment when, Turkey beaten to her knees, peace seemed assured upon terms fairly distributing the spoil among the victors, Montenegro asked for more and defied the Powers whose carefully worked-out scheme of settlement reserved Scutari for an autonomous Albania. This attitude was significantly answered by a naval demonstration, in which two British ships took part, our Admiral finding himself in command of the International Fleet cruising off the coast of Montenegro.

The agreement between the Powers respecting the frontier of Albania was, Sir Edward Grey said, reached after long and laborious diplomatic effort. "Arrival at such agreement was essential to the peace of Europe, and in my opinion it was accomplished only just in time to preserve that peace between the Great Powers."

It might be supposed that this statement, solemnly made by a man who never indulges in gasconade, would have given pause to the little clique below Gangway on Ministerial side who rather fancy themselves as authorities on foreign affairs, whether affecting China or Timbuctoo. On the contrary, Mason of Coventry, Beck of Saffron Walden, Macpherson of Ross and Cromarty, and Don't Keir Hardie of Merthyr Tydvil (and the Universe) rose up in succession expressing dislike and distrust. All very well for the Foreign Secretary and the Conference of Ambassadors in London to flatter themselves that, having spent their days and nights in earnest endeavour to settle this intricate matter on a basis of equity all round, they knew something about their business. The four eminent jurists and statesmen knew better.



Sir Edward Grey (*to Radical critics*). "I said, 'Lend me your *ears*.' I said nothing about your *mouths*."

With intent to let Europe profit by their counsel, Mason proposed to move adjournment. "In view of the enormous and very delicate interests involved" Premier gravely deprecated discussion at present moment. In accordance with high traditions that exclude critical questions of foreign policy from Party polemics, Leader of Opposition, amid cheers from his own side, heartily agreed. Demand for leave to move adjournment nevertheless pressed. Challenged to show how far it was supported sixteen Members stood up. As forty is the minimum number necessary for such enterprise as Member for Coventry was bent upon, application refused.

Business done. — Attempt of tail of Ministerialists to wag the dog in connection with crisis in Eastern Europe baffled.

By majority of 141 Chancellor of the Exchequer carried Resolution legalising usage and custom followed by every Government during last sixty years with respect to collection of taxes pending passage of a Budget.

Tuesday. — Useful object-lesson presented in connection with Bill abolishing privilege of Plural Voting. A measure of first-class importance, it might, had it been introduced in ordinary old-fashioned way, have occupied whole sitting. Minister in charge would have been expected to make prolonged speech. There would have been equally lengthy discourse from Front Opposition Bench. Members above and below Gangway on both sides would have chipped in, and so the night would have worn away to reach the same inevitable conclusion.

Under Ten Minutes' Rule it was all over, including division, well within the half-hour. Ten Minutes' Rule so called because Standing Order in question says nothing about ten or other precise number of minutes. It simply directs that when a motion to bring in a Bill be made "the Speaker if he thinks fit may permit a brief explanatory statement from the Member who moves and a Member who opposes the motion." House has agreed that ten minutes is fairly sufficient time for such explanation. Hence the nomenclature of the Rule and the establishment of general belief that a limit of ten minutes is definitively ordered.

This afternoon Jack Pease (whose case is to some extent analogous to the Ten Minutes' Rule, since he is commonly called "Jack" because he was



The Plural Voter is called on to surrender.

christened JOSEPH ALBERT, with his eye on the clock, compressed admirably lucid statement within space of ten minutes. F. E. SMITH, overstepping the limit by a hundred seconds or so, was pulled up by murmurs from punctilious gentry below Gangway opposite.

For practical purposes Ten Minutes' Rule might with exceedingly few exceptions be applied to introduction of all Bills. Extended debate on First Reading stage is worse than wasted time. It is frequently misleading, since Members are discussing proposals they have not yet had advantage of considering after studying in print their precise terms. Second Reading stage presents full opportunity for such debate.

When it comes we shall probably hear something about F. E. SMITH'S objection to the Bill that "it loads the dice against the Opposition as a party." As SARK points out, if the imagery be accepted it follows that through all these years during which the principle of Plural Voting has been operative the dice have been loaded against Liberal candidates at elections.

Business done.—Bill for Abolition of Plural Voting read a first time by 303 against 177, Ministerial majority running up to 126.

Friday.—Questions addressed to Ministers, more especially those put by Irish Members, occasionally throw vivid flash of light upon social life in remote country districts. In form of series of questions addressed to POSTMASTER-GENERAL, SHEEHAN told stirring story of exploits of auxiliary postman JAMES M'SWEENEY, of Carriginimma, County Cork. It reads like a chapter from LOVER'S *Handy Andy*. According to SHEEHAN, in addition to commonplace duties pertaining to post office, Mr. M'SWEENEY takes active part in public life of Carriginimma. He is the local parish secretary of a secret sectarian and political order known as the Board of Erin, A.O.H.

Whether these letters are initials familiar to the initiated or merely an exclamation was not disclosed.

Meetings of this secret society have, it is asserted, been held in the local post office, whose affairs are administered by Miss M'SWEENEY. Having a day off (it was Sunday, March 23) this terrible though auxiliary postman "organised a political invasion from Macroom and Ballyvourney upon the Carriginimma Catholic Church." Worse still, he is, it appears, "frequently guilty of neglect of duty in the delivery of letters by attending funerals of the members of his order during official hours," a practice which certainly must involve a measure of inconvenience in business circles.

The INFANT SAMUEL, not easily taken aback, shielded himself from attack by reading official vindication of JAMES M'SWEENEY'S general character. Irish Members not to be put off by this. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, with his instinctive dislike of secret societies (such as the Land League, for example), thundered demand for auxiliary postman's head on a charger delivered by earliest post. INFANT SAMUEL meekly promised he would see what could be done, and storm abated.

Business done. — Colonel SANDYS' National Service (Territorial Forces) Bill talked out.



WM. O'BRIEN ASKS FOR BLOOD.

THE DIAGNOSIS.

[A weekly paper alleges that the boots one wears react on one's mood, producing frivolity, sombreness, and so on.]

Ah me! I did feel queer that day.
Betwixt the blithesome and the tragic
I alternated in a way
Suggestive of some evil magic.
A tear stood in my bright blue eye,
And e'en as down my cheek it trickled
My reckless laughter rent the sky
As though my ribs were roughly tickled.

Long time I pondered o'er the thing,
For, truth to tell, it made me qualmy.
Could it, I wondered, be the Spring?
Was I in love or going balmy?
In vain I sought the trouble's seat
In heart and head, until, despairing,
I cast one look towards my feet—
The shoes were odd that I was wearing.

"OUTSIDE THE ARK. Just Out."
Advt. in "Times Literary Supplement."
Hard luck—a very near thing.

THE MOTOR-BUS HANDICAP.

IT was a Saturday afternoon and Bill and I were in sore need of amusement. Hyde Park oratory we had found overrated. Our respective clubs had seemed to consist of nothing but silent bald heads. So at Hyde Park Corner we parted, and I, in accordance with our pre-arranged scheme, stepped on to a bus going along Piccadilly to Liverpool Street. It was not long before I made the acquaintance of the conductor, at that time a man of honest appearance and no doubt unblemished character.

"Conductor," I said, "I have a friend and his name is Bill."

The conductor, though by now he may be silent and reserved, as is the way with those who have regrettable pasts, was at the moment inclined to all the outspoken candour of sweet innocence. He told me that he had many friends and that most of them would answer to the name of Bill.

"But this Bill," said I, "is relevant." (The man's jovial expression sobered down a little. I think he misunderstood me to mean that Bill was a parson.) "He is at this moment being carried as fast as bus can carry him up Park Lane. Arrived at the Marble Arch, he will travel *viâ* Oxford Street to Liverpool Street. Arrived there, he will return with all speed, but *viâ* Piccadilly, to Hyde Park Corner. I, on the other hand, am scheduled to return to that important spot *viâ* Oxford Street and Park Lane. In other words, it is a circular route and we are travelling it in opposite directions. For private reasons, including a liquidated sum of money, it is urgent that I should be back at Hyde Park Corner first."

Leaning over the side, he shouted a few cryptic words to the man at the wheel. Clearly these two had the racing instinct and a pride in their bus. *Nec*, as my old friend VIRGIL used to say, *mora*.

* * * * * *

The Strand is slow-going on a Saturday afternoon, but I had every hope that we should make up time through the deserted City. Never did I loathe two people so much and on so short an acquaintance as I did the two British matrons who stood in the middle of Fleet Street and barred our progress with waving umbrellas. It was possible but, we decided, imprudent to pass through them, so we delayed our rush and they delayed it more. When, after an age, we had got them



Dear Old Gentleman (to Jones, who is removing his rejected works from the Royal Academy). "CAN YOU TELL ME WHO HAS PAINTED THE PICTURE THIS YEAR?"

on board, they sat just in front of me, less by design than by reason of the suddenness of our start, and their subsequent conversation, which I could not help hearing, made me sweat with dismay. It disclosed an awful state of affairs. So I hastened down-stairs to interview the conductor before he should interview them.

"My friend," I whispered to him, "this bus is going to Piccadilly."

He demurred.

"Yes," said I, "it is—eventually. They will ask you upstairs, 'Is this bus going to Piccadilly?' You will preserve an impassive face and say, 'Yes.' True, it is not going by the most direct route; but there are two routes from Fleet Street to Piccadilly, and one of them is *viâ* Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's, the Mansion House, Liverpool Street, the Mansion House, St. Paul's, Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street again. What are time and direct routes and money to British matrons? Can we, having wasted many moments getting them on, be expected to waste more getting them off; ay, and, for all we know, getting them on to another bus?"

I took my seat inside while the conductor went up-stairs and told his lie.

* * * * * *

I was back at the starting and winning post, Hyde Park Corner, just in time to see Bill emerge from a taxi-cab.

"I attribute my downfall," said he, on being confronted, "to two old women."

I asked for particulars. Their descriptions seemed familiar.

"When I got on to my return bus at Liverpool Street," he continued, "and saw the old things sitting on top, I should have known that they put no value on their own time and would not hesitate to waste mine. But it was such a nice-looking bus and the genial conductor wore such an unscrupulous look."

I asked for further particulars, and this time the descriptions left no room for doubt.

"At Piccadilly, after two previous attempts, in which they changed their minds when they had stopped the bus, they got off."

"As they of all people were entitled to do," I murmured.

"But not where everybody else gets off. No, they must have a stop to themselves. Worse, they must keep us all waiting while they had a long, long chat with the conductor."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "they had cause to remonstrate with him?"

"Not they. For when, being able to tolerate the delay no longer, I left the bus, they were thanking him in the most emphatic and profuse terms for their pleasant ride. Indeed," he added, as he handed over the amount of our bet, "the last I saw of them they were tipping the fellow."

I pocketed the wager. "In my opinion," said I, "it has been from first to last a most disreputable affair, from which no one, save the ladies, emerges without shame.

Bill's only regret, on being enlightened, was the thought that, if he had not been detected over the taxi-cab scandal, he would probably have confessed voluntarily.

"The annual match between the Oxford and Cambridge teams last week at Hoylake resulted in a tee."—*Dublin Evening News.*

It generally ends on a green.

NEIGHBOURS.

It is not, generally speaking, amusing—even for a musical critic—to be in bed for a week in a Swiss hotel in winter. Yet I was well entertained by my friendly intercourse with Mr. Arthur W. Brooks, next door. His portmanteau was sent to my room by mistake on the evening of my arrival. That is how I discovered his name, but I never wittingly beheld his features. Still our rooms were only separated by a locked door, and I came to know a good deal about Arthur W. Brooks.

His principal characteristics appear to be a catholic taste in music and an inveterate habit of whistling while he is dressing for dinner. That is how we got on terms almost of intimacy with one another. It was on the Tuesday evening that I first became aware of a beautiful rendering of Chopin's "Funeral March" creeping solemnly through the key-hole. This was followed, after a suitable interval, by a brief and brilliant selection from *Carmen*. I felt that applause in any form would be out of place, and yet I wished to show my appreciation in the most delicate manner possible. I am no mean whistler myself. I have even, in my day, whistled to my own accompaniment at a Band of Hope concert. So I replied tentatively, unobtrusively, with the opening bars of the "Freischutz Overture." I had not advanced very far when the gong sounded and he went down. I thought he might have waited. On the Wednesday I began to keep a record in the form of a diary, which follows:—

Wednesday night.—Brooks came up early, having, perhaps, got wet through tobogganing. We plunged at once into Beethoven's Symphonies. He gave a really fine synopsis of the principal themes of the "Eroica." I replied with the slow movement of the Fourth. I thought I should have him there, as it is not so generally known, but to my extreme pleasure he went on to the Scherzo with the utmost promptitude. We then took the "C Minor," dividing the movements between us, Brooks being a little shaky on the last. The gong found us on the point of attacking the "Pastoral."

Thursday night.—More Beethoven. Brooks is quite sound on Beethoven, though I did not at all care for his reading of the slow movement of the Seventh Symphony. It was abominably dragged. I must try to put him right about that.

Friday evening.—I have been wondering all day as to what is his attitude on Strauss, and as soon as he appeared I opened upon him with a selection from the duet from "Elektra." (Pretty difficult, of course, but I had been practising.) I do not think he recognised it at first. The silence seemed a little strained. But as I worked up to my climax he began very suddenly to knock things about all over the room. There was such a row of rattling crockery and the violent splashing of water that at last I found it impossible to proceed. An awkward pause followed, when he had managed to silence me. I thought I would try him once more. But before the end of the second bar I heard the door bang and steps in the passage. I hope I have not offended him. I must keep off Strauss.

Saturday.—Brooks was quite himself again to-day. He actually opened in the morning, as he was dressing, with a most spirited rendering of one of Schumann's "Novelettes." Afterwards we dipped into Tschaikowski, Berlioz and MacDowell. In the evening we had a delightful session devoted exclusively to motives from "Parsifal" and the "Ring." I perceive he is a Bayreuther.

Sunday.—A very awkward thing has happened, resulting almost in a breach between us. I find to my horror that Brooks is an admirer of Mendelssohn. It has been a great shock to me. He began without any warning on the first movement of the "Italian Symphony." I nearly leapt out of bed. I coughed, I rocked to and fro, at last I hammered on the door. But the persecution went on. In every moment of silence he began again. He tried the "Songs Without Words," and I had to smash the wash-basin before breakfast brought me relief. The trouble about Brooks is that he can't take a hint.

Monday. — Brooks is evidently ashamed of himself. He has returned to Beethoven, as being quite uncontroversial ground, and we had a long wrangle over that slow movement. I fear I failed to convince him. He always listened patiently when I gave him the proper *tempo*, but as soon as I stopped to take breath he replied by repeating the passage at his own pace. I cannot but regret that we should have parted thus at variance.

Tuesday.—I suppose he went with the early train before I was up. Anyhow, after having been out of my room in the afternoon I began this evening quite hopefully with a Brahms Sonata. I waited long for a reply, and then suddenly there fell upon my outraged ears a raucous strain which I believe to be a popular song of the day, entitled, "We All Go the Same Way Home." I cannot stay on with Brooks's successor. I wonder if the doctor would let me travel to-morrow?

Should these words ever meet the eye of Brooks, I should like him to know that I am quite prepared to waive our differences on Strauss and Mendelssohn, but he *is* wrong about the slow movement of the Seventh. He ought to admit that.

THE HOLE STORY.

"Sylvia," I called, "do you know the story of the two holes in the ground?" Of course, it is a very old story, but Sylvia is a new audience.

"No. Do tell me, please."

"Well, well."

Sylvia climbed up on my knee and settled down comfortably. "Now you can tell it me," she said.

"But I 've told it. It 's, Well, well. Two holes in the ground."

"Yes?"

"You know what a well is, Sylvia? It 's a hole."

"I had a weeny wony hole in my sock yesterday."

"Yes, but this is a hole in the ground, just about big enough to put a pail in. And there 's water at the bottom, and when you put the pail down it comes up full of water. You know. Like Jack and Jill. That 's a well."

"Yes. And you 're going to tell me a story about it?"

"It 's about two holes in the ground, and the story is, Well, well. You see, a well is a hole in the ground, and Well, well is two holes in the ground. It 's a sort of joke."

"Yes," said Sylvia.

"Now you tell it to me."

"Tell you a story?"

"Yes, tell me a story about two holes in the ground."

"I don't think I know one."

And there I had to leave it.

A day or two later I heard her talking to her brother.

"Do you know the story about the two holes in the gwound?"

"No."

"Well, well, well."

"Mr. Hake is the second Brighton resident to attain the age of one hundred and two within a few years."—*Morning Post.*

While heartily congratulating Mr. Hake we opine that he must have taken longer than that about it.

Our Spring Complexions.

A contemporary on a recent Suffragette outbreak:—

"When arrested Brady was violet."

From a City menu:—

"Boiled Ostende Rabbi, Pickled Pork—1*s.* 0*d.*"

So they meet at last.



Hunt Servant (new to the country). "Ever seen 'osses in there before?" *Native.* "That I 'ave, plenty of un."
Hunt Servant. "'Ow did they get out?" *Native.* "They be mainly thure yet."

MUSICAL NOTES.

The interest excited by the appearance of the "Red Caruso" at the Alhambra has naturally stimulated the competitive instinct, and it is pleasant to think that lovers of *coloratura* will be gratified during the coming season by a number of interesting *débuts*. In fact, as Sir Henry Wood wittily remarked the other day, the new fashion threatens to put an entirely different complexion on the musical situation.

The proprietors of the Bolosseum have been so fortunate as to engage the famous Albanian singer, Ilka Sandansky, who is perhaps best known under the engaging sobriquet of the "Pink Patti," Mlle. Sandansky being an Albino as well as an Albanian, and, what is more, the only Albino who is also famous as a singer. Her peculiar physique confers peculiar advantages on her, as she recently admitted in an interview with a representative of *Le Ménestrel*. "No one knows my age, and no one ever will. I looked exactly as old as I am now when I was sixteen, and I shall look no older if I live to be ninety." Mlle. Sandansky's voice is a rich soprano of a peculiarly glutinous timbre, recalling the delicious Carlsbad plums of thirty years ago; and she is equally good in the *rôles* of *Rosina* and *Juliet*. The great ambition of her life is to play *Brünnhilde* at Bayreuth, but unfortunately Madame Wagner has a strong prejudice against Albinos.

Miss Topsy Umslopogaas, the renowned Nubian contralto, is known throughout Central Africa as the "Black Butt," although in stature she falls short by several inches of the famous English singer. Her voice is a sumptuous and sonorous organ of encyclopædic volume and velvety quality, and her recitals at Addis-Abeba were always attended by the Emperor Menelik until his health failed. The announcement that she has been engaged to appear at Covent Garden in the part of *Amneris* arouses the most lively anticipations, and Sir H. Rider Haggard has taken a box for her *début*. Miss Umslopogaas, we may add, has a charming literary gift and has written a delightful autobiographical poem which begins:—

"They call me the Black Butt,
I play on the sackbut,
The cymbals, the harp and the drum."

During his recent tour in New Guinea Mr. Bamberger captured several pygmies and brought one back with him to London. The diminutive savage has developed an extraordinary talent for the piano and will shortly make his appearance at the Æolian Hall under the *nom de guerre* of the "Pocket Paderewski." The P. P. is of a beautiful bronze tint with a magnificent head of hair. We understand that M. Scriabine, the redoubtable Russian composer, has written a wonderful fantasia for the new performer, which he has entitled "Fantasia Fuzziwuzzia, or *Le dernier Scri*." Additional interest is lent to the event by the fact that Sir Pompey Boldero, Mr. Bamberger's father-in-law, has kindly consented to turn over the pages for his son-in-law's gifted pupil.

PONSONBY.

OTHER people walk out of the palatial tube exit at Holland Park with an easy carriage and a fear-nobody air. But with me it is different. I glance furtively to left and right, pull my hat down over my eyes, and slink hurriedly into the street like a man who is wanted by Scotland Yard. This is not because I have committed any crime, but because two or three hundred yards away from the station lives Ponsonby. I hate, I fear Ponsonby.

When I went to dine with him a few weeks ago, I had not seen him since we were at school together; but even in those days the madness was growing up within him, so that I anticipated the worst. I remembered that he used to collect photographs of engines. I did not suspect, however, how far things had gone with him subsequently.

He came out into the hall to meet me, and almost before I could take off my overcoat, "Hullo!" he said, "how did you get here?"

It was necessary to be calm.

"Ponsonby," I replied, "we were boys together. Is it not wonderful to reflect that even now, as we speak, the map of Europe, which in childhood's days we used to trace illegally by holding it up to the same window-pane, is undergoing alteration. Servia, I remember well, a delicate mauve. And Bulgaria, Bulgaria——"

"Did you come by Tube?" said Ponsonby, interrupting me rather rudely.

"My wife," I said loftily, "happened to be using the aeroplane this evening. She is attending a Women's Suffrage meeting."

"The Tube!" shrieked Ponsonby madly, "the Tube! Just fancy, he came by Tube! Come and look here."

He pulled me roughly into his study, and, oblivious of the fact that the soup was already growing tepid on the dining-room table, hunted out a Bradshaw, an A. B. C., and a chart of the Underground Railways of London. It looked like a vertical section of the human body. In a heated oration lasting some twenty minutes, he proved to me conclusively that the cheapest and quickest way to get to his house from Hampstead Heath (that is the mountain fastness where I reside) was to take the North London Railway to a little village in the provinces called Willesden Junction, and change there for Uxbridge Road.

I said "Yes," meekly, and we had a pleasant little dinner together, during which the conversation turned, so far as I remember, on a recent alteration in the time-table of the South-Eastern and Chatham Line between Gravesend and Victoria. After dinner we discussed the improved Saturday service to Ponder's End, and in a rather lyrical flight Ponsonby sketched the possibility at no very distant date of the construction of a new bay at Waterloo. (If it ever happens, Ponsonby will be the first, I feel sure, who ever bursts into that silent bay.)

When I got up at last to go, "Wait a minute," he said, "I 'm coming with you; I 've got a letter to post."

"Can't I do it for you?" I said hopefully. But Ponsonby was obdurate. He took me firmly by the shoulder and marched me, shrinking and reluctant, to Uxbridge Road Station. I went in. I walked to the booking-office. I felt like a French aristocrat in the time of the Terror. The little hutch was my guillotine. Then a light dawned.

"Can you change half-a-sovereign?" I said to the clerk, and looked round swiftly over my shoulder. Ponsonby was gone.

I gathered up my silver, turned up the collar of my overcoat, and made a bold, successful sprint for Holland Park.

The fact is, I like the Tube. It is warm, for one thing, and there are little notices and arrows stuck up everywhere, so that a cow could hardly go wrong. I like the lift. I like the comfortable feeling of my warm familiar strap. I like the smell. I like the motion. I like looking at the people's spats. But now, whenever I go to Holland Park (and unfortunately, as it happens, I have to go there pretty often), I feel like a suspected criminal. I have a dreadful feeling that Ponsonby may be lurking somewhere near, spying upon me. Uxbridge Road hangs round my neck like an albatross.

And yet, after all, why shouldn't I use the Tube if I want to? England is a free country. And it is not as if Ponsonby had shares in the North London Railway. No. It is just Bradshaw mania. And of all forms of lunacy Bradshaw mania is the worst. For one thing, there is no telling when it may become dangerous. I rather suspect Ponsonby of having a ticket-punch concealed about his person, and it is principally to warn the public that I have written this truthful narrative. If any reader of it should chance to fall into conversation with a stranger, a dark sinister man with a wild gleam in his eye, who suggests that the proper way to get from Putney to the Bank is to get on to the Lancashire and Yorkshire *viâ* Sheffield, and change at Blisworth Junction for Hartlepool and the Severn Tunnel, let him have a care. For that will be Ponsonby.

THE SENIOR MISTRESS OF BLYTH.

["BLYTH SECONDARY SCHOOL.—The Governors of the above School invite applications for the post of Senior Mistress. Candidates must be Graduates in Honours of a British University and must be well qualified in Mathematics, Latin and English. Ability to teach Art will be a recommendation."
Advt. in "The Spectator."]

IT is told of the painter DA VINCI,
Being once unemployed for a span,
At the menace of poverty's pinch he
Sought work at the Court of Milan.
Having shown himself willing and able
To perform on the curious lyre,
He presented the Duke with a table
Of the talents he proffered for hire.

"I can raze you a fortress," it ran on,
"Quell castles, drain ditches and moats,
Make shapely and competent cannon,
Build aqueducts, bridges and boats;
In peace I can mould for your courts a
Few models in marble or clay
And paint the illustrious SFORZA
With anyone living to-day."

LEONARDO is dead, they asseverate,
He has left no successor behind,
For the days of the specialist never rate
At its value the versatile mind.
Is Lord BROUGHAM, then, our latest example?
No, Time, the old churl with his scythe,
Shall spare us a notable sample
In the Senior Mistress of Blyth.

She shall guide Standard Three through Progressions,
Study Statics and Surds with the Fourth,
She shall dwell on DE QUINCY'S *Confessions*,
DONNE, CAEDMON, and CHRISTOPHER NORTH;
And no class-room shall boast of a quicker row
When her classical pupils rehearse
Their prose, which is modelled on CICERO,
And their more than HORATIAN verse.

She shall lead them to love CIMABUE,
To distinguish with scholarship ripe
'Twixt the texture of CLAUSEN and CLOUET
And the values of COLLIER and CUYP.
Nay, all Blyth shall reflect her ability
As its brushes acquire by her aid
South Kensington's pretty facility
Or the terrible strength of the Slade.

Yes, her duties are diverse, and this 'll
Suggest to each candidate why
They should read LEONARDO'S epistle
Before they sit down to apply;
For his style is itself a credential,
Though truly he has not a tithe
Of the qualifications essential
To the Senior Mistress of Blyth.



THE DEMAND FOR BRITISH WAITERS.

The recent Restaurant Strikes may be the means of inducing several Mid-Victorian waiters to emerge from their retirement.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Edwin Pugh's *Punch and Judy* (Chapman and Hall) is capital fun, and I have enjoyed reading it very much. But I did not think I was going to. At first, plunged into that grim and moving episode of *Punch's* attempted murder of the *Coss* baby for its own good, I could only believe that I had got (if you will forgive me) into the wrong Pugh. But it was all right really. After that untoward beginning the author's buoyant optimism asserted itself triumphantly, and the characters were the same brave and humorous Londoners whom the author has so long taught us to expect from him. Even the unwanted baby died naturally, and enabled its father to get drunk on the insurance money. He, I may say, is one of the characters that do not appear, but are only spoken of. Those whom you meet personally are, with very few exceptions, sufficiently amiable. *Punch* himself, the Soho gutter-snipe, with his pale face and the big nose that earned him his name, is jolly enough to be worthy of it. His match-making, on the simple Shakspearean formula of false-report, is pure joy. All the action of the tale takes place in Soho; and those who know Mr. Pugh's art will not need to be told how well he has caught the lively spirit of the place, the clatter and scent of the little restaurants, the interminable traffic of the narrow streets, the polyglot babel of the inhabitants. If I have a word of complaint, it is that the story produces, perhaps unavoidably, an effect of episodes rather than a concerted whole; episodes humorous or tragic, the anarchists, the affair of the pistol and the Prime Minister, and others—all excellently well told, but a trifle detached. For this reason, the species of general rally, in which all the characters come on in the last chapter, and say their little tags preparatory to living happily ever after, struck me as artificial. But who cares? The interest and jollity of the book are what matter, and they are genuine enough.

The Determined Twins (Hutchinson) are simply Mr. Jepson doing on paper what he would love to do, but daren't, in his own person on the heights of Notting Hill. *Lady Noggs* in her day pulled chairs from beneath elderly gentlemen, made apple-pies in the beds of unsuitable suitors, led trembling Prime Ministers into the nastiest of quagmires; so now do *Violet* and *Hyacinth Dangerfield*. "I've called myself Lady Noggs long enough," says Mr. Jepson; "I am now in that capacity upon the boards of a London theatre; watch me therefore as the Determined Twins." Watching him, then, I am bound to confess that his antics have not quite the freshness of humour that once was theirs. My sympathy is, in spite of myself, on the side of *Captain Baster* whose brushes were in his bed and whose body was in the mud. Had *Lady Noggs* invented the Cat's Home and trailed a piece of cloth with valerian upon it all about the country roads, then I am sure that it would have amused me; but now I cannot resist the feeling that the *Dangerfields* have been forestalled, or perhaps, more accurately, that I have seen Mr. Jepson laughing at his Cat's Home already somewhere else. Then the incident of the German princess and her rescue by the twins needs a

delicacy of touch that is exactly Mr. Kenneth Grahame's but is not at all Mr. Jepson's. Whilst Mr. Jepson is amused by the snoring of stout ladies and the apoplexities of stout gentlemen the pathos of the little princess slips timidly away. In short, although I must confess that *The Determined Twins* have, on occasion, made me laugh, they have not made me laugh very often—and on their next appearance I do not think that I shall laugh at all.

The author of *The Surgeon's Log*, writing of what he knows in *The Night-Nurse* (Chapman and Hall) of the routine, the excursions and alarms, the heroisms and the littlenesses of hospital service, has made an exceptionally interesting story. It is true that he provides no sufficient reason for the estrangement of *Dermot Fitzgerald*, senior house surgeon, and *Nora Townsend*, nurse; but in this fashion of artificially corrugating the courses of true love our author is following quite a number of more experienced craftsmen. One has, I suppose, to accept this kind of thing under protest as a part of the game; but nothing could well be better than the way he manages to convey the hospital atmosphere, the splendid efficiency and precision of the work, the queer undercurrents of impulse and emotion controlled by quasi-monastic discipline, or sometimes not controlled, with results that make the warp and woof of his narrative. The hero's hospital is in Dublin City, and he also takes a spell of fever duty in a tiny country town. The author, whom one assumes to be an Irishman, has well observed and cleverly presented the charm and gaiety, the generosity and jolly casualness of his countrymen. It is the work of a man who can see the depths and significance of the simple life around him and can write a love story with imagination and without too cloying a sentimentality.



STUDIES IN CRIMINOLOGY.

An attempt on the Crown Jewels—drawing off the guard.

The house of Methuen would seem to be establishing a corner in Irish fiction. The latest example is *Unconventional Molly*, by Joseph Adams, which the publishers are good enough to tell me on the wrapper is a romance "where love and jealousy, tragedy and comedy are brought into play." This is such a friendly lead that I am deeply sorry to be unable to follow it; but the fact remains that I myself found the story part of the book more than a little dull. The young hero, who rents a West of Ireland shoot, captivates the peasants, falls in love with the daughter of a neighbouring squireen, and finally reveals himself as the missing heir to the local landowner, is never more than a lay figure in the foreground of Mr. Joseph Adams' sketches of Irish scenery. Let it be said at once, however, that these are excellent. And there are some *genre* studies of peasant life, fairs and evictions, legends and merry-makings, that could hardly be bettered. It is only where the author seems to have considered himself under the irksome necessity of producing romance that his spirit failed him; and here it must be confessed that his hand is heavy indeed. "The distinguished surgeon left for the Irish metropolis" is his too typical phrase for sending a specialist to Dublin. You will have difficulty in believing that this and similar pedantries are by the writer of the wholly delightful chapter in which the customers of *Mary Hannagher* meet in her little shop for the settlement of a betrothal.

I am a stern, rough, rugged man, and I can bear most of the minor ills of life without wincing; but there is one thing that cuts me to the quick, and that is a split infinitive. Miss Una Silberrad, on the other hand, appears to love these mangled horrors. *Keren of Lowbole* (Constable), her latest book, is congested with the severed bodies of what might have been lively young infinitives full of health and vigour. *Sir James Belton*, for instance, puts his pleasure first "and all else so far after as to seldom have strength left to attend to it," while *Betsy Shipp* actually "wiped her eyes to so soon lose the second daughter." Yet none of these militant outrages on the plate-glass windows of English grammar could spoil *Keren of Lowbole* for me. It is a leisurely book, which depends for its interest less on its story than on its atmosphere and its subsidiary characters. Indeed, I would far rather attempt a *précis* of a musical comedy than try to set down in a few words the actual plot of *Keren's* adventures. She wanders through the pages, an attractive young person with uncanny eyes and a curious intimacy with the wild things of the forest, sometimes accompanied by a gentleman tramp named *Zacchary*, and sometimes by *Tobiah*, a Dissenter. Somewhere towards the end you will find the Last Will which restored *Zacchary* to the fortune of which his wicked step-mother had deprived him; and all through the book you will chuckle, as I did, over the excellent humour of *Tobiah*. Add to these things that sympathetic knowledge of human nature which marks all Miss Silberrad's work, and you have an extremely readable historical novel.

Divers Colours (Chapman and Hall)—a collection of short stories and poems by Maud G. Meugens—is based on the idea that life is a colour-scheme blended of many tones, but that each separate incident and abstraction has a colour of its own. Thus, according to Miss Meugens, grey stands for tears and renunciation, rose colour for happiness, yellow for fame, crimson for hate, and green for repose and healing. Personally, I think much nonsense is talked by people who say, for instance, that Wednesday is brown and the number eight pink, and so on. But, except that I had not previously thought of dead white as properly suggestive of cruelty, I find that my ideas of the meanings of colours agree very closely with those of Miss Meugens. And I like her stories. For all of them, especially those labelled white, yellow, and rose, are imagined with charm and told with much delicacy and literary feeling.

CHARIVARIA.

The question as to which of the two, Greece or Bulgaria, is to have Salonica threatens to cause trouble between them, and, rather than this should happen, Turkey, it is said, has expressed her willingness to retain the town.

* * *

Lieutenant Bakopulos, of the Greek Navy, has discovered under the sea, near the Island of Lemnos, a town of about three miles in circumference. This will be most handy for the crews of submarines when they want to do a little shopping without rising to the surface.

* * *

"Since the Marconi affair," says a critic, "the Liberal Party can no longer pose as the saint in the stained-glass window." Still, if they leave it without a stain on their characters——

* * *

"Should we apply to the question of National Defence the principles of the Insurance Act, or the principles of the Life-Boat Service?" asked Colonel Seely in the House. He favoured the principles of the Life-Boat Service. In this choice he should have the support of the R.A.M.C.

* * *

Mr. Runciman has re-introduced his Bee Diseases Bill, and the over-worked panel doctors are breathing again. It had been rumoured that the bees were to be made subject to the Insurance Act.

* * *

Mr. Birrell received unwelcome attention last week when he visited the Kingsway Theatre to see *The Great Adventure*, a lady in the pit addressing him loudly by name and asking why he did not resign. To prevent the recurrence of these undesirable interruptions, it is proposed that in future directly a Cabinet Minister sets foot within a theatre he shall be waited on by the manager, who will provide him with a property disguise.

* * *

We hesitate to believe that the can containing gunpowder which was found inside the railings of the Bank of England was placed there by Suffragettes. The sex of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street should surely protect her.

The report that Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R.A., is to become a cinematograph actor and a manufacturer of films is no doubt responsible for the rumour that the Royal Academy is about to move with the times, and that Burlington House, like the New Gallery, is to be converted into a picture palace.

* * *

An artist suggests the holding of an exhibition of pictures rejected by the Royal Academy, each exhibitor paying a small fee. The difficulty, we fancy, would be that the public might also require to be paid entrance fees.

* * *

A bear which is supposed to have escaped from a travelling show has taken up its headquarters in a wood near Ballycastle, and children are being kept at home for fear of it. The more public-spirited of the little ones are reported to have allowed their teddy bears to be placed in the outskirts of the wood as decoys.

* * *

Meanwhile one's heart goes out to Mr. Walter Winans. This misguided gentleman has just gone all the way to Siberia to shoot bears.

* * *

"Never go to bed with cold feet," says *The Family Doctor*. You should, of course, leave them in the fender.

* * *

A two-hour concert was given to the convicts at Portland Prison the other day by the band of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. There is some little irritation locally, we hear, because only such persons as had been fortunate enough to commit a crime were allowed to enjoy the treat.

* * *

At West Green Station on the Great Eastern Railway, we are told, there is a goat which acts as a watch-dog. Last week it bleated an alarm, and a suspicious character was found on the station premises. We understand that the Dogs' Trade Union has the matter in hand.

* * *

By-the-by, the horse which, with its van, dashed into the window of the Aerated Bread Company's dépôt in Chancery Lane last week would like it to be known that this was a pure accident. The allegation that the horse was a Suffragette has caused it much annoyance.

* * *

"Is Mr. Joseph W. Martin dead or alive?" asks *The Daily Express*. As a rule we do not deal with conundrums, but the answer to this one is surely, "Yes."



"Master, Master, the kitchen 's a-fire!"
"Oh dear, oh dear, Cook, will you *never* learn the happy mean? Look at these cutlets, they are positively raw."

Hard Case of a Gunner.

"Hopeless" writes: "Dear *Mr. Punch*, I am a middle-aged officer in the Royal Garrison Artillery, which I joined in the reign of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and still hold the rank of Lieutenant. During my rare moments off duty I have been preparing a volume of reminiscences under the title *A Subaltern in Three Reigns*. It was to have been published in July. And now its chances, which depended largely upon the poignancy of my position, have been spoiled by an unexpected order under which I am to be promoted Captain on the 5th of May. This has come upon me as an awful and stunning blow." *Mr. Punch* sympathises deeply with the bitterly hard case of this victim of the new Thirteen Years' Rule, and feels sure that if the authorities had been cognisant of his projected publication they would not have taken so hasty a step.

"Mr. Pease spoke with pride of the improved pension scheme, and quoted instances of teachers drawing a pension of £61 at 65. A pound a year for every year of service."
Daily Telegraph.

They may start teaching at four years of age in *The Telegraph* Office, but not in the Elementary Schools.

GETTING MARRIED.

I.—The Day.

Probably you thought that getting married was quite a simple business. So did I. We were both wrong; it is the very dickens. Of course I am not going to draw back now. As I keep telling Celia, her Ronald is a man of powerful fibre, and when he says he will do a thing he does it—eventually. She shall have her wedding all right; I have sworn it. But I do wish that there weren't so many things to be arranged first.

The fact that we had to fix a day was broken to me one afternoon when Celia was showing me to some relatives of hers in the Addison Road. I got entangled with an elderly cousin on the hearthrug; and though I know nothing about motor-bicycles I talked about them for several hours under the impression that they were his subject. It turned out afterwards that he was equally ignorant of them, but thought they were mine. Perhaps we shall get on better at a second meeting. However, just when we were both thoroughly sick of each other, Celia broke off her gay chat with an aunt to say to me—

"By the way, Ronald, we did settle on the eleventh, didn't we?"

I looked at her blankly, my mind naturally full of motor-bicycles.

"The wedding," smiled Celia.

"Right-o," I said with enthusiasm. I was glad to be assured that I should not go on talking about motor-bicycles for ever, and that on the eleventh, anyhow, there would be a short interruption for the ceremony. Feeling almost friendly to the cousin, I plunged into his favourite subject again.

On the way home Celia returned to the matter.

"Or you would rather it was the twelfth?" she asked.

"I've never heard a word about this before," I said. "It all comes as a surprise to me."

"Why, I'm *always* asking you."

"Well, it's very forward of you, and I don't know what young people are coming to nowadays. Celia, what's the *good* of my talking to your cousin for three hours about motor-bicycling? Surely one can get married just as well without that?"

"One can't get married without settling the day," said Celia, coming cleverly back to the point.

Well, I suppose one can't. But somehow I had expected to be spared all this bother. I think my idea was that Celia would say to me suddenly one evening, "By the way, Ronald, don't forget we're being married to-morrow," and I should have said "Where?" And on being told the time and place I should have turned up pretty punctually; and after my best man had told me where to stand, and the clergyman had told me what to say, and my solicitor had told me where to sign my name, we should have driven from the church a happy married couple . . . and in the carriage Celia would have told me where we were spending the honeymoon.

However it was not to be so.

"All right, the eleventh," I said. "Any particular month?"

"No," smiled Celia, "just any month. Or, if you like, every month."

"The eleventh of June," I surmised. "It is probably the one day in the year on which my Uncle Thomas cannot come. But no matter. The eleventh let it be."

"Then that's settled. And at St. Miriam's?"

For some reason Celia has set her heart on St. Miriam's. Personally I have no feeling about it. St. Andrew's-by-the-Wardrobe or St. Bartholomew's-Without would suit me equally well.

"All right," I said, "St. Miriam's."

There, you might suppose, the matter would have ended; but no.

"Then will you see about it to-morrow?" said Celia persuasively.

I was appalled at the idea.

"Surely," I said, "this is for you, or your father, or—or somebody to arrange."

"Of *course* it's for the bridegroom," protested Celia.

"In theory, perhaps. But anyhow not the bridegroom personally. His best man . . . or his solicitor . . . or . . . I mean, you're not suggesting that I myself—— Oh, well, if you insist. Still, I must say I don't see what's the good of having a best man *and* a solicitor if—— Oh, all right, Celia, I'll go to-morrow."

So I went. For half-an-hour I padded round St. Miriam's nervously, and then summoning up all my courage, I knocked my pipe out and entered.

"I want," I said jauntily to a sexton or a sacristan or something,—"I want—er—a wedding." And I added, "For two."

He didn't seem as nervous as I was. He enquired quite calmly when I wanted it.

"The eleventh of June," I said. "It's probably the one day in the year on which my Uncle Thomas—— However, that wouldn't interest you. The point is that it's the eleventh."

The clerk consulted his wedding-book. Then he made the surprising announcement that the only day he could offer me in June was the seventeenth. I was amazed.

"I am a very old customer," I said reproachfully. "I mean, I have often been to your church in my time. Surely——"

"We've weddings fixed on all the other days."

"Yes, yes, but you could persuade somebody to change his day, couldn't you? Or if he is very much set on being married on the eleventh you might recommend some other church to him. I daresay you know of some good ones. You see, Celia—my—that is, we're particularly keen, for some reason, on St. Miriam's."

The clerk didn't appreciate my suggestion. He insisted that the seventeenth was the only day.

"Then will you have the seventeenth?" he asked.

"My dear fellow, I can't possibly say off-hand," I protested. "I am not alone in this. I have a friend with me. I will go back and tell her what you say. She may decide to withdraw her offer altogether."

I went back and told Celia.

"Bother," she said. "What shall we do?"

"There are other churches. There's your own, for example."

"Yes, but you know I don't like that. Why *shouldn't* we be married on the seventeenth?"

"I don't know at all. It seems an excellent day; it lets in my Uncle Thomas. Of course it may exclude my Uncle William, but one can't have everything."

"Then will you go and fix it for the seventeenth to-morrow?"

"Can't I send my solicitor this time?" I asked. "Of course, if you particularly want me to go myself, I will. But really, dear, I seem to be living at St. Miriam's nowadays."

And even that wasn't the end of the business. For, just as I was leaving her, Celia broke it to me that St. Miriam's was neither in her parish nor in mine, and that, in order to qualify as a bridegroom, I should have to hire a room somewhere near.

"But I am very comfortable where I am," I assured her.

"You needn't live there, Ronald. You only want to leave a hat there, you know."

"Oh, very well," I sighed.

She came to the hall with me; and, having said good-bye to her, I repeated my lesson.

"The seventeenth, fix it up to-morrow, take a room near St. Miriam's, and leave a hat there. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. . . . And oh, Ronald!" She looked at me critically as I stood in the doorway. "You might leave *that* one," she said.

A. A. M.



"FATHER TO THE THOUGHT."

EUROPA (*complacently*). "WELL, SO THE WAR IS PRACTICALLY OVER?"

TURKEY (*still more complacently, having read reports of dissensions among the Allies*). "MY FELICITATIONS, MADAM. EVERYTHING SEEMS TO POINT TO THE OUTBREAK OF A SANGUINARY PEACE."



Mistress. "Oh, by the way, Smithers, I've arranged for the breakfast in the servants' hall to be a quarter-of-an-hour earlier in future."

Smithers. "Then, my lady, I beg leave to give notice." *Mistress.* "Indeed! Why?"

Smithers. "Well, my lady, it seems to me that this establishment is being conducted for your convenience rather than for that of the servants."

FAREWELL TO POETRY.

[An eminent lady has declared that "it is the people who write poetry about us who prevent us women getting the vote," the idea being that such poetry does not allow women to be taken seriously.]

This is the last song I shall ever sing;
No further carollings from me shall come.
This year the swallow, heralding the Spring,
Will get a facer; he will find me dumb.

The depredatory sparrow's frequent meal
(The crocus) also will be plunged in gloom,
And in his bitter disappointment feel
That it was hardly worth his while to bloom.

But think not inspiration from above
Has failed me nor my brain has lost its grip;
I still can mind how "love" will rhyme with "dove,"
Still know I "moon's" and "June's" old comradeship.

No, Reader, since I wooed and won the prize,
My every poem turns to Marguerite,
Fain would I hymn her cheeks, her lips, her eyes,
Also her fringe-net and her dainty feet.

Her beauty, through these fervent songs of mine,
Throughout the ages should be handed down,
And Dante's *Beatrice* scarce outshine
In coming years the Marguerite of Brown.

But, did I sing her as she is to me,
Pattern of all that's feminine and fair,
She'd blame her Horace when men failed to see
The reasoning brain beneath the golden hair.

For she would have them note her serious side,
Her ready judgment (seldom at a loss),
That haply they may deem her qualified
To mark a ballot-paper with a cross.

'Twixt Muse and Marguerite now lies the choice,
And so the Muse appears a worthless thing.
Henceforward hushed is my melodious voice;
This is the last song I shall ever sing.

"A startling feature of the new campaign is that men as desperate as they are brainless are employed in these acts which baffle the ingenuity of the police."—*Standard.*

We hope our contemporary does not suggest that *any* fool can baffle the police.

"Every reader of *The Times Weekly* feels at times out of sorts, lacking in energy, devoid of capacity, pessimistic and depressed."
Advt. in "Times Weekly."

No, no. Not if he reads *The Times Weekly*.

Have you heard the New Melody:
"Who is Archer? What is Shee?"
As played on the Marconi Stringless Band.
Conductor: Dan Godfrey Isaacs.

THE INDISCRETIONS OF MR. BLAISE.

Mr. Jonah X. Blaise, America's champion sleuth-hound, gave an audience at the Fitz Hotel last Friday.

Jonah X. Blaise is the man who pursued and captured the assassin of LINCOLN; who removed the "grafters" from San Francisco by producing the earthquake; and who "discovered" HENRY JAMES when the famous fictionist flew from America. Physically Jonah X. is a wonderful man for his years, but he is obliged to take things easy now when he is not engaged on a job, and he received his visitors last Friday in bed. He wore a suit of striped accordion-pleated pyjamas, a cavalry moustache, a football mask and a Shetland night-cap. He is greatly addicted to smoking and all the time kept puffing at a Tipperary Larranaga, for he is of Irish descent and hopes eventually to settle down in the Old Country and solve the mystery, Who stole the Crown Jewels? But for the present the supreme direction of his business, the largest firm of detective-agents in the world, is too fascinating an occupation to be abandoned by a man still in full possession of all his faculties and having at command the largest wardrobe since QUEEN ELIZABETH. Besides, Mr. Blaise is a great educational asset. His staff are all university men, and when not engaged in detecting crime are occupied in lecturing to classes of students in such subjects as dop-doctoring, jerry-building, freak-faking, lock-smithery, and mine-salting.



"MAMMA, DO LOOK! IS THAT AN ANGEL?"

Asked by the representative of *The Daily Terror*, who was accommodated with a seat on a hot-water can, what was the secret of his success, Mr. Blaise replied, "Scientific training. The old police methods, the cut-and-dried inferential platitudes of *Sherlock Holmes*, are useless against the highly-educated criminal of to-day. Remember that the modern burglar reads BERGSON in his leisure hours, that 'bunk' bankers are generally crazy about STRAUSS's music or the origin of the Aztecs. My professors make a psychological study of the criminal, and having discovered his hobby they worm their way into his confidence. Only the other day I captured one of the biggest swindlers of the age by an appeal to his æsthetic tastes. I advertised in a leading paper to the effect that if A. M.—his initials—would call at the box-office of the Metropolitan Opera House he would be given a stall for a performance of *Elektra*. He couldn't resist the bait and we arrested him next day."

Mr. Blaise's list of engagements during his stay in England is a wonderful testimony to his versatile powers. He goes next week to stay with Mr. CARNEGIE at Skibo Castle to play duets with him on his mechanical organ. He has promised to persuade Lord ROSEBERY to reconsider his decision to give up public speaking. He is going to advise Mr. HANDEL BOOTH as to the title he will assume on his appearance in the next Honours List. He has also undertaken to reconcile the conflicting statements of Mr. GOSSE and Miss SWINBURNE, and to preside at a public debate on *Edwin Drood*.

JOINTS IN THE ARMOUR.

BEING the father of six inquisitive children I naturally sent for *The Parents' Book* directly I had read the advertisement; for it claimed to answer children's questions by the thousand, and it is by the thousand that they rain here. It would need to be exhaustive, I knew, if it was to fulfil its self-imposed task of answering not only my family's but every family's questions; yet I was not prepared for a volume weighing (as it does) 3 lbs. 13 ozs. I was hoping for India paper and close type so that I could carry it about on country and even town walks and not be put to shame.

But life, of course, is not like that; life always does you.

"Now, you little demons," I said genially that evening, "gather round and do your worst; your father 's up to any trick. Ask me anything you like and I'll give you the answer;" and I opened *The Parents' Book*. "It is too much to hope, dear Eric," I added, turning to the eldest, "that there is nothing that you particularly want to know to-day?"

"Yes," he said with disconcerting quickness, "it is, father. What does 'Piccadilly' mean?"

Now this was something that I have always wanted myself to know, so I turned up the index with some satisfaction and more confidence. But no "Piccadilly." Then I turned to "London" and was referred to page 491. "London is not only the largest but also the richest and busiest city in the world," it began. "Chestnuts," I murmured. And nothing about Piccadilly at all!

Eric retired unsatisfied, and Cuthbert took the floor. "Please, father," he said, "what became of the wine after the Duke of Clarence was drowned in it?"

No "Clarence" in the index.

"I expect it was given to the poor," said Cuthbert philosophically, and with the lowest opinion of reference books he too retired.

"Now, Patricia?" I said to my eldest girl. Patricia is a great reader and I expected a literary poser. I must admit that I got it.

"What was the good news brought from Ghent to Aix?" she asked.

The index this time seemed more promising, for it gave—

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett .. 551
—— Robert 552

but though the poem was mentioned nothing was said as to the very reasonable information desired by my dear offspring.

Patricia therefore withdrew to make room for Horace, who merely asked who ate the first boiled egg. I knew that it was useless to hope for light there, so I gave it up at once. "Arising out of that question," he therefore added (in his own juvenile paraphrase), "may I ask who first boiled a pot?" but the learned disquisition on "fire" provided for parents by our literary heavy-weight did not go into that.

"And you, Ethelbert?" I said.

"What is rag-time?" he asked.

The index passed lightly from "Radium" to "Ragged Robin" and then (most unsuitably, I thought) to "Rahab," who figures, on page 680, euphemistically as "a widow." Nothing of rag-time, you see. I then looked up "Music"—although goodness knows why I should—but without the faintest success.

Things were getting very bad. Here were five of my little brood unanswered and the credit of literature was getting desperately thin.

"Now, Augusta," I said to the youngest, "can't you think of some problem that we—this volume and I—*can* solve for you?"

"Yes," she said with a suspicious wriggle. "Surely, father, more than two fleas got into the Ark, didn't they?"

* * * * *

But what a book!

"Mr. McKenna yesterday promised a trade union deputation to use his influenza in favour of improved arrangements in connection with shuttle-kissing."
Halifax Daily Guardian.

We must warn Mr. McKenna that when you have influenza *any* sort of kissing is dangerous.



STUDIES IN CRIMINOLOGY.

A Burglary at the Natural History Museum.

THE POST-IMPRESSIONIST PUFF.

(*See the new Futurist Exhibition.*)

Let me be futuristically painted!
Such treatment I should prize
Above the style that shows me sweetly sainted
With rainbow halo-wise;
For I 'm quite convinced the charms
Of my rounded neck and arms,
Of my piquant little features and loosely coiffured curls
(With others I might mention),
Will attract no more attention
From the satiated public than the charms of other girls.

But if some Futurist would symbolise me
As I appear to him,
And with his cryptic brush anatomise me
And tear me limb from limb;
If he 'd illustrate the theme
In a crude chromatic scheme
And place my tangled icon in a funny sort of frame,
As the latest acquisition
Of a crazy exhibition
I should leap from mediocrity to prominence and fame.

Come, knots and knobs, my lineaments embroider!
Come, graduated checks!
Come, whorls and webs and marquetries that moider
And vortices that vex!
Though the method may be mad
I shall get a gorgeous ad.,
For strangers and acquaintances, relations, friends and foes
Will study the creation
For some dawning inspiration
To assist them in distinguishing my elbow from my nose.

CHECKMATING TIME.

[Lately observed in the course of a time-honoured manœuvre conducted by the black rooks.]

Philip and Rachel—I put the gentleman's name first because they are rooks, and that, I take it, is the convention in bird society—are setting up house together. When I say "setting up house" I mean it literally; but perhaps I should say that they are restoring an old historical residence which they have got cheap. Obviously there is nothing suburban about Philip and Rachel. Their idea is a good old English rookery of the best period, with a few select neighbours within a talking radius of a mile or so and an eligible view of me in the (human) house opposite.

I think I understand Philip's motives in the matter of matrimony. He 's had a pretty thin time of it during the winter, getting rotten grub and all the rest of it; so at last he sat out with Rachel in a quiet furrow—they 'd met at several ploughed fields during January and done all the new hops together—fetched her a Neapolitan worm and then pulled himself together like a rook and put it to her. After that, of course, he had a certain amount of business at the Gray's Inn Rookery (which he said was jolly well named), and when that was done he and Rachel were free to go house-hunting.

Not least pleasant among the many amenities of rook life is the wedding-present convention. Ah, my friends, what a lesson do they teach us humans! Let us try to read it. But must I repeat all the old commonplaces about the duplication of wedding-presents? (No, I 'm afraid I mustn't.) Suffice it to say that, supposing Susan and I are going to be married, the Charleses of this world send me a dozen bread-knives, and the Thomases of this world a dozen chestnut-toasters, bought off-hand and perfunctorily; and meanwhile I am left to cope unaided and without sympathy with the builders and carpenters who have sworn to make a new thing of the old manor-house I have acquired, wondering if I can possibly go to the expense of another cartload of bricks to build that game larder against the south façade which Susan has set her heart on.

How different it would be if Charles drove up in his motor, the *tonneau* bursting with bricks, and cried cheerily, "Here, my dear old pal, is your game larder! Give me a trowel and I 'll soon show you!" And if Thomas arrived in his brougham, hugging a load of mortar, and with a pile of slates on the opposite seat! Could I but see them, keen as mustard, top-hats laid aside, wrestling with the bathroom pipes and only pausing to wring me by the hand and say, "I 'm a confirmed bachelor myself, but my heart goes out to you in your new life. Anything I can do—*anything!*" Wedding-presents of bricks and mortar and enthusiastic assistance! 'Tis a duplication devoutly to be wished.

Such is the lesson of the rooks. Philip's and Rachel's friends all turn up with the same sort of present and the same enthusiasm in the work of restoration, and Philip and Rachel are pleased with every fresh bit of stick they receive. "Hurray!" says Phil—I can see him at it now—"here 's old Percy with *another* bit. Who 'd ha' thought it? Percy, you 're a sportsman! We were just wanting some more straw. It 'll come in handy for the dining-room chimney."

Then he sits on an adjacent bough and says, "Shove it in, dear old chap! Put it where you like."

That seems to be Philip's general idea—to sit alongside of Rachel and talk brightly to his friends and relations while they do all the work.

"That 's a jolly bit of old oak," he says to Cousin Amy, a sentimental old maid who does nothing but bustle backwards and forwards with contributions. "Where did you pick that up?"

Cousin Amy blushes (a rook's blush is a sort of purply-blue affair). "I 've had it put by for a long time," she confesses. "I always thought it might come in for you and dear Rachel."

"That 's a good 'un!" cries Philip. "I 've only known her a couple o' months. Haw-haw-haw!" And he simply shrieks with laughter.

Then Rupert comes staggering up with a young scaffolding-pole, and everyone stops work to cheer him. He drops it several times; but what does that matter to a willing young chap like Rupert? Down he goes in a series of vol-planes, and never rests till he 's got it safely to its destination. (I think I see Charles, when his bread-knife gets lost in the post, moving heaven and earth to recover it, or buying me another! His way would rather be to pretend that something he 'd never sent had got lost, and to slang me for not acknowledging it.)

"Now then," says Rupert, "where shall I ram it in?"

"I think the basement wants strengthening a bit," says Philip, putting his head on one side and considering.

"Or, how about the drawing-room floor?" chips in Rachel. "A few extra joists wouldn't do it any harm."

They talk it over among themselves, and then Rupert jabs it in, nearly spitting old Uncle Benjamin, who is already nursing his gout in the best bedroom.

Uncle Benjamin—a distinguished old soldier who has been in many of the wars—swears freely. . . .

And so it goes on. The service of Hymen is not, as with us, a sort of ghoul's carnival, but a social function in the best sense, a national sport indulged in by all the nice people. How else should Rupert, that young exquisite, toil about all day with assorted timber, which, he explains, was chucked at him for an old song? How else should Lord Jim, that fine old patron of the turf, keep on dropping in with a bit of it for his grandson's private use? Day by day the mansion grows. Day by day I see the noble Gothic foundations added to and at last o'ertopped by the stately pile.

* * * * *

The other night I made sure the house-warming was taking place. As I lay sleepless I heard the full tide of hospitality surging from the lately completed house of Philip and Rachel. Many a rousing chorus was borne to me on the strong night wind, and now Cousin Amy would hold the field as she quavered out "The Stately Homes of England" in her old-world voice, and now Percy would give his fine rendering of "*Cras amet qui nunquam amavit.*"

As it happens, I was wrong. The next morning there were the Gothic foundations in their original proportions. The rest of the stately pile had been scattered to (and by) the four winds. Were they, then, sounds of lamentation which I had heard? Not a bit of it! It was the rook version of "Are we down-hearted?" As I looked out of my window, there were Philip and Rachel still together on the bough, once more instructing the indefatigable Percy and Rupert and Cousin Amy and all the rest of 'em. Even old Uncle Benjamin had already re-established his armchair in the basement.

"Shove it in, dear old chap!" said Philip, as Rupert came staggering up with a young scaffolding-pole. . . .

"But not *quite* so much jerry-building this time," I think he added.

From *Amicus*, Ceylon's Illustrated Weekly:—

"Eratta. In the article 'From Choir Boy to Organist' our readers will detect a misprint. The mistake occurred under exceptional circumstances."

We have just detected two more eratta, but in the circumstances we will forgive them; only it must not become a habit.



Gouty Music-hall Agent. "What 's yer business?"
Agent. "Well, go on; make me laugh."

Struggling Actor. "Comedian."

PIFFLE ABOUT PENMEN.

Mr. Horace Mewlett is about to publish a volume of verse to which he has give the alluring title of *Lyra Felina*. As he remarks in his Foreword, "Hitherto no attempt has been made to express the true inwardness of those poignant ululations—those *cris de cœur* which are amongst the most thrilling of the voices of the night in a great city." He adds that he hopes no one will ask him whether these poems are vitiated by the pathetic fallacy, but that if they do he has no intention of answering them. The book is dedicated to the Marquis of Carabas, and will be shortly issued through the firm of Catter and Wall.

You may, if you like new poetry, remember a volume which appeared a few years ago, entitled "Falsetto Flutings." It was written by Mr. Jasper Didham, a quite young man, and combined ingenuous candour with a remarkable mastery of technique. Since then Mr. Didham has married a poetess, and a joint volume from their pens is now promised by Messrs. Tootill, under the attractive title of "Didhams."

Miss Dorothy Scoop's many friends assembled last Saturday afternoon to do her honour at a stand-up tea at the Diana Club. The occasion for the festivity was her forthcoming marriage which will remove her from London to Alaska, where her husband runs a seal-farm. Miss Scoop hopes to turn the local colour to profitable advantage in her next novel, the title of which is provisionally fixed as "An Arctic Mermaid."

It is curious that no history of Bootle and Chowbent has ever yet been written. The omission is now to be remedied by a volume from the pen of the Lancashire archæologist, Mr. Enoch Earwaker, who has compiled a stirring chronicle of the historic happenings which have lent lustre to these euphoniously named towns. The book will be published by the Dinwiddies.

Dr. Salubry, the great eupeptic expert, has just completed a study of "The Quick Lunch," which will appear in the "Jack and Jill" series of cheap monographs. It describes the origin and history of the famous "Self-Help" Restaurant, of which Mr. Eustace Smiles is the founder and proprietor.

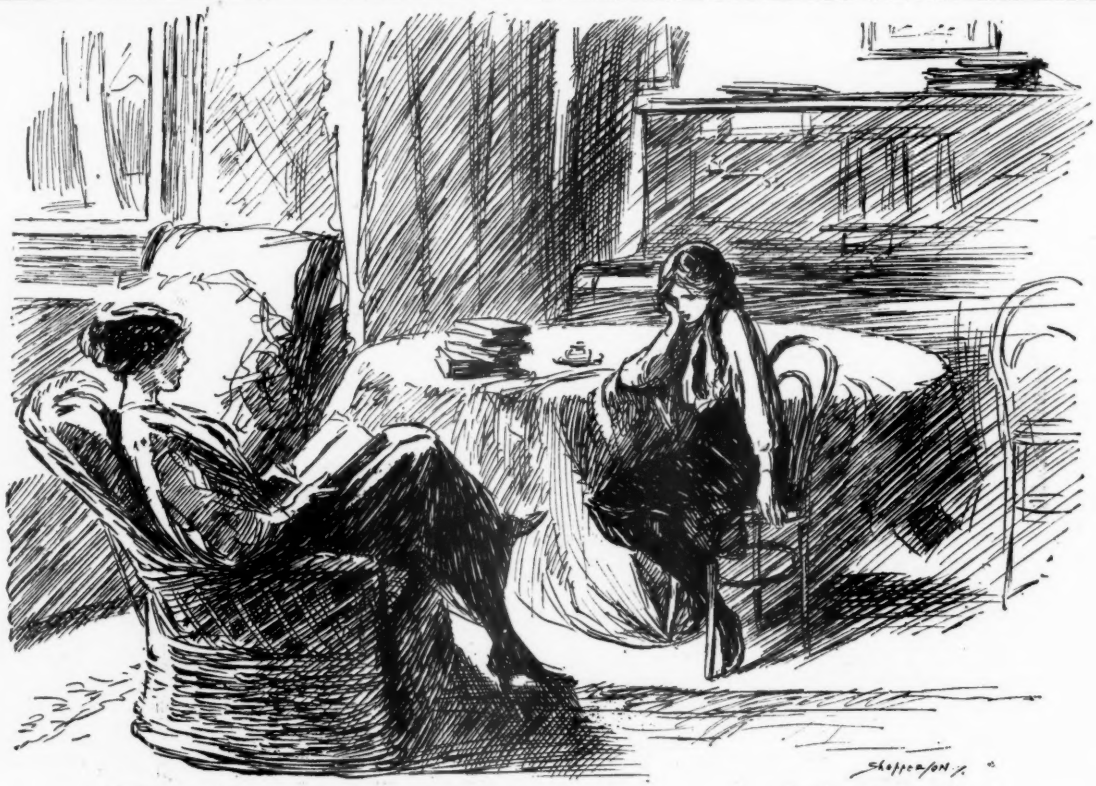
It is announced that Sir George Alexander has completed the first instalment of his Reminiscences, which will appear serially in *The Tailor and Cutter*.

"The Suffragette leader, looking very pale and emancipated, was driven out of prison in a closed carriage."—*Dublin Saturday Herald.*

The wish is father to the look.

"Dishes should be supplied at moderate intervals, and not taken gulping with 5 fingers but with spoon. There should always be an agreeable chat in sweet company—a sweet innocent table talk, best in the family circle."
Hindoo Patriot.

Too frequent specimen of agreeable chat in the family circle: "Oh lor', Maria, not mutton *again*?"



Governess. "AND WHOM DID THE GODDESS AURORA MARRY?" *Pupil.* "BOREALIS!"

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

[Captain WOOD and Captain GREEN have resigned their commissions in HIS MAJESTY'S Army in order to appear on the stage of the Coliseum music-hall.]

LET poets of the past enlarge
On martial deeds of derring-do,
On Balaclava's famous charge,
On feats of arms at Waterloo!
With bays let other bards bedeck
The heroes of a hundred fights
Who helped, at Cabul or Quebec,
To hold the fort or scale the heights,
Who swept the field at Inkerman
Or stormed the terrible Redan!

The warriors I prefer to hymn
Are products of this peaceful age
Who, with a courage truly grim,
Have scaled the boards and stormed the stage.
Here, facing fearful "gods" each day,
They hold the fort from hour to hour,
While jugglers view them with dismay
And even acrobats look sour
To see them greeted with the shouts
Reserved for comic knockabouts!

How fearlessly their fun they poke
At Suffragettes and Volunteers!
How boldly crack the killing joke,
A credit to their martial peers!
What pluck, what valour each displays!
Though rivals deem their humour poor,
To me such feats recall the days
Of WOLFE, of WELLINGTON and MOORE,
When braver act was never seen
Than this of Captains WOOD and GREEN!

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE WATCH.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who in a moment of foolishness gave ninety and odd pounds for a watch. It was a musical watch, and small children's faces lit up when they heard it; but none the less after two years he came to the conclusion that money would be more useful. So he put it in its beautiful velvet and leather case and took it back to the shop and asked the stately gentleman behind the counter to buy it. But the stately gentleman said that he never did anything like that, but would exchange jewellery for it. And then the man took it to a dealer whose one avowed desire was the purchase of old watches, and this dealer disregarded the musical part of it altogether, as well as the detail that it kept time, and offered merely the price of the gold. And then the man took it to various other dealers, and the highest offer that was made to him was less than a third of the original price, and in disgust he thrust the thing back into his overcoat pocket, and hated all men, and realised to the full once more (as every decent fellow must, now and then) what a gulf is fixed between buying and selling, buyers and sellers. And that being the day of the Boat Race it followed that in Leicester Square his pocket was picked and the watch disappeared. And when by chance he discovered his loss his face brightened, and he began to take a kindlier view of life, and "So that 's settled," he said.

"New (12s. 6d.) pair complete Sandow's Dumb-bells for poultry."
Advt. in "Feathered World."

Our Buff Orpington, Frederick, is now fifteen round the biceps.

"Use ——'s original Patent Flour, of all grocers in yellow bags."
Advt. in "Bristol's Young Men."

It would be useless to apply to our grocer, who clings to the old-fashioned brown tweeds.



VOWED TO SILENCE.

Lord Rosebery (*in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet*). "AND HOW DO YOU FANCY ME AS A TRAPPIST?"

Mr. Punch (*out loud*). "NOT A BIT."

[Lord Rosebery, at a dinner of the Press Club, announced that he might possibly never make another speech in public.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, April 14.—*Les beaux esprits se rencontrent.* Noble Lords meeting to-day concerned themselves with Ancient Monuments. Bill introduced by Beauchamp. Whereupon, there being no other business on hand, the House, consisting of half-a-dozen peers, forthwith adjourned.

"Hardly worth while putting on wig and gown and fetching out Purse-bearer from the domestic circle," said Lord Chancellor. "Sometimes get a little tired of this make-believe of work. Oh, to be in the Commons now April 's there, and that man of war, Sandys, brings in his Conscription Bill, sets his squadron in the field, and straightway sounds strategic retreat."

Renewed talk about little affair that, since Session opened, has spread vague feeling of perturbation. Coming back to their duties Peers find themselves, by thoughtful attention of Board of Works, provided with a dressing-room. Accommodation primitive since days of Magna Charta. King John's barons riding down to Westminster used, according to contemporary record, to stack their armour and lances in Palace Yard, the police on duty undertaking to keep an eye on them. Suddenly, sharp on passage of Parliament Act, in near anticipation of introduction of so-called Reform Bill designed to complete work of disintegration, the House of Commons, egged on by the Government, voted a sum of £195 for a dressing-room.



Dressing-room accommodation provided for the barons in the days of King John. These defective arrangements have already been remedied.

"There 's more in this than meets the eye," said Newton, his mobile countenance sicklied o'er with the pale cast of apprehension. "Something about it akin to the tactics of the farmer who, at approach of Christmas, delights unwary flocks of geese and turkeys by unwontedly generous feeding. They may call it a dressing-room. It really is what Halsbury would call 'a sort of' Preamble to a Bill depriving Peers of last shred of hereditary legislative power. When I was at school I was taught in a foreign language to distrust the Greeks when they brought gifts. I do so now."

Business done.—In the Commons Bill legalising immemorial custom in matter of collection of taxes pending passage of Budget Bill is giving unexpected trouble. Both sides equally interested. Successive Chancellors of Exchequer have for three-score years pursued convenient course now arrested by judicial dictum. If means be not taken to legalise practice, Chancellor in next Unionist Government will find himself in same pickle. But it 's the business of Opposition to oppose, and honourable gentlemen seated above Gangway to left of Speaker not the men to shirk it. Accordingly amendment after amendment submitted, and in spite of concessions made by Lloyd George Bill still in Committee Stage when House adjourned.



Tim Healy exhibits "reverence for the British Constitution."

Pretty to see Tim Healy leading Son Austen, Cousin Hugh, Steel-Maitland, Banbury and Cassel on this new campaign. For profundity of historical and legal lore, for reverence for the British Constitution which a reckless Government were "attempting to decant into a short Bill," for noble jealousy of ancient rights of House of Commons, withal for judicial moderation in criticism, our quondam Truculent Tim was inimitable.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Interesting to watch the growth of catalogue of risky words which come to be authorised as Parliamentary expressions. In some cases distinction as delicate as that between P.M. and M.P. established by Post Office. Here are two identical letters, the first form charged as a single word. Use them in reversed order and bang goes another ha'penny. Moore of North Armagh has for nearly three weeks been suspended from service of House, liable if caught upon the premises to be manacled and removed to the deepest dungeon below the castle moat. And wherefore? Because in moment of earnest conviction he genially described action of Government in regard to debate on Consolidated Fund Bill as "disgraceful trickery."

Everything turned upon use of the adjective. Some authorities testify that precedent for its admission into conversation had been permitted by previous occupiers of the Chair. Whitley inflexible in ruling the word unparliamentary; and as North Armagh would not withdraw it House has through sort of supplementary Lenten time lamented his absence and missed his occasional interjectionary incursions into current debate.

To-day Cousin Hugh denounced Banbury as "a Parliamentary King's Proctor." Whitley, again in Chair, made no sign of remonstrance. Phrase undoubtedly has associations with an unsavoury Court of Law where in suspicious cases the King's Proctor is accustomed to intervene. Therein lay the analogy discerned by a poetic mind. In Committee on Collection of Taxes

Bill, Government accepted an amendment moved by COUSIN HUGH. BANBURY, resenting action that would have effect of easing progress of the measure, suggested that COUSIN HUGH was "acting in collusion with the Government."

No such paradoxical accusation has been made since on a day in the last century NEWDEGATE, stung by WHALLEY'S insinuation that he, pillar of pure Protestantism, was in secret league with the POPE OF ROME, retorted by declaration of belief that WHALLEY, an equally energetic champion of the true faith, was a Jesuit in disguise. It stung COUSIN HUGH to the quick. Lost not a moment in repudiating the charge. Explained that, so far from having been led astray by the blandishments of the Government, he was the seducer, not they. The intervention of the Parliamentary King's Proctor was accordingly made upon total misconception of the facts.

Encouraged by toleration from the Chair in matter of disorderly language, COUSIN HUGH tried another flight. "The Member for the City of London," he said, "is a hypocrite in this matter, for no one is more prone to compact with the Government than is he. The difference between us is that he practises his vices in secret behind the SPEAKER'S Chair, whereas I declare the truth openly across the floor of the House."

BANBURY, not easily abashed, had no retort ready. Several Members made note of the fact that it is within the rules of order not only for one Member to describe another as a Parliamentary King's Proctor, but he may, unrebuked, fling at him the taunt of being a hypocrite.

Business done. — House, having suspended Standing Order with intention of sitting all night if necessary to complete Committee Stage of Collection of Taxes Bill, accomplished its work at twenty-five minutes to nine o'clock.

Friday.—On Grand Night SARK dined with the Treasurer and Benchers of Inner Temple. Much struck by a detail which suggests possibility of marked improvement in Parliamentary procedure. On card of invitation was engraved the magic words, "No Speeches."

"Why," he asks, "should not our Whips, in sending out their occasionally peremptory invitation to attendance on particular nights, adopt this formula?"

It would certainly have immense influence in advancing progress of business. Whilst thus achieving maximum of good it would be responsible only for minimum of evil. As Lord ROSEBERY said the other night, no one reads long reports of speeches delivered in either House of Parliament, whilst few papers



The gallant MOORE in exile.

present them. Exception is, of course, made when the speaker is Lord ROSEBERY. That a personal detail.

As to effect of speeches upon the fate of measures it is notoriously *nil*. In anticipation of a critical division Members on both sides come down absolutely determined to vote in a certain Lobby.



COUSIN HUGH denounces BANBURY as "a Parliamentary King's Proctor."

Neither the tongues of men nor angels would alter this fixed intent. "Then why," SARK asks, "waste time in delivery of speeches for the most part tedious?"

A bold suggestion, impracticable at first sight. But its premiss that speech-making does not influence votes is undeniable.

Business done.—Talk about Housing of Working Classes.

OUR FESTAL ANNIVERSARIES.

[*By one who is not very good at them.*]

"TO-MORROW," I said, "is April 23rd —Primrose Day."

"So it is," exclaimed Cicely. "How nice!"

"I scarcely like to confess it," I added hesitatingly, "but to tell the honest truth, Cicely, I don't really know the origin of Primrose Day. Of course I 'm aware it 's some kind of national festival, but precisely what, I can't say."

"No more can I," admitted Cicely, to my relief. "That is to say, I 'm not at all sure, but I *think* it 's connected in some way with Lord ROSEBERY and the Derby."

"For my part," said I more confidently, "I fancy it is associated with ST. GEORGE, the Patron Saint of England. When you come to think of it the rose is the emblem of ST. GEORGE. *Primrose*, of course, comes from a Latin root—the word, I mean, not the flower. *Prim* should properly be *Prime*, signifying *First*. And here, I venture to think, we have support for my theory. Years ago it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to produce real roses in England much before April 23rd, and thus the prim or first rose would naturally be adopted as the symbol of——"

"Let 's ask somebody," interrupted Cicely.

"Right-o!" said I.

* * * *

"Do you happen to know, Ellen," I enquired of the Cook, "why April 23rd is called Primrose Day?"

"I don't for certain, Sir," she replied, "but I *have* heard it 's something to do with SHAKSPEARE."

"There may be something in this," I remarked to Cicely. "SHAKSPEARE, you remember, wrote those beautiful lines:

> Primroses,
> That come before the swallow dares . . ."

"Daffodils! Daffodils!" cried Cicely.

"Alice would know, I expect," added Cook, "because she 's a member of the Primrose League."

"Of *course!*" cried Cicely. "What duffers! We might have guessed it was connected with the Primrose League."

"I understand, Alice," I said, when we had found her, "that you are a member of the Primrose League. That being so, you can probably tell us why April 23rd is called Primrose Day?"



HOLDING ON FOR A RISE.

(Scene—*A Point-to-point Meeting where the supply of race-cards has run out.*)

Sportsman. "Look here, I'll give you two shillings for that card."

Rustic (vaguely inspired by what he has heard about Marconis). "Naa fear! I wun't sell un! I bought un fur zixpence round about one o'clock, and if 'e's wuth two bob now, wot 'll 'e be wuth to-morrer?"

"I don't really know, Sir," answered Alice, "but I *think* it 's something to do with Lord Salisbury."

"I feel sure *that* 's wrong," said I. "We are disappointed in you, Alice."

"Well, mother joined me into the Primrose League when I was a child," said Alice, "and I don't know much about it except that it 's got to do with being a Conservative."

"As it 's a political business," put in Cicely, "Judson is sure to know. He knows *all* about politics."

We sought out Judson and put the question to him. He scraped his spade thoughtfully.

"I 'm not quite sure, Sir," said he, "but I *think* April 23rd is the hanniversary like of the death o' Lord Beaconsfield; but it may be his birthday. The primrose was his lordship's favourite flower, so I 've heard say."

"I fancy that Judson's explanation is the most authoritative and convincing," I said to Cicely in the seclusion of the drawing-room. "But Meggison is coming to dinner this evening, and he 's related to a fellow who was an Under-Secretary in the last Unionist Government. He 'll know for certain."

"Right-o!" said Cicely.

* * * * *

"I say, old chap, why is April 23rd called Primrose Day?" I enquired of Meggison.

"It isn't," said he.

HOW TO CELEBRATE ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

(*Which, Mr. Punch begs to inform his millions of English readers, falls on April 23rd.*)

A Royal Commission shall be appointed to decide, once for all, who the Saint really *was*. Only pure-blooded Englishmen and genuine Cappadocians to constitute its membership.

The preponderating Celtic element in the Cabinet shall retire at their own expense to their respective and original sheilings and fastnesses for the day, and give England a rest. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, in consideration of his surname and comparatively straitened means, shall be allowed an excursion ticket to Criccieth.

In view of the fact that, according to the latest returns available, all but 921 out of the 12,862 men who recruited for the Navy in 1911 were born in England, journalists shall be permitted, just for once, to speak of the *English* Navy, without calling down upon their heads a sheaf of excited protests from correspondents beyond the Border.

The wearing of a miniature rose in the button-hole, at any rate in the early morning and twilight hours of St. George's Day, by those who can muster up sufficient courage and patriotism, shall not be construed as an affront to the cosmopolitan inhabitants of London and West Ham.

The police-court test, *pro hac vice*, for those ardent spirits who may be suspected of over-festive loyalty to their patron saint, shall be the recital of the well-known formula modified, namely, "*English* Constitution."

FRESH AIR.

"WELL," said Francesca, "here we are at last."

"I cannot deny it," I said. "It is dreadfully true."

"Do you *want* to deny it?" she said.

"Yes, Francesca, I do. My whole soul yearns to deny it; but in face of what has happened even *my* soul cannot manage it."

"And yet," she said, "your soul is a very fiery particle, too fiery, I should have thought, to be snuffed out by a mere railway journey to the sea-side."

"Francesca," I said, "much is permitted to you, but I cannot allow you to refer to that railway journey again."

"Pooh," she said, "what was the matter with it?"

"How many times," I said, "did we have to collect and count the children? How many miles did we have to walk along platforms in order to find seats in compartments that were already crammed? Why were those two respectable old gentlemen so angry when Frederick trod on all their toes? Why did I have sandwiches and sherry for luncheon? It is a disagreeable and an unusual variety of luncheon. Why am I still covered with crumbs? Why did we leave our comfortable home, and why——"

"And why," she said, "have I married a sphinx? If you have any more riddles in your mind now 's the time to get rid of the lot."

"Is this," I said, "your courtesy?"

"No, it 's my common sense."

"Ha, ha!" I said, laughing bitterly.

"And," she continued, "you 'll just have to make the best of it. Besides I may as well tell you at once that you will have to sleep in the little room that looks out on the back. We cannot arrange it in any other way."

"I knew it," I said. "It has been so whenever we have all gone to the seaside together. I have always been squeezed into the little room that looks out on the back. All lodgings at every seaside are alike in this: the father of the family is compelled to look out on the back while his wife and children gaze upon the sea."

"I can put Frederick in with you if you feel lonely," she said.

"No," I said, "I think I will do without Frederick. He is capable of waking at six A.M."

"He always does," she said.

"And he would expect me to tell him a story. I can do much, but I cannot tell a story to a child at six A.M."

"It would be good for you to try just once," she said.

"I think not," I said. "And, besides, it wouldn't be a satisfactory story. Frederick wouldn't like it. He is getting very particular about his stories. He told me to-day he was tired of wishing-caps."

"You might make it a magic ring by way of a change."

"We exhausted all the possibilities of a magic ring long ago," I said. "And dragons and fairy queens are also taboo. No, on mature consideration I will deny myself the pleasure of having Frederick in my room. I will leave him to you."

"That," she said, "is like your generous nature. I accept your gift."

"And you must promise," I said, "not to throw Frederick in my teeth afterwards. You take him with your eyes open. He is a free gift, and you must not look him in the mouth."

"I will take Frederick off your hands," she said, "and expect nothing of you in consequence."

"But tell me," I said, "where are the children?"

"They are upstairs," she said, "unpacking. Do you not hear them?"

"Are they unpacking *my* things?" I said.

"They probably are," she said. "I promised them that as a treat."

"*You* promised them that!" I exclaimed. "But this is madness. How can three girl-children and a boy unpack a father's kit-bag? Everything will get mixed with everything else. My socks will go astray. Francesca, you do not know, being a woman, what a vagrant thing a sock is. And my shirts! They will ruin the fronts of my shirts."

"Oh," she said impatiently, "what *does* it matter at the seaside? Listen," she continued, as a burst of merriment was wafted to us from upstairs; "they are playing with your big bath-sponge. Would you be so heartless as to interfere with their innocent pleasure?"

"They will get wet through," I said.

"Everybody gets wet through at the seaside."

"Yes," I said, "but not with bath-sponges."

"Well," she said, "if you don't like it why don't you take them out?"

"I will," I said. "Life at the seaside is one long series of takings out."

"Yes," she said, "that 's why the beach is there, and the piers, and the esplanade, and the boats, and the boatmen in their blue guernseys. And that 's why we brought *Winkles* with us."

"I forgot *Winkles*," I said.

"*Winkles* will have to be taken out on the wettest days. Dogs must be exercised even when children stay at home; and you," she said, "are the one to do it."

"I foresee," I said, "that I shall get plenty of fresh air."

"Don't be so gloomy about it," she said. "What else did you come to the seaside for?"

"I thought I was going to have a rest and enjoy myself."

"What a strange idea," she said. R. C. L.

A SPRING VICTIM.

BARBER, I hope I find you with a steady
And dexterous right-hand to-day. Reveal
The secrets of your armoury! Make ready
Your stoutest shears, your choicest Sheffield steel,
Your bills and cleavers, and prepare to strip
This tufty herbage from my upper lip!

The sacrifice intrigues you? Doubtless, Barber,
You wonder at the fellness of the swoop;
You think, perchance, I chafe to see it harbour
The beaded bubbles of my turtle soup?
Or else that SHE has coyly murmured, "Please
Uproot it, dear: it makes me want to sneeze"?

Perchance I hope (you artists know how prone is
The heart of man to idle self-esteem)
To leave your chair a latter-day Adonis,
To have my smile proclaimed "a perfect dream"?
Or haply (horrid thought) I mean to flit
From outraged Justice? No, that isn't it.

Behold in me a victim of the Season
When pestilence is wafted on the breeze
Embroiling us and darkening our reason.
Catarrh? The influenza? Worse than these.
Aha, my friend, I see you guess my meaning;
Yes, I have caught the frenzy of Spring-cleaning.

"THE LIMITATION OF CONSECUTIVE HAZARDS.—'S. E.' writes:—'Might I make the suggestion that a hint be taken from the spot stroke rule? My idea is that not more than one or two consecutive losing hazards be allowed off the same ball into the same pocket.'" *Times.*

Nobody has really seen billiards played until he has watched us making our run of one consecutive losing hazard.



Landlord of Country Inn. "Will ye please to be quick with yer bath, Mum? It's fire drill morning and we're eager to be at it."

NATURE KNOWLEDGE.

The teacher was serious-minded and very conscientious. The lesson was "The Frog"—the protoplasmal beginnings of froggie being exhibited within a glass jarful of water, which stood upon a table before the class. The room was stuffy and the class in a state of passive resistance to learning—all except Tommy Bangs, aged seven. Tommy, who up to now had never learned anything if he could possibly help it, sat staring at the glass jar with all his soul in his eyes. Teacher looked at him attentively. Was this a case of the stupid scholar at last coming into his own subject and developing genius? She resolved to concentrate upon Thomas.

"You see this mass of gelatinous substance full of little black dots?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"These black dots are eggs."

Thomas looked incredulous.

"Now, what are they, Thomas?"

"Eggs," replied Thomas, obedient though unbelieving.

"Correct. Well, in process of time these eggs are—now what do you think happens to these eggs in process of time?"

Uneasy silence on the part of Thomas.

"Come," said Teacher. "They are—"

"Boiled," with sudden inspiration.

"No, no," said Teacher hastily; "they are hatched."

"Hatched," murmured Thomas apologetically.

"Yes, and out come some queer-looking creatures with big heads and flat tails. They are called tadpoles. Now"—very impressively—"the tadpole grows, little legs begin to show, gradually the tail vanishes, and what do you think at last comes out of the water?"

"A—a duck." Thomas was evidently unable to get away from the poultry farm.

"Oh no, Thomas. I will tell you. A frog. Now, isn't that wonderful?"

Subdued expressions of astonishment from the class and a deep sigh from Thomas, looking as if he could ask for more information if he dared. Teacher turned to him kindly.

"You are interested, Thomas?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That's right. I shall cultivate your taste for nature knowledge. Is there anything else you would like me to tell you?"

"Yes, please, ma'am."

"Then just ask," said Teacher, much gratified. "Don't be afraid. What do you want to know?"

"Please, ma'am," said Thomas, "I want to know how to do a lion."

The World's Workers.

"Wanted Another, to work round the coast with a telescope."—*Advt. in "Star."*

"A remarkable feature is that this affair is about the fifth unsuccessful attempt against Li-Yuan-Hung, proving that something is radically wrong."—*Daily Telegraph.*

If a meeting can be arranged, our contemporary is prepared to explain this sentence to Li-Yuan-Hung.

From a little book of recipes:—

"Recipes.

Crust of bread soaked in 'Glaxo.'

'Glaxo.'

Hard Crust.

Dip crust in 'Glaxo' and give child to suck."

We shall have to put our French *chef* on to this.

"The new spring styles are so varied that no one can fail to obtain a hat that will not suit them."—*Rochdale Observer.*

We have noticed several about.

AT THE PLAY.

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S FAREWELL SEASON.

IT is established that JULIUS CÆSAR, besides being a bit of a soldier, wrote elementary Latin prose for the use of preparatory schools. But neither of these accomplishments could ever make him an adequate mouthpiece, on the stage, for the philosophy of Mr. BERNARD SHAW; and the author of *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, with his notorious *flair* for the right medium, recognised the Triumvir's limitations. Later, on looking through his original version, he seems to have felt that this defect in his protagonist was a source of weakness in the play; that, though *Brittanus* threw off a certain amount of easy satire on the future inhabitants of the barbarous island that he came from, there was not enough of SHAW in it. So he has introduced a prologue (purporting to be the utterance of the god Ra) which is a sort of sketchy upper-fifth-form lesson on the history of the period, punctuated with ridicule of the Philistines on the other side of the footlights. Only gods and schoolmasters can do these things, knowing full well that the rules won't let you answer them back.

It is the old posture. Mr. SHAW still stands on his head as depicted by Mr. MAX BEERBOHM on revisiting the haunts of his early manhood. For the rest, the play remains an audacious medley of mock-historical comedy, farce, pantomime and melodrama. There is the old lighthearted disregard of facts—as in *Cæsar's* paternal and ascetic attitude to the girl *Cleopatra*; there is the old blend of laughter and blood—as in the horror, which is not tragedy, of *Ftatateeta's* death, when, after affording an interminable lot of fun to the author (if not to us) in the matter of her name, she has her throat slit before *Cæsar* has got the hang of it. All the same the play keeps the freshness of its frivolous improbability, though I doubt if anybody but Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON—and he only on a farewell course—could have filled Drury Lane for so slight a spectacle.

Though he made no attempt to disguise his sad lack of baldness (*non Cæsaris illa cæsaries*) he somehow always looked the part. His vein is, of course, a high seriousness, but he brought a very light touch to the treatment of *Cæsar's* mood of holiday excursion. Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT was best in the earlier part, where *Cleopatra* is just a scared little flapper; when the savage in her came out, Miss ELLIOTT had no more use for her unstaled girlishness. Of the minor characters, Mr. IAN ROBERTSON was pleasantly solemn in the part of *Brittanus*; Mr. COOKSON gave a note of distinction to the royal tutor, *Theodotus*; Mr. SCOTT-GATTY



The great god Bernard Ra-ra Shaw.

was a brave and buoyant *Apollodorus*; and Mr. LACY as the ranker *Rufio* was at least robust. I should have liked a lot more of little *Ptolemy*, though I missed Master TONGE in that delightful prompted speech of the boy-king. Over the others, as over the scenery, I draw a veil of genial reticence.

The Light that Failed serves the purpose—if no other—of proving Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S versatility. Sober or drunk, seeing or blind, in love or in despair, he was equally persuasive. Of course, his chances were a little too easy. Drunkenness is always popular on the English stage, and blindness never misses its appeal.

It was curious how, in the superfluous prologue where *Dick* has his preliminary spell of blindness, the bandage on his eyes and the covering on his crown seemed to make Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S golden voice unrecognisable. It seems as if the magic of his tones is dependent upon an exposure of the top half of his head.

The tragic ending of Mr. KIPLING'S original version has been modified. It is no longer *The Light that Failed*, it is The Darkness that Succeeded, or rather it would have been if *Maisie's* love for him had come about through *Dick's* loss of sight. But apparently her change of heart occurs before she learns of his tragedy; and we are led vaguely to suspect that she was proposing in any case to fall back upon love as a solace for her art that had failed. Whatever her motive, poor *Dick* was happily too blind to see through it.

Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT made the best of the rather unsympathetic part of *Maisie*. But the strongest support came from Mr. AUBREY SMITH as *Torpenhow*. His solid presence, as always, was a steady source of confidence. Miss OLIVE RICHARDSON as *Bessie* was sufficiently vicious; the trouble was to discover the charm in her that attracted *Torpenhow*. Miss ADELINE BOURNE did more than justice to her anonymous description as *The Red-haired Girl*. The vermilion of her wig would have abashed a flamingo. Mr. SCOTT-GATTY as *Cassavetti* once more shone among an indifferent lot of supernumeraries, of whom the stodgy and sonorous Mr. PERCY RHODES (*Nilghai*) was perhaps the least excusable.

I understand that Signor PUCCINI came all the way from Pisa to see Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON in this play, the actor's engagements making it impossible for him to study the musician's convenience and appear in Tuscany. If the composer of *La Fanciulla del West* shared the feelings of the popular element in Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S audience he was well rewarded for his exertions. Dare we hope that in *The Light that Failed* he will find the stuff for an opera (*Riccardo in Egitto*?) and that we shall presently be whistling the Italian for "*What Maisie Knew*"?

O. S.



Maisie (Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT) *to Dick Heldar* (Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON). "Dickie, I'm the same Maisie! I haven't even changed my hair!"



Sergeant-Instructor (to recruit who is struggling to unfix bayonet long after the movement is finished). "NOW THEN! WHY CAN'T YOU DEPRESS THE BOLT-STUD AND GET THAT BLADE AWAY?" *Recruit.* "AH 'VE GOT A GAMMY THOOMB, SERGINT."

Sergeant-Instructor. "GAMMY THUMB! THE REST O' THE SQUAD AIN'T GOT GAMMY THUMBS, HAS THEY? YOU DON'T EXPECT THE ARMY TO ALLOW YOU LUXURIES THE REST O' THE MEN AIN'T GOT, DO YOU?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE are parts of *Stella Maris* (JOHN LANE) that show the art of Mr. W. J. LOCKE at its very best—delicate, tender, high-fantastical. There are also parts in which it might almost be classed with the melodrama of commerce, and others that come dangerously near the simply sentimental. Take him for all in all, however, Mr. LOCKE can blend a mixture of romance and realism more nicely than perhaps any other living writer; and the result, if unequal, is delightfully stimulating. Moreover, *Stella Maris* has the advantage of two excellent and unhackneyed ideas. On the one hand, *Stella* herself, the seemingly hopeless invalid, into the dream-life of whose guarded room no idea of pain or sorrow is allowed to penetrate—restore such a being to everyday life, plunge her, a woman in years, less than a child in experience, into the battle of realities, and what will happen? This is one, the more beautiful, of the two motives of the book. The other concerns a man who, married in name only to a human horror whose cruelty to a child-servant has resulted in public scandal and imprisonment, himself adopts the victim in an effort at reparation. What came of this experiment of *John Risca* with the little drudge *Unity*; how he and *Walter Herold*, the actor, both loved and tended *Stella*, at first with the passionate pity of strong men towards a suffering child, later with another kind of passion, and which of them won her in the end, all this you shall find out. On the last point I was myself in doubt—a rare experience—up to the very page that settled the matter. On the whole, a charming and moving story, told in a style that at times rises to actual beauty. I make Mr. LOCKE my felicitations and thanks.

Miss MARGARET WATSON purports to write of village life, but if she should cast her mind back over the events of her story, *His Dear Desire* (SMITH, ELDER), she must herself be astounded at their number and magnitude. Most of the villagers were at one time or another on the verge of sudden death, and one at least of them succumbed to it. Another was the victim of violent dipsomania; a third was guilty of, among other things, embezzlement; a fourth was apprehended for a supposed murder, and of the others those who were not put in jeopardy by the fire at the Hall were involved in the financial crash of a local Building Society. Hardly a day passed in *Clayford* and the neighbourhood but an incident occurred which would have engaged the best part of the attention of the British press, and yet the inhabitants were with it all the most simple and unsophisticated people in the world. These weighty affairs, mark you, were but side issues, briefly noticed and contrived merely to demonstrate character; the central plot was quite other and consisted in the love of *Emily Dormer* for the dipsomaniac, the passion of the pseudo-murderer for his mill, and the pervading and prevailing humanity of *Parson Power*, matters much less stupendous but much more convincing. The truth is that Miss WATSON has done excellently with her village but gone all wrong with its life. She has done what so many amateurs, if I may use that expression without offence, do; she has studied life as it is, and life as it is depicted in the lower grade novel, contemporaneously, and has got the two mixed up. This has proved unfortunate

but not, I am glad to say, fatal. If the constant recurrence of the incredible tends to destroy the charm of a very human book, it does not wholly succeed. Some country folk emerge from the turmoil unscathed and delightfully unspoilt.

I am positively appalled by the number of young men who appear to be going about in contemporary fiction paying what seem honourable addresses to heroines, only for these distressed damsels to discover in the next chapter the existence of insane wives. The thing seems to be becoming an obsession with our novelists; and the latest victim is Miss ISABEL SMITH, whose *Nevertheless* (ALSTON RIVERS) tells it all over again; not badly, but hardly well enough to invest so worn a theme with any special interest. By the way, why *Nevertheless*, I have been unable to discover; the tale might just as well have been called *But*, or *Well, well*, or (and with some excuse in the behaviour of the chief characters) *Tut-tut*. These protagonists are *Sara Gale* and one *Martel*, fellow-inmates of an old suburban mansion turned into a kind of boarding-house. Because *Martel* had a clear-cut profile, no manners, and a general way of wiping the ground with his female society, *Sara* (who was evidently a disciple of *Jane Eyre*) loved him. So she really need not have been so much astonished to hear of the lunatic wife, as aforesaid. But she was. Then of course *Martel* asked her not to mind about man-made laws, and *Sara*, after holding out till almost the end of the book (even enduring the horrors of an evangelical boarding-house at Eastbourne, described by the author with much zest) surrendered and went to *Martel's* rooms — only to find him reading a wire from the lunatic asylum to say what you will have already guessed. I feel that the moral is a little ambiguous, but at least the story is enabled to end as such things should. I wish Miss SMITH had found a better employment for her obvious gift of character-drawing.



ABSCONDING CASHIER HAS THE MISFORTUNE TO ENCOUNTER ANOTHER LIGHTNING STRIKE—"DOWN RAZORS."

My salaams to Sir HUGH CLIFFORD. He has lived a good part of his life in the Straits Settlements, and knows a thing or two about them. As a writer he has the true "Maga" touch, which is often, I think, at its strongest when it draws, for us stay-at-homes, the lives and thoughts of the dark-skinned races at the outposts of the Empire. In his *Malayan Monochromes* (JOHN MURRAY) the shadows are as dark as REMBRANDT would have painted them, as dense as the impenetrable forests of the Peninsula. For his high lights he uses only the warm red of blood, that turns black almost as soon as it is shed, whether it has flowed in Malayan or English veins. As I read his stories, especially fascinating when, like the *Fat Boy*, they "wants to make your flesh creep," I felt that I understood how white men can die of too much tropical Asia, and how it is not only natives that sometimes are driven to run amok and to cast off the shackles of officialdom and civilization, and become just their revengeful, cruel, savage, primitive selves. But that is only because they are affected by their environment, which is gradually being changed for the better by the self-sacrifice of these very men. Some day the bad old past will have gone altogether, to the great advantage of all concerned. And meanwhile it has given us *Malayan Monochromes*.

Although I have not read a vast majority of the fifty or sixty books that stand to the credit of "KATHARINE TYNAN," I make bold to say that none of them can be more fragrant than *Mrs. Pratt of Paradise Farm* (SMITH, ELDER). The farm possessed a garden of the lavender - sweet - pea - rosemary kind, a splendid view, old furniture—in fact, everything that mortal man could want, except a bathroom. And then—crowning point of all—it contained *Mrs. Pratt* herself. It is true that this jewel of a woman had been accused of poisoning her husband, but you had only to look at her to know that she could never have killed a mouse. Apparently her neighbours had refrained from looking at her, for they deemed that she had left the court with a considerable stain upon her character. So poor *Mrs. Pratt* suffered acutely until a young man and his wife suddenly turned up and asked for lodgings; and afterwards she loved this mysterious couple so much that she did not even worry about unpaid bills. I am grateful to Mrs. HINKSON for taking up the cudgels on behalf of a class that is too often derided and scoffed at in fiction; but I am afraid that landladies in general will not share my gratitude. It would be an appalling misfortune for them if *Mrs. Pratt* should be cast in their teeth when they present their overdue accounts.

Cookery Note.

Sir RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY'S book, "High Pheasants in Theory and Practice," is announced for publication. For eating purposes we prefer them in theory.

From a letter to *The Barbados Advocate*:—

"Roads constructed of Tarvia are not subject to the dust nuisance caused to pedestrians over which motor cars run."

From our new Barbados romance: "'Confound the dust,' said Clarence, as he wiped a 24-30 Panthard off his chest and rose to his feet. 'That's the third car that has been over me to-day. At this rate my collar will be ruined by Saturday.'"

CHARIVARIA.

The new Navy airship from France has been arriving in sections, which are now being fitted together at Farnborough. This is a reversal of our policy in regard to our previous airship, which, it will be remembered, arrived here complete, but was subsequently resolved into pieces.

* * *

Mr. Lambert, for the Admiralty, has assured a questioner that adequate measures will be taken to protect our dockyards and arsenals from aerial attack. We understand that awnings have already been commissioned.

* * *

The Nancy incident has been settled satisfactorily. Various local officials have been reprimanded, and Princess Victoria Luise's dress is to be made from a Paris model.

* * *

Some details have been published of our new Cunarder. She is, we are told, 901 feet long, and 97 feet broad. This means that both the tallest man and the fattest man will be able to lie down without being inconveniently cramped.

* * *

A Bill has been introduced into the House to make the giving of characters to employees compulsory. In the view of some of the Labour Members, however, the proposed measure does not go far enough, as it does not insist that the characters must be good ones.

* * *

Poor Mr. Lloyd George! The Opposition papers were just as sniffy at his promise of no further taxes as if he had imposed a number of fresh ones. "There 's no pleasing 'em," he says.

* * *

A new scheme by which insured persons may obtain medical benefits while on holiday has been arranged by the Insurance Commissioners. So nobody now need fear that his holiday may be spoilt by his having to keep well.

* * *

The London County Council has decided to purchase a dictating machine at a cost of £52. This compares favourably with the price the Government pays for its dictator.

While an employee of a firm of wholesale fruiterers at Cardiff was opening a bunch of bananas from Jamaica the other day, he was startled by a snake three feet long darting from the fruit. "The reptile was captured," the account tells us, "and is being preserved." After this we shall eat our banana preserves with caution.

* * *

We hear that the real reason why the price of *The Times* is being reduced to twopence is to enable the threepenny public to take in *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Mirror* as well.

* * *

The Grand Ducal Council of Mecklenberg has passed a Bill imposing a twenty-five per cent. increase of taxes on all bachelors above the age of thirty.



Waiter. "What can I get you, Sir?"
The Epicure. "Oh, I suppose I 'll have one of your ghastly dinners!"

This should be something of an answer to those women who declare that their interests are neglected because they do not possess a vote.

* * *

The proposal of Mr. Justice Bankes that malignant Suffragettes shall be sent on a voyage round the world has fallen through in consequence of strong representations by the world.

Two opinions of Venus at Covent Garden—showing how difficult it is to satisfy everybody:—

"She wore what was for a Wagner opera an almost daring dress of thin gauzy material with a slit from the left ankle."—*Daily Mirror.*

"Though no one would advocate too realistic a costume for Venus, it is hardly necessary to make the goddess look like an abbess."
Daily News.

We shall hope to meet an abbess one of these days.

HOME THOUGHTS OF ABROAD.

["On his back in a gondola, a pipe in his mouth as usual, gazing skywards."—*Pinero.*]

With all respect to old R. B.
My own especial springtime prayer
Is, "Oh, to be in Italy—
In Venice—now that April 's there!"

To hear the hollow-sounding cry
The swart *barcaiuolo* calls
At sudden corners, gliding by
The old wistaria-trailing walls!

With Federico rowing stroke,
And Carlo chipping in at bow,
And I, beneath tobacco smoke,
Lying at ease—just anyhow.

Dear little *rios*, crooked, quaint,
By little *calle* bridges spanned!
Dear crumbling niches where some Saint,
Some long-neglected Virgin, stand!

Jesurum lace, Murano's glass
My pilgrim spirit lightly spurns,
And so the saying shall not pass
That "Venice spends what London earns."

Here is a vista opening out,
And here 's the Grand Canal at last.
Carlo will show the sights, no doubt,
As "past we glide, and past, and past."

He names the things one always sees:
"*Ecco, Signor! Rialto—si!*"
Ah, mention *every* palace, please;
Go on, old chap; *mostratemi*—

Mostratemi the one I love—
I think I see it, gliding by—
Where Robert Browning (see above),
O fortunatum, chose to die!

"Wholesale pill-box outrages were discovered in Glasgow early this afternoon."
Bristol Evening News.

Our best Beauchamp has been abducted.

"The services of Mr. Griesson Landscape Gardner, of Agra, have been placed at the disposal of the Chief Commissioner of Delhi."
Statesman.

Our congratulations to Mr. G. L. Gardner. He does credit to the family.

"Possessing a speed of 23 knots, the Aquitania will have 4,250 boats, to accommodate passengers and crew."—*Lloyd's News.*

"One man, one boat" at last!

BACHELOR CHAMBERS.

(*By one in search of the perfect hermitage.*)

My tastes are modest and my needs are small:—
Three bright and lofty chambers (parquet floor),
Each thirty feet or so by twenty-four,
With bathroom (entered from an airy hall)
Where hot and cold habitually run;
And such a set of aspects that the sun
Laves me in light the whole day long. That 's all.

They must be central—somewhere like Pall Mall;
In touch with London's throbbing heart, or hub,
And fairly near the Athenæum Club
And restaurants; yet silent as a well,
For here no taxi-hooters must intrude
To jar upon the meditative mood
Or operate against the Muse's spell.

For service—just one handmaid, nice and neat;
A valet, soft of foot; a *chef* of wits
For homely dinners based upon the Ritz;
And, at his post abutting on the street,
A liveried page to brush me for the Park,
Vigilant of my wants, yet slow to mark
What ladies most affect my fair retreat.

The outlook (need I add?) should be on trees;
And for inclusive rent I 'd gladly pay
Full Garden City prices. I should say
There must be many men with tastes like these
All round St. James's—men without a wife
And wedded solely to the Simple Life;
And yet the agents find me hard to please! O. S.

THE BURNING QUESTION.

Should smoking be allowed in the auditorium of theatres? That is the question which is agitating London, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero and Mr. Shaw.

Sir Sidney Lee writes: Sir Arthur Pinero's suggestion entails merely a return to a fine old custom. Smoking in theatres, like Polar exploration, was a common Elizabethan practice. Personally I am with Shakspeare in preferring the aroma of tobacco to the perfume of asphyxiated flowers which generally fills the air of the stalls. As the Swan said, "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

Mr. Hammerstein writes: I am convinced that my failure to run opera in London was due to my omission to supply tobacco in the auditorium. If I had my time over again and attempted once more to popularise good music I should inscribe above the proscenium the Virgilian motto, *Ludere calamo agresti* (which, I am told, may be translated, "To amuse oneself with the rustic pipe"), and I would present every member of my audience with a high-class Clay (a Churchwarden, not a Henry).

Mr. Bernard Shaw writes: I am strongly in favour of smoking in theatres. I recently implored my audience not to laugh at me, and a pipe or a cigar between their lips would probably stop their hilarity far more effectually than anything I could say.

Mr. Gordon Craig writes: I am quite indifferent on this subject. Nothing that could happen in any ordinary theatre nowadays could possibly have a deteriorating effect on the Drama.

Dr. Saleeby writes: The ideal conditions for smoking are exactly those which obtain in the modern theatre. The body should be at ease and the mind at rest. Any intellectual effort at once diverts the nicotinous juices from their mission (which in these ideal circumstances they accomplish) of correcting the tendency of the hypercutaneous corpuscles towards excessive excoriation.

Mr. P. A. Vaile writes: The only objection I have to smoking in theatres or elsewhere is that not one man in a hundred and not one woman in a thousand knows how to do it. From his earliest childhood the Englishman is taught to smoke on principles which are scientifically unsound. In addressing the pipe, for instance, the pressure for the in-draught should be applied upwards from the chin, and that for the out-draught downwards from the nose, the head being kept rigid and the neck being used as a pivot to counteract top-spin. In practice all professional smokers do this, but they are unaware of it, and in teaching they advise exactly the opposite. Messrs. Glamon and Suckstein (who, by the way, are strong supporters of smoking in theatres) recently tested this under my direction with a specially devised quick-firing pneumatic hookah fitted with ball-bearings.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox distils the essence of sanity in the following illuminating quatrain:—

The man who cannot concentrate his mind
Upon the dramas of the Bard of Avon
Without reliance upon Nicotine, you 'll find
Is probably an intellectual craven.

Little Tich says: I am all in favour of people smoking so long as they confine themselves to Little Tichinopolies."

Mr. Chiozza Money pronounces strongly against tobacco in theatres on economic grounds. The money wasted on cigarettes alone by the youth of the country would, he maintains, be sufficient to defray the additional cost of fixing the starting age of old age pensions at 65 instead of 70.

Mr. Masterman, on the other hand, has the greatest belief in tobacco as promoting equanimity and diffusing an atmosphere of placid contentment so desirable in an audience. He continues, "I do not think I am violating any pledge of secrecy when I say that, had it not been for the demands of National Defence, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have made provision in his Budget for the supplying of free cigarettes to all occupants of the pit and gallery in our theatres."

Mr. Alfred Austin writes: I can endure tobacco in Veronica's green-house, but not in the theatre. As a great poet remarks:—

"It is the most malevolent of deeds
To choke fine flowers of speech with noxious weeds."

Mr. J. M. Barrie: I express no opinion beyond this—that if smoking is permitted the tobacco must be the right brand. You know quite well which it is.

Mr. Alfred Butt: I like to see the audience in full blast when Pavlova dances, but it would give me little pleasure to witness a similarly contented body of persons at a musical comedy.

Psychic communication with certain of the illustrious dead having been set up—we will not say how, but possibly through the agency of the Elysian Marconi Company (shares not yet on the market)—the following opinions on the great questions have been elicited:—

Sir Walter Raleigh: The notion takes me. If it be good (as I hold) to drink tobacco, then is it good to drink it wherever you may be. Moreover, there are, I am told, certain plays and players that would be rendered more decent if a cloud of Virginia intervened between ye spectator and ye stage.

The Duke of Wellington: Smoke and be ——.



A FEATHER FOR HIS CAP.

The Victor of Skutari (*to Austria*). "OF COURSE YOU CAN MAKE ME PUT YOUR TAIL-FEATHER BACK AGAIN, BUT IT'LL NEVER FEEL QUITE THE SAME."



Mother. "Well, dears, did you meet anyone you knew?"
The Three Children (who have just returned from their morning walk). "Yes; Ruby and Derek."
Mother. "Where did you meet them?" *Barbara (the youngest).* "At the same place as we was."

THE BETTER WAY;

OR, WORDS TO A WATCHMONGER.

Merlin, the horologe has stopped again;
Clasping his hands as if about to pray,
But not, I think, with any kind of pain,
At noon the little fellow slipped away.
Please take him back,
But do not say, "Tut, tut, a nasty crack;"

Because he had none. Of your guidance lorn,
Faint for the loving hand that soothed and nursed,
His spirit to the shadowy realm was borne
The fifth time, I believe, since Jan. the first;
And every swound
Meant cash to you; your black arts brought him round.

That little flower-like face, that poor pale ghost,
How often have I looked and yearned to him;
Yet always he preferred you as a host,
Always, deprived of you, his voice grew dim.
He pined for you;
Take him, and tell me, Merlin, was it "flu"?

Toy with the curly hair-spring of my pet
And smile the old smile that he understands,
And put the dice-box in your eye and set
In motion once again the fluttering hands;
Poke him about
And prod his works up; give him malt and stout;

But never more return him. Let him be
Here at the very hub of temporal power
And hearken to his friends eternally,
And know what trustful glances, hour by hour,
On you they fix,
Following your will like sheep—with strong calm ticks.

And now and then I will return and sit
And nurse him for a moment in your shop,
And ask him how he is and if he 's fit,
And turn the little screw round at the top,
And muse anon
On those wild times we had in brave years gone.

And if you like it, Merlin, when I come,
For food and lodging and for oil and wraps
I will disburse to you a trifling sum;
And, thank you, now you mention it, perhaps
You too might make
Some gift to soothe my dole. Ten bob I 'll take.

Evoe.

"The bridegroom spoke out manfully in promise of his share, and, what is especially noteworthy in these days of rebellious femininity, the bride did not fumble with the plain direct affirmative 'I will' when she was asked whether she would love, honour, and—obey."
Pall Mall Gazette.

The writer must go to another wedding and follow the service a little more closely; then he will understand why the bride didn't.

EXCESS OF CAUTION.

I LOVE Penelope. Robertson loves Penelope. For the moment I cannot think of anybody who does not love Penelope, except perhaps the Vicar; and he only dislikes her professionally, because she will not give such assistance as he thinks she ought to his charitable enterprises. Even her father loves Penelope, although he doesn't show it. At this time, however, Penelope herself loved nothing on earth except her new cheque-book, her very first.

After dinner, we three men hurried through with our tobacco and gathered in the drawing-room for the Opening Ceremony. Penelope provided herself with a new nib and a piece of virgin blotting-paper and asked for our advice, as men of the world, how she ought to begin.

"Read the instructions on the bottle," said I. "Just inside the cover you will find something about keeping in a cool, dry place. . . ."

"Safe place," corrected Penelope, taking the matter very seriously. "What is the date?"

No one knew it, and Robertson, trying to show off, said that any date would do.

"Provided," said Penelope's father, who prides himself on his general knowledge and looks very wisely over the top of his spectacles when he utters it—"provided it isn't a Sunday." Thereupon Robertson was deservedly forced into a legal argument with the father and I was left in possession of the daughter.

"What do I write next?" asked Penelope.

"Somebody's name," said I.

"But whose?"

That was a stiff question even for a financial expert. But love inspires, and I suggested that the Great Event might be suitably celebrated by a gift to a local charity. "Besides," I argued, "it will propitiate the Vicar." At first Penelope was horrified at the suggestion, supposing that cheques could only be written for large sums of money; but, when I assured her that there was no minimum, she said she wanted to get on the right side of the Vicar and put his name in.

"What do they mean by '*or order*'?" asked she, going through it step-by-step and being very determined to run no risks or be had in any way.

Seeing that the most knowledgeable man was going to win, it was unthinkable that I should confess ignorance. "Some say one thing," I answered, "and some another. It is a hint to the Banker who is going to cash it, and I myself incline to the view that it means, 'If you haven't got the money in stock write to the makers at once for some more.'"

Robertson was defeating her father meanwhile, so the latter diverted his argumentative faculties to my last proposition and took up with me. I tried to involve Robertson in this argument also, but he was unscrupulous enough to admit that he was in the wrong about the Sundays and to agree in advance with all that Penelope's father had to say about the "*or order*." I was thus left in the parent's toils and Penelope to Robertson's tender, his too tender mercies.

Penelope was insistent that her first cheque should be impregnable and had clearly promised herself that no precaution, used by the best English cheque-writers, should be omitted. The way she crammed her first figure (0) up against the "£" was positively cruel, and there was Robertson scoring smile after smile for his advices: a smile for the crossing, a smile for the "—— & Co.," a smile for the "Not Negotiable" and almost an embrace for the "A/C Payee." At last in despair I left her father in the very middle of his "on the other hand" (the fifth of them) and picked up the cheque.

"Goodness," I said contemptuously, "if I hadn't examined this before you parted with it you might have been the easy victim of the most stupendous fraud of the century. You have actually been allowed to leave out the "only."

"*Pay the Revd. Henry Bumpus or Order the sum of Ten Shillings and Sixpence only,*" was the final form of her instruction, for even her father could not argue that that was illegal, and even Robertson had to admit that it was done sometimes in business. She replied haughtily that business was business, gave him a look, blotted the cheque and thanked *me* for my help.

And that is how I lost Penelope.

* * * *

Our Vicar does not often say sharp words, but when he does he makes you wish you were different and blame whoever led you astray. "Received," he wrote, by return, on the printed form of receipt of the Amalgamated Diocesan Charities Fund—"received of Miss Penelope Penbridge the sum of Ten Shillings and Sixpence only."



GOING TO THE DOGS.

IT IS VERY GRATIFYING TO *MR. PUNCH* TO OBSERVE THAT THE LATEST FASHION IN HATS IS IDENTICAL WITH THAT WHICH HAS SO LONG GRACED HIS IMMORTAL DOG TOBY ON THE COVER.

A LONG MEMORY.

THE Post Office never forgets. In our block of flats tenants come and go. The landlord barely remembers the last tenant. The tradespeople have forgotten utterly. The gas-collector lets him pass from his memory. The Post Office never.

In some corner of its great heart it keeps green the memory of all its children. Out of its boundless store it sends them missives—to each according to his taste.

They come home—letters to the ghosts of former tenants. They lie about till I drop them regretfully in the fire.

I know each ghost so well. Bale and Ball were bachelors, drawn together by a subtle sympathy due to alliterative



DOMESTICATED RAG-TIME.

nomenclature. When the holidays came they fled together to the sea-side. Gay and debonair, they were known to every landlady on the South Coast. The Post Office—father of us all—still pleads with them to come back to the neglected boarding-houses. At Christmas it offers charades at Margate. At Midsummer it reminds them that there are bathrooms and motor-garages at Brighton and Bournemouth.

Quest and his sister, Miss Quest, were devoted to railway shares and to each other. I think—though of this I am not sure—that they were twins. If Quest bought a share in the Caledonian, his sister went round next day and bought another. Once Quest was persuaded by a friend to buy a share in a furniture company. Loyal to the core, Miss Quest resolved that they should flourish or perish together. She also bought a share. They were not ruined, but they were disappointed. Afterwards they stuck to railways.

The Post Office has never forgotten their passionate attachment. It often sends them letters—always in pairs. The letters are exactly alike inside and out, save for the names—"Miss Quest," "Septimus Quest, Esq." Usually they are fascinating documents, all about railways. But sometimes there is a sly little dig about that adventure in furniture.

There were four of the Nicklins. Mrs. Nicklin was colourless. She was overshadowed by her children. Even the Post Office is vague about her. It hesitates between "Mrs." and "Mr. or Mrs."

Young Nicklin, known in the Post Office as "James S. Nicklin, Esq."—"Sammy," to his friends—was a dandy. He was very particular (I gather) about his clothes. His hair was resplendent but getting a little thin. His friends must have twitted him, I think, about a slight tendency to corpulence, and in all probability he was greatly annoyed about this. The Post Office sends him occasional copies of "Men's Wear," and bright little booklets about hair preparations. It implores him—malicious old jester—to try a physical culture school.

Miss Nicklin went about with her father. Her brother was too busy to worry about her. They were very keen about literary societies, especially those with a Celtic fringe. The Post Office, with its usual good feeling, always addresses them conjointly as "Mr. and Miss Nicklin."

There are other ghosts. Symons was on intimate terms with His Majesty's Government. The Post Office speaks of him respectfully as "O.H.M.S." Miss Clauston once went to an evening class. The Post Office knows this and never ceases to regret that she didn't keep it up. It remembers too the penny packet of nasturtium seeds that her brother bought, heaven knows how many years ago. It sends him a reminder every year. Occasionally it sends a sports catalogue to "Master Pottle." He may be married now with a boy of his own, but the Post Office clings affectionately to the memory of the sturdy young rascal it once knew. It remembers the fads and tastes of everyone—of Miss Green who liked sherry, and J. Brown, Esq., who inclined to Irish whiskey; of Miss Black who adored sale lists, and Mr. White who preferred book catalogues.

Some day I shall leave this flat. For a week or two the landlord will vaguely regret "a good tenant"—and then he will forget. The milkman will cease to recall my habits. The bookbinder will think no more of my end-papers and about not sprinkling the edges.

But I know—and there is comfort in the thought—that when all others have forgotten, the Post Office will remember.

"West—Smith.—On April 14th, at St. Peter's Collegiate Church, Ethel, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Jones, to Ruben Edmund, youngest son of William West."
Midland Evening News.

A nasty shock for Miss Smith.

GETTING MARRIED.

II.—FURNISHING.

"By the way," said Celia suddenly, "what have you done about the fixtures?"

"Nothing," I replied truthfully.

"Well, we must do *something* about them."

"Yes. My solicitor—he shall do something about them. Don't let's talk about them now. I've only got three hours more with you, and then I must dash back to my work."

I must say that any mention of fixtures has always bored me intensely. When it was a matter of getting a house to live in I was all energy. As soon as Celia had found it, I put my solicitor on to it; and within a month I had signed my name in two places, and was the owner of a highly residential flat in the best part of the neighbourhood. But my effort so exhausted me that I have felt utterly unable since to cope with the question of the curtain-rod in the bath-room or whatever it is that Celia means by fixtures. These things will arrange themselves somehow, I feel confident.

Meanwhile the decorators are hard at work. A thrill of pride inflates me when I think of the decorators at work. I don't know how they got there; I suppose I must have ordered them. Celia says that *she* ordered them and chose all the papers herself, and that all I did was to say that the papers she had chosen were very pretty; but this doesn't sound like me in the least. I am convinced that I was the man of action when it came to ordering decorators.

"And now," said Celia one day, "we can go and choose the electric-light fittings."

"Celia," I said in admiration, "you're a wonderful person. I should have forgotten all about them."

"Why, they're about the most important thing in the flat."

"Somehow I never regarded anybody as choosing them. I thought they just grew in the wall. From bulbs."

When we got into the shop Celia became businesslike at once.

"We'd better start with the hall," she told the man.

"Everybody else will have to," I said, "so we may as well."

"What sort of a light did you want there?" he asked.

"A strong one," I said; "so as to be able to watch our guests carefully when they pass the umbrella stand."

Celia waved me away and explained that we wanted a hanging lantern. It appeared that this shop made a speciality not so much of the voltage as of the lamps enclosing it.

"How do you like that?" asked the man, pointing to a magnificent affair in brass. He wandered off to a switch and turned it on.

"Dare you ask him the price?" I asked Celia. "It looks to me about a thousand pounds. If it is, say that you don't like the style. Don't let him think we can't afford it."

"Yes," said Celia, in a careless sort of way. "I'm not sure that I care about that. How much is it?"

"Two pounds."

I was not going to show my relief. "Without the light, of course?" I said disparagingly.

"How do you think it would look in the hall?" said Celia to me.

"I think our guests would be encouraged to proceed. They'd see that we were pretty good people."

"I don't like it. It's too ornate."

"Then show us something less ornate," I told the man sternly.

He showed us things less ornate. At the end of an hour Celia said she thought we'd better get on to another room, and come back to the hall afterwards. We decided to proceed to the drawing-room.

"We must go all out over these," said Celia; "I want these to be really beautiful."

At the end of another hour Celia said she thought we'd better get on to my workroom. My workroom, as the name implies, is the room to which I am to retire when I want complete quiet. Sometimes I shall go there after lunch . . . and have it.

"We can come back to the drawing-room afterwards," she said. "It's really very important that we should get the right ones for that. Your room won't be so difficult, but of course you must have awfully nice ones."

I looked at my watch.

"It's a quarter to one," I said. "At 2.15 on the 17th of June we are due at St. Miriam's. If you think we shall have bought anything by then, let's go on. If, as seems to me, there is no hope at all, then let's have lunch to-day anyhow. After lunch we may be able to find some way out of the *impasse*."

After lunch I had an idea.

"This afternoon," I said, "we will begin to get some furniture together."

"But what about the electric fittings? We must finish off those."

"This is an experiment. I want to see if we can buy a chest of drawers. It may just be our day for it."

"And we settle the fittings to-morrow. Yes?"

"I don't know. We may not want them. It all depends on whether we can buy a chest of drawers this afternoon. If we can't, then I don't see how we can ever be married on the 17th of June. Somebody's got to be, because I've engaged the church. The question is whether it's going to be us. Let's go and buy a chest of drawers this afternoon, and see."

The old gentleman in the little shop Celia knew of was delighted to see us.

"Chestesses? Ah, you *'ave* come to the right place." He led the way into the depths. "There now. There's a chest—real old, that is." He gave it a hearty smack. "You don't see a chest like that nowadays. They can't *make* 'em. Three pound ten. You couldn't have got that to-morrer. I'd have sold it for four pound to-morrer."

"I knew it was our day," I said.

"Real old, that is. Spanish me'ogany, all oak lined. That's right, Sir, pull the drawers out and see for yourself. Let the lady see. There's no imitation there, lady. A real old chest, that is. Come in 'ere in a week and you'd have to pay five pounds for it. Me'ogany's going up, you see, that's how."

"Well?" I said to Celia.

"It's perfectly sweet. Hadn't we better see some more?"

We saw two more. Both of them Spanish me'ogany, oak lined, pull-the-drawers-out-and-see-for-yourself-lady. Half-an-hour passed rapidly.

"Well?" I said.

"I really don't know which I like best. Which do you?"

"The first; it's nearer the door."

"There's another shop just over the way. We'd better just look there too, and then we can come back to decide to-morrow."

We went out. I glanced at my watch. It was 3.30, and we were being married at 2.15 on June 17th.

"Wait a moment," I said, "I've forgotten my gloves."

I may be a slow starter, but I am very firm when roused. I went into the shop, wrote a cheque for the three chests of drawers, and told the man where to send them. When I returned, Celia was at the shop opposite, pulling the drawers out of a real old mahogany chest which was standing on the pavement outside.

"This is even better," she said. "It's perfectly adorable. I wonder if it's more expensive."

"I'll just ask," I said.

I went in and, without an unnecessary word, bought that chest too. Then I came back to Celia. It was 3.45, and on June 17th at 2.15—— Well, we had four chests of drawers towards it.

"Celia," I said, "we may just do it yet."

A. A. M.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

The Vaseful.

Once upon a time a little company of the wild flowers of Spring found themselves together in a vase. It was the first time that many of them had met; for although they came from the same district, indeed the same copse, and had heard of each other's characteristics, they had grown up too far away from each other for conversation, and flowers, of course, cannot walk. It was therefore with peculiar interest that they now examined each other and fell a-talking.

There was naturally a little hesitation at first, for social grades must be preserved; but they were so tightly packed in the vase, and for the most part so forlorn at their fate, that barriers soon disappeared, and the oxlip ceased to despise the cowslip, and the cowslip was quite nice to the primrose, and the purple orchis almost dropped his aristocratic drawl when talking to the bluebell.

The purple orchis, who was not only a heavy drinker but rather a bully, was the only one who was not unhappy to be there. "I knew I should attract attention soon," he said; "there were so few of us and we're so noticeable. By Jove, this tipple's delicious!" and he took a long draught.

"Please don't push so," said a small voice at his side.

"Why, what's the matter?" the orchis asked. "You anemones are always such weaklings."

"I'm afraid I feel rather faint," replied the anemone. "I'm not strong at any time, it's true, and just now, no matter how I stretch, I can't quite reach the water. I'm afraid that little girl put me in the vase rather carelessly; her hand was a little too hot, too."

"Or else"—the orchis laughed—"or else I'm getting more than my share. Ha, ha!"

"Surely," said a cowslip to a bluebell, "there were more of you in the little girl's hands when we left the wood?"

"Alas, yes," said the bluebell. "Most of my closest friends were picked too, and I hoped we were all coming along together so that we might at least cheer each other as we perished. To die in a crowd is easier, I have always heard. But for some reason or other which has never been explained to me bluebells seem to be more easily and more often thrown away after being picked than any other flower; and all my companions must have suffered that common fate."

"It is quite true," said the cowslip. "From my high position on the bank I have again and again seen bunches of bluebells forsaken by children. How is it, I wonder? It is not as if they were ugly; although blue is not everyone's colour."

"Perhaps," said the cuckoo-spit with a touch of sarcasm, for he disliked the cowslip, "it's because you can't make tea of them."

"No," said the oxlip, who was looked up to as something of a sage by reason of his strength and his many eyes, "it is because bluebells are so much more beautiful when they are in a wood among greenery than when they are packed together in a human hand, and the human hand suddenly realises this and drops them in disappointment."

"Thank you," said the bluebell with a sigh of content.

"The wonder," the oxlip continued with a glance at the cuckoo-spit, "is that some flowers are ever picked at all."

Silence followed, broken by a little sigh. It was the dying anemone's last breath.



Loafer (who has forced his attentions on old lady in the matter of her luggage and received a small gratuity). "This is the fust job I've had this week, Lidy. Wot abaht me frippence fur me Insurance Stamp?"

"Silently and assiduously the members of the Mission Choir have been practising for their concluding concert."
Tynemouth Priory Parish Magazine.

The ideal choir practice.



NATURE STUDIES.

THE COB-NUT.

MAHOLI GALAGO.

[*The Maholi Galago has recently arrived at the Zoo from South Africa. It has ears of great size which it can fold up.*]

MAHOLI, your paw! you're the fellow for me,
Being bright as a robin and brisk as a bee,
With your neat little snout, and your fine pair of eyes,
And your soft coat of fur, and your air of surprise,
As if you were puzzled to know how the deu-
-ce it was ever arranged you should come to the Zoo.

In the realms that you left when you went aboard ship, oh,
You're missed by the rhino and mourned by the hippo;
And the elephant, munching his rice or his sago,
Is sad for the loss of Maholi Galago.
There are beasts left in plenty, but none, it appears,
Who can please all the others by folding his ears.

And now that you're with us—*mirabile dictu!*—
Will our looks and our clothes and our bearing afflict you?
When we come to the Zoo shall we soothe or alarm you?
Will our features offend or our converse disarm you?
I know only this: if we talk you to tears
You can always get even by folding your ears.

Henceforth I shall practise for clubs and such places
This method of moving the flaps of our faces;
And when I am pinned by a bore or a boress
With second-hand jokes or with story-book stories,
What repose shall be mine, where of old there were fears,
As I copy Maholi and fold up my ears!

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN.

[*With acknowledgments to "The Times."*]

Lord FitzBoodle is 93 to-day.

The Baron de Slosch has taken 190, Grosvenor Square, for the season.

The Marquis of Midhurst was 89 yesterday.

Lady Blond is now convalescent after a severe attack of Peruvian mumps, and will give her fourth Fragonard dinner on Thursday next.

Baron Raphael de Silva left yesterday for Golconda.

Lord Stonor de Broke has arrived at Rowton House.

Mr. Phil Youngson is starting in the *Italic* next Saturday for a pleasure trip to Sandy Hook.

The Hon. Methuselah Diesel, only son of Lord D'Oyly of Batoum, is 9 to-day.

Mr. J. Cuttell Fischer, who appeared before the Marconi Committee last week, is now pronounced to be out of danger.

Lord Montacute of Saffron Hill has returned to 214, Belgrave Square, from a trip in Transjordania, and will celebrate his silver wedding on Friday.

Sir Prescott Knight was unfortunately prevented from attending the funeral of the late Lord Itteringham by an attack of whooping-cough; otherwise this would have been the tenth funeral attended by Sir Prescott Knight in seven days, and the ten thousandth since his retirement from the stage.

Mrs. Bamberger, the wife of Mr. Marcus Bamberger, the famous violinist, and daughter of Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L., gave birth to triplets on the 26th inst.—Paganini, Sarasate and Neruda Bamberger.



"SWELLING VISIBLY."

Mr. Lloyd George (*Budget-maker*). "CHEST—A HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE MILLIONS."
John Bull. "THAT SOUNDS RATHER FLATTERING. WON'T IT BE TOO BIG FOR ME?"
Mr. Lloyd George. "NO, SIR, NOT AT YOUR PRESENT RATE OF EXPANSION."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, April 21.—After period of what was practically self-effacement noble Lords assemble for a field-day. Flags are flying, drums beating, trumpets blaring. Appointed business Second Reading of Army Annual Bill. Opportunity seized to renew attack, opened on Thursday, upon home defence policy of the Government in general, the Territorial Army in particular.

Napoleon Bonaparte Haldane himself again. Costume of Lord Chancellor, with which irony of fate invests him, obviously unsuited for military manœuvres. But he wears his wig with a difference and wraps his gown about him as if it were a martial cloak. One fancies there is visible recrudescence of the historic Napoleonic curl cultivated when he represented War Office in the Commons. It may be merely accidental arrangement of front frill of full-bottomed wig. That a detail. No mistake about temporary transformation of the man of law into man of war.

Peculiar interest attached to speech of Viscount Midleton leading attack on Government on vital question of state of preparation for war and possession of adequate means to carry it on. Recognised that he speaks as one having authority, not as an amateur critic. He was a member of the Government responsible, after long possession of office, for state of the Army called upon fourteen years ago to save the Empire threatened by President Krüger's Territorial Forces. For a period darkened by densest cloud of disaster in the field he was in personal control of the War Office. What he has to say upon present state of the Army, what counsel to give for its improvement, are matters worthy of closest attention.

With sickening of heart noble lords heard the anxiously awaited verdict. The St. John Brodrick of Boer War days had looked round upon condition of Army under present Administration, and behold! it was hopelessly bad. Since Haldane framed his scheme in 1907, the peril confronting the Empire had increased, whilst means of grappling with it had diminished.

"What is the noble Viscount at?" snapped Lord Chancellor, evidently touched to the quick. "What does he want? Does he want us to go back to the condition of things in 1903? If he does, does anybody else want us to do it?"

Rather a nasty one that. But Lord Chancellor, fighting single-handed



Back to the Army again.
(Lord Haldane.)

with back to the wall (to be precise, to the Woolsack), presently overwhelmed by combined onslaught. Strong language used. Curzon described Napoleon B. as "the greatest master of copious irrelevance the House of Lords has ever known." Denbigh hurled at him declaration that in the matter of national armament "all the slackers, funkers, wasters and loafers are on the Liberal side." Ampthill protested that the Government "trifled and fooled with the vital question."

This storm, through which whistled a flight of bullets, seemed to lead to crushing defeat of a criminal Government equally ignorant and impotent. But at approach of dinner-hour the signal "Cease firing!" sounded, and at twenty minutes past eight



The old warrior leads the attack.
(Viscount Midleton.)

House adjourned. Second Reading of Army Bill agreed to without division.

Business done.—In the Commons Collection of Taxes Bill read a third time and passed. Members sat up late with the Suffragettes released on licence. Amongst many amendments moved in Committee on Prisoners' (Temporary Discharge for Ill-Health) Bill, McCurdy proposed to omit its application to a female prisoner who had been forcibly fed, "unless such feeding had been with her consent." After puzzling some time over this prime bull from Northampton, Committee sent it to grass by 229 votes to 49.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Lloyd George's speech this afternoon expounding Budget marked striking change of fashion in respect of conception and fashioning of leading feature of the Session. Time was when the Chancellor was at infinite pains to endow the uninviting figures of his financial scheme with the grace of oratory and the charm of scholarship. Above all there was a peroration, and an expectant House would have felt itself defrauded had this not been forthcoming.

Lloyd George's speech, delivered to audience falling something short of number usually mustered on such occasions, was a plain business statement, comparatively brief, superlatively lucid. Nothing in the way of peroration as commonly understood. Wily Chancellor had another card up his sleeve, and at proper moment triumphantly played it.

When, his task accomplished, he seemed about to resume his seat, he pulled himself together and proposed to answer his own question, "What have the Government done since they came into office?" Amid resounding cheers from delighted Ministerialists, their hearts already cheered by announcement that, in spite of increased expenditure approaching seven millions in excess of actual revenue of 1912–13, no new taxes would be imposed, he totted up the sum.

To begin with, reversing practice established and pursued by late Government, instead of borrowing to meet increased expenditure on Naval and Military works, leaving posterity to pay the bill, it is provided for out of revenue of the year. Taxes on food have been reduced by five million pounds. Taxes on small incomes and agricultural cottage repairs have been lessened by half that sum. An additional twelve millions sterling has been provided for National Defence; whilst twenty millions have been expended in making easier the lot of the aged poor,

the sick, the infirm and the unemployed. These charges met out of the year's income, twelve months hence the National Debt will have been reduced by one hundred and two millions, involving an annual reduction of expenditure in interest amounting to two million six hundred thousand pounds.

"Rather prosaic," murmured the MEMBER FOR SARK. "A little low by comparison with one of GLADSTONE's lofty flights of eloquence, or BOB LOWE's piquant persiflage. But on the whole, regarding matters from standpoint of a citizen who pays his taxes and looks forward hopefully to enjoyment of Old Age Pension, not sure it is not the most effective peroration of the forty Budgets I have heard expounded."

Business done.—Budget introduced.

Friday.—Good deal of talk this week inside House and out of it on subject of Territorials. CATHCART WASON has in hand little plan for increasing popularity of the Service. Seated in corner of Library knitting woollen muffler for an aged constituent—*Madame Defarge* at the foot of the guillotine wasn't in it with MEMBER FOR ORKNEY AND SHETLAND in matters of speed and skill with the knitting-needle—idea flashed upon his mind.

Simply is that men who serve in the Territorial Army should, in common with masters who help to make the service possible, be relieved from payments under National Insurance Act. To the individual the money value of this concession might be small. In the aggregate its effect upon National Expenditure of £195,640,000 would not be crushing. But it has the attraction of a special attention that would be keenly appreciated and might justly be paid.

Representation on matter, backed by influential group of Members from both political camps, is being put forward in proper quarter, not without hope of success.

Business done. — Hours of Polling discussed on Bill in charge of WILLIE PEARCE.

"Hearty 'Hocks' for the King and Queen were raised by an enthusiastic band of Germans at Birchenough Colliery."—*Halifax Evening Courier.*

We ourselves raised a hearty barley-water in Fleet Street.

A FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

"CERTAINLY not," I said severely, "your remark is frivolous. This is from the landlord; it is an impressive letter. Listen. 'DEAR SIR,—I am informed that on Tuesday last, the 18th inst., there was a large quantity of washing hung out in your garden. I beg to remind you that this is expressly forbidden by the terms of your lease. I must ask you not to let it occur again.'"

"What a very disagreeable man," said Phyllis; "how does it hurt him?"

"He may be doing it for the best," I said; "perhaps he thinks it will injure our social position."

"I shan't stop it," she said boldly. "What are you going to do?"

"I shall parley with him," I replied.

So that evening I wrote to the landlord as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—We were very much amused at the mistake your informant fell into the other day. The fact is we were having a little family gathering to celebrate my great aunt's 84th birthday (a ripe age, you must admit). On her departure we all assembled in the garden and waved good-bye to her. Can it be that your informant, passing at this moment, saw only the fluttering handkerchiefs and did not perceive the forms of my uncle Edward, my aunt Hephzibah, my cousins Clarence and Herbert? It would be a quite pardonable but very laughable error.

Yours truly,

HORACE FLOWERPOT.

P.S.—I find I have forgotten to mention that my aunt can read the smallest print without spectacles."

I thought this would settle him, but a fortnight later he returned to the charge. This time his letter was sterner and colder; the offending clothesline, it appeared, must be utterly destroyed. "This is what one calls a strong man," I said to myself, "a man of blood and iron; but he has met his match. I will outmanœuvre him."

"DEAR SIR," I wrote,—"Your letter surprised if it did not pain me; and pained if it did not surprise me. Cactus Cottage seems to be the victim of some strange misunderstanding. But I feel sure that you will exonerate me when you hear of the shocking occurrences that have just taken place at Hopham. Indeed we live in stirring times! About 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning my wife observed a large body of Suffragettes coming up the hill. She was, as you can understand, considerably alarmed, as the ladies seemed highly indignant. She roused me at once and we tried to put the house in a state of defence. But it is not, I am afraid, very strongly built (those repairs I spoke to you about — but no matter, we will speak of that another time). What more natural than that we should hang out a white flag, in fact, several white flags? By this means we saved the situation. The justly incensed women passed our



Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. "Not so tricky, perhaps, as some that I've shown you, gentlemen, but a perfectly sound performer."
(The CHANCELLOR introduces the Budget.)



La Tricoteuse.
(Mr. CATHCART WASON.)

house shouting, 'We want justice,' and broke every window in poor Gudge's shop. He, poor fellow, is half demented, and I am told his wife is now beating him for his negligence in not putting up the shutters. I hope you now understand that what you thought was washing were signals of distress."

I said nothing to Phyllis about these letters; women, I have found, do not appreciate the finer shades of diplomacy. With a calm eagerness I awaited the landlord's next letter. It came soon and it was to the point. Steps, it appeared this time, were to be taken at once, and in the latter part of his note he went so far as to cast doubts on my veracity. A solicitor to whom I showed it said that if it had been on a postcard it would have been actionable. I determined to make a courteous and dignified reply. These were its terms:—

"You appear to be under the impression that washing is hung out to dry in the garden of Cactus Cottage. I have twice endeavoured to remove that impression. Let me now make a final effort. Had you, last Tuesday, passed our pleasant and capacious garden (18ft. by 12ft.) you might reasonably have said to yourself, 'That is a clothes-line and those are (or that is) washing.' What would have been the real facts? Early in the morning an enormous flock of seagulls (a white bird, as you know) came and surrounded the house. It was impossible to drive them away; it is no use saying 'Shoo, shoo,' to a hundred birds at a time. There they were and there they remained all day. Why they came so far inland is a point of great ornithological interest. The long spell of cold wet weather may have something to do with it. Or can seagulls be changing their habits and becoming inland birds? I trust this matter is now explained and laid to rest for ever.

Yours, etc."

To my disappointment he made no reference in his reply to the seagulls (of whom I was rather proud). All he said was, "Your tenancy terminates on 25th inst. No further correspondence is desired."

This was rather rude, but it takes two to make a quarrel and only one to make a correspondence, so I wrote him a farewell letter:—

"Dear Sir,—I see with pain that you refuse to accept any of my numerous explanations. I am sorry, genuinely sorry, because I should have liked to give you some more, and I really think they got better and better. However, my conscience is clear and I shall depart with pleasure to some place where one may wave one's handkerchief freely to one's aged aunt, hang out a flag if one is frightened, and receive visits from a flock of seagulls (or any other bird) without censorious remarks. Yet I cannot blame you; we are both the victims of circumstance.

Yours, etc."

I read this letter to Phyllis. She had forgotten all about the whole subject.

"What is it?" she said. "Is it a competition? You've never won anything yet. It sounds very silly."

"It's a business letter," I said, "one of the best I ever wrote. It's to the landlord."

"Well, I'm glad you've given him notice. But what does it all mean?"

"It means," I said, "that England is a free country, and that we can hang out our washing where we like."

"I knew that already," said Phyllis.



Son of the House (*to caller*). "I wanted to see you 'cos father says you made yourself." *Caller*. "Yes, my lad, and I'm proud hof it." *Son of House*. "B-but why did you do it like that?"

The Cost of Living.

"70gs. a week for nine weeks from Whitsuntide. Very desirable tenant offers above for Prettily-furnished House in good position in Belgravia."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

Our prettily furnished flat in Bellevue Mansions (overlooking canal) is going for 69 guineas a week all the year round.

"In the barber's shop at Kingscliffe, Oundle, on Monday, there were eight old men waiting whose combined ages amounted to the colossal figure of 68 years."

Northampton Daily Chronicle.

"Shave, please," cried the precocious little fellows in chorus.

"On the 30th inst., when they were shooting with blank cartridges, most of them hit the mark in every shot they fired, while the rest were more or less successful, to the great admiration of the lookers on."—*Canton Independant.*

Just in the same way our practice swing always drives the ball 200 yards down the centre of the course.

ROSE-TIME.

Mr. Harold Honeybunn, of "The Bulbuls," Syringa Lane, Meadowsweet Avenue, Surbiton, sat in his study surrounded by a sea of catalogues and Sunday papers opened at the advertisement pages. He was frowning portentously.

"What's the trouble?" asked Mrs. Honeybunn, descending from the nursery.

"I'm trying to decide what roses to plant in the garden," he explained. "It's very difficult to make up one's mind. Listen to this, my dear. 'Gold Medal Rose. Snaggs's Champion of Europe. The most sensational rose ever produced. Its truly entrancing colour is a deep militant orange-vermilion-sunflower, shading to the most exquisite tinges of pearly-opal peach-blossom. Guaranteed unfadeable, unbreakable, unapproachable. Our colours never run! Price 29/- a dozen.'"

"It sounds all right."

"Yes; but listen to this next advertisement: 'Roses. A world's wonder! The most thrilling product of horticultural science! Wilks's Glory of the Globe. Its colour is indescribably beautiful, starting with the tenderest shades of tropical dawn; deepening to a dreamy, creamy, satin-pink salmon; and then strengthing to a robust strawberry-maroon-scarlet. Its scent can only be compared to a bouquet of honeysuckle, verbena, heliotrope, opoponax, jockey club and crème de menthe. Beware of crude imitations listed by unscrupulous dealers as unfadeable. We guarantee our roses as rain-proof, wind-proof, hail-proof and burglar-proof. Price 28/- a dozen. Make it two guineas, and we throw in a lawn-mower.'"

"Have them sent on approval," suggested the practical Mrs. Honeybunn.

"They don't mention 'on approval' in the advertisements."

"All the more reason for asking for it."

"Very well, my dear, I will. I'll write also for Mungo's Guinea Collection of Tip-Top Novelties. Listen to what you get for the guinea: 'Emperor of the Sahara, Crown Princess Cecilie of Hohenzollern, Omar Khayyam's Delight, Götterdämmerung, Rêve des Amoureux, Mrs. Albert Mungo, Giulietta's Balcony, Butterflies' Banquet, H.T.' What does H.T. mean?"

"Highly tempting," suggested Mrs. Honeybunn.

"Perhaps so. And they include 'the very extra special, three star, treble nap Lloyd-Georgiana, the most audaciously flavoured rose ever produced. These nine roses would cost you three guineas from any other dealer. Beware of imitations, because they are grown only by ourselves and are fully protected by provisional patents. Write at once, and do it now!' . . . Isn't that a fine lot? The only one I don't fancy is Mrs. Albert Mungo. Perhaps they would send another Rêve des Amoureux instead."

"You might ask. In any case, have them sent on approval."

"I wonder if they send roses that way?" mused Mr. Honeybunn, reaching for the pen and ink.

* * * * *

They didn't. "Cash with order" was the business motto of Messrs. Snaggs, Wilks & Mungo. They wrote him to that effect.

Mr. Honeybunn sent cash.

The two-and-three-quarter-dozen plants came by return of post.

He unwrapped them proudly in front of Bodlin, the jobbing gardener of Meadowsweet Avenue and vicinity. Bodlin carried the wisdom of ages in his wrinkled countenance. Bodlin sniffed—a sniff from which there was no appeal.

"Why, what's the matter?" faltered Mr. Honeybunn.

"Why didn't they tell me you was going to order roses?" returned the garden expert.

"Why should I? They're all expensive, guaranteed roses. This is a Snaggs's Champion of Europe; that one is a Glory of the Globe; that one is a Butterflies' Banquet. H.T.," added Mr. Honeybunn in a vain effort to impress Bodlin.

"You can't grow them on this garden soil—not to do yourself any credit," came the Cæsarian decision.

Mr. Honeybunn's jaw dropped. "Oh!" he offered.

"You ought to have stuck to the good old varieties, like Cabbage and France and Dorothy Perkins. They're hardy. These"—Bodlin waved them away with Napoleonic finality—"these don't suit you. Send 'em back, is my advice."

"But I've bought them."

"You mean that you paid for 'em before you knew whether they suited?"

"Yes," confessed Mr. Honeybunn.

Bodlin looked worlds of wisdom.

* * * * *

That evening, Amy returned from a London shopping expedition burdened with small parcels and flushed with success.

"The greatest bargain you've ever seen!" she announced triumphantly.

"What is it?" asked her husband.

"A Paris model. Creamy-white, with just a simple aigrette of salmon-pink. The most daring, the most delicious hat you've ever seen! At Madame Fantine's in Bond Street. Sale price—I got it for two guineas! They've promised to send it to-night."

"There's a parcel just arrived—it's been taken upstairs."

"Then come and see me try it on."

Mr. Honeybunn watched the trying-on process with judicial gravity.

"Well?"

"It's pretty enough in its way," answered Mr. Honeybunn with an unconscious assumption of the Bodlin manner, "but it doesn't suit you."

"Look again!"

"It doesn't suit you," came the Napoleonic decision. "Send it back, is my advice."

"Oh!"

"Of course it's not paid for yet?"

"But it *is*."

"You mean to say you've paid for a hat before you knew whether it suited you?"

"Yes," confessed Mrs. Honeybunn. "So you must go to Madame Fantine's to-morrow and get them to take it back."

"I!"

"You must say there's been a sudden bereavement in the family and I can't wear colours."

Mr. Honeybunn pondered over this brilliant idea for some moments.

"I wonder," he mused, "if I could make the very same excuse about the roses?"

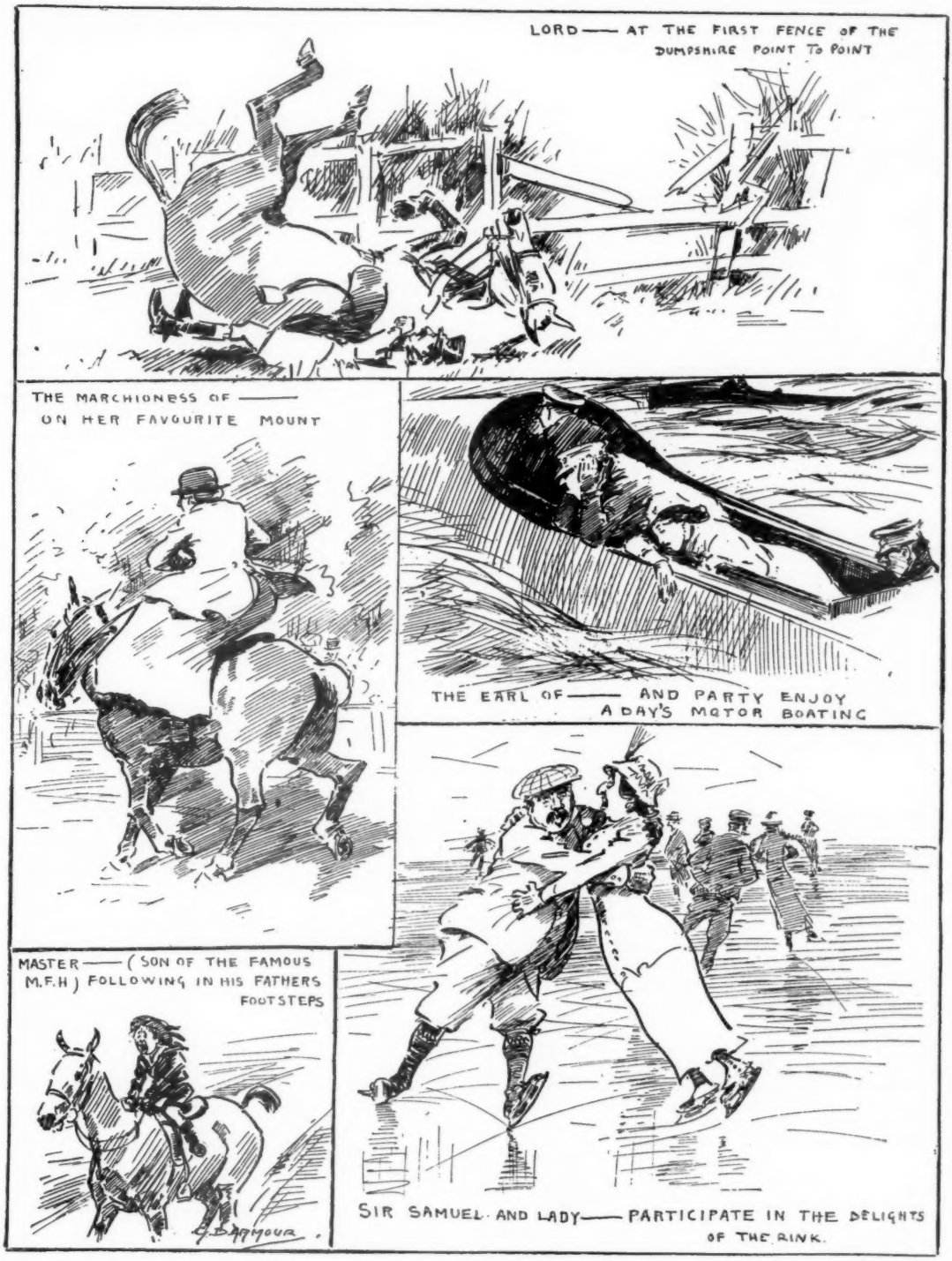
AN INSOLUBLE PROBLEM.

["Women always expect men to know by instinct what they are thinking of."—*Recent Novel*.]

DEAR, by fond experience taught,
I can do what you expect,
Almost always read your thought,
Follow you when you reflect.
When you wear a tragic pose
And a mallet in your muff,
Well I know your thoughts are those
Of the Pankian Suff.

When I see your dear eyes turn
To the glass above the grate,
Then I know you fain would learn
If your hair is still on straight;
Or that haply thus you seek
(Rather anxiously) to know
If the dimple on your cheek
Keeps its *status quo*.

Still at times you baffle quite
All my trained deductive art.
Take, for instance, yesternight,
When you led that fatal heart;
Were your thoughts of summer dress,
Or the beauty that's the bard's?
This alone was plain to guess—
They were not of cards.



SOCIETY SNAP-SHOTS.

THE CAMERA-ARTIST, HAVING BEEN SUPPLIED BY HIS EDITOR BEFOREHAND WITH SUBJECTS AND TYPICAL LEGENDS, UNFORTUNATELY FAILS TO SEIZE THE MOST FAVOURABLE MOMENTS FOR THEIR ILLUSTRATION.

AN OLD HOUSE.

GREAT Rome was raised on hill-tops seven,
In pomp to all the winds of Heaven
Her brazen eagles flew;

I know an old house in a hollow,
Its white walls harled with good Scots harling;
Here haunts at dawn the gossip starling,
Here comes the first returning swallow
When skies are egg-shell blue.

Great Rome she walled eternal glory—
The fame that rang in camp and story
Still to her stones belongs;

The old house shadows—quaint and fragrant—
A garden famed for stocks and roses,
Where, when a summer evening closes,
Old borders bloom, half-guessed and vagrant,
Like echoes of old songs!

Great Rome she wardened miles of marches;
From Afric's palms to Albion's larches
Her clamorous trumpets went;

Here are for its sedate controlling
But some few scores of sunny acres
Fruitful and fair, content as Quakers,
Spanned in a Sunday morning's strolling
To the wood-dove's lament!

Great Rome, high-hilled, all roads reached to her;
Her conquering sons who served and knew her
In pomp returned again;

The old house dozes in its hollow,
Fulfilled of gentle ghosts and graces
Come back to haunt remembered places,
As comes the first returning swallow,
In sunshine and in rain.

"Mr. A. J. Balfour said that everybody, whatever his school of political thought, whatever his political ideals, must regard with a certain anxiety the period of transition through which the great organ of the public mind was now passing. He believed that to whatever quarter one turned, to what ever authority one addressed oneself, one would find a certain anxiety as to the future."
Scotsman.

One great organ of the public mind is certainly passing through a period of transition as to the spelling of "whatever." We confess to a certain anxiety as to the future, but hope for "whatuver."

"A missile thrown at her struck a constable and a reporter, but did no other harm."
Daily Telegraph.

We should have been quite content with the bag as it stands, but some people are never satisfied.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CAP AND BELLS."

GIVEN a fox-hunting Tory Earl with a loathing for Limehouse; an emancipated daughter, engaged (no one, not even herself, knows why) to a feather-brained Duke; a Suffragist-Socialist in love, against his principles, with this offspring of a hated class; and the end is foregone. But the dialogue of the First Act was so bright and fluent that one forgave the triteness of the situation. For indeed the idea of Love as a solvent of Socialism must be almost as old as the earliest red flag and has only recently been revived in Mr. OLLIVANT'S romance, *The Taming of John Blunt*. But the



Percy Robinson (Mr. GODFREY TEARLE) *to the Duke of Dartford* (Mr. ERIC MATURIN). "You may be a duke and I a demagogue, but when it comes to sizes in hats I 'm worth six of you."

entertainment fell off, and towards the end, long deferred, grew sadly emaciated. Still, as long as Miss MAUDE MILLETT and Mr. FRED KERR were on the stage, even if they only prattled about the lateness of the dinner-hour, it always seemed worth while.

Mr. KERR as *Lord Chislehurst* was of course in the very middle of his own delightful preserves; but Miss MILLETT, most welcome of returning exiles, shone in a mellow light that was new to me. All the best cynicisms fell to her in the character of *Lady Chislehurst*, and she threw them off with so sweet an air of innocence that their intention was generally missed by their victims and only very slowly imbibed by one of the stodgiest audiences (I am not speaking of the First Night) with which I have ever collaborated.

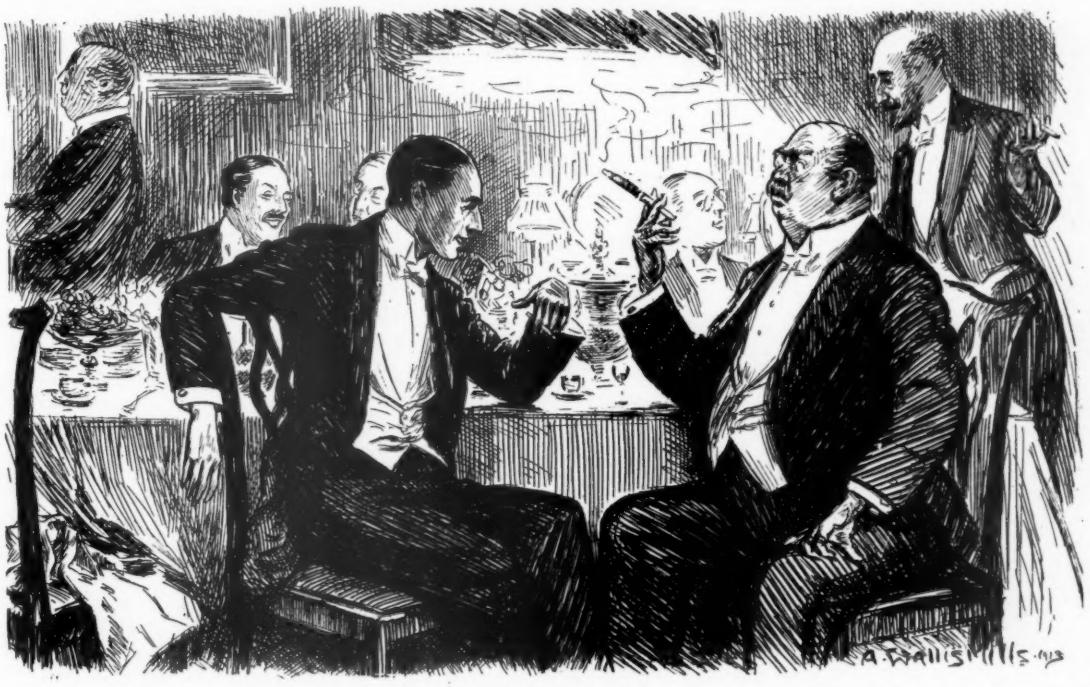
Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, back in his element as *Percy Robinson*, promoter of strikes and terror of the landed party, played with a restraint which went far to mitigate the obviousness of things. Mr. MATURIN, in the rare figure of a young ducal nut, was pleasantly fatuous. In the midst of menaces of a universal railway strike and the defeat of his party at a local election, like a true golfer he remained unmoved, except by the fear that his game might be affected. The ruling passion was strong even in sleep. Waking from a slight snooze taken before dinner, he broke it to us that he had had a nightmare. "I dreamt," said he, "that *Robinson* had altered the rules of golf!" In this connection I must warn Mr. MATURIN that the next time he plays a golfer he must try to keep his head from wagging so much, if he doesn't want to be suspected of a handicap of twenty-four.

Miss ETHEL WARWICK as the Earl's daughter, *Lady Clara* (not *Vere de Vere*), had once more to play the part of a girl whose lover, a strong man, makes his entrances by the window. I don't so much object to that device, though I think a really strong man should be strong enough to come in by the front door; but I do wish that one of Miss WARWICK'S many friends would urge her to do something with her voice. She makes it like nothing in nature. Her artificial intonations, hardly ever varying their level, seem to bear no sort of relation to the thing she is saying. To be frank, she was largely to blame for whatever atmosphere of improbability the play had to struggle with.

The talk, though trivial enough at times, was never dull, but there was need of relief in the matter of the excellent scene—always the Morning Room at *Lord Chislehurst's*. The *Duke*, who was apparently living in the family, seemed to be bored by it too; and you can easily understand how inconvenient and embarrassing it was for the demagogue to have no accommodation for his courtship except the house of his natural enemy. The title, *The Cap and Bells*, had nothing whatever to do with the piece. It was just the sign of a neighbouring inn where the demagogue put up; and he took life far too seriously to be credited with a penchant for the society of professional jesters. But a hostelry with a name like that might well be the resort of the author, Mr. VANSITTART, for he has a very pleasant wit, and I look forward to making its better acquaintance before long. O. S.

"He also won the wile race for two years running at Oxford."—*Evening News.*

Two years is certainly a long wile.



Fellow Guest (*who has just told humorous artist an appalling chestnut*). "Aw—thought you might illustrate it, you know. It happened to my father!"

Artist. "Many thanks; but what makes it even more interesting is that I must have met twenty or thirty of your brothers."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

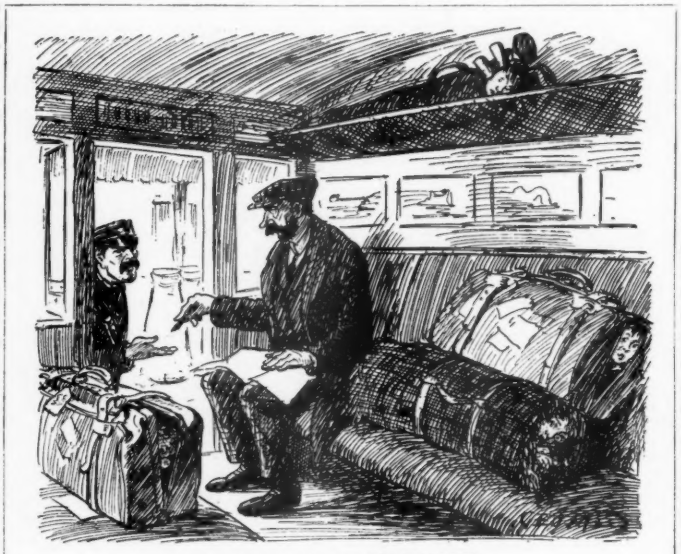
The Arnold Lip (Murray) is a story about a family. Nowadays the family has become the favourite butt of the satirist; its head especially has had inexpensive fun poked at him by a score of modern novel-writers. Mr. C. E. Lawrence does not do this; though one feels that he would rather like to, if it were not for his sense of fair play. This same sense has, I think, been the undoing of the book as an entertainment. You cannot write impartially and honestly about dulness without some danger of being infected by it, and the *Arnolds*, from father downwards, were a dull crew. The bright spot of the family, and Mr. Lawrence's pet, was *Hugh*, who left the too-comfortable paternal nest in order to seek life and adventures of his own in reading for the Bar. The chief adventure that befell him was the adoption of the infant of his laundress's unmarried daughter. Not unnaturally this worried the family a good deal. The "Arnold lip," one may say, curled significantly. All this time old *Anthony* (*Arnold père*, called "*Sir Anthony*" from his pomposity) was living the respected life of a prosperous stockbroker—with a new revolver in the drawer of his writing-table. The moment I heard about that revolver I scented financial disaster ahead. Also one of the chapters is called "Crash." So now you know. It is a moving and strangely-written chapter, but just what happens in it is not mine to say. Mine only is it to praise the sincerity and restraint of the story; though I admit that it seems sometimes a little overburdened by these good qualities.

The longer one lives in London the less one knows about it, and many of us would be wholly ignorant on the subject but for the tit-bits of information that we pick up from time to time from our country visitors. I am surprised and delighted to find that the man who really does know all about it has lived there for twenty-five years at least. His name is Mr. Wilfred Whitten, and his book, *A Londoner's London* (Methuen), is the perfect combination of instruction and amusement—instruction, because in three hundred odd pages he makes the reader master of London's geography and history; amusement, because he has an anecdote to tell connected with every street, road, square, gardens, terrace, place, lane, walk, circus, park, gate, green, rye, bec, town, hill, vale, wood, grove, avenue and bush in it. As may be gathered, the reminiscent details are many and all must prove useful to the practical reader. Thus, when in future he walks with his godson in Islington, he may tell him that Dalby Terrace was so called to perpetuate the memory of the inventor of the public-house beer-engine, or when, as he strolls down Bond Street with his smart niece, he is asked, "Why *Bond* Street, uncle?" he may satisfy her curiosity and humble her pride by telling her that it is named after its founder, Sir Thomas Bond, who lived at Peckham. Later in the day he may, over the wine and nuts, regale his delighted guests with stories about every statesman, general, author or pickpocket that ever frequented town. My only complaint against Mr. Whitten is that he is too much *laudator temporis acti*; if London had been diligently conserved after the manner he desires, it would by now be a moribund antique instead of a living entity. (For myself I can see good even in the Red General Juggernaut.) But I must conclude with a word of praise for the fact that he never once refers to his subject as the "metropolis," which shows in what a right spirit he approaches it.

My information about the idle rich seems to be quite different from that which HELEN C. ROBERTS, the authoress of *Something New*, has supplied to Messrs. DUCKWORTH. Largely because of an accidental encounter with a London holiday crowd at a railway terminus the thoughts of *Teresa Harting* are turned towards a consideration of the unknown lives of the poor, and happening to meet her first cousin, also named *Teresa*, whose father and mother are supposed, erroneously of course, to have neglected the marriage ceremony, she decides to spend a winter at the home of this out-at-elbows relation in a little lodging-house at the unfashionable watering-place of Bramsea. Amongst the quaint lower-middle-class people whom she meets there, but more especially through the influence of *Oliver Marvis*, unsuccessful artist but excellent boat-builder, she gains a fresh insight into the meaning of life and love, and breaks off her engagement to a worldly and self-centred man. The story is exceedingly well told, and if *Teresa Harting* herself does not leave a very clear-cut image several of the minor characters stand out conspicuously enough. The authoress is also to be congratulated for omitting to give her hero a share in the life-boat rescue which quite properly breaks in upon the drab hibernation of Bramsea's activities. But in what coign of luxurious calm did *Miss Harting* reside in these days of well-organised charity, that the habits and thoughts of the people were so unfamiliar to herself and to her friends? The *fiancé* of her sister *Zoë*, a distressingly cold-hearted *mondaine*, is killed in a motor accident, and by every other sign the period of the story is the present moment. The suggestion of so many cultured people, not one of whom dabbles, even as a form of self-indulgence, in good works, gives to the novel an air of aloofness from fact.

One of *Mr. Punch's* contemporaries publishes each week photographs of men and women who have accomplished remarkable feats, under the heading, "People to whom we take off our hat." I would strongly advocate the immediate inclusion in this series of Mr. J. HUNTLY MCCARTHY "for having written a novel of 340 pages, and not a dull one among them, with only four characters in it." The entire action of *Calling the Tune* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is sustained by *Wickliff Hersham*, *Gregory Winbush*, his daughter *Gondoline* and the young gentleman who called himself *Charles Trevor*. *Charles* was "a fine specimen of a sturdy, well-set-up, healthy, vigorous young Englishman, moulded on the pattern that has helped to make our island what it is." Why, then, in a moment of sudden emotion, did he, who stated proudly that "English was good enough for him, all round the clock and every time," exclaim, "*Gott in Himmel!*"? Yes, you are right. *Charles* was really a German spy, and he frequented *Mr. Winbush's* house for the purpose of stealing the plans of that fussy genius's great Airship-Stabilizer. How he was detected and exposed by breezy *Wickliff Hersham*, from Buenos Ayres, is the theme of Mr. MCCARTHY's book. If there is one type of novel for which I have a special weakness it is the novel which deals with melodrama in terms of light comedy. I cannot imagine *Wickliff Hersham* being anything but genially flippant, even if he were being lynched by an excited populace, and he handles the situation in which he finds himself in this book with a perfectly delightful humour. If this story is a sample of what Mr. MCCARTHY can do when he leaves cloaks and swords and comes for inspiration to the twentieth century, I hope that he will continue in the modern vein. *Calling the Tune* opens with the words, "Gee! This is bully!" The sentence would make an excellent condensed criticism of the novel.

On page 208 of *The Beacon-Watchers* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), when the hero is embracing the heroine, we are told that "with his other hand he kissed away her tears." I quote this remarkable passage because its effect upon me was very nearly to make me lose interest in the fate of the couple; which I should have regretted, because theirs is not only an unconventional story but has been told by Miss VIOLET A. SIMPSON in a style sufficiently engaging to excuse such little lapses as the one above. She has especially the gift of beginning; the dialogue in her opening chapter is a model for the stimulation of interest. The story is one rather of character than events, and almost all the characters are well drawn. *Mrs. Frenant*, the woman who sacrifices everything to her unpractical husband; *Sara*, her daughter, the central figure of the love theme; and *Starkey*, the dwarf chemist, whose devotion to these two twice brings him within measurable distance of wilful murder—all are individuals. Perhaps more than any, though, I liked her whom one might call the villain, poor *Mrs. Bultele*, fighting for her churlish son against long odds of sympathy. These are but four out of a crowd whose acquaintance you will find worth making. Miss SIMPSON has, in short, written a tale distinctly above the average, which would have been even better with more care. This, for example, might have prevented her from marrying off an elderly governess to a suitor who was a house-master at Rugby and "means to have a school of his own now," a statement that displays some unfamiliarity with the niceties of scholastic precedence.



STUDIES IN CRIMINOLOGY.

A FATHER OF A FAMILY DEFRAUDS A RAILWAY COMPANY.

To Music.

O Music, in thy heavenly state possessed
Of all the charms that soothe the savage breast,
Now art thou governed by a devilish aim—
The minds of cultured mortals to inflame.

CHARIVARIA.

A MOVEMENT, we hear, is on foot to present medals to those veterans who have been on the Marconi Committee since its inception.

* * *

Among the proposals for the celebration of the centenary of peace between Great Britain and the United States of America is a suggestion that an effigy of GEORGE WASHINGTON should be set up in Westminster Abbey. He it was, you will remember, who could not tell a lie. These historical monuments are useful as records by which to mark the subsequent Progress of Man.

* * *

Another suggestion is that, on the day when the centenary is complete, every wheel of traffic shall stop for some few minutes. Conversation would be discouraged, and it is specially hoped that during this interval of silent reflection all talk of a war over the question of the Panama would be temporarily abandoned.

* * *

"A man," said Sir WILLIAM BYLES at Whitefield's Tabernacle, "left £10,000,000 the other day. I would not allow it." In justice to the late plutocrat we think it ought to have been said that he didn't want to leave it.

* * *

Henceforth, Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL has announced, "King's Cross" and "Charing Cross" are to be counted as one word in telegrams. A boom in house property is confidently anticipated in these localities.

* * *

Passengers as well as letters are to be carried in a motor mail-van which serves a number of villages in the neighbourhood of Ashford, Kent. Suffragettes are requested to declare themselves on applying for seats.

* * *

The sanction of the Senate of the University of Durham has now been given to the proposed new degree of Bachelor of Commerce. The letters B.C. after one's name should be a guarantee of up-to-date intelligence.

* * *

The Rev. A. MANSFIELD, lecturing at the Camera Club, denied that Scotsmen were deficient in a sense of humour, and asserted that good verbal puns were usually only made in the Scotch universities. As this statement is calculated to do serious harm to Oxford University, which is the headquarters of the Spoonerism industry, an official rejoinder will, we hear, shortly be issued.

* * *

A pigeon has made its nest in a corner of one of the main girders in the roof of St. James' Park Station on the District Railway. This is an interesting extension of "Wild Life on the Underground," which is now no longer confined to rabbits and strap-hangers.

* * *

During the heavy rains last week a Mexican loan was floated in London.

* * *

Moustaches, we learn from *The Daily Mail*, are returning into fashion. Many which have been in cold storage for years at the furriers' are now being claimed by depositors.

* * *

Why, we wonder, have so many persons got their knife into the Royal Academy? A clever poster by Mr. TONY SARG, just issued by the Underground Railway, bears the inscription:—

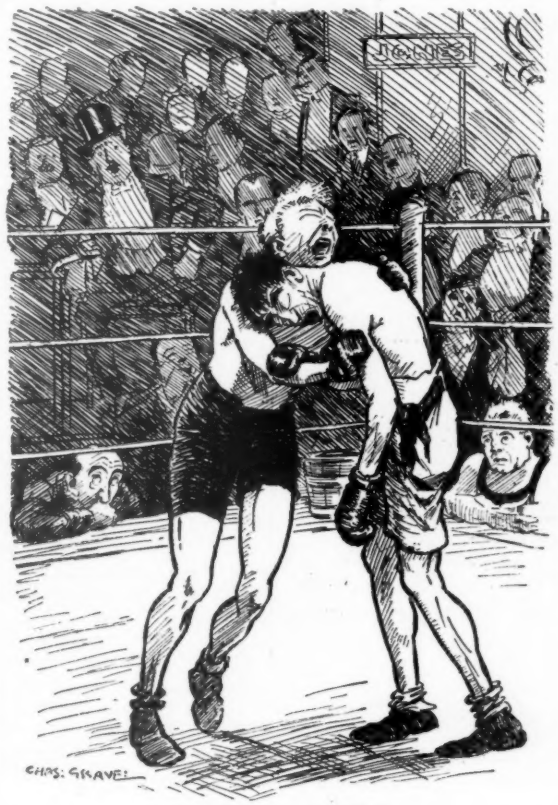
AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY
HUMOURS OF LONDON NO. 5.

* * *

"The Postmen's Academy," we read, "is now open." We cannot praise ourselves too highly for refraining from making any reference in this connection to Post-Impressionism. Such self-restraint is none too common nowadays.

* * *

Locks of hair from the heads of MILTON, SWIFT, and Dr. JOHNSON were sold at SOTHEBY'S last week, but fetched such low prices that the little bunch which we were saving up for our posterity is going into a pillow to-morrow.



A TERRIBLE THREAT.

Referee (toward the close of a 20 rounds contest). "IF YOU TWO DON'T STAND UP AND BOX I'LL ORDER YOU BOTH OUT OF THE RING."

HELP TO FILL THE SPACE.

I.—THE MARRYING TWINS.

A MOST extraordinary event has lately occurred, of which no reader of the daily press can afford to be ignorant. Two brothers who are twins have just married two sisters. The sisters were not twins, it is true; had they been we doubt if either ourselves or any other morning paper of the capital of the world could have so controlled our excitement as to come out at all; but the bridegrooms were twins and the brides were sisters, and that is sufficient for one day. Anyone looking at the photographs of the happy quartette which are scattered over to-day's press will see in a moment that the brothers, although twins, are not in the least alike, except in the possession of the same surname; but that, again, is perhaps as well. Had they been really alike we could not have answered for the effect on our excitable staff. But there it is; two brothers, twins, who are not a bit alike, have married two sisters on the same day, in the same church, and the world had to be told all about it.

From a testimonial to a furniture-remover:—

"I really must thank you for the highly satisfactory manner in which you removed us here. Not a think was injured."

A most satisfactory thought-transference.

TO RICHARD, A MINOR POET;

ON THE REMOVAL OF HIS APPENDIX.

NATURE, I note, is good at compensation;
When she denies a sense or lops a limb,
The others, more alert for that privation,
Often acquire a most amazing *vim*;
Thus, while a bat incurs some disabilities
From want of vision (being rather blind),
His ears and sense of touch enjoy facilities
Of an unusual kind.

I know a futurist who painted pictures
Not fit to hang upon a clothes-line peg;
It pricked my heart, and would, I know, have pricked yours,
To see him at it. Well, he lost a leg,
One of his best, and now since that bereavement
His nether powers have passed into his head,
And soon he looks to compass great achievement,
Painting the R.A. red.

So you, my Richard, you whose current plight is
A source of grave regret to loyal friends,
May from your bout of rude appendicitis
Emerge a poet shaped to ampler ends;
Indeed, I think to see herein a special
Providence acting from a kindly heart,
Since, as I hope, your trivial loss of flesh 'll
Go to the gain of Art.

I like to feel that this corporeal pruning,
Which seems at first to outrage Nature's plan,
May serve the spirit's higher needs by tuning
Your soul to something which will rhyme and scan;
Better, we say, to miss a mere appendix
If from the ruins rise a purer strain
As of a young and blithe canary, when Dick 's
Back at his lamp again. O. S.

*** In further illustration of the above theme, see picture on p. 358.

NOT CRICKET.

IN common with many other clubs, we of the Ditchlington C. C. commence our season with a trial match—*Married* v. *Single*, or *Probables* v. *Possibles*, or something of the sort.

It has always been a dull affair at the best, and this year, with so much adverse criticism in the air and so much talk of the need of brighter cricket, we were particularly anxious to render the match more attractive. But nobody had any ideas.

However, we got our brighter cricket all right. This, briefly, is what happened.

All the buckles, we found, had been removed from the club pads.

A quantity of plaster of Paris had been placed in the wicket-keeper's gloves. As usual, he held his hands under the tap before putting on the gloves, and the latter had subsequently to be removed with the aid of a chisel.

The new ball exploded with terrific force the first time it struck the ground.

The bowling screens collapsed simultaneously, revealing a number of scurrying females and two large flags inscribed "Votes for Women!"

And then we had to abandon the game and rush to extinguish the fire in the pavilion.

HOW TO STIMULATE PLAY-GOING.

SIR,—To my mind the solution of this problem will be found in the movement towards the fusion of audience and actors so well begun by Professor REINHARDT, and continued by the managements of our popular Revues. Instead, however, of confining the artistes to a few isolated processions through the stalls, let them be encouraged to mingle freely with the spectators. The knowledge that certain seats in—say—the Dress Circle would carry with them the privilege of a heart-to-heart talk with the heroine over the problems of the play, should do much to stimulate bookings. Moreover, let the system already followed at the Duke of York's during *Peter Pan* time be carried to its logical conclusion—bring every part of the theatre into the picture. Thus, during a cowboy or highwayman drama, attendants, properly attired, might demand sixpences for programmes at the point of the pistol. At the bars fire-water might be sold under similar conditions. After all, the change would not be very great, and the effect would be enormous.

Yours, etc., ALL THE WORLD A STAGE.

SIR,—Look at the matter from a practical and commonsense point of view. Why do the public flock year after year to our great Summer exhibitions? To contemplate pyramids of somebody's soap, or to investigate the mysteries of native crafts? No, Sir; what draw the real crowds are such attractions as the Razzle-Dazzle or the Bumpety-Bang. In other words, the certainty of personal discomfort and the probability of actual damage. Let us then apply this principle to theatre-goings. Some of our present establishments, it is true, go a certain way in this respect; but more could be done. For example, let some mechanical arrangement be fitted to the seats, so that (in addition to flying up, as now, and letting down the unwary occupant who has risen to let others pass—an excellent idea of its kind) they may at uncertain intervals fling the spectators into the air or otherwise maltreat them. Sow the auditorium with barbed wire and electric shocks; conceal tacks in the cushions, and install water-sprinklers in the most unexpected places. You will find that, so treated, the most unlucky theatre will pay handsome dividends. Yours, etc., MARTYR.

P.S.—I see I have not suggested that the refreshment served at the bars might be worse and more expensive. It is useless to hope for this.

SIR,—What is wanted in theatres is more for the money. Let the prices remain the same, but the performance commence at six instead of eight, and last till midnight. Thus, with shorter intervals, room would be found for the inclusion of certainly two, and perhaps three, long plays and a front-piece. We hear a great deal of the number of master-works that never see the footlights; my suggestion would give everybody a chance. Yours hopefully, AUTHOR OF SIXTY.

SIR,—Nothing puts me into a worse temper than to see people smoking, eating, or (especially) drinking on the stage, when I in the audience want to and can't. I am convinced that the failure of many modern plays is due to the jealousy and irritation caused by this. Fortunately the remedy is simple. Make the spectators in the truest sense participants; let no meal, drink, or cigarette be consumed upon the stage without similar refreshment being simultaneously offered to the house. Indifference will then be a thing of the past. Yours, A PRACTICAL MAN.

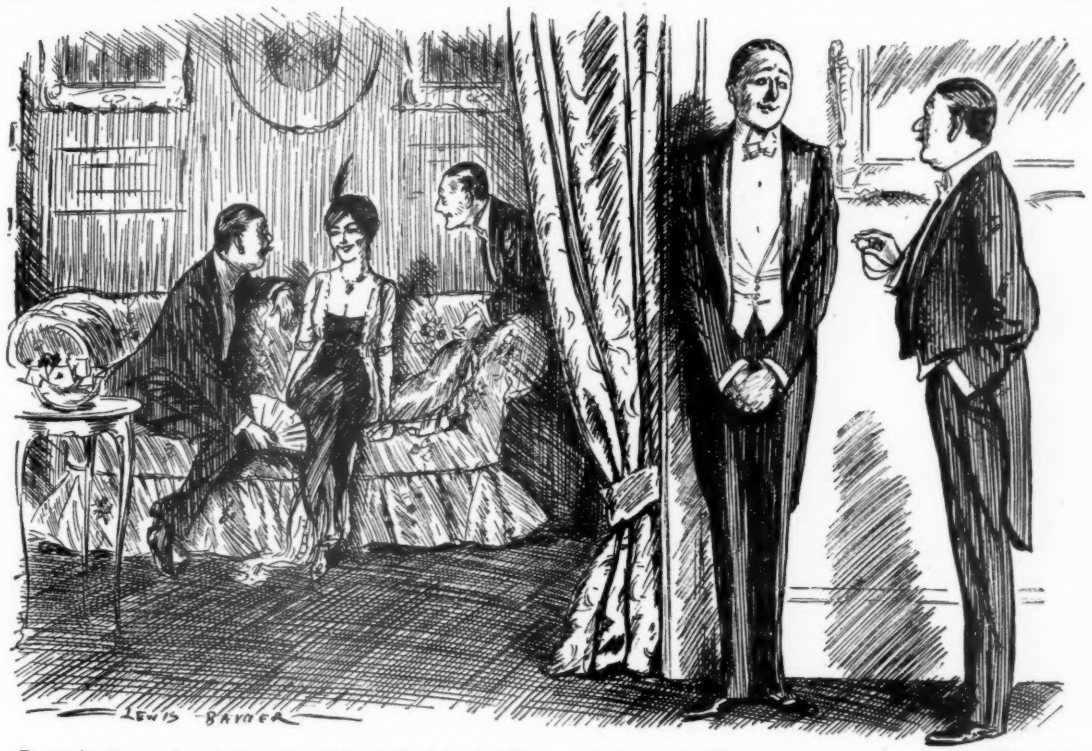
SIR,—To make play-going agreeable the extract from the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Regulations should be altered to "the safety-curtain will be lowered once at the commencement of the performance, and remain down to the end."

Yours, etc., CYNICUS.



ROAD BLOCKED.

The Montenegrin Bantam. "YOU GO ROUND ME IF YOU CAN, AND OVER ME IF YOU DARE!"



Brown (to Jones, whom he has not met since Oxford days). "MARRIED? RATHER! MY WIFE 'S JUST INSIDE THERE. WE 'VE BEEN MARRIED FOR TWO YEARS."

Jones. "REALLY! TWO YEARS! THEN I SUPPOSE IT 'S RATHER TOO LATE FOR CONGRATULATIONS."

MEMOIR OF A CELEBRATED JOKE.

I was a youngster of eighteen or twenty-two
When, I remember, the Joke had its birth;
Now there are other jokes, good ones and plenty too,
Raising their merited tribute of mirth;
But this particular Joke, by the merriment
Which it evoked during week after week,
Proved itself more than a jesting experiment—
It was unique.

Those were the days when the heavy tragedian
Drew the big pay and the popular cheer;
Nothing was thought of the merry comedian—
He was considered the smallest of beer.
Then came the Joke; the comedian's salary
Rose at a bound with his palpable hit;
Night after night he drew shrieks from the gallery,
Roars from the pit.

Well it is known that, as fast as the ferry can
Cross the Atlantic, our national japes
Forthwith are seized by the ruthless American
Journals and published in different shapes.
So with the Joke; sheer insanity was it or
Midsummer madness that folk were beguiled?
Anyhow, even the weary compositor
Wearily smiled.

Europe was merged in a flood of hilarity;
Paris became something gayer than gay;
Spaniards approved It and out of their charity
Told It to Moors who live over the way;
Russia and Turkey enjoyed It; like phosphorus
Flaming in brilliance and frothy as yeast,
It was transported right over the Bosphorus
Into the East.

Onward it sped to the isles of the Andaman
(Spirits and health of the convicts improved),
On to Japan, too, where even so grand a man
As the Mikado was visibly moved;
Passed through the deserts of desolate Tartary,
Welcome it found in Canton and Amoy,
Lightened the business of traffic and bartery—
Made it a joy.

So the whole world was convulsed—till a bigger or
Mirthfuller pleasantry rose in its place.
Now, when I tell the Joke, never a snigger or
Chuckle engages the listener's face;
But in a style that is highly censorial
Someone says, "Chestnut!" and few will agree
That It deserved even this for memorial,
Written by me.

So the young jokes in their present prosperity
Must not suppose that their glory will last;
It is their doom to be mocked by posterity,
Flung to the Limbo of jokes of the past;
Yet to have lived for a season so sportively,
Though at the end you may cumber the earth,
Better this fate than to perish abortively,
Strangled at birth.

THE VERSATILITY CHAMPION.

ALTHOUGH August is still far distant *The Daily Graphic*, taking time by the fetlock, has put forth one of those engaging feelers which usually do not obtrude until the silly season is born. Who, it asks its many readers, is the most versatile man?

The following letter, expressing very reasonably and, we think, convincingly, the claims of Mr. C. K. SHORTER, the well-known *littérateur* and Editor of *The Sphere*, seems to have come to our office by mistake; but it is so readable and to the point that we make no apology for having appropriated it:—

LITERATURE AND ATHLETICS.

SIR,—Allow me to tell you once for all who is the most versatile man living. It is Mr. SHORTER, as I will proceed to demonstrate.

Born in 1780, Mr. CLEMENT KING SHORTER was just old enough to provide the pennies (required in those days by the myrmidons of the death chamber) to close the eyes of Dr. JOHNSON ("the great lexicographer," as Mr. SHORTER often brightly calls him).

Passing to France for his early education, Mr. SHORTER became intimate with the Encyclopædists, and so frequently put them right on small but not unimportant matters that his lodging near the Sorbonne became a house of call for all scholars of whatever grade. At the outbreak of the Revolution Mr. SHORTER left for Weimar, where he acquired that knowledge of the German tongue which has made him justly famous; and was instrumental in adding many fine passages to the works of GOETHE, who often expressed the opinion, to ECKERMANN and others, that but for CLEM (as he called his English friend) he would not be where he was.

During this time Mr. SHORTER'S other activities were immense, for he has never believed in brain work alone. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*," he frequently quotes, and it is not a mere idle phrase either. As an oarsman, a fives player, a fencer and a duellist with pistols he was held in the highest esteem. Yet it is hardly necessary to mention his Newdigate and his Nobel prizes, both of which he took when still in his teens; more to the point is it, since we are on the topic of versatility, to draw attention to his remarkable influence on both BEETHOVEN and ALFRED MYNN and his amazing association with GEORGE STEPHENSON, resulting in the construction of the first locomotive.

Meanwhile Mr. SHORTER always found time for literary friends, and SHELLEY, BYRON and WORDSWORTH could never see enough of him. With NELSON he sailed several times, and it was by his advice that the great admiral, on becoming a peer, added BRONTË to his title. NAPOLEON he also knew, but somehow—the fault either of NAPOLEON or Mr. SHORTER, no one ever quite knew which—they did not get on very well. Mr. SHORTER, however, bore no malice, and when, much later in life, after a delightful first visit to Spain in 1913—for he has always been an indefatigable and daring traveller—he spent a few hours in St. Helena, he was heard to remark, thoughtfully, on regaining his vessel (the one, by the way, with which he won the America Cup), "A great little man! A great little man!"

Nor did he allow his comparative failure with NAPOLEON to prejudice him in any way against the French. On the contrary, he maintained relations of the greatest cordiality with DUMAS, HUGO, GEORGE SAND, LAMARTINE and MARGUERITE ANDOUX; and this, be it remembered, often at times when England and France were anything but friendly.

CERVANTES, of course, he never met, but nothing but the iron hand of time could have kept them apart. In England, such has been the catholicity of Mr. SHORTER'S sympathies that he has been intimate with such different men of genius as Lord MACAULAY, the fastidious EDWARD FITZGERALD (or "Old Fitz," as his boon companions called him), and Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, J.P., —known, and very properly, as "The Revue King."

All is fish that comes to Mr. SHORTER'S net. He found it as easy to be witty with WHISTLER as sententious with TUPPER; and on his week-end walks through Wales with GEORGE BORROW he kept up his end with spirit, and few were the tinmen he did not fight or the gipsy girls he did not chivalrously befriend.

Having for many years taken all knowledge for his province Mr. SHORTER naturally has not had so much time for versatility as in the earlier phases of his remarkable and stimulating career, but he still drives off the tee with an accuracy and power equalled only in a dream of JOHN BALL; still swims a stretch of the Thames near Nine Elms, equal in length to the width of the Hellespont, every morning when he is in town; still flies daily between his home and his office in an airship named "Clement-Bayard" after himself; while in this very year he is confident of again, and for the third time, carrying off the blue ribbon of the Turf by winning the Derby with Celtic Fringe. His sensational capture of the Shorterhouse Stakes at Newmarket five years ago was the wonder of the world.

When it is added that Mr. SHORTER'S Literary Letter in *The Sphere* is dictated by him every week simultaneously in thirteen languages; that he can cook an omelette with the best and is the amateur billiard champion of the Giants Causeway, I have perhaps said enough.

Yours, etc.,
ONE WHO KNOWS.



THE WONDERS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THIS DOG, NOT HAVING A TAIL TO WAG TO SHOW HIS JOY AT HIS MASTER'S RETURN, HAS DEVELOPED A REMARKABLE POWER OF FACIAL EXPRESSION.

In connection with the HOME SECRETARY'S "Cat and Mouse" Bill, we understand that, for the convenience of visitors to Holloway and other gaols, there will be notice-boards put up at the entrance, just as they have them at residential flats, giving the names of militant prisoners, and against each name the alternative words IN and OUT.

"THE BUDGET
0,000 MORE NEEDED.
YET NO FRESH TAXATION."
Christian World.

Marvellous!

MUSINGS FROM MORECAMBE.

WE have received a letter from a correspondent who has had the good fortune to attend the Competitive Musical Festival at Morecambe. He is full of admiration of the prodigies of musical valour achieved by infants, boys, girls and adults, whether individually or collectively, for the patience of adjudicators, and the splendid results of a movement which will always be associated with the name of the late MARY WAKEFIELD. Yet he cannot resist the temptation of indulging in a little criticism in the form of suggestions for a series of supplementary prizes on the following lines:—

Prize I.—For the adjudicator who gives his award with the minimum of superfluous comment and irrelevant facetiousness.

Prize II.—For the composer of a new madrigal or part song which is not suggestive of an equal admixture of treacle and olives.

Prize III.—For the referee in the tenor solo competition who listens to more than fifteen competitors with the least loss of equanimity.

Prize IV.—For the conductor who thinks more of poetry than pitch.

Prize V.—For any song-writer who will set to appropiate music a lyric more futile than the following:—

BOBBY'S SECRET.

"Nursie told me this morning
Something that made me feel sore,
For nursie said that, unless I wed,
I should die an old bachelor!
Now I've a secret I'll tell to you,
Though it makes me feel rather blue:
I don't love anyone but my granny,
And *she*'s already Mrs. Mulvaney,
So that, only for grandpa, don't you see,
Why, granny might have waited for me!"

FINANCE AND FASHION.

(*A note on* 1913, *specially contributed by our Bond Street Bull.*)

THE man in the street, they tell me, is already not a little tired of Parliamentary Committees and the evidence of bankers and brokers. What then? In the butterfly world of fashion is no such boredom. Everywhere the vogue of the City continues to reign supreme. Spring has come, and Marconey Seal muffs and Bear coverings are of course being laid aside. But all through this balmy month the wireless note will predominate in my lady's *modes et robes*. Hats are being worn with the tail feather of the lyre-bird for a plume, the latter usually taking the form of a large interrogation mark. Gowns will be cut on rigorous lines after the *directoire de compagnie* model, showing if possible the exact figure, with a pronounced slump in the *décolletage*. The favourite tints will be ultramarine and the charming new vermilion, to which *costumières* have given the name of "Rufus."

In stockings the pretty "syndicate" material will replace open-work.

The vogue of toy dogs seems to be waning, and many smart women have been seen in the Park accompanied by fox terriers—wireless-haired, of course.

Even in male attire the topic of the moment has its influence on costume. All the smartest men are wearing the adjustable "Spicer" cuffs and dickey. For neckwear, stocks are in evidence; but even more modish are the illustrated ties bearing a stamped portrait of Messrs. WINSTON CHURCHILL and HILAIRE BELLOC dancing with a quite remarkable *abandon* the world-famed Anglo-American Marconi Hug.



R.A. (*to humorist whom he finds gazing at his picture*). "I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T COME HERE TO BE FUNNY."

Humorist. "NO; THIS IS MY OFF-DAY. I'VE COME TO BE *AMUSED*."

"The figures for the best ball for the fourteenth hole were: Ray 68 and Vardon 73."
Liverpool Echo.

Even aunty only took 12.

GETTING MARRIED.

III.—THE HONEYMOON.

"I KNOW I oughtn't to be dallying here," I said; "I ought to be doing something strenuous in preparation for the wedding. Counting the bells at St. Miriam's, or varnishing the floors in the flat, or—— Tell me what I ought to be doing, Celia, and I 'll go on not doing it for a bit."

"There 's the honeymoon," said Celia.

"I knew there was something."

"Seriously, Ronald, what are you doing about it?"

"Thinking about it."

"You haven't written to anyone about rooms yet?"

"Celia," I said reproachfully, "you seem to have forgotten why I am marrying you."

When Celia was browbeaten into her present engagement, she said frankly that she was only consenting to marry me because of my pianola, which she had always coveted. In return I pointed out that I was only asking her to marry me because I wanted somebody to write my letters. There opened before me, in that glad moment, a vista of invitations and accounts-rendered all answered promptly by Celia, instead of put off till next month by me. It was a wonderful vision to one who (very properly) detests letter-writing. And yet, here she was, even before the ceremony, expecting me to enter into a deliberate correspondence with all sorts of strange people who as yet had not come into my life at all. It was too much.

"We will get," I said, "your father to write some letters for us."

"But what 's he got to do with it?"

"I don't want to complain of your father, Celia, but it seems to me that he is not doing his fair share. There ought to be a certain give-and-take in the matter. *I* find you a nice church to be married in—good. *He* finds you a nice place to honeymoon in—excellent. After all, you are still his daughter."

"All right," said Celia, "I 'll ask Father to do it. 'Dear Mrs. Bunn, my little boy wants to spend his holidays with you in June. I am writing to ask you if you will take care of him and see that he doesn't do anything dangerous. He has a nice disposition, but wants watching.' Something like that."

I got up and went to the writing-desk.

"I can see I shall have to do it myself," I sighed. "Give me the address and I 'll begin."

"But we haven't quite settled where we 're going yet, have we?"

I put the pen down thankfully and went back to the sofa.

"Good! Then I needn't write to-day, anyhow. It is wonderful, Celia, how difficulties roll away when you face them. Almost at once we arrive at the conclusion that I needn't write to-day. Splendid! Well, where shall we go? This will want a lot of thought. Perhaps," I added, "I needn't write to-morrow."

"We had almost fixed on England, hadn't we?"

"Somebody was telling me that Lynton was very beautiful. I should like to go to Lynton."

"But *everyone* goes to Lynton for their honeymoon."

"Then let 's be original and go to Birmingham. 'The happy couple left for Birmingham, where the honeymoon will be spent.' Sensation."

"'The bride left the train at Ealing.' More sensation."

"I think the great thing," I said, trying to be businesslike, "is to fix the county first. If we fixed on Rutland, then the rest would probably be easy."

"The great thing," said Celia, "is to decide what we want. Sea, or river, or mountains, or—or golf."

At the word golf I coughed and looked out of the window.

Now I am very fond of Celia—I mean of golf, and—what I really mean, of course, is that I am very fond of both of them. But I do think that on a honeymoon Celia should come first. After all, I shall have plenty of other holidays for golf . . . although, of course, three weeks in the summer without any golf at all—— Still, I think Celia should come first.

"Our trouble," I said to her, "is that neither of us has ever been on a honeymoon before, and so we 've no idea what it will be like. After all, why should we get bored with each other? Surely we don't depend on golf to amuse us."

"All the same, I think your golf *would* amuse me," said Celia. "Besides, I want you to be as happy as you possibly can be."

"Yes, but supposing I was slicing my drives all the time, I should be miserable. I should be torn between the desire to go back to London and have a lesson with the professional and the desire to stay on honeymooning with you. One can't be happy in a quandary like that."

"Very well then, no golf. Settled?"

"Quite. Now then, let 's decide about the scenery. What sort of soil do you prefer?"

When I left Celia that day we had agreed on this much: that we wouldn't bother about golf, and that the mountains, rivers, valleys, and so on, should be left entirely to nature. All we were to enquire for was (in the words of an advertisement Celia had seen) "a perfect spot for a honeymoon."

In the course of the next day I heard of seven spots; varying from a spot in Surrey "dotted with firs," to a dot in the Pacific spotted with—I forget what, natives probably. Taken together they were the seven only possible spots for a honeymoon.

"We shall have to have seven honeymoons," I said to Celia when I had told her my news. "One honeymoon, one spot."

"Wait," she said. "I have heard of an ideal spot."

"Speaking as a spot expert, I don't think that 's necessarily better than an only possible spot," I objected. "Still, tell me about it."

"Well, to begin with, it 's close to the sea."

"So we can bathe when we 're bored. Good."

"And it 's got a river, if you want to fish——"

"I don't. I should hate to catch a fish who was perhaps on his honeymoon too. Still, I like the idea of a river."

"And quite a good mountain, and lovely walks, and, in fact, everything. Except a picture-palace, luckily."

"It sounds all right," I said doubtfully. "We might just spend the next day or two thinking about my seven spots, and then I might . . . possibly . . . feel strong enough to write."

"Oh, I nearly forgot. I *have* written, Ronald."

"You have?" I cried. "Then, my dear Celia, what else matters? It 's a perfect spot." I lay back in relief. "And there, thank 'evings, is another thing settled."

"Yes. And, by the way, there *is* golf quite close too. But that," she smiled, "needn't prevent us going there."

"Of course not. We shall just ignore the course."

"Perhaps, so as to be on the safe side, you 'd better leave your clubs behind."

"Perhaps I 'd better," I said carelessly.

All the same I don't think I will. One never knows what may happen . . . and at the outset of one's matrimonial career to have to go to the expense of an entirely new set of clubs would be a most regrettable business.

A. A. M.

"To keep the militants on the run, in London and the provinces alike, is the surest way to extinguish their activity."—*Standard.*

Still, it should be good exercise for somebody.

TO BRIGHTEN WEDDINGS.

[Fancy dress was worn by guests at a recent prominent wedding, and it is hoped that the new fashion will soon extend to brides and bridegrooms.]



Mr. MacIsaacs and Miss MacSolomon in the tartans of their respective clans.



The Honourable Reggie Knutt and Miss Gertie Highflyer as Puritan man and maid.



Mr. Goodenough and Miss Priscilla Prism as a Blade and Lady of the Court of Charles II.



Lord Sangazur and Lady Anne Portcullis as a coster and his donah.



Boy. "AND WHEN I GO TO HEAVEN SHALL I MEET GRISELDA AND MARMADUKE?"
Mother. "YES, DEAR; I HOPE YOU 'LL MEET ALL YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS."
Boy. "FANCY PEOPLE WITH 'BSURD NAMES LIKE THAT GOING TO HEAVEN!"

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

MESSRS. JAMES RUTHERFORD AND Co. have just issued *The Book of the British Belshazzars and Britain's Mene Mene Tekel; or, Within Seven Years, Except——.*" We fancy busy men will choose the second title.

"RITA" has been writing to the press to protest against the advertisements which her publisher places in her books. It is all the more creditable to Mr. JOHN LANE that his edition of ANATOLE FRANCE'S *The Gods are Athirst* should not contain a single drink advertisement.

Our Village Homes, by HUGH ARONSON, is a powerful indictment of our present system of rural housing. We do not, however, agree with the extremists who consider that the majority of our country cottages should be demolished. With a little cleaning up many of them would make capital pigsties.

We are glad to see from an advertisement that a reviewer describes Mr. RICHARD BIRD'S book, *The Gay Adventure*, as "radiantly gay." It would have been a blow for Mr. BIRD if his book had been found to be radiantly dull.

Messrs. CASSELL are producing *Railway Wonders of the World*. We hope that, for the British section, the following marvels will be mentioned:—

A porter refusing a tip.

Railway directors protesting that their fees are too high.

Messrs. HARPER have added to their Library of Living Thought a volume entitled *Are the Planets Inhabited?* We imagine that a pretty good case could be made out for the one on which we live. Venus, on the other hand, is certainly as a rule depicted with little or nothing on her.

Self-made men should soon become even more common than they are now. Messrs. CROSBY LOCKWOOD AND Co. have published a handbook entitled *Every Man His Own Builder*.

Volume IV. of *The Everyman Encyclopædia*, which has just appeared, is a little unkind to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Although it devotes six lines to "Criccieth" it does not mention who has a house there.

The following statement on the cover of a book recently published is surely a bit libellous:—

THE CURSE OF THE NILE
DOUGLAS SLADEN.

So is this:—

HOW CRIMINALS ARE MADE
by
J. W. HORSLEY,
Hon. Canon of Southwark.

The appearance of *The Dog Lover's Companion* is announced. The companion referred to is, we presume, a dog.

Ready shortly—*A Guide to the Best Hundred Books on the War in the Balkans.*

"LONDON, April 19.—Hungwell, winner of this year's Waterloo Cup, was sold here to-day at auction for $5,510. The horse is a great favorite."—*New York Times.*

We are glad that a horse has won the Waterloo Cup at last. It was quite time.



THE LATEST SCANDAL.

RUMOUR (*showing her season-ticket*). "NOT LET ME IN ANY MORE? WHY, I 'VE BEEN THE LIFE AND SOUL OF THE WHOLE THING!"

POLICEMAN. "SORRY, MA'AM, BUT FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED I UNDERSTAND THEY 'RE ABOUT TO GET TO BUSINESS."

RUMOUR. "SO SOON! I CALL IT *SCANDALOUS!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 28.—After long series of exciting interludes Man in Street began to forget existence of Marconi Committee. Regarded it as played out. This afternoon burst forth in quick flame of wrath exceeding all that had gone before.

Witness in chair, in that vague casual manner with which, in fashion unfamiliar to English public life, charges calculated to ruin promising careers have been levied against Cabinet Ministers, hinted that there was a third whose name had been "mentioned in the City." Suspicion aroused that he had used his official position to obtain information respecting prospects of Marconi enterprise, and had secretly speculated upon it. Of course, witness did not believe there was any truth in this rumour, any more than had predecessors in the chair who dealt with the names of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Could not even name his authority. But there you were. Just mentioned it by the way, as who should say, "A fine day," or (under other circumstances), "How very wet." Would rather not name the Minister implicated; but if Committee insisted? Well, it was the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

WINSTON sent for, *and he came.* Burst into chamber like a tornado. In swift succession of wholesome if stormy gusts destroyed the frail fabric of "flimsy gossip, unsupported tittle-tattle," as he scornfully described it.

Having, in measured terms whose precision and circumstantiality brought into stronger light the fumbling charge levelled against his honour, denied that at any time, in any circumstances, directly or indirectly, he had had any interest in Marconi shares, he added: "If anybody, at any time, has said I have, that person is a liar and a slanderer. If anybody has repeated this statement and said he has no evidence and he believes it to be false, but that there it is, the only difference between that person and a liar and a slanderer is that he is a coward in addition."

The MEMBER FOR SARK delighted.

"It was," he remarked, "time this was said. No one could have said it better. LLOYD GEORGE and RUFUS ISAACS, properly anxious to dispel lingering doubt as to falseness of charges not made but insinuated, were a little too meek in their demeanour, a trifle too concerned to make full disclosure of their private affairs in satisfaction of malignant curiosity. WINSTON, in fashion that would have delighted his father, took the anonymous slanderers by the throat and shook the breath out of their bodies. Pity he didn't turn up three months ago. He would have made swift end of the sorry business, as he has done to-day."

SARK, who is rather proud of his recollection of episodes in English History reluctantly acquired in school-days, finds in the incident with the story of which House and Lobby are ringing the most dramatic scene in Parliamentary record since CROMWELL



WINSTON STRANGLES A CANARD.

With acknowledgments to Mr. ALBERT HODGE, sculptor of "A Mighty Hunter" (No. 1821) at the Royal Academy.

dropped in at Westminster, spoke disrespectfully of the Mace, and dissolved House of Commons.

"*Longo intervallo*, of course," he admits. "Still you get the sudden impulse, the swift movement and the paralysing effect."

Business done.—Marconi Committee begin to think it has had enough of it. On Wednesday motion will be made that it "doth forthwith proceed to consider its Report."

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Noble Lords coming back to work after yesterday's exhausting sitting of five minutes rewarded by hearing instructive paper read by MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU on subject of Military and Naval Aviation. Successor to new peerage in ancient line he remains "JOHN SCOTT" to a wide circle of admiring friends. Aviation's artful aid a comparatively new attraction for him. Outside matters of high State policy he made his mark as one of the earliest advocates of motoring. 'Twas he who gave the late KING EDWARD his first ride in the conquering car. When he took to the new means of road conveyance it was regarded as a reckless temptation of Providence. Wives viewed with mixed feelings the departure of their husbands on an excursion. They were united in apprehension that they might never see them any more—at least not bodily intact.

JOHN SCOTT was the first man who drove into Palace Yard in a motor car. It is striking evidence of the frame of mind with which the novelty was regarded at that not far distant time that when he made a second attempt he was stopped at the gate by the police. To-day four-wheelers and hansoms have hopelessly driven off and the Yard resounds with stentorian summons of "Tax-*ee*" by police on duty.

Sighing for new worlds to conquer, JOHN SCOTT, with the enthusiasm of perpetual youth, now gone in for aviation. This afternoon moved for elaborate return showing the number of dirigibles, aeroplanes, hydro-aeroplanes, possessed by the chief countries of the world, including Great Britain, as usual in these matters, so patriots put it, lagging in the rear.

AS BEAUCHAMP, replying for Government, meekly said, Why should the Department prepare returns? The noble lord had himself supplied one whose fulness could hardly be exceeded. He would certainly refer the matter to the War Office and would ask them whether they were able to enlarge on information supplied by questioner.

Seemed to think this not probable. What JOHN SCOTT doesn't know about aeroplanes is not worth teaching in an elementary school.

Business done.—In Commons, third debate on "the People's Budget." Much talk but little fight. Resolutions imposing Tea Duties and Income-tax agreed to without division.

House of Commons, Friday.—When newly-elected Member for Shrewsbury arrived to take the oath there was forthcoming striking evidence of the strained condition of Members supervening on exceptionally prolonged attendance at Westminster. Safely delivered at Table (with some difficulty to his escort by reason of his persistence in halting at the wrong spot to repeat obeisance to the Chair) the Clerk as usual handed him copy of the Bible and form of oath. Instructed to hold the former in his right hand he uplifted it at arm's length above his shoulder as if about to discharge cricket ball with

high delivery against the opposing defence, or thereabouts.

This early impression swiftly gave place to another more disturbing. As a student of modern Parliamentary manner, was BUTLER LLOYD about to distinguish himself on the very threshold of his Parliamentary career by chucking the book at the head of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER seated on the Treasury Bench with folded arms, unconscious of peril?

RONALD MCNEILL the first to recognise contingency. His natural personal interest in the procedure attracted general attention. Scene at Table breathlessly watched—the Clerk, with air of listening intently to recital of the oath, keeping one eye fixed on the uplifted right hand, ready to dodge anything that might come his way; new Member slightly swaying his arm preparatory to letting fly; LLOYD GEORGE innocently smiling to himself as he thought of the exquisite humour of the phrase about "the People's Budget."

It seemed to last for minutes. Was really only seconds before House was relieved by new Member lowering his arm and returning the Bible to the Clerk, studiously avoiding osculatory attention.

After all, nothing in it. Apparently a way they have in Shropshire of taking the oath.

Business done.—Second Reading of London Elections Bill moved and carried by 193 votes against 103.



The new Member for Shrewsbury assumes a threatening aspect.

THE TRIUMPH OF METHOD.

"I THINK, Peter," I remarked, "that we may congratulate ourselves upon the way in which things have turned out. It is true that at first we both made sundry little mistakes in household matters, but for the last six months we have reduced our management to a fine art."

"And therein lies our success," he replied. "Housekeeping is a fine art. It is usually, and quite erroneously, considered to be a form of unskilled labour. It is also generally supposed to be one of those matters which lie entirely in the province of the other sex. Like most things which women do well, it can be still better done by men when they set themselves seriously to the task. The male mind is able to grasp the broad general outlines of a division of labour without the necessity of eternal discussion over the trivialities of respective tasks. That is where women waste so much time—in thrashing out the irrelevant at the expense of the essential. Now had we been two females we should have committed a fundamental error in the preliminary division of labour. We should have allotted one to the other certain definite and distinct departments. You, for example, might have undertaken the replenishment of the larder, while I was responsible for the mathematical and literary labours attendant upon the week's washing. What would have been the result? We should each have felt that we could do the other's work better than our own, and it would have led to a series of petty jealousies and squabbles, instead of the present happy result of the maximum of economy and the minimum of friction. The effect of our dividing each and every separate and distinct branch——"

"One man, one twig," I suggested.

"—is that we are mutually and indistinguishably responsible both for the preliminary failures and for the more recent succession of brilliant achievements."

"Hear! Hear!" I said, as he paused to moisten his lips.

"Take for example the subject I have already touched on—that of the washerwoman and her duties. You list the things and send them to her—and put out the clean linen. I check the list on its return and replace the various articles in the cupboard. What could be simpler? We each know and perform our respective duties, and yet, should the old lady take a fancy to one sock, or desire a linen collar as a memento of our patronage, you cannot blame me and I have no word to say against you. That is where the male mind scores so over its female counterpart. It is the triumph of method over unreasoning routine."

"It's organisation in the little things that is the secret of our success."

"Exactly—or rather in the apparently little things. Now a woman doesn't realise that the tiniest nut in an engine is of far greater import than the noise which the machine emits in the performance of its duties. For example—this little fact will show you the importance of logical forethought. You will admit that, even with the hypothetical care which our worthy washer-woman bestows on the chattels committed to her care, the cleansing process is detrimental to the structure of the various fabrics. You will also recognize the point that, if two portions of our linen go in alternate weeks to the wash-tub while the remainder lies permanently in the cupboard, then the various items will not wear out equally fast. Some will be new and some in rags. A thing to be avoided."

"Certainly," I agreed with conscious pride.

"Therefore," said Peter proudly, "my male mind at once saw the difficulty and seized on the best method to overcome it. There was no talk, no fuss—just quiet action. When the clean linen returned I invariably placed each article at the bottom of its own pile, so that the other articles should work up to the top and take their fair turn at the wash."

"And if we had been two women," I replied, "it might have prevented me, when laying out the clean linen, from taking each article from the bottom of its own pile, so that the others should invariably work down from the top and take their fair turn in the house."

Commercial Candour.

"For Sale.—'s Egg 'Non Pareil' Incubator, used only once with success.
Advt. in "Madras Times."

"Wanted, at once, Capstan Lathe Hands, used to chucking work."
Staffordshire Sentinel.

Members of the Capstan Lathe Hands Union should apply at once.

COWSLIP WINE.

THE river ran unheeding;
The cuckoo made his mock;
The big trout wasn't feeding;
I drowsed beside the lock;
It might have been the weather,
It might have been the stream,
Or p'raps the two together
That made me dream a dream.

I dreamt a dream of Maytime,
Of hawthorns white as snow,
The village green at playtime
A hundred years ago;
A dream of bow and fiddle
And dancing on the green,
A maypole in the middle,
The finest ever seen.

The maids were red as roses
That took each ribbon rope;
The lads who held their posies
They shone with health and soap;
Each lass had got her lover,
Save one I did espy
As plump as any plover,
As sweet as cherry pie.

I slipped an arm around her;
The fiddles called to me;
As light of foot I found her
As e'er a lass could be;
We danced it, and the same was
Most wonderful to tread;
I asked her what her name was,
And, "Hephzibah," she said.

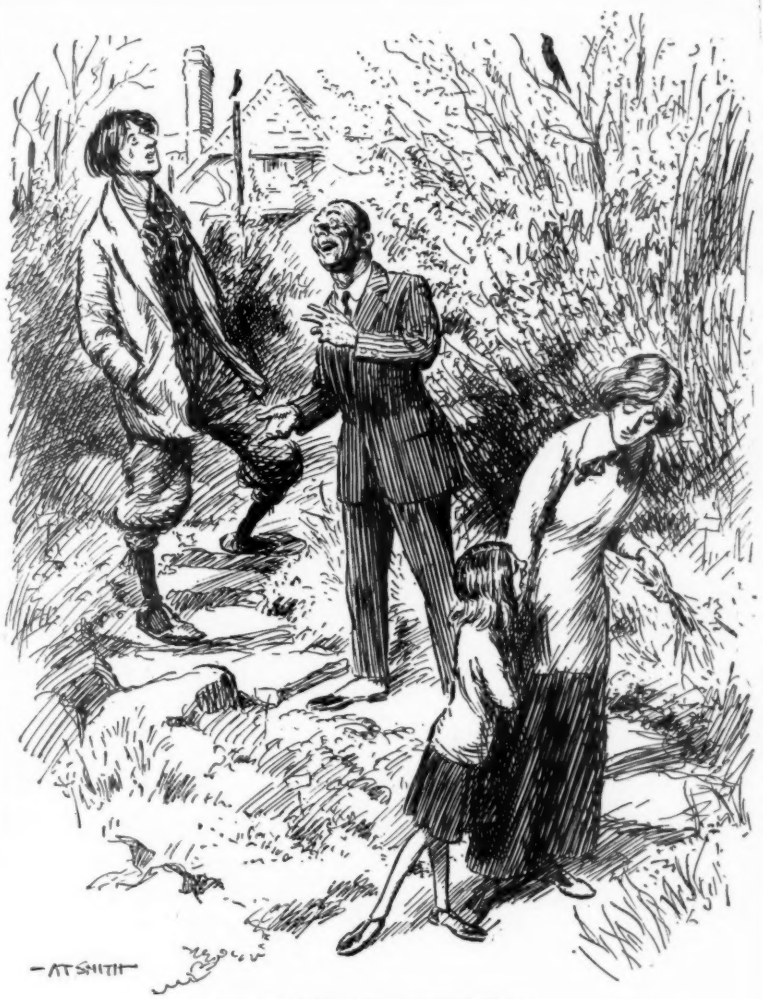
The fiddlers were in fettle;
Too soon the dance was done;
I sat her on a settle,
All dimpling in the sun;
I found for her a fairing,
This pretty maid of mine,
A kerchief for her wearing,
And cake and cowslip wine.

I said, "My dear, I love you
Most tender and most true;
You little, pretty dove, you,
Oh, won't you love me too?"
White lids the blue eyes' beaming
Swift shadowed as I spoke;
'Twas then—so much for dreaming—
'Twas then that I awoke.

The cuckoos still were calling;
In amber, jade and pearls
The splashing weir was falling,
To spin in silver swirls
As gaily as a dancer;
But I was grave, for ah,
I never had your answer,
My little Hephzibah!

"Winslow's casual ward is very popular with vagrants. There is no hard work. Stone breaking and opium picking did not pay, so they were dropped."—*Daily Mail.*

A pity, for opium picking sounds a soothing occupation.



CULTURE AT SURBITON.

Dear Child. "WE DON'T LIKE MR. SHADBURY, MAMMA, DO WE? *HE TALKS WHEN THE BIRDS ARE SINGING!*"

THE OBJECT-LESSON.

"You have been a good father to me, Sir. You have never disguised your little failings; you have allowed me to profit by your mistakes."

"I have not prevented you from making your own—perhaps that is what you mean."

"No, Sir, not at all. Did you ever hear of my writing to the papers or looking out other people's trains or building a dog-kennel? Never, Sir. You have educated me by sheer force of example."

"I see that I must give up these simple pursuits. I am very much to blame. . . . Tell me, what is on at the Vacuity Theatre this evening?"

"I 'm afraid you wouldn't care about it, Sir. It mightn't suit your Victorian cast of mind."

"Oh, well, I can take a run down in the car and see—if you will tell the chauffeur, please, that I am your father."

"Certainly, Sir."

"And you might move out the hat-stand so that I can push it over when I come in."

"It was not the hat-stand, Sir, but a stick which fell down last night. And the chauffeur knows you perfectly well, for you pay his wages."

"True."

"I don't think irony is quite in your line, Sir; you are tempted to exaggerate. And in any case it is lost upon an audience of one."

"That is what I was endeavouring to demonstrate, my dear boy."

THE RETURN.

HAVING a moral duty and a delicate task to perform, I marched up the marble staircase and through the big glass doors. "I have come," said I, "to have a chat with somebody."

The man behind the counter (it was a big counter and there were many men behind it, but only one of them took any real fancy to me)—the man behind the counter (though perhaps that description does inadequate justice to a very superior clerk in a very superior insurance company's very superior head office)—the man behind the counter, if I might perhaps just be allowed to finish this sentence, as good as told me to chat on.

"It is about some trousers," I began.

"Trousers?" said he, raising his eyebrows, but dropping them again almost immediately.

"Yes," said I, "a pair of them. Twins, I might say, and so alike that you could not tell t' other from which. But then you did not often get the chance, for they were inseparable and always went about together. As often as not I went with them, but there came a day when they made up their minds to go out into the world alone."

I gave him his opportunity, but he had nothing to say. So I continued: "How well I remember that Friday evening when we parted company! It had been a heavy day in the City, and I was due to be in the country for the week-end. I left them to rest and recuperate in my flat. When I returned on the Monday they were gone. The affair did not attract much attention at the time; the British public was either ignorant or apathetic. We ourselves thought little enough of it until it suddenly occurred to me that they were heavily insured."

At that word the man showed his first signs of beginning to sit up and take notice. Up till then he had been very busy adding up figures in a ledger while I talked.

"It was when I recollected," I said, "that I was paying you twenty-five shillings a year to cover fire and burglary risks that the suspicion of foul play first crossed my mind. The more I thought of the matter the more sure did I become that they had been made away with. Knowing you would be interested, I wrote and told you all about it. You answered that my communication was to hand and was receiving attention, and had I any clues? I replied that I hadn't, and if I had they were poor substitutes for trousers. And eventually you agreed to contribute to the erection of a *fac-simile* of the dear departed upon the very site they used to occupy."

The man leant right across the counter and examined me thoroughly. "To cut a long and painful story short," said he, "you have come to show us the *fac-similes*. On behalf of my Company I express our hearty appreciation. And now, since to continue it would only be to harrow your feelings, we might perhaps consider the interview at an end."

I trust that at the critical moment I showed no signs of confusion. "No," I answered, "Er—no; these are not the *fac-similes*. But if you are really interested I will tell you what they are. It is a longish history, but I have felt that you are entitled to the whole of it, if you insist."

I paused. I continued pausing while he added up another column of figures and added it up again. It must have come the same both times for he suddenly lost interest in it and returned to me and the trousers.

"As you were saying——?" he observed.

"I was remarking," said I, "on the transient nature nowadays of mysterious disappearances, eloping vicars and so forth. Subsequent investigation as often as not reveals a state of circumstances very different from that deposed to in the first impulsive statement of the bereaved; the persons said to have disappeared not only have not been made away with but have not, in fact, disappeared. It is much the same with trousers."

His attention, which had been momentarily stimulated by my allusion to eloping vicars, fell off again and he started on yet another column, but, stolid fellow though he was, whom no passionate tale of tragedy could long distract from his arithmetic, he became interested when I produced thirty shillings and put them thoughtfully on the counter.

"What 's this for?" he asked.

"Conscience money," I said briefly; but, seeing that he wanted some sort of explanation to lay before his Board of Directors, "it is like this," I concluded. "Some little time ago your Company was kind enough to give me money to buy myself the lower half of a new suit. Circumstances have arisen in which I think it is true etiquette for me on my part to make a similar present to your Company."

Naturally enough he asked for the name of the generous donor.

"On the whole," I said with a magnanimous air, "I would prefer to remain *anon*."

Thereupon I, and the trousers, departed.

LOVE AND A LICKING.

'TWAS a ding-dong game to the fifteenth green;
No doubt I was oft in peril,
But I stuck to the safe Platonic mean
And, addressing her, said, "Miss Beryl."

She was taking a stroke from the gentlemen's tee;
Her driving was long, if flashy;
But I said, "This is never the girl for me!"
When she muffed an approach with her mashie.

She played for a pull, and I cried, "Hot stuff!"
And noticed her nice complexion,
Till she sliced her ball right into the rough,
And I thought, "Is her nose perfection?"

But she managed to hold her own uncheckt
(Her niblick shots were striking),
And I said, "She's a girl who commands respect;
Not love, but at least sound liking."

And so she arrived at the sixteenth tee
Two up (through a lucky stymie),
And I foozled my drive, while hers dropped free
Where the grass was short and thymy.

My second I topped ('twas a rotten lie),
But she with her cleek swung finely—
No effort, no force—and the ball soared high,
And she followed it through divinely.

Oh, fair and true her approach was sped,
And I saw her fourth (with her putter)
From the edge of the green laid dead—laid dead!—
With a joy that I scarce could utter!

"You are down in five, not counting your stroke,
While I took seven to do it;
You have won three up," were the words I spoke;
"You 're the wife for me—I knew it!"

I dropped on my knees, I pleaded sore:
"You have won! Be pitiful, very!"
(I paid no heed to the cries of "Fore!")
"O Miss Beryl!—or may I say 'Berry'?"

Having braved the hazard, I 'm bunkered clean,
And I feel I rejoice to fall so;
I have met my match on the sixteenth green,
And the banns shall be "three up" also.

THE OPTIMIST.

BILLY is very brave. He knows not the meaning of the word fear, especially if it takes the form of *timeo*, and as for the word φοβέω I don't believe he can do a thing with it. To his invincible courage Billy adds an unquenchable optimism. He is fond of telling people that he really enjoys cold baths; that very frosty weather invigorates him, and very hot weather fills him with health; and that the world, contrary to the overwhelming verdict of popular opinion, is not actually going to the dogs. But Billy has his weak spot. A dentist scares him to death.

The moment I saw Billy last Monday I realized that something was wrong. His face was grim—tragic. It looked as if he had been face to face with one of the great facts of life—love or death or poverty or indigestion. I stopped and spoke to him sympathetically.

"Billy," I said, "was it a filling?"

"I suppose it may have been," said Billy. He seemed glad to see me, but he spoke very calmly, as men speak after an accident in which there has been great loss of life. "They tipped me horizontal in the chair," he said gravely; "they strapped me to one of my own teeth; they probed me to find which part hurt most; after they had found it, they tore a great jagged hole there with the electric torturer, and filled it with a cartload of putty; and then they said, 'That 's all we have time for to-day. Come in for a wedge to-morrow and we 'll take it out the day after and meddle with the putty the day after that. Then next Saturday afternoon, if it 's nice sunny weather, we may have a chance to get round to this great big painful fellow that 's dying by inches up in the back of your head.'"

Billy mused. "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," he quoted bitterly.

"Come, come, Billy," I said. "Pull yourself together. You are an optimist. Try to see the bright side of the thing."

"I suppose there is one," said Billy meditatively. And at last I saw the old gleam of cheerfulness in his eye.

"I have it," he cried. "Perhaps the thing has its use after all. In these days of disarmament and universal peace, our young men will become pink and mild and flabby unless we offer a substitute for war. The substitute is ready: for the heroism of the battle-field the heroism of the dentist-chair. There 's romance for you!"

Somehow I wasn't convinced. "It won't go," I insisted. "Romance is dead. Chivalry is dead. I fail to see the glamour of dentistry. Your optimism is misplaced."

But Billy stood enraptured with his own idea. The smiles broke out all over his face like a rash. "Think of it," he cried, "the war of the next century—the call to the front—the young men going out one by one from the comfortable waiting-room, with its piled magazines and pleasant newspapers, to—they know not what! Ambrose, the call has come. Bring me my toothbrush. Already I seem to see the white-coated enemy and the light flashing from the weapons of war. I march to my doom in silence. No drums beat . . . Yes, I am ready . . . Bzzz . . bzzz . . bzzzz . . No, thanks, I am not badly wounded; it is a mere scratch in the gum. They have shot me full of gold and silver, but they cannot kill me. Half-a-tooth, half-a-tooth, half-a-tooth onward! Ah, the Romance of War!"

Billy was an optimist again.



Purchaser. "BUT YOU HAD IT MARKED FIVE SHILLINGS YESTERDAY?"
Dealer in Odds and Ends. "AH, YES; BUT LAST NIGHT I VASH HIM AND DE NAME I FIND ON HIM VELASQUEZ; SO FOR SURE HE IS VORTH SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE."

Encouraging Crime.

"Fernand Rassani, For hardly beating his donkey, fined P.T. 100 and Costs."
Egyptian Mail.

THE MONKEY.

"IT 's a funny thing," said the girl who helped in the Flat, "'ow you seem to be goin' along quite smooth one minute, with everybody smilin' at you and thinkin' what fine people you are—you know what I mean—and the next minute suthin' 'appens and you 're out in the middle of the street chasin' after your umbreller or your 'at and all the motor-'buses a-top of you. That 's the sort o' thing that 'appened to Mrs. Wortle when she took a lodger; not through 'er meanin' of it, o' course, but sudden like, jest as if she 'd got into the wind and it took 'er orf of 'er legs, as the sayin' is. We shouldn't 'a' minded that so much, but it ketched father and mother too before it 'ad done and give 'em a nawsty slap.

"Mrs. Wortle lives next door to us: she 's seen better days. She often drops in on mother and tells 'er about the great things she used to do—'Ampton Court Palis, or the 'Spaniards' at 'Ampstead 'Eath, and sultana kikes and 'am sangwiches, no end of a set-out all the year round, if you can believe what she says. Mother plays up to 'er and sets 'er goin'. 'Mrs. Wortle,' she says, 'tell us the story,' she says, 'about Mr. Wortle ketchin' the perliceman a crack o' the jor';' or, 'Won't you oblige us with that bit about Mr. Wortle and the bottle o' chempine when the cork wouldn't come out?' and then the old girl winds 'erself up and orf she goes so 's you can't stop 'er. She says it does 'er good to talk about the times when there was always a ten-pun' note to spend and no questions asked.

"Well, she made up 'er mind to take a lodger, and a fortnit ago come next Friday she got one. A Bo'emian 'e was, a brown-lookin' man with no end o' black 'air on 'is 'ead, and a black mustarch and a lot o' white to 'is eyes. 'E worked for a cabinet-maker and played the guitar, but 'is name I can't rightly misremember. It was like sneezin' or crackin' walnuts in your teeth. Sometimes I could say it once, but if I tried again it 'd mike me bust with larfin', so I give it up. O' course 'e couldn't talk English beyond sayin' 'Ow de do, or God save the King, or cawfy and milk, and that don't tike you far. Then 'e 'd go off in 'is own Bo'emian, and that sounded sorter silly to me, like cats quarrellin'; but all furriners is like that. 'Ow they ever get along at all is more 'n I can understand.

"This Bo'emian 'ad a monkey with him, a bit of a thing no bigger 'n a puppy-dog, the funniest little atomy you ever see, all chatter and mikin' fices, as you may say. It snuggled in 'is coat and seemed as clever as a Christian. It took Mrs. Wortle all of a nonplush when she set eyes on it, and at fust she said she couldn't 'ave a monkey lodgin' in 'er 'ouse. She was sure Mr. Wortle wouldn't 'a' liked it if 'e could 'a' come from the grave—them was the words she said. But when the Bo'emian set the little feller down and 'e got to work pertendin' to ketch fleas in the mat afore the fireplace, and then turned 'ead over 'eels all round the room, she give in. She said it was enough to mike a cat larf.

"It was a Friday when the Bo'emian come in to Mrs. Wortle's with 'is box and 'is monkey, and on Sunday father missed 'is pipe and mother couldn't find 'er Sunday cap. A fine 'unt there was all over the 'ouse, but we couldn't pitch on 'em no'ow. The back winders 'ad bin open, but nobody paid no attention to that. The same day Mrs. Wortle told us she 'd lost a phortygraft frame, brass and red plush. She 'ighly valued it, because she 'd meant to put a picture of Mr. Wortle in it, but 'e got the dropsy before 'e could git 'is phortygraft took, and she 'd kep it empty to remember 'im by. Monday was washin' day, and that arternoon the linen was 'ung out in the backyards all along our row of 'ouses. It 's a pretty sight to see it blowin' about, mikin' shipes like men and women and all lookin' so fat and funny. Arter tea that day I 'appened to be lookin' out o' the back winder. All of a sudden I see there was no linen on Mrs. Wortle's lines. It was all lyin' on the ground any'ow. Then I took another look and, would you believe it, I see that there mischievious monkey come over the wall and ketch 'old of our line. Then 'e swings 'isself along, and before you could say old 'Arry 'e 'd pinched all the pegs orf o' the line and chucked 'em away, and down went father's shirts and 'is drawers and mother's things and mine into the mud. Such a set-out you never saw! I 'ollered blue murder, and the Bo'emian puts 'is black 'ead out and whistles to 'is monkey; but the saucy little feller 'ad tied 'isself up in one o' mother's petticoats and 'e couldn't get out. The Bo'emian 'ad to come round and fetch 'im. That was the end o' Mrs. Wortle's lodger. She 'ad to git rid of 'im, o' course. They found father's pipe all gnawed to bits and a piece o' the phortygraft frame in the monkey's box; but what became o' mother's cap we never rightly knew. I reckon the monkey must 'a' swallered it."

TO A DACHSHUND IN SPRINGTIME.

PETER, the Spring—see ALFRED'S panegyric—
Which makes the wanton lapwing change his crest
And spurs the half-pay Colonel to a lyric,
Finds you a bit depressed.

Now the rathe primrose coyly pranks the dingle,
An azure sky is in the lake portrayed;
A marked disinclination to be single
Affects both youth and maid.

The lambkins, marvelling how meads grow daisied,
Curvet in joyous nescience of the hint
Conveyed by garden plots, wherein is raiséd
The surely crescent mint.

Peter, these portents of the vernal season
Wake no response within your ample chest;
You have your private and conclusive reason
For liking Winter best.

To-day, when winds blew chill, we walked the faster;
When we reached home again, a gentle cough
And sadly plaintive look accused me—"Master,
Our parlour fire is off."

Yet, since your sense of etiquette is rigid,
You stayed awhile with me, crouched on the floor;
Long shiverings shook you; and then, semi-frigid,
You snuffled at the door.

I opened, and with anguish almost human
You left the hearth-rug home of your desire,
And toddled off to Cook, that thoughtful woman,
Who *always* has a fire.

From a bioscope advt. in *The Statesman*:—

"ARRIVAL IN BOMBAY OF
LORD WILLINGDON,
The New Governor,
AND DEPARTURE OF
LORD SYDENHAM,
AND
ALSO THREE OTHER LATEST COMICS."

Who are Lord SYDENHAM's colleagues?

"There is, of course, a possibility that Austria is taking her chance of a policy of bluff in proposing to take the bit into her teeth by taking matters in her own hand."—*Manchester Evening News.*

Can't she do something with her foot?



Sympathetic Voice (in the distance). "HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON, OLD MAN?"
Sanguine Beginner. "FIRST-RATE. JUST MADE THREE PERFECT PUTTS ON THE LAST GREEN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

As a reviewer I could wish that every book were as short as *The Open Window* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), except *The Open Window* itself. In whatever capacity I had read it, I must have found too fleeting a pleasure in Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON'S note-book of a country parson, a diary sentimental in the best sense of that word. One may write of flowers and birds with the utmost delicacy and grace, and may touch upon the sorrow of a dying wife, and an only daughter leaving for a far corner of the world, with a melancholy the most quiet and restrained, and yet may leave the reader suspicious of effeminacy and clamorous for the virile and robust. Mr. THURSTON'S humour and humanity have kept him admirably clear of this fault. He has avoided that maudlin hypersensitiveness epidemic in an age of literature which is possibly too little sympathetic with the small boy, whose catapult, on page 133, brought down the bullfinch, and too much inclined to dote upon the sweet lady who, at page 135, buried that bullfinch in her garden and put up a little gravestone to remember it by. Myself, I was for the sportsman; after all, he was there to protect the cherry blossom, and, if he chose a sinful way of doing it, that was his business and a matter he must account for to others than officious passers-by. If the diarist, on the other hand, is all for the interfering lady, he is yet so pleasant and modest about it that the difference of opinion doesn't rankle, and the conclusion is that some think one way and some another and both are as right as they are wrong.

I don't know that I equally approve of the sketches of Mr. CHARLES ROBINSON, interspersed throughout. They are pretty and dainty, but lack definiteness and substance. There is, however, one astonishing exception, the oddness of which I attribute to some fault in the reproduction. It is just intelligible that the gentleman who on the cover is shown to be looking through the open window should be in striped pyjamas, but there is no excuse for his having the face of an unmistakable negro and an habitual criminal to boot.

The Heart of the Hills (CONSTABLE) is the most thoroughly American novel that I have encountered for some time. Your first impression is likely to be one of admiration for the fidelity with which Transatlantic idiom has been reproduced in the dialogue; later you will note with interest that the explanatory passages are also written in the same style. I fancy that Mr. JOHN FOX, Jr. (by the way, why Jr., and who is the other one?) enjoys a reputation in God's Own Country which has escaped me over here. I hasten to add that if so it is thoroughly deserved. The story of a vendetta among the mountain settlers is told in a way that grips attention by many qualities. It is also an extraordinary history for twentieth-century readers to hear of their own times and a so-called civilized country. Because the boy *Jason's* father, a *Hawn*, had apparently been shot by one of the *Honeycutts*, it seems to have been indisputedly *Jason's* mission in life to even the score. The final scene, in which the two aged heads of the rival houses encounter in a pass, and batter each other with enfeebled fists till the loss of their spectacles and the arrival of the now reconciled sons put an end to the fray, is one that lingers in the memory for its grim humour. When the author came

down to the plains the book did not thrill me so much; as here the political contests of Republicans and Democrats are too local not to be sadly bewildering to the English mind. One thing I should have liked more of, and that is the drawings of Mr. HAROLD COPPING, whose single illustration is alone well worth the price of the book.

Several people, wanting different magic doors opened to faith, to love, to fame, to wealth, say "*Open Sesame*" in the novel of that name by B. PAUL NEUMAN (MURRAY); and for some the miracle happens, for others it simply doesn't, which is the orthodox way of miracles. The most interesting failure is that of *William Henry Porteous*, destined for the Church and choosing to be a healer and to run a church of his own. It is a curious, a clever, and, so far as one has data for judging, a sound study of a flat, pompous young man with some strange gift of personal magnetism but no sincerity of conviction or depth of character, who succeeds in his first healing ventures, but fails in his public test, bringing down his reputation, his health and "the Church of the Gifts" in a common ruin. I can't think, however, that it is an artistic achievement to give so much of this poor victim's conversation when his wits are gone. The task of extracting pathos out of this kind of horrible inconsequence is surely too easy to be worth doing. Perhaps it isn't quite fair to assume that an author's best portraits are photographic studies from actual life, and so to seem to deny the faculty of creation, but *Félicité Gaye*, successful milliner and wife of a business man unsuccessful to the point of dishonesty, is too good to be untrue. Hard, cynical, brutally outspoken, she is without faith and without hope, except that she may wear her mask to the end and face the utterly feared adventure of death without breaking down. Mr. NEUMAN has shown a very signal skill in the delineation of these two portraits which hang in a notable gallery with many others. But "hang" is not quite the word. They walk, very much alive. It is the lovers, *Cyril* and *Redelpha*, *Alpha* and *Connie*, whose "Open Sesame" is effective, as the author doubtless, and not without mystical intent, designed. A very clever piece of work.

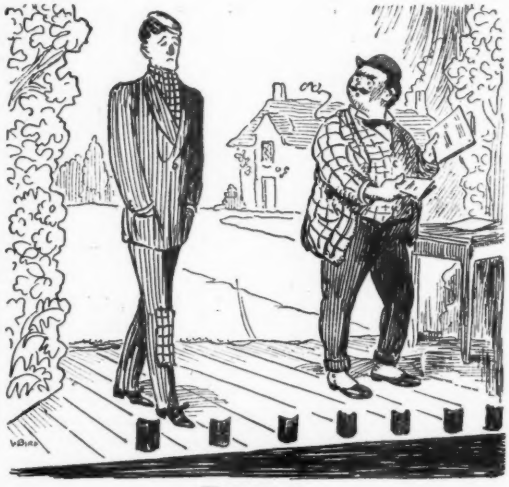
Most people hate writing letters. For myself, as a rule, I dislike still more reading them, when they take the form of a novel. But I must make an exception in favour of *Time's Wallet* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON), because the authors, LUCY DALE and G. M. FAULDING, have got nearer the real thing than is generally the case with books of this kind. They succeed fairly well in making me forget that the letters are written in cold blood by themselves for the eye of the public. Almost they persuade me to believe that the two women-friends by whom they are supposed to be written did actually pen them and post them and open them, chiefly in London, Italy, and Switzerland. Each of the two had a baddish time at one period of her life, the one before the story begins (which is why she went abroad), the other after, because she very imprudently came near to marrying the wrong man. But the authors intervened, and since all's well that ends well neither she nor her friend was really very much to be pitied. *Au contraire*, as the Frenchman said in mid-Channel when he was asked if Monsieur had *bien déjeuné*. For, like the indifferent sailor, they enjoyed their happiness all the more, when it arrived, for their previous sufferings. Altogether I rather like both the letters and the characters that they reveal.

The Tramp of Mr. LAURENCE OLIPHANT (CONSTABLE) is an Oxford graduate and a poet of so considerable a talent that no publisher will have anything to do with him. Naturally. He is original enough to live on the open road and his patrimony of fifteen pounds a year, supplemented by the wages of raspberry-picking in Blairgowrie (N.B.), where he meets, among the lost souls of the world, a simple, unsullied maid, star-eyed and black-haired, and the twain fall into innocent love. Then, of course, as lovers use (in novels), *Christopher*, the tramp, goes away from *Jess* and stays away, silent, for two years; makes as great a success in London as he had previously made a failure; and, after a brief passionate episode with the wife of a friend, fares back to *Jess* and idyllic simplicity. But I cannot think that they would really have been happy for ever after, for *Chris* is a moody-devil and something very near the complete "prigoist." Mr. OLIPHANT describes his fruit-pickers with conviction, as if he had studied them from the life. The treatment of the literary side of *Christopher's* career is in the approved naïve manner of conventional fiction, with critics "condemning to a man" and so forth. The making of the infamous, woman-exploiting wastrel, *Lloyd*, into a "paid Socialist agitator" is one of those stupid pieces of prejudiced stereotyping which have no sort of justification for open minds.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.



CAST FOR THE PART OF *SCUFFLES* MR. MONTMORENCY IS SHOWN, BY THE STAGE MANAGER, A POSTER OF THE LATE MR. CHARLES DOMBVILLE IN THE CHARACTER, AND TOLD TO MAKE HIMSELF UP AS MUCH LIKE THAT AS HE CAN FOR DRESS-REHEARSAL.



HE DOES SO.

CHARIVARIA.

"UNTO the world's end," says the German CROWN PRINCE, "the sword will always be the decisive factor at the last." This authoritative statement has caused keen satisfaction to the champions of *l'arme blanche*, which has latterly been suspect in certain high military circles.

* * *

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL complained at the Academy Banquet that he could find no connection between art and the modern battleship. What a pity that Lord CHARLES BERESFORD and Sir PERCY SCOTT were not present. They could have discussed whether the Paint-Brush is mightier than the Gun.

* * *

The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION has thrown cold water on the suggestion that the admirable teachings of the Boy Scout movement shall be introduced into our elementary schools. Mr. PEASE fears that it would be looked upon as Militarism. "If you wish for War, prepare for Pease."

* * *

Mr. C. E. HOBHOUSE, in touching on matters military in a speech at Wrexham, seems to have offered a thinly veiled insult to Lord ROBERTS by referring to "distinguished soldiers who perhaps have outlived their days of usefulness." Well, some of us (to be equally tactful in the avoidance of names),—some of us are safe from the fear of that reproof.

* * *

Considerable indignation has been aroused among French murderers—who, as a class, are exceptionally touchy—by the fact that, on the occasion of the execution of the motor-bandits, the headsman wore a lounge suit and a bowler instead of the regulation frock-coat and high hat.

* * *

The latest arrivals at the Zoo include some fine specimens of "walking leaves." Not the least admirable characteristic of these creatures is their quietness and amiability, and the statement that one had picked a quarrel with a lion is a slander.

* * *

In the Architectural Room at the Royal Academy there is a model of the terraces to be built at the Zoo to enable the animals to be seen in their wild state. The design is by Mr. JOHN BELCHER, R.A., and Mr. JOASS. It was a happy thought to call in the Joass to assist.

* * *

Last week nearly all our daily papers described *The Times* as "the best newspaper in the world" in their advertisement columns; but this confession of their own inferiority hurt some of them frightfully, and these would like it to be known that they do not vouch for the accuracy of statements appearing in their advertisement columns.

* * *

Among the persons arrested for rioting in Trafalgar Square, at the "Right to Speak" meeting, was an individual described as an "artist's improver." This is the first time we have heard of this useful profession and, on enquiry at the Royal Academy, we found that it was unknown there.

* * *

The recent burning of a church is attributed to the militant Suffragettes. This sort of thing is perhaps not the most tactful way of trying to keep on the side of the angels.

* * *

The humanity of our judges is well known. Of a lady who brought an action for breach of promise against a man who had jilted her after fifteen years, Mr. Justice BUCKNILL said last week: "My personal impression of her is that she is an educated and nice person. At any rate, she is 'all there,' and for my part I cannot see why she should remain a spinster all her life." Armed with this testimonial the lady should have no difficulty.

It is proposed to form a "Museum of the Drama." We know one or two actors who might form a nucleus for such an exhibition.

* * *

Messrs. HUTCHINSON are about to publish a volume entitled "How to Listen to an Orchestra." The announcement interests us. In the case of some orchestras the only way is to be strapped to one's seat.

* * *

Illustrations showing the correct and the incorrect way of alighting from omnibuses now appear on the front of many of these vehicles. To study these properly you must stand in the middle of the road while the 'bus is bearing down on you.

* * *

From a census of buildings just published it appears that to every 100,000 of its population London has forty-five places of worship, but only six theatres. The scandal is the talk of theatrical circles.

* * *

A real Parisian Revue, imported direct from Paris, has been produced at the New Middlesex Theatre. To persons unacquainted with the French language it is almost as difficult to appreciate as an English Revue.

* * *

KING NICHOLAS, by giving way in regard to Skutari, has saved the Powers from humiliation, and there is some talk of the Ambassadors presenting him with an illuminated testimonial.

* * *

Tokio possesses a Centenarians' Club. The terms for life membership are said to be most moderate.



Benevolent Lady (at Whitsuntide school treat). "WELL, LIZZIE, AND WHO 'S YOUR LITTLE FRIEND?"

Lizzie. "'LITTLE FRIEND,' MISS SMIFF? THAT AIN'T ME 'LITTLE FRIEND;' THAT 'S ME *FELLER*!"

Swing-time.

"In perfect weather, with swifts screaming above and birds swinging in every tree the children of the Bands of Hope from Keswick and neighbouring hamlets held their Maytime festival."—*Yorkshire Post.*

Cockatoos must be a new feature of the Lake District, or is it just the native bird that has caught the spirit of the holiday folk at their swings?

"Mr. Walter Cunliffe, Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, has been appointed Deputy Governor."—*Times of Ceylon.*

This is headed (and we cordially associate ourselves with the sentiment) "BRAVO, MR. CUNLIFFE!"

TWO ON THE ADRIATIC.

ITALY TO AUSTRIA.

[The following remarks are ready for delivery to Austria in case she reverts to her original intention of undertaking the noble task of Albania's reconstruction.]

O DUAL one, whose love has often sent a
Thrill through our marrow, chewing memory's cud,
Mindful of days inscribed in pure Magenta,
The colour (loosely) of our confluent blood;

O bound by bonds of holiest alliance,
One of a triplet, Europe's mailed police,
Who at the trembling nations fling defiance
As deadly guardians of the gates of Peace;

Rumour arrives that you, O Austria-Hungary,
Stung by desire of sweetness and of light,
Propose to plunge your martial ironmongery
Into Albania's mess and put it right.

Your record as a Christian civilizer
Stamps you for that high quest supremely fit,
Yet we should love (by leave of WILLIAM KAISER)
To join you in the job and do our bit.

How cleverly we handle heathen races
Let Tripoli be witness; well she knows
That, if our voice but breathe o'er desert places,
Almost at once they blossom like the rose.

So where you go we too intend to follow,
Bringing to arid scenes the smile of May,
Playing, in fact, the *rôle* of second swallow,
Earnest that Spring has really come to stay.

And, should a very natural lust for booty
Nestle beneath your altruistic airs,
We 'll gladly undertake detective duty
Or halve the scandal for you, going shares.

In fine, if someone—not a local bandit—
Is bound to do this sacrificial work,
With or without a European mandate,
And 'tis a task you feel you may not shirk;

We hardly like to let a sister nation
Tackle alone so perilous a "sphere";
So you may count on Rome's co-operation;
We shall be there all right. Good-bye, my dear.

O. S.

THE GRATUITY.

I WAS, of course, in no way responsible for the waiters at the Bullionberg. Yet, because Millicent and her mother were dining with me, I experienced an uneasy feeling of guilt at the shortcomings of our particular attendant. Perhaps in his own land he was a strolling minstrel. I cannot vouch for the musical part of him, but, with the exception of a plumber, who once worked for me within the speed limit of his union, I have never seen a man take longer over doing nothing.

I tried kindness. I tried sarcasm. I tried firmness. I tried persuasion, hauteur, wrathfulness. I tried everything. The waiter, on the contrary, did not try anything. He succeeded where I failed.

Millicent assured me that she in no way minded the interminable intervals so excellent (she said) for the digestion. Millicent's mother perjured herself in turn by remarking that, the variation in temperature between lukewarm coffee and a tepid ice being small, they were less detrimental to the teeth.

"Deeds spake ever louder than words," I replied gratefully. "Therefore, instead of apologising to you, I will make up for this fiasco by inviting you to dine with me at the Tinywee in Soho."

"Agreed! But I do so want to hear you tell the head-waiter all the things you have been saying about him."

"No. Deeds again. It is the custom of the Bullionberg not to tip your own waiter but to slip a half-sovereign into the hand of the chief-of-staff on leaving. This evening, as a mark of my disapprobation, I intend to present him with a shilling instead."

"You daren't."

"Daren't!" I protested, and glanced uneasily at the head-waiter. He caught my eye, smiled politely, and sauntered towards our table.

"You daren't," repeated Millicent. "There is not a man living that dare offer a shilling tip at the Bullionberg. He will telepath it all over the building. The waiter will trip you up as you leave; the cloak-room man will brush your hat round the wrong way; and the commissionaire will jam your thumb in the door of your car."

"I don't care," I remarked defiantly.

"Well, here he comes," she whispered. "Now look him straight in the eyes and give him the shilling with a few well-chosen words!"

He bowed as we rose to depart, and for some time I stood fixing his eye with mine in stern, unrelenting silence. It was not a long time. Perhaps a second—perhaps less. Meanwhile I directed my gaze at his second shirt stud.

"I should like," I said, "to state that I am excessively dissatisfied with the performance of the waiter responsible for this table."

"I beg your pardon, Sir?"

I repeated my sentence. He repeated his.

"The waiting here is rotten," I explained. "Not only were we left waiting between the courses, but the food, with the exception of the ices, was cold when it did come."

"You are not satisfied, Sir?"

I felt that I was losing ground before his suave urbanity. My small stock of courage was ebbing so fast that I was forced to take immediate action. "I have the habit," I said, "or perhaps I should say the vice, of presenting large gratuities on these occasions." I groped in my pocket for a shilling. "There—take that. It is only a tenth part of what you would have got if the attendance had met with my approval."

He gazed at the coin and his cheeks flushed. He stiffened himself up and bowed. "Sir," he said, "if you will honour the Bullionberg with your presence on some future occasion I shall hope to see your satisfaction recorded by the presentation of the handsome gratuity which your generosity usually prompts."

I retired hastily. I would have preferred to have my hat brushed the wrong way; I would rather have faced even his scornful wrath than this polite sarcasm.

Millicent, however, took a different view of his conduct. "It wasn't sarcasm," she said. "It was real admiration of your courage. You are the only man living who has dared to give him a nominal tip and he showed his respect for your bravery by treating you with the deference he would accord to a national hero. Peter, I am proud of you!"

Some day I may tell her. On my return home I discovered that, in the confusion and agony of the moment, I had given that confounded head-waiter a sovereign in mistake for a shilling.

And now I can never dine at the Bullionberg again. In my dreams I see him standing by the door, his face aglow with expectancy, while behind him hovers the swiftest-footed waiter on the whole staff.



ROAD CLEAR?

MONTENEGRIN BANTAM (*having got out of the way at the last moment*). "HA! HA! GAVE YOU A NASTY SCARE THAT TIME. AND YOUR TROUBLES AREN'T OVER YET. YOU 'LL FIND THAT OLD BIRD ESSAD FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD."

PICKWICK FOR PARIS.

There may have been a French translation of *Pickwick* for many years, but it has only just come my way. As with many another book in that alluring but difficult tongue, I owe its possession to the enterprise of Messrs. Nelson, who, not satisfied with reducing the price of novels in this country and causing us to bang our sevenpences at every railway station, have now carried the war to the Continent and are making many even of the best foreign publishers look exceedingly out-of-date.

Before me lies *Aventures de M. Pickwick, par* Charles Dickens, in the *traduction de* P. Grolier, who should at once be made a member of the Boz Club, with all the honours that go with that state; while English schoolmasters in search of a manual by which the French language may be read to their pupils without tears should make a note of this book.

I do not say that the translation is perfect, but it will do. There may be a lack of the finest raciness, but very much of the immortal work has crossed the Channel successfully. *Sam Weller's* curious substitution of the letter "V" for the letter "W" disappears, for instance. M. Grolier was not up to that. And certain of his idioms go too or are diluted. To give an example. *Sam*, investigating the contents of the picnic hamper on the occasion of *Mr. Pickwick's* undue partiality to cold punch, addresses the *Fat Boy* as "Young touch-and-go." M. Grolier turns this to "*jeune évaporé.*" The *Fat Boy*, I may remark, becomes "*le gros garçon*" (without capitals), and his famous speech to old *Mr. Wardle*, "I wants to make your flesh creep," is watered down to "*Je veux vous faire frissonner!*" Turning on to the delectable Eatanswill passages (no effort being made by M. Grolier to Gallicise the name of that borough) we meet *Mrs. Leo Hunter* as *Madame Chasselon.*

Now and then, but not often, M. Grolier translates with an excess of zeal, as when *Captain Boldwig's* command to his men, "Wheel him [*Mr. Pickwick*] to the devil," becomes "*Roulez-le à tous les diables.*"

But let us look at a more extended passage. Here is *Mr. Jingle's* account of his friend *Sir Thomas Blazo's* cricket match, and of course cricket alone, without any of these breathless trimmings, would be inexplicable enough to the ordinary French reader. "It must have been rather a warm pursuit in such a climate," was *Mr. Pickwick's* observation. *Mr. Jingle* then assures him that it was. Thus:

"— Echauffant? Dites brûlant! grillant! dévorant! Un jour, je jouais un seul guichet contre mon ami le colonel sir Thomas Blazo, à qui ferait le plus de points. Jouant à pile ou face qui commencera, je gagne; sept heures du matin: six indigènes pour ramasser les balles. Je commence. Je renvoie toutes les balles du colonel. Chaleur intense! Les indigènes se trouvent mal. On les emporte. Une autre demi-douzaine les remplace; ils se trouvent mal de même. Blazo joue, soutenu par deux indigènes. Moi, infatigable, je lui renvoie toujours ses balles. Blazo se trouve mal aussi. Enfoncé le colonel! Moi, je ne veux pas cesser. Quanko Sambo restait seul. Le soleil était rouge, les crosses brûlaient comme des charbons ardents, les balles avaient des boutons de chaleur. Cinq cent soixante-dix points! Je n'en pouvais plus. Quanko recueille un reste de force. Sa balle renverse mon guichet; mais je prends un bain, et vais dîner.

— Et que devint ce monsieur... Chose? demanda un vieux gentleman.

— Qui? Le colonel Blazo?

— Non, l'autre gentleman.

— Quanko Sambo?

— Oui, monsieur.

— Pauvre Quanko! n'en releva jamais, quitta le jeu, quitta la vie, mourut, monsieur!

En prononçant ces mots, l'étranger ensevelit son visage dans un pot d'ale. Mais était-ce pour en savourer le contenu, ou pour cacher son émotion?"

That last passage in the dialogue is a disappointment. In the deathless English page it runs (as everyone will remember), "Poor Quanko—never recovered it—bowled on, on my account, bowled off, on his own—died, Sir."

But M. Grolier cannot be blamed for this. *Jingle* and *Sam Weller* talked exclusively for Anglo-Saxons, if ever men did. They are no more conveyable into French than Aristide Bruant or Yvette Guilbert into English. But *Mr. Pickwick*—he plants his foot on the soil of *La Belle France* quite as firmly as on that of his native land. I congratulate the many French readers to whom Messrs. Nelson's enterprise is now introducing him.



Nervous Puttist. "I'm sorry to trouble you, but would you mind buttoning up your coat?"

A Good Thing Spoilt.

"Unquenched Fire. Just Out."
Publisher's Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE gratifying announcement that Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE will appear on the operatic boards, during Mr. BEECHAM'S season, in STRAUSS'S *Ariadne at Naxos*, has not only caused musical and dramatic circles to vibrate with a thrill of anticipatory pleasure, but it has precipitated a number of similar decisions on the part of other eminent servants of the public. In Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE'S case, however, the plunge had already been prepared by his impersonation of BEETHOVEN, in which he developed altogether unexpected talent in the character of a lightning composer.

* * *

Perhaps the most notable of these *débuts* is that of Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, for whom a one-act opera has been written by LEONCAVALLO, in which he will sustain the *rôle* of *Alessandro Scarlatti*. SCARLATTI, it will be remembered, composed no fewer than five hundred cantatas and one hundred-and-twenty operas, and in the course of the opera, which occupies about thirty-five minutes, he will be seen composing about two-hundred-and-fifty of these works, with the assistance of a new instrument called the Wireless Pianofortina. Sir GEORGE will wear the costume of the period, including the famous creaseless pantaloons invented by BENVENUTO CELLINI.

* * *

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE'S invasion into the realm of the lyric drama will be confined to the ballet, in which he will appear with the Russian dancers under the *alias* of Tschukla Maudkin. He is already studying the language diligently and has attained considerable proficiency in the Cyrillic character under the famous Bessarabian Archimandrite, Igor Hopskotchky.

* * *

The visit of a famous violinist to Wormwood Scrubbs prison last Sunday, when she played to some of the inmates, has been attended by some altogether unexpected results, several hundred amateurs having volunteered their services in a similar capacity. The matter is receiving the most careful consideration from Mr. MCKENNA; but we understand that he is inclined to think that the reclamatory power of music varies directly with the skill of the artist and will not sanction any performances which are not vouched for by a committee of experts, including Professor Granville Bantock, Mr. Josef Holbrooke, and Dr. Brian O'Looney.

* * *

The statement that Signor CARUSO in receiving £42,000 for sixty performances in America has established a new record in artistic remuneration has elicited a strongly-worded protest from Mr. Bamberger, the famous violinist, and son-in-law of Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L. Mr. Bamberger points out that during his last tour in South America not only did his receipts average £750 a performance, or about 7 per cent. higher than Signor CARUSO'S, but he also constantly received in addition a number of gifts in kind, including, *inter alia*, 240 pairs of gumboots, 63 shaving-brushes, 99 sets of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, 127 perambulators, 331 ponchos, 39 pairs of silver-mounted spurs, and a piebald guanaco.



Harassed Author (annoyed by the barking of a dog). "HAVE YOU TOLD YOUR MISTRESS THAT DOG *MUST* BE MADE TO STOP BARKING?"

Servant. "PLEASE, SIR, MISTRESS SAYS IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW THAT BABY'S AWAKE."

"Thousands of people sang 'We'll keep the Red Fag Flying.'"—*Daily Citizen.*

The sight, when all the woodbines are alight, is said to be magnificent.

"As I was returning from the country to the town I met a lady accompanied by an innocent little dog, very fond, like some human beings, of hearing its own voice, as quiet as a mouse. I wondered at this, for I had never met it before without barking."

Barmouth Advertiser.

Does the writer say "Bow-wow!" to every dog he meets, or only to this particular one?

HOW TO DECLINE.

I MANŒUVRED Charles into the lowest of the easy-chairs, and then assumed a tactical position (or is it strategic?—I never know) on the hearth-rug.

"So, Charles," I said, beaming down on him blandly from my vantage-ground, "you find yourself at a loss in a little matter of social strategy—or tactics, Charles, if you take my fine distinction—and you come to me for advice. So-ho, my son!"

With the help of a latch-key, a three-penny-bit and a cigar-cutter, I contrived a little jingling business in my right-hand trouser pocket. Charles is a year my junior, and he had to accept my offensive attitude because he needed my help.

"You see," he said, "not wanting to marry either of her daughters, I'm getting myself into a false position by going on accepting her invitations to dinner-parties and things. But how does one *not* go to these things when one's asked?"

"Well," I replied, after thinking it out, "the thing seems to be to take a sheet of note-paper—the azure bond, not the cream laid—and write: 'Mr. Charles Carruthers deeply regrets that a—a—yes, a previous engagement prevents his accepting Mrs. Thingammy's kind invitation.' It seems a possible way out of it, Charles."

"But I haven't a previous engagement," said Charles.

"Of course not," I said kindly. "That is merely a recognised *façon de parler*, as the best people say."

"You mean," said Charles intelligently, "that it's only an excuse. But that's just my trouble. I want a way of declining that *isn't* already recognised. Just to express your regrets, giving no real reason, because the only reason is ungivable, is a contemptible, cowardly thing to do. But that's what I shall be driven to. Nowadays every excuse in the world has become fishy, and none of 'em are red herrings."

I surrendered the hearth-rug impulsively and sat down beside him.

"Charles," I said, "I will make your way smooth for you. The golden rule in refusing invitations is to accept them—promptly and with fervour."

Charles gaped. I bowed acknow-

ledgment of the unlovely tribute and continued—

"Having accepted the invitation as indicated, you're all right. On the very day of the function a telegram does the rest. Something urgent intervenes, Charles. Done in that way—and in that way alone—the refusal arouses no suspicion, unless you are over-eager to allay it and exceed the limits of a sixpenny wire. There you are, Charles. Go to your work and be strong. A quick, keen acceptance—a late, brief telegram."

* * * * *

"Well?" I asked, metaphorically arching my back for a caress, as Charles dropped in to see me some time later.

"You perfect ass!" said Charles; from which I deduced that he had made a mess of things.

"Do you mean to say that you managed to arouse suspicion?" I exclaimed.

"The trouble of it is, I can't be sure," said Charles. "I did it perfectly. I sent the wire just about the time when I should have been dressing." He ruminated wrathfully for a minute or two. "Well, I met my hostess this morning, and was just going to tell her about the sudden chill I took on the night of her dinner-party, when she said with an acid sweetness, 'We were so sorry to get your wire the other night. Was it your *only* stud?'"

In the awful silence which followed there was no sound save the collapse of a coal in the grate and the sudden tinkle of a threepenny-bit falling against a latchkey as I moved uneasily. Then I pulled myself together.

"Charles," I said, "a manœuvre like this is of no use to a man who is so little of an artist as to choose the very *last*, last moment for sending a wire. Nor shall I recommend it again to one whose hostesses are possessed of such indelicate imaginations."

FOR THE SAKE OF THE FEW.

[At the time of going to press, the last book of Mr. A. C. BENSON, who has recently written to *The Morning Post* in favour of the abolition of compulsory Greek, is a collection of essays republished from *The Church Family Newspaper* and entitled, *Along the Road*.]

HE was reared on the might and splendour
Of Hellas when he was young;
Shall he turn on his nurse and rend her
With popular pitiless tongue?
Still sweet with the voice of Apollo,
Still garbed in Athena's dress,
Is the phrase that our fed hearts follow,
Swift-winged as the flight of a swallow,
In the dusk of the Anglican press.

I have dreamed how the college servant
Steals in through the study door;
He wades through the foolscap fervent
That floats on the master's floor:
From the midst of his Sunday fable
He reaves him to Hall and broth,
Where still unawares in the Babel
He writes, as he eats, on the table
(Which is fearfully bad for the cloth).

On the rules of the Attic primer
He sharpened and fleshed that quill;
It knew Parnassus a climber
Or ever it scaled Cornhill:
Shall it dare, O Greece, to insult your
Unhappy remains, and prey
On a poor dead tongue, like a vulture,
As it scatters the spots of culture
All over the U.S.A.?

I grant you that schoolboys' grammar
Is Ossa on Pelion piled
For the most who are blind to glamour,
But not for the brilliant child:
Ah, think what a lot the great owe
To the garden that nursed them young,
When out of the mould of PLATO
Full orbed, like the rich potato,
Some glorious plant hath sprung.

How common the blighted bud is
Compared with the fruit one cooks,
Yet the first may have helped our studies
To groan with the BENSON books:
Ten thousand boys who were rattled
And offered the stern to the beak
May have sent from the fight embattled
One voice that would never have prattled
Without compulsory Greek.

Ah yes, for the herd may falter
In climbing the slippery mount,
But a remnant shall reach the altar
And sit by the sacred fount:
For ninety-and-nine transgressors
Against the grammatical code,
Mere indolent, dull-brained guessers,
Mr. BENSON has published (with Messrs.
J. NESBIT) *Along the Road*. EVOE.



Old Woman. "I MUST TELL YOU, DOCTOR, THAT IN OUR FAMILY THERE'S A TERRIBLE LOT O' SANITY."

GETTING MARRIED.

IV.—Seasonable Presents.

"I suppose," I said, "it 's too late to cancel this wedding now?"

"Well," said Celia, "the invitations are out, and the presents are pouring in, and Mother 's just ordered the most melting dress for herself that you ever saw. Besides, who 's to live in the flat if we don't?"

"There 's a good deal in what you say. Still, I am alarmed, seriously alarmed. Look here." I drew out a printed slip and flourished it before her.

"Not a writ? My poor Ronald!"

"Worse than that. This is the St. Miriam's bill of fare for weddings. Celia, I had no idea marriage was so expensive. I thought one rolled-gold ring would practically see it."

It was a formidable document. Starting with "full choir and organ" which came to a million pounds, and working down through "boys' voices only," and "red carpet" to "policemen for controlling traffic—per policeman, 5*s*.," it included altogether some two dozen ways of disposing of my savings.

"If we have the whole *menu*," I said, "I shall be ruined. You wouldn't like to have a ruined husband."

Celia took the list and went through it carefully.

"I might say 'Season,'" I suggested, "or 'Press.'"

"Well, to begin with," said Celia, "we needn't have a full choir."

"Need we have an organ or a choir at all? In thanking people for their kind presents you might add, 'By the way, do you sing?' Then we could arrange to have all the warblers in the front. My best man or my solicitor could give the note."

"Boys' voices only," decided Celia. "Then what about bells?"

"I should like some nice bells. If the price is 'per bell' we might give an order for five good ones."

"Let 's do without bells. You see, they don't begin to ring till we 've left the church, so they won't be any good to *us*."

This seemed to me an extraordinary line to take.

"My dear Celia," I remonstrated, "the whole thing is being got up not for ourselves, but for our guests. We shall be much too preoccupied to appreciate any of the good things we provide—the texture of the red carpet or the quality of the singing. I dreamt last night that I quite forgot about the wedding-ring till 1.30 on the actual day, and the only cab I could find to take me to a jeweller's was drawn by a camel. Of course it may not turn out to be as bad as that, but it will certainly be an anxious afternoon for both of us. And so we must consider the entertainment entirely from the point of view of our guests. Whether their craving is for champagne or bells, it must be satisfied."

"I 'm sure they 'll be better without bells. Because when the policemen call out 'Mr. Spifkins' carriage,' Mr. Spifkins mightn't hear if there were a lot of bells clashing about."

"Very well, no bells. But, mind you," I said sternly, "I shall insist on a clergyman."

We went through the rest of the *menu*, course by course.

"I know what I shall do," I said at last. "I shall call on my friend the Clerk again, and I shall speak to him quite frankly. I shall say, 'Here is a cheque for a thousand pounds. It is all I can afford—and, by the way, you 'd better pay it in quickly or it will be dishonoured. Can you do us up a nice wedding for a thousand inclusive?'"

"Like the Christmas hampers at the Stores."

"Exactly. A dozen boys' voices, a half-dozen of bells, ten yards of awning, and twenty-four oranges, or vergers, or whatever it is. We ought to get a nice parcel for a thousand pounds."

"Or," said Celia, "we might send the list round to our relations as suggestions for wedding presents. I 'm sure Jane would love to give us a couple of policemen."

"We 'd much better leave the whole thing to your father. I incline more and more to the opinion that it is *his* business to provide the wedding. I must ask my solicitor about it."

"He 's providing the bride."

"Yes, but I think he might go further. I can't help feeling that the bells would come very well from him. 'Bride's father to bridegroom—A peal of bells.' People would think it was something in silver for the hall. It would do him a lot of good in business circles."

"And that reminds me," smiled Celia, "there 's been some chat about a present from Miss Popley."

I have come to the conclusion that it is impossible to get married decently unless one's life is ordered on some sort of system. Mine never has been; and the result is that I make terrible mistakes—particularly in the case of Miss Popley. At the beginning of the business, when the news got round to Miss Popley, I received from her a sweet letter of congratulation. Knowing that she was rather particular in these matters I braced myself up and thanked her heartily by return of post. Three days later, when looking for a cheque I had lost, I accidentally came across her letter. "'Evings!" I cried. "This came days ago, and I haven't answered yet." I sat down at once and thanked her enthusiastically. Another week passed and I began to feel that I must really make an effort to catch my correspondence up; so I got out all my letters of congratulation of the last ten days and devoted an afternoon to answering them. I used much the same form of thanks in all of them . . . . with the exception of Miss Popley's, which was phrased particularly warmly.

So much for that. But Miss Popley is Celia's dear friend also. When I made out my list of guests I included Miss Popley; so, in her list, did Celia. The result was that Miss Popley received two invitations to the wedding . . . Sometimes I fear she must think we are pursuing her.

"What does she say about a present?" I asked.

"She wants us to tell her what we want."

"What *are* we to say? If we said an elephant——"

"With a small card tied on to his ear, and 'Best wishes from Miss Popley' on it. It would look heavenly among the other presents."

"You see what I mean, Celia. Are we to suggest something worth a thousand pounds, or something worth ninepence? It 's awfully kind of her, but it makes it jolly difficult for us."

"Something that might cost anything from ninepence to a thousand pounds," suggested Celia.

"Then that washes out the elephant."

"Can't you get the ninepenny ones now?"

"I suppose," I said, reverting to the subject which most weighed on me, "she wouldn't like to give the men's voices for the choir?"

"No, I think a clock," said Celia. "A clock can cost anything you like—or don't like."

"Right-o. And perhaps we 'd better settle now—When it comes, how many times shall we write and thank her for it?"

Celia considered. "Four times, I think," she said.

* * * * *

Well, as Celia says, it 's too late to draw back now. But I shall be glad when it 's all over. As I began by saying, there 's too much "arranging" and "settling" and "fixing" about the thing for me. In the necessary negotiations and preparations I fear I have not shone. And so I shall be truly glad when we have settled down in our flat . . . and Celia can restore my confidence in myself once more by talking loudly to her domestic staff about "The Master." A. A. M.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



876

HEARTLESS HOLIDAY-MAKERS LEAVE THEIR DOG AT HOME. (NOTE THE REFINEMENT OF CRUELTY INDICATED BY THE HOUR-GLASS.)



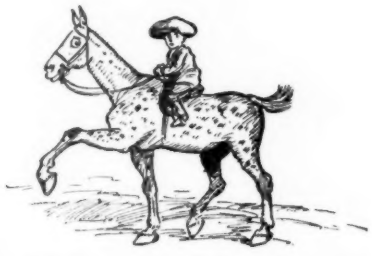
811

"DODGING THE PANTHER"—A NEW SENSATION AT A SOUTH COAST RESORT.



431

The Ancient Mariner. "HEAVENS! ANOTHER ALBATROSS!"



806

The Photographer. "LOOK TOWARDS THE CAMERA, BOTH OF YOU. *THANK* YOU!"



316

"NARROW SQUEAK THAT TIME; NEARLY LEFT OUT OF THE PICTURE."



269

THE COLIDROME TRIO REHEARSING THEIR CLEVER JUGGLING, WEIGHT-LIFTING AND MUSICAL TURN.



305

EMBARRASSING SITUATION OF LOVERS WHO SOUGHT SECLUSION BY THE SERPENTINE ON A SUMMER EVENING.

Cupid (on right). "COME ON, YOU FELLOWS; SUCH FUN!"



237

THE BALEFUL EFFECT OF RAGTIME ON MODERN PAINTING.



575

RESULT OF A LIGHTNING STRIKE OF WAITERS AT THE HOTEL BLITZ.



201

THE COLLIE REFUSES TO TAKE UP THE GAUNTLET THROWN BY THE BULL-TERRIER.



"THESE FINE OLD THEOLOGICAL WORKS DON'T APPEAR TO BE A VERY SALEABLE COMMODITY WITH YOU, MY MAN."
"WELL, SIR, THE WAY IS, WE BUYS THE BOOKS IN LOTS, AN' WE 'AS TO TAKE THE BAD WITH THE GOOD."

LYRA LUNATICA.

I.

[Áttributed to the effect (on an inmate) of *The Spectator's* discovery of "a malicious mare's nest."]

If only a mare has a kindly heart
  It is all the same to me,
Tho' she nest in the shafts of a market cart
  Or the fork of a chestnut-tree;
Watching her build where the copse is dense,
  Or out in the new-mown hay,
If I see but a trace of benevolence,
  I bear it as best I may.

If the nest of a mare displays no spite
  When harbouring its young,
However I marvel at the sight
  My withers are still unwrung;
Tho' an Arab barb or a Clydesdale colt
  Burst from the shell I touch,
And change to a cob at the autumn moult,
  I should not mind it much.

I can do with a snark or a basilisk,
  Or a phœnix free from vice,
My wits are tolerably brisk
  In front of a cockatrice;
But a thing there is no brain can bear,
  Yea, two my reason test—
The nest of a too malicious mare,
  And a mare's malicious nest.

II.

["The districts of Banjaluka and Bi-Gatch show a great Orthodox preponderance."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 6th.]

Green Erin in her *Poul-na-phuca*
  Still finds a refuge for Old Scratch;
But Bosnia boasts her Banjaluka
  And proudly swears Bi-Gatch!

Spain's daughters in the gay cachuca
  Are very, very hard to match;
But I prefer the Banjaluka;
  I do indeed, Bi-Gatch!

The Turk finds solace in his hookah;
  The duteous hen delights to hatch;
And when men ask you "Banjaluka?"
  The answer is "Bi-Gatch."

Great Britain glories in Bonduca;
  The States in *Mrs. Wiggs's* patch;
But Bosnia plumps for Banjaluka,
  And so do I, Bi-Gatch!

COMPENSATION AT LAST.

I have lived to bless the name of Mr. David Lloyd George. Let it be recorded in deathless ink.

A few days ago I was introduced to a man named Wilverley. This morning I met him in the street, and he greeted me with a friendliness which at once aroused my suspicions.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," he cried. "I hope you are perfectly fit?"

"So, so, thanks," I admitted grudgingly. Was it concert tickets, I wondered, or fountain pens, or a loan?

"What a lovely morning!" he continued, waving his hand patronisingly towards the heavens. "Beautiful morning!"

"Pretty fair," I replied, "considering all things."

And then I saw what it was. Protruding from his breast pocket was a folded paper, upon the top of which I could distinguish the words "Insurance Company."

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Wilverley," I said, "I must be getting on to the office."

"Good-bye, Mr. Smith," said he. "Oh, by the way," he added, "are you insured? I 'm agent for the——"

"Oh, yes," I answered unhesitatingly. "Been insured ever since last July. But I shall be pleased to recommend any of my friends to you. Good-bye."

As I made good my escape I reflected that, though poverty is an essential qualification for the enjoyment of its privileges, there is something after all to be said for the Stamp-licking Act.

An advertisement reaches us of a "Patent Slug Trap":—

"Price 1/6 each; 2 for 3/5; 3 for 5/-; 6 for 9/6."

One at a time for us.



THE WINGS OF VICTORY.

BRITANNIA. "THESE THINGS SEEM ALL THE RAGE IN PARIS AND BERLIN; AND I REALLY CAN'T AFFORD TO BE OUT OF IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, May 5. — Lord NEWTON'S conspicuous success as a Parliament man is result of education in several schools. To diplomacy he gave six years of a young life. He was trained in War by the Imperial Yeomanry. Best of all, he sat in the House of Commons for thirteen years. With exception of Lord ROSEBERY, ever a star apart, and Lord LANSDOWNE, handicapped by circumstance, all prominent peers have served apprenticeship in rough-riding school of House of Commons and have benefited accordingly.

Lord HALSBURY has certain dominant qualities constitutionally congenial to the hereditary Chamber. To complete the fitness of things he ought to have been born to a coroneted crib. As it is he stands almost the last survivor of that full-blooded courageous Conservatism which sixty years ago was the very life of House of Lords. Yet he too passed through the mill. A full eight years he represented Launceston in the Commons.

His associations with the place were not calculated to endear its memory. To begin with, unlike STERNE'S imprisoned bird who "could not get out," he couldn't get in. For nearly two years he held office as Solicitor-General without a seat in Parliament. Crushed at Cardiff, left in the lurch at Launceston, hustled at Horsham, named as probable starter at every election race in the three kingdoms, the blushing borough of Launceston, on second wooing, yielded to his ardent advances.

Then came catastrophe. Arrived at Table with intent to take the oath, he was challenged by the Clerk for production of writ of return. He hadn't got it, at least couldn't find it. In full gaze of four hundred gentlemen, quizzing, laughing and cheering, he proceeded to make deliberate search among contents of his pockets. Never before was man unconnected with the Post Office discovered in possession of so many letters. In course of search Table was littered as if a mail-bag had burst open. In the end—and such an unconscionably long way to the end!—the document was found in his hat below the Bar where he had left it when waiting to be called up by the SPEAKER.

That is long ago. The HARDINGE GIFFARD of the 'seventies has blossomed into the Earl of HALSBURY, who crowned a prolonged and useful career by leading attack on the Budget, which in swift succession of courses resulted in its being thrown out, the passing of the Parliament Act, and the present position of the long predominant partner in the legislative firm.



"Almost the last survivor."
(Lord HALSBURY.)

Lord NEWTON, being, as he said to-night, "of abnormally modest disposition," has since he went to the House of Lords worked more obscurely. In his too-infrequent speeches he brings to a jaded atmosphere wholesome whiffs of House of Commons' manner. However dull debate may be, when he rises to continue it instant change is wrought. The sun shines where of late leaden clouds prevailed. His humour is inclined to be mordant but is not therefore less acceptable. Noble lords who bestow the decorous tribute of a smile upon peers disposed to make merriment have more than once been known to laugh heartily at Lord NEWTON'S quips and cranks. Withal he is a man of business, as is testified by the success with which he piloted on its way to the Statute Book an exceptionally difficult Bill.

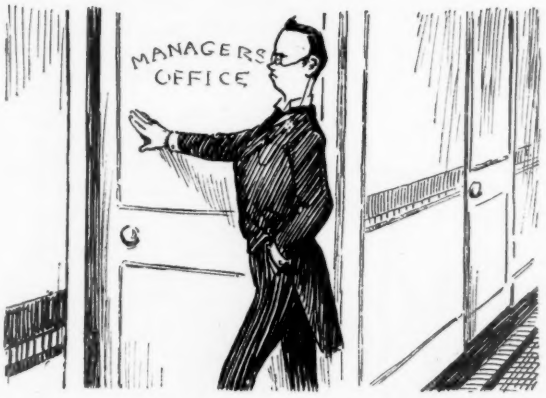
Business done.—Lord NEWTON'S Betting Inducement Bill passed through Committee and read a third time. House adjourned for Whitsun Recess.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Variable in its moods, of late the prevalent one dolefully dull, the House to-night rose to highest level. Apart from particular question at issue, circumstances peculiar, even unique. By common consent, and indeed of necessity, agreed that problem of Female Suffrage shall stand outside the arena of Party politics. Necessity arises from recognition that on this topic Ministerialists and the Opposition are pretty equally divided among themselves. On Treasury Bench to-night PRIME MINISTER and FOREIGN SECRETARY answered each other and voted in different Lobbies. On Front Opposition Bench there is parallel situation. Here was opportunity to reach the ideal of conference—a state of things in which, fearless of the Whip, ignoring prejudice, men on both sides might proclaim the faith that is in them and by reasoned argument endeavour to convince those who denounced it.



Lord NEWTON at the final fence in the "Betting Inducement" Stakes.

Happily PREMIER interposed early in debate, lifting it on to lofty plane, from which it did not fall. As he said, his was



THIS YOUNG MAN, WHO HAS BEEN IMPROVING HIS MENTAL FORCE AND WILL-POWER THROUGH A CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, IS ABOUT TO ASK A RISE IN SALARY FROM THE MANAGER, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM A HOLIDAY.



BUT THE MANAGER HAS BEEN SPENDING HIS HOLIDAY IN IMPROVING *HIS* MENTAL FORCE AND WILL-POWER THROUGH THE SAME COLLEGE.

a difficult position. He found himself at issue not only with large numbers of his supporters, but with Members of his Cabinet. Crowded House touched by personal note of his reference to Sir EDWARD GREY, a friend of twenty-seven years' ever-growing intimacy, with whom he now found himself at odds. FOREIGN SECRETARY'S response to this lament equally touching in its simplicity and dignity. WALTER LONG crowned an episode peculiar to, perhaps only possible in, the House of Commons. Amid general cheering he paid tribute to "the fine courage and unruffled dignity with which the PRIME MINISTER had faced opposition of a kind that was a discredit and a disgrace to the whole country."

Anticipated that much would be said about the women who during past twelve months have supplied object-lessons of the fitness of their sex to exercise the franchise by blowing up houses, assaulting Cabinet Ministers, attempting to burn a crowded theatre, polluting pillar letter-boxes and turning their private residences into laboratories for concoction of infernal machines. Here again example set by PREMIER prevailed. He generously ignored advantage these unwomanly pranks lent to his argument. LORD BOB, greatly daring, dragged in DEBORAH, whom F. E. SMITH in a sparkling speech hailed as the pioneer of the militancy of late disturbing public peace. Otherwise the hooligans were left severely alone, as they ought to be left when they shut themselves in on top of the Monument or chain themselves to grille of House of Commons.

At eleven o'clock crowded House melted away into Division Lobbies. Tellers presently returned with news that the Bill proposing to add six million women to the Parliamentary electoral register had been refused a Second Reading by 266 votes against 219.

Business done.—Female Suffrage Bill thrown out.

Thursday.—Adjourned for Whitsun Recess. Back again on the 27th.

MARJORIE ON THE TURF.

I WAS considering a voluminous brief when the telephone rang.

"Yes," I said.

"Is that you, Dick?" said a girl's voice.

"I'm not sure," I replied guardedly. "Who is that?"

"Me, Marjorie, your cousin. Your father was my mother's brother, you know."

"Enough," I said. "Good morning, Marjorie."

"Good morning. I say, Dick, do call in on your way home. It's business, most important."

"Business?"

"Yes, I'm in an awful hurry now; good-bye."

I returned to the brief, marvelling. Marjorie, I reflected, was a butterfly; business, on the other hand, was business.

I pondered on the matter for the rest of the morning; in the afternoon I was nearly worried about it. Eventually the day passed.

It was about half-past six when I arrived at my Aunt's house. Marjorie met me in the hall and conducted me mysteriously into the drawing-room.

"Now," she began, "I've got a brilliant idea. You'll never guess it. I'm going to put my new Summer hat on a horse." She smiled at me.

"What on earth for?" I asked rather shortly.

The drawing-room is an uncomfortable room, and my Aunt doesn't allow smoking.

"A bet, of course."

"It seems rather futile. The horse will probably ruin your hat. He'll shake it off and trample on it."

"Don't be absurd," said Marjorie. "I'm going to back a horse with the money for my new hat."

I looked at her sternly. "I don't approve of girls on the turf."

"I can't help that."

"Neither does Aunt Lillian."

Marjorie laughed. "She won't know. Now here's three pounds. Will you put it on Belinda? They are taking and offering ten to one, so I shall get thirty pounds."

She handed me two sovereigns and a lot of silver.

"But why put three pounds on a ten-to-one chance?" I asked; "and in any case I can buy a hat for ten-and-sixpence."

Marjorie produced a newspaper cutting.

"Belinda is in the 2.30 to-morrow. I chose her because of my own name," she explained.

I thought for some minutes.

"But there's no possible connection between Belinda and Marjorie."

"That's just it. I'm so fearfully unlucky that I chose a name as different from my own as possible. I must go now or I'll be late for dinner. Would you like to see Mother?"

I coughed. "Er—I must hurry away, too," I said.

I happened to meet a racing man in



THE IMPATIENT WARRIOR.

Territorial (put on sentry over stores). "ARF-PAST FOUR AND NO BLOOMIN' WAR YET!"

the train next morning and I mentioned Belinda to him casually.

"There 's only one horse in the 2.30," he said, "and that 's Bluebottle the Fourth. Belinda has no earthly."

I telephoned to Marjorie as soon as I got to my chambers.

"Belinda," I said, "has no earthly."

Marjorie was indignant. "He has; he did some useful five-furlong work yesterday."

"There 's only one horse in the 2.30," I insisted, "and that 's Bluebottle the Fourth."

"No! How extraordinary!"

"Why?"

"I was nearly stung by a gnat at breakfast. Dick, I think I 'll back him. How much shall I get for three pounds?"

"Three pounds."

"Yes, three pounds. What do I win?"

"Three pounds."

"Yes, that 's right. Three pounds. How much do I win?"

"Three pounds. Bluebottle starts at evens, one to one, two to two, and so on."

"Oh, I see." Marjorie hesitated. "It 's so awkward," she explained. "If I can't make enough for a new frock I 'd rather not risk my hat. . . . I know! Put a pound on Belinda and the rest on Bluebottle. Good-bye."

Ten minutes later the telephone rang again.

"Yes," I said.

"Have you done it, Dick?"

"Not yet."

"Oh, good. Then put ten shillings on Belinda; one pound ten on Bluebottle, and a pound on Winter."

"Winter?"

"Yes, Winter. Good-bye."

"Entrance of Spring," I murmured.

I put the receiver back and looked carefully through the racing news, after which I got into communication with Marjorie once more.

"Winter," I explained, "is a jockey."

"Oh, then choose the next best horse after Bluebottle."

"But, my dear girl——"

"Ring off," Marjorie interrupted; "here 's Mother."

I rang off.

* * * * *

I called at Aunt Lillian's on my way home as before.

"Well," said Marjorie excitedly, when we had gained the drawing-room, "what have I won?"

I handed her a little account.

"You lost," I explained, "ten shillings on Belinda. Debit ten shillings."

"But I didn't back Debit."

"Debit is a term in accountancy. To continue: you lost one pound on Miss Slippery, the next best horse to Bluebottle, starting at three to two. Total loss, one pound ten."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Marjorie.

"Now we turn to credit." I became more cheerful. "On Bluebottle at evens you won one pound ten. Total balance, debit or credit nil."

"Which means?" she inquired anxiously.

"You 're square." I handed her the original three pounds.

Marjorie heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, that 's all right," she said. "Now I can buy my new hat."

"LORD ST. FLOWER BOXES."

Headline in "Liverpool Express."

The recreations of the lesser-known peers are always a subject of interest to us.

"May it mew, like the eagle, its mighty youth!"—*Saturday Review.*

"Do eagles mew?" is the problem that is stirring educated London to its depths just now.

EPISTLE TO THOMAS BLACK,

CAT TO THE SOANE MUSEUM.

PARDON, dear Sir, if with intrusive pen
I would remind you that we met last week;
Not that you showed me any favour then,
Nor that I have forgot the infernal cheek
You tendered to your fellow-citizen,
Vailing your yellow eyes, where black and sleek
You graced the hearth-rug in the glittering gloom
Of Sir JOHN SOANE'S be-mirrored breakfast-room.

Which snub to soften, an official leant,
Hinting, behind his tactful fingers, that
It was but seldom that you *quite* unbent,
Being almost a statutory cat;
If not retained by Act of Parliament
(As is your noble shrine) at least you sat,
Kept up by twenty shillings and tradition,
As part and parcel of the exhibition.

For when (he added in an undertone)
Each Reynolds, Fuseli and Bartolozzi,
Hogarth and Lawrence was bequeathed by SOANE
With Roman marbles and Athenian pots, he
Begrudged to leave them lifeless and alone,
So, having ranged them in appropriate spots, he
Said, "There shall be a cat," and in effect you're
His last word in Domestic Architecture.

Thus far Authority. Now, might I ask it,
How came you, Thomas, by this lofty station
From kittenhood and the maternal basket?
Was there, perchance, some stiff examination
Such as tests candidates whose pleasant task it
Is to advance the cause of education—
In places advertised you often see 'em,
On outside pages of *The Athenæum?*

And how were you appointed? Was it fate or
The cat before, some mid-Victorian mouser,
Left you the seat Death bade him abdicate, or
Did hirelings kidnap you like Kaspar Hauser?
Did rich relations canvass the Curator
And the Trustees on your behalf? Allow, Sir,
Some little light to dawn upon the mystery
Of Thomas Black his entrance into History.

Oh! happy he for whom does not exist
Our later London—that superb disaster,
Who, in his Georgian hermitage has missed
Our schemes of girders overlaid with plaster,
Who has not met a Post-Impressionist
Nor heard a maniac acclaimed a master,
But sits with those who draw their weekly salary
Soothed by dim models of the Dulwich Gallery!

For, be their outlook dull, at least 'tis clean.
Not so the cat's, whose whole existence spent is
In some half-lighted haunt of the obscene—
The studio of that modern idle 'prentice
Who thinks he has the trick of HOGARTH'S spleen
(Of course he's twice the draughtsman) if his bent is
To paint that vice with intimate elation
Which HOGARTH limned, apart, with detestation.

All this you're spared; and so you might have paid
Some courtesy to those—a very few—
Who come, withdrawn from that exterior shade,
To spend an hour with sanity and you;
And when you saw that I had gladly stayed,
Not closed your eye-lids and our interview,
But told me what the contents of each case meant
And let me come with you to see the basement.

Yet, after all, you know your part; doze on;
You are no common cat, you rather seem,
If not the incarnation of Sir JOHN,
To be at least the creature of his dream;
Visitors enter, sign their names, are gone—
You stay, the centre of his classic scheme.
Blink not an ear for me—'twere not expedient—
But let me rest, Dear Sir, your most obedient.

CINEMA WHENS.

WHEN any kind of a shop fails it becomes a picture-palace.

When a picture-palace fails it becomes a white elephant.

When a British officer has nothing else to do he stands outside a picture-palace in undress uniform and fingers a little black cane.

When a film is preceded by a certificate signed by the Censor, saying that he has approved of it, the audience's anticipatory excitement is rarely excessive.

When a strong wind rakes the sitting-room, disturbing the dresses or aprons of the women and blowing the curtains and papers about, you may know that you are witnessing an American drama.

When a series of luminous dots suddenly breaks out on the picture, you know that relief is at hand, for the film is nearly over.

When a film is in three parts it is time to go.

When half-a-dozen persons in the same film write letters they all do it in the same hand-writing, usually that of a foreign clerk.

When a servant brings in one of these letters you know that you too will have to read it directly.

When you have read it once you know that it will be thrown on the sheet again a little later.

When you have read it the second time you know that the chances are you will see it still once more.

When a man in his shirt-sleeves appears in a cow-boy drama he is a sheriff.

When in a comic film you see a hose-pipe, you may know it's going to play upon some one.

When the lights suddenly go up, many couples in the audience, particularly in the gallery, are disturbed, and show it.

When the lights go down again they are happier.

"It is not sufficiently well known that one of the professors at Manchester University (Dr. Perkins) has after three years' experiments devised a process of making flannelette absolutely inflammable."
Daily Chronicle.

We don't wish to discourage Dr. PERKINS from any further experiments, but we fear that his three years' endeavour to find a substitute for coal will be wasted on the public.

"On Dr. Leigh being asked whether he preferred making a statement or be placed on oats and cross-examined, he said he would like to render a statement to the Council."—*Bloemfontein Friend.*

Yet one can face anything on porridge.

"The Traffic on the London Road.—In our article on this subject last week, reference was made to Mr. Searle, of 'the White Lion' Hotel. It ought to have read 'the White Inn.' It ought to have read 'the White Horse Horse.'"—*Herts Advertiser.*

Anyhow, it's white.

SHOP.

THE Club Annual Dinner Season has now opened, and our special representative sends us his report of a very notable function which he attended last night. We have pleasure in publishing his account of the proceedings, as they appear to have been organised and carried out in a manner so appropriate as to serve as a model of what such entertainments should be:—

MESSRS. STARCHAL AND SELFGROVE.

The members of the mixed hockey club attached to this well-known emporium held their annual dinner and soirée at the Remnant Gallery on the 15th, when an altogether enjoyable evening was spent.

The rooms were tastefully and appropriately decorated for the occasion, even the gas-brackets being supplied with mantles. The floral scheme was carried out in stocks.

Punctually at 6.3 the company sat down to the following menu:—

Chiffons.
Crêpe de chine
Torchon.
Mannequins.
Sauce mousseline de soie.
Le dernier cri.
Panne. Tulle.
Eau de nil. Suède.

After dinner the hockey president, who plays at full back, gave the annual address, his thesis being that "one half often doesn't know how the other halves live." Incidentally he discussed the famous Pass of Killiecrankie. On one side it had been urged that the pass was a clean and beautiful one; on the other, that it couldn't be called a real pass, the extremists holding that Killiecrankie never passed at all.

During the address there was a cry of "Fire!" It appeared that some of the new spring shades were blazing, but owing to promptness in turning on the open-work hose little or no damage was done.

The proceedings concluded with a capital concert and dramatic entertainment. Among the items most applauded were *The Song of the Shirt*, feelingly sung by Miss Black (Blouses); *The Inch Tape Rock*, a powerful recitation by Mr. Lapels (Ladies' Tailoring); a scene from *Measure for Measure*, excellently enacted by the young ladies of the Combinations Department; and the evergreen quartette, *White Sales, they never grow weary*, in the chorus of which all present heartily joined.

Altogether a most enjoyable time was spent, and everyone left in high spirits at 11.3.



She. "THERE'S A SMART EVENING GOWN. WHO IS IT A PORTRAIT OF?"
He. "CAN'T SAY, BUT THE TITLE IS, 'READY FOR THE BATH.'"

THIRTY MINUTES LATE.

WALLFLOWERS in the station-master's garden,
Please, your pardon,
But I've waited for the train for nearly five-and-twenty minutes,
And I've seen our only porter shoo the little olive linnets
From the apple-blossom's petals,
While the smooth and shiny metals
Run all empty up and down,
To and from the Town of London—London Town,
And what else is there to do
If I may not talk to you?

Now there's something in your restful yellow tawny,
Soft and lawny-
Looking faces that can calm a rather righteous irritation,
And your scent, with tar and sunshine, fills our humble little station
With a country smell and proper
That distillers never stopper,
And that gold could never buy,
Though you search the shops of London till you die;
For 'tis home and May and mirth,
So 'tis all that's best on earth!

"Mr. Villiers Stanley, as Crawford the villain of the piece, and Miss Beatrice Western, as the villainess, were rewarded for their efforts by many kisses from the audience, which showed that they acted their respective parts to the life."—*Gloucestershire Chronicle.*

Alas for an age where vice is so popular.

THE MOUSE TRAP.

"You never can tell," said the girl who helped in the Flat, "when a man 's going to mike a fool of 'isself. Some on 'em does it young—I 've known a tidy few like that, comin' messin' about the 'ouse, or oglin' the front door, or tryin' to mike love to the parlour winders when they fancy you 're a-settin' be'ind them, and you ain't near the plice. It seems a silly wye to go on, don't it, but they will do it and you can't 'elp yerself. Then there 's others, old men, I mean, that 's gone on all their lives mikin' money—ah, and investin' of it too—and gettin' their 'eads bald with all the wise things they 've bin plannin' at, and it all goes pop sudden-like jest as if they 'd bin a bottle o' ginger beer and all the 'idden foolishness comes foamin' out. If you don't stop 'em in time they 'll go on till they 're empty.

"We 've 'ad a example o' that in our own fam'ly, and the man as give the example was Uncle Bill. O' course you 'd never 'a' thought it of 'im, 'e 's that venrable-lookin', with a great gold chain 'angin' acrorst 'is weskit and a long black coat and shiny boots. You can always tell with your eyes shut when Uncle Bill 's walkin' anywhere, 'is boots creak so. Father says a small 'ouse ain't no good to Uncle Bill. 'E wants a palis to show 'isself orf in, bein' sich a creaker as 'e is. But there, when you come to be a matter o' seventeen stone you must 'ave a bit o' shoe leather under you to keep you up, and a man as 'as got 'ouse property and money put away I reckon e' can afford to mike a noise and nobody ain't goin' to throw it up in their fices, as the sayin' is. Besides, Uncle Bill 's gettin' on in life. Father says more 'n sixty autumns 'as passed over 'is 'ead and took what 's left of 'is 'air; but Uncle don't mind. 'E used to say 'e 's never wanted to be nothin' but a bacheldore, and as 'e 's never gone courtin' e' 'asn't 'ad to worry 'isself about lookin' as smart as some.

"Since we 'ad that little trouble about the Montynegroes we 'adn't seen much of Uncle, and we didn't know what 'e 'd bin up to. 'Owever last Sunday mornin' 'e sends a letter round to mother sayin' as 'e 'll come round and drink a cup o' tea if agreeable, and there was a poscrip marked 'privit and confident' to say 'e was 'opin' to bring some one with him, but 'e won't tell mother 'oo it is till they meet fice to fice, when 'e 's sure they 'll mike a good impression on theirselves. As soon as she reads it mother shouts out, 'The ole fool 's bin got 'old of by one o' them designers—I know the sort—and she 'll 'ave the banns called afore we can lift a 'and to save 'im.' Father larfed and said, if so, it was a judgment on Uncle Bill for not 'avin' bin married afore; but, any'ow, mother oughtn't to 'oller before she knew; p'raps Uncle Bill was meanin' to bring the Duke o' Devonshire or the Archbishop o' Canterbury to 'ave a taste o' mother's tea-kikes. Father always is one for 'is jokes when 'e 's in a good temper.

"Well, when tea-time come we was all on the gog, as you may say, and we 'adn't bin settin' there for moro 'n a minnit afore we 'eard Uncle Bill's boots a-creakin', with another pair o' boots pit-pattin' along with 'em. ''Oo was right?' says mother; but she couldn't say no more, for Uncle Bill come in and walks up to mother and says quick and whisperin' like, 'I 've brought Miss Mumbles. She 's—well, you 'll see what she is when you see 'er. You and 'er 's sure to 'it it orf.'

"'Bring 'er in,' says mother quite proud and cold, and Uncle goes out and fetches Miss Mumbles in. My eye, but she was one for colours—dark blue silk dress and red ribbons and a 'at with a long feather and a grey perlisse—you never see sich a set-out. Forty if she was a day she was, but she 'ad a fine 'igh colour and larfed very pleasant and took 'er tea with 'er gloves on jest like a lidy.

"At first there warn't no talk—jest a word or two about the 'orrid weather, and what would the Suffragettes be up to next, and 'ow well the Queen was lookin'; but arter a bit father began to dror out Uncle Bill, and 'e set to work on 'is politics in fine style, and father pertendin' to agree with 'im, and Miss Mumbles settin' there and admirin' 'im. At last Uncle Bill begun to think 'e was mikin' a speech and 'e banged on the table and opened 'is mouth, and before you could say 'pip' 'is false teeth, the 'ole set of 'em, dropped out on the table in front of 'im. 'You 've lorst your mouse-trap, Bill,' says father, and Uncle Bill ketches 'em up and pops 'em in agin. But 'e was too late. Miss Mumbles 'ad seen 'em, and she give a shriek and called out that she never could a-bear false teeth, and then she goes orf into 'igh strikes. 'Ow we got 'er and Uncle Bill away I can't rightly say, but Uncle come round the next day and told mother 'e 'd done with women, and if 'e 'd known 'ow false they was 'e 'd never 'a' took up with 'em. It made father larf till 'e cried. 'E ain't got over it yet."

FUTILITY.

Now dawns the annual poetic prime,
When, for some reason, every bardic breast
Thrills to a flow of fresh and fruitful rhyme,
And be it said, to some extent, that I 'm
No better than the rest.

I too, like these, would make the echoes ring;
Like theirs, my fleeting hopes wax free and fine;
Only, as soon as I begin to sing,
My Muse inevitably runs to Spring;
And there I draw the line.

Whate'er the theme by which my heart is stirred,
Epic or excerpt from the Daily Press,
It matters not; before I write one word,
Thoughts of a cuckoo or some silly bird
Doom me to nothingness.

And, tho' I crush them down and strive for hours
To turn my well-known grace and famous ease
On to the job in hand, my noblest powers
Are chilled by a stern need to sing of flowers
Or, just as likely, trees.

'Tis a strange thing, this influence in the air;
In point of fact, this month that men call sweet
Makes no appeal to me. I do not care
For the young growth that others hold so fair,
Or birds, except to eat.

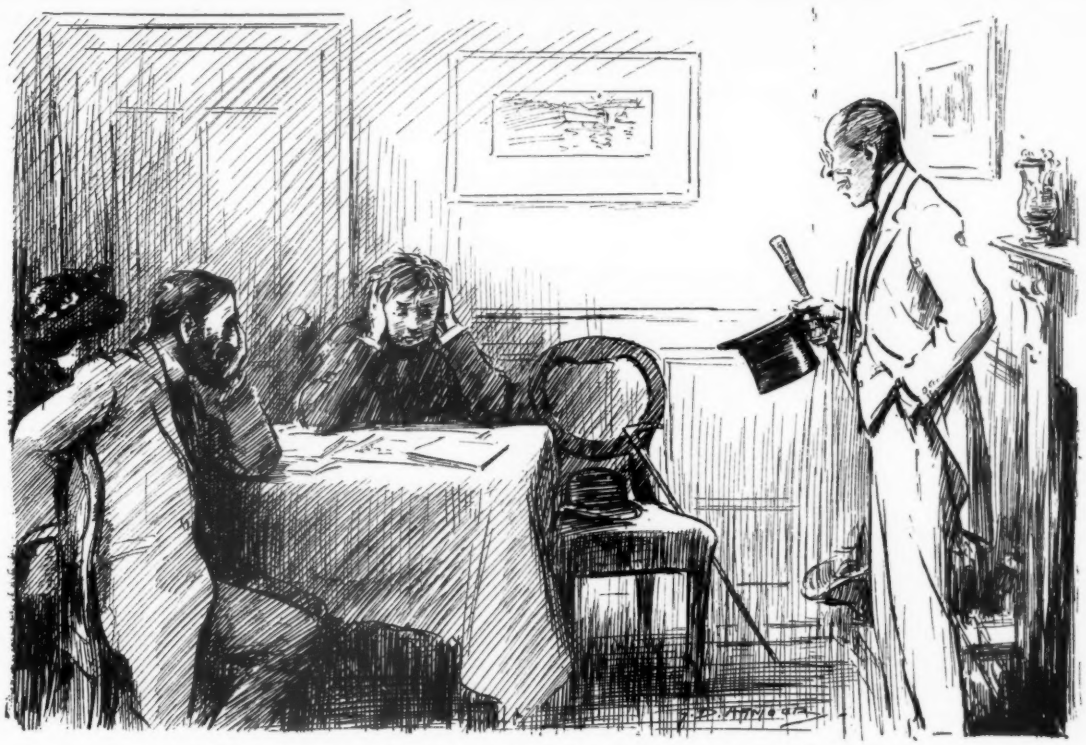
But there the fact remains. With each new day
I want to sing; I feel inclined to soar;
And when my dearest dreams are thrown away
I am annoyed. I find much fault with May
For putting in her oar.

To give a poet's Muse an upward shove,
Then hold her down, is neither good nor wise;
Of course there still remains the topic, Love;
But that 's the very subject which, above
All others, I despise.

Dum-Dum.

"Lady Catherine de Burgh regarded the world below her own as all alike. Mr. Collins and Emma were alike underbred in her eyes."—*Spectator*.

Ah, why didn't Jane Austen record for us the historic meeting between *Lady Catherine* and *Emma*? Or was only the Editor of *The Spectator* present?



("A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.")

JONES HAS JUST MADE ONE OF HIS BEST JOKES IN A DENTIST'S WAITING-ROOM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

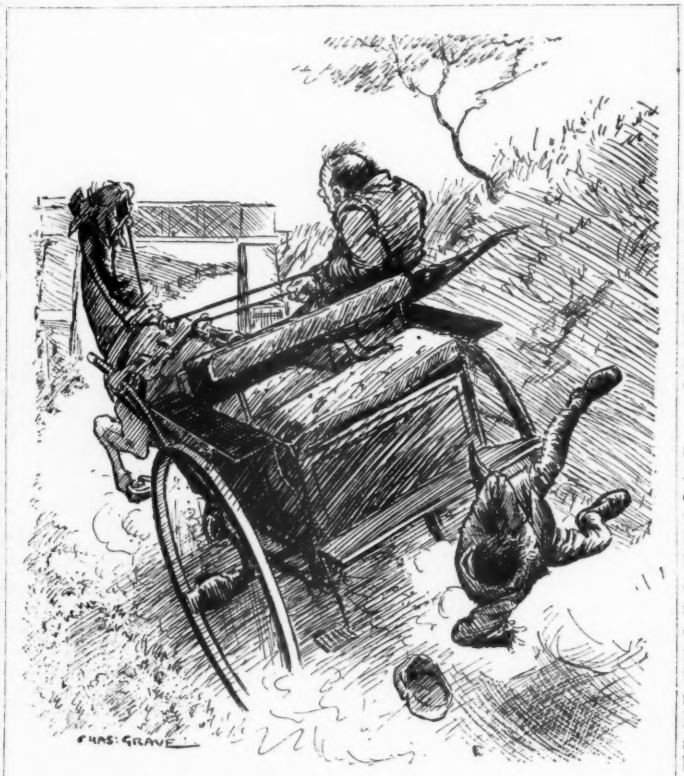
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AMONG writers of good fiction I should call that clever lady, Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE, the most entirely feminist. Mothers are perhaps her favourites, but in all her stories *Place aux Dames* is the prevailing motto. I found this note as strong as ever in her latest, though at first sight you would naturally expect a book called *Michael Ferrys* (SMITH ELDER) to be chiefly about *Michael Ferrys*. Later you find that it is much more about the women who were in love with him. There were three of these, or four if you include the rather battered sentiment of *Mrs. Carseleigh*—an admirably suggested character, by the way, whom I should have liked in greater detail. The others were *Winefride*, to whom he was engaged, her young sister *Thekla*, and *Edith*, who loved him most of all, and should have secured the prize if I had been consulted. But you must not imagine *Michael* himself to be a mere lay figure. Far from it. The struggles of this ingenuous and engaging young millionaire between love and honesty are admirably true and human. The trouble was that *Winefride* came of an old Catholic house, and couldn't marry *Michael* unless he moved over to her own faith. *Michael* had no religion at all, except a kindly optimism, and wouldn't pretend, even to marry the lady of his heart. You observe that the author has here a difficult and delicate task; I think no one could find offence in her treatment of it, which is both fair and honest. I liked the last pages enormously; they are a model in the art of suggestion and restraint. A pleasant story, laid among somewhat graver issues than most, but none the less attractive.

If the author of *The Ambassadress* (HEINEMANN) had not assured us that his name is WILLIAM WRIOTHESLEY, one might have suspected him of belonging to another gender, so womanly is his interest in his heroine's tea-gowns (a "lovely loose-draped diaphanous thing," "a long loose drapery thing"), and so marked is his lack of reticence on sex-matters. Indeed, one story that he wantonly drags in is of so strange an impropriety that it must have escaped his pen in a moment of extreme emasculation. The scenes are chiefly laid in Berlin, where Mr. WRIOTHESLEY seems to have had a nodding acquaintance with Embassy circles. Of side-lights on their official aspect we get little, but a great deal of gossip on the part of the womenfolk, whose wit, if we may judge by samples, he sadly overrates. A cosmopolitan (he has visited Venice and even gone so far afield as the Acropolis), he enjoys a greater command of foreign tags of speech than of his own language, in which he permits himself certain solecisms—"acquiescence to," "accredited" for "credited," "to lay off her things." But a worse blot on the book is the character of the alleged "hero," *Prince Lichtenfeld*. One would not have minded his being so preposterous a cad if he had not shattered our faith in two delightful and intelligent women, *Alexa*, and her stepmother the British *Ambassadress*; for it was past belief that the one should fall in love with him and the other approve him as an eligible. *Ronalds*, of the American Embassy, is a pleasant utility man for whom the *Ambassadress* cultivates a Platonic affection not without its charm, if only they had subjected it to rather less analysis. Indeed, all through his book the author encourages his people to talk too much, and then at the end makes up for lost time by compressing into a single chapter the solution of his problem, based on

the fable that "Ambassadors' daughters never marry." Here, her poor little brother *Paul*, an attractive figure, has at the shortest notice to be paralysed in a motor accident for the too obvious reason that *Alexa* must somehow secure a mission in life, if only as an amateur nurse. Apart from the freshness of its scenes, Mr. WRIOTHESLEY'S work has the merit of promise rather than of achievement.

"Pipe on, Master Chance: be it sad or gay, I'll trip to your measure." So the old play, quoted by AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE on the title-page of their *Chance the Piper* (SMITH, ELDER). But let me at once relieve the anxiety of the public, or, as I suppose will be the case with some, disappoint their hopes. There are no rag-time measures in this book. The stories belong chiefly to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to the times of the Fire of London and LOUIS LE BIEN-AIMÉ, of the French Wars and the Revolution. Their *motifs* are love and hate and jealousy and revenge, in the days when duels were as courtly as the Pavane, and aristocrats shuddered at the sound of the *Marseillaise;* when French prisoners in English gaols consoled themselves with flute and fiddle, and mournful night winds made Aeolian music on gibbet chains at bleak cross-roads. Later on there are three that belong to times nearer our own—two in which the piping of *Chance* leads to battle-fields in China and South Africa; and one, an Irish story, told in a brogue that might have come from the pen of SYNGE or Lady GREGORY, that begins with a wake and ends with a wedding jig. This last is, I think, the best in the book, not only because of its fidelity to truth in the dialect, but because it is so unlike the authors' usual work, as far as it is known to me. That perhaps sounds rather an Irish compliment. But what I mean is that the way in which they have seized the true Irish spirit, as well as the true Irish talk, proves once more the versatility of their gifts.



Farmer. "'OP OUT, 'ENERY, AND CATCH 'OLD OF HIS 'EAD."

I remember being greatly pleased some time ago with a book called *The Little Green Gate*; and now here are my own words of praise confronting me from the page opposite the title of Miss STELLA CALLAGHAN'S new story, *Vision* (CONSTABLE). Naturally therefore I read *Vision* with an interest almost paternal. I may say at once that the result was by no means disappointing; Miss CALLAGHAN has again shewn her power of writing an unusual story with grace and insight. Perhaps the story itself is a little more conventional than its predecessor; the young poet and dreamer in contact with an unsympathetic world is a figure not altogether new to fiction; but I question if he has ever been portrayed with more understanding. *Antony Wyatt* is his name. You are shown him in childhood, an alien in the home of his bewildered and exasperated parents; at school, the favourite of the one master who understands him, and who takes him in the holidays to the beautiful old house Glayde, where he meets the girl who is to play her appointed part in his making. Throughout it is of course the figure of *Antony*, appealing in his youth and dreams, for whom your sympathy is demanded; though for my own part I confess to sparing a little for the ordinary persons whom he bewildered. At the end, having abandoned or been deserted by everyone, he "turned exultant to face life." We are never told how; and I felt here a little like the parson and his wife in *Candida*, about whom the stage-direction says, if I recall it rightly, "They do not know the secret of the poet's heart." Still, these uncertainties and even some villainously careless punctuation could not spoil my enjoyment of a very charming story.

I should feel more than a little jealous of the *Earl of Sussex* in *A City of the Plain* (CONSTABLE) were I able altogether to believe in him. He had been "Captain of Oppidans at Eton, Senior something else at Christchurch," and had passed first into Sandhurst, a triple feat I find hard to swallow, although I have his wife's word for it. I am really sorry for this because he was one of the few people in the book who did not seem to talk too much and do too little. Reams and reams of dialogue have no terrors for Mr. HORACE CARADOC, who doesn't seem to mind how much the loquacity of his characters impedes the movement of his story. The struggle between a very Protestant squarson and a young High Church parson (who ultimately joins the Church of Rome) is not without interest, but I should have squeezed more enjoyment from it if Mr. CARADOC'S sympathies with the younger man had not been so obviously paraded. Rarely has a more insufferable prig than the *Rev. Sir Lucius Marples* been drawn in fiction, and the best that I can say for him is that to give him a cobbler with no morals for his chief champion in the fight was to handicap him unmercifully.

"In consequence of the flooding of the Severn, the Worcestershire cricket ground is now submerged by six feet of water. The members of the team are, therefore, unable to practise on it."
Daily News and Leader.

Slackers.

CHARIVARIA.

READY SHORTLY—"The Marconi Affair in a Nutshell," by Messrs. GARVIN and MAXSE. 968 pages, *fol.*

* * *

"THE BERLIN WEDDING.
BALKAN AFFAIRS WILL PROBABLY BE DISCUSSED."

Thus a contemporary, and it may be a useful hint to bridegrooms, who wonder what to talk about when awaiting the arrival of the bride.

* * *

The same newspaper, in "A Chronicle of the Bank Rate," informs us that in 1894 it stood at 2 per cent. for 931 days. Why worry about Daylight Saving when such things are possible?

* * *

In consequence of a suggestion that Suffragettes should be deported to St. Helena, a lady, we understand, is proposing to go and blow up the little island with a bomb.

* * *

The destruction, attributed to militants, of the organ at Penn parish church is supposed to be an act of revenge for the attempted suppression of their own organ, *The Suffragette*.

* * *

"A man," says Lady CARLISLE, "who forsakes us because militants throw chrysanthemum pots at him at a flower-show is not a stable politician." Nor, we should say, is he a pot-house politician.

* * *

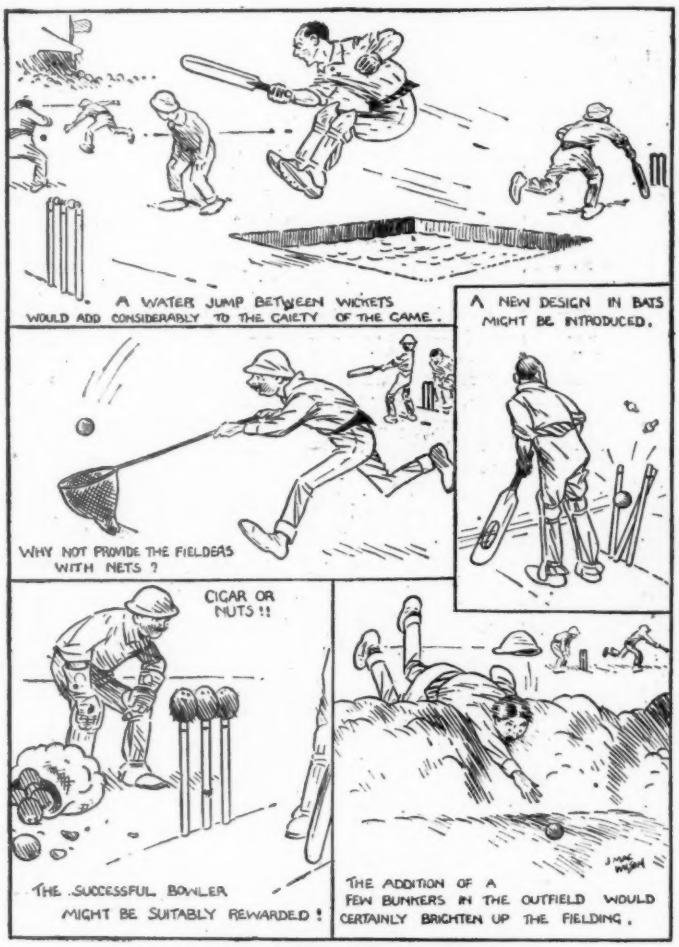
Two nurses selected for an appointment under the Lowestoft Guardians have declined on the ground that the workhouse, which is three miles from the town, is too far away. It is thought probable that rather than incur the expense of moving the workhouse to the town the Guardians will select two other nurses.

* * *

A four-in-hand coach was sold at ALDRIDGE'S the other day for four guineas. But there is no truth in the report that the purchaser tried to repudiate his bargain on finding that it did not include the horses.

* * *

Dr. Ross has written a book on *The Reduction of Domestic Flies*. In some parts of the country we believe they are down to sixpence a hundred.



HOW TO BRIGHTEN CRICKET.

The City Press has discovered a fowl run on the top of Market Buildings, Mincing Lane. There are, of course, several pigeon runs on the Stock Exchange.

* * *

Statistics show that the population of British prisons is rapidly declining, and there is some talk of taking paying guests at some of these comfortable hostelries.

* * *

"Make things more comfortable at home so that your husband will not want to go out and see the other young woman," was the advice given by the Acton magistrate last week to a young wife. This seems dangerous counsel, as the husband's idea of comfort might embrace week-end visits from the "other young woman."

* * *

Letters continue to be written protesting against the insertion of advertisements in novels as an indignity to authors. When the advertisement recommends the readers of the novel to try somebody's headache powders, it sounds almost like a deliberate insult.

* * *

Having caught a cold, Mr. PLOWDEN, the Marylebone magistrate, was unable to return to London from Monte Carlo last week. We understand that, when this popular magistrate is away, business at once falls off at his court.

* * *

The surgical bureau of the New York police department has proposed that the force shall have an official chiropodist. This looks as if a serious effort is to be made at last to reduce the size of policemen's feet.

A Lenten Diet.

"OUR SPECIAL FILLING FAST."
"*Daily News*" *Headline.*

Just the thing when the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

"*How dreadful is this place.* This melodious, thoroughly diatonic little piece . . . is specially adapted for the dedication of a church."—*Musical Times.*

This is a hard saying.

"'He's going down in the hoist,' said a man hurrying past me down the stairs.
'Who?' said I, regardless of grammar."
"*Borderer*" *in* "*The Glasgow News.*"

It must be terrible when he really begins to be grammatical.

Things our Readers didn't know. No. 137.

"'There is a time in the affairs of men which taken at the ebb leads on to fame and fortune.' This is a well known quotation."
Manor Advocate.

ON THE BAT'S BACK.

WITH the idea of brightening cricket, my friend Twyford has given me a new bat. I have always felt that, in my own case, it was the inadequacy of the weapon rather than of the man behind it which accounted for a certain monotony of low-scoring; with this new bat I hope to prove the correctness of my theory.

My old bat has always been a trier, but of late it has been manifestly past its work. Again and again its drive over long-off's head has failed to carry the bunker at mid-off. More than once it has proved itself an inch too narrow to ensure that cut-past-third-man-to-the-boundary which is considered one of the most graceful strokes in my repertoire. Worst of all, I have found it at moments of crisis (such as the beginning of the first over) utterly inadequate to deal with the ball which keeps low. When bowled by such a ball—and I may say that I am never bowled by any other—I look reproachfully at the bottom of my bat as I walk back to the pavilion. "Surely," I say to it, "you were much longer than this when we started out?"

Perhaps it was not magnanimous always to put the blame on my partner for our accidents together. It would have been more chivalrous to have shielded him. "No, no," I should have said to my companions as they received me with sympathetic murmurs of "Bad luck,"—"no, no, you mustn't think that. It was my own fault. Don't reproach the bat." It would have been well to have spoken thus; and indeed, when I had had time to collect myself, I did so speak. But out on the field, in the first shame of defeat, I had to let the truth come out. That one reproachful glance at my bat I could not hide.

But there was one habit of my bat's—a weakness of old age, I admit, but not the less annoying—about which it was my duty to let all the world know. One's grandfather may have a passion for the gum on the back of postage-stamps, and one hushes it up; but if he be deaf the visitor must be warned. My bat had a certain looseness in the shoulder, so that, at any quick movement of it, it clicked. If I struck the ball well and truly in the direction of point this defect did not matter; but if the ball went past me into the hands of the wicket-keeper an unobservant bowler would frequently say, "How's that?" And an ill-informed umpire would reply, "Out." It was my duty before the game began to take the visiting umpire on one side and give him a practical demonstration of the click . . .

But these are troubles of the past. I have my new bat now, and I can see that cricket will become a different game for me. My practice of this morning has convinced me of this. It was not one of your stupid practices at the net, with two burly professionals bumping down balls at your body and telling you to come out to them, Sir. It was a quiet practice in my rooms after breakfast, with no moving object to distract my attention and spoil my stroke. The bat comes up well. It is light, and yet there is plenty of wood in it. Its drives along the carpet were excellent; its cuts and leg glides all that could be wished. I was a little disappointed with its half-arm hook, which dislodged a teacup and gave what would have been an easy catch to mid-on standing close in by the sofa; but I am convinced that a little oil will soon put that right.

And yet there seemed to be something lacking in it. After trying every stroke with it; after tucking it under my arm and walking back to the bathroom, touching my cap at the pianola on the way; after experiments with it in all positions, I still felt that there was something wanting to make it the perfect bat. So I put it in a cab and went round with it to Henry. Henry has brightened first-class cricket for some years now.

"Tell me, Henry," I said, "what's wrong with this bat?"

"It seems all right," he said, after waving it about. "Rather a good one."

I laid it down on the floor and looked at it. Then I turned it on its face and looked at it. And then I knew.

"It wants a little silver shield on the back," I said. "That's it."

"Why, is it a presentation bat?" asked Henry.

"In a sense, yes. It was presented to me by Twyford."

"What for?"

"Really," I said modestly, "I hardly like——Why do people give one things? Affection, Henry; pity, generosity—er——"

"Are you going to put that on the shield? 'Presented out of sheer pity to——'"

"Don't be silly; of course not. I shall put 'Presented in commemoration of his masterly double century against the Authentics,' or something like that. You've no idea how it impresses the wicket-keeper. He really sees quite a lot of the back of one's bat."

"Your inscription," said Henry, as he filled his pipe slowly, "will be either a lie or extremely unimpressive."

"It will be neither, Henry. If I put my own name on it, and talked about *my* double century, of course it would be a lie; but the inscription will be to Stanley Bolland."

"Who's he?"

"I don't know. I've just made him up. But now, supposing my little shield says, 'Stanley Bolland. H.P.C.C.—Season 1912. Batting average 116·34.'—how is that a lie?"

"What does H.P.C.C. stand for?"

"I don't know. It doesn't mean anything really. I'll leave out 'Batting average' if it makes it more truthful. 'Stanley Bolland. H.P.C.C., 1912. 116·34.' It's really just a little note I make on the back of my bat to remind me of something or other I've forgotten. 116·34 is probably Bolland's telephone number or the size of something I want at his shop. But by a pure accident the wicket-keeper thinks it means something else; and he tells the bowler at the end of the over that it's that chap Bolland who had an average of over a century for the Hampstead Polytechnic last year. Of course that makes the bowler nervous and he starts sending down long-hops."

"I see," said Henry; and he began to read his paper again.

So to-morrow I take my bat to the silversmith's, and have a little engraved shield fastened on. Of course with a really trustworthy weapon I am certain to collect pots of runs this season. But there is no harm in making things as easy as possible for oneself.

And yet there is this to be thought of. Even the very best bat in the world may fail to score, and it might so happen that I was dismissed (owing to some defect in the pitch) before my silver shield had time to impress the opposition. Or again, I might (through ill-health) perform so badly that quite a wrong impression of the standard of the Hampstead Polytechnic would be created, an impression which I should hate to be the innocent means of circulating.

So on second thoughts I lean to a different inscription. On the back of my bat a plain silver shield will say quite simply this:—

To

STANLEY BOLLAND,

FOR SAVING LIFE AT SEA.

FROM A FEW ADMIRERS.

Thus I shall have two strings to my bow. And if, by any unhappy chance, I fail as a cricketer, the wicket-keeper will say to his comrades as I walk sadly to the pavilion, "A poor bat perhaps, but a brave—a very brave fellow."

It becomes us all this season to make at least one effort to brighten cricket.

A. A. M.



UNDER HIS MASTER'S EYE.

SCENE—*Mediterranean, on board the Admiralty yacht "Enchantress."*

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "ANY HOME NEWS?"

MR. ASQUITH. "HOW CAN THERE BE WITH YOU HERE?"



Burglar (about to decamp with actress's diamonds). "DON'T RING, LADY. JUST THINK OF THE ADVERTISEMENT I'M GIVING YOU."

THE FOOD OF LOVE.

[Regular and hearty meals are recommended as a cure for love-sickness.]

THERE 's a weight on my day that is crushing me slowly but surely,
On my night there 's a burden that seems evermore to increase,
And I come, oh! my dear, tho' I 'm feeling excessively poorly,
To appeal to your sense of proportion for timely release.

From the day that you answered me "No," with apparent conviction
(And you haven't a ghost of a notion how frightful it feels),
I have turned, in the sinking that comes of internal affliction,
To the tonic and solace of hearty and regular meals.

In the morning I rise with a heart that is empty and hollow
To the task of sustaining myself through a profitless day,
But a fish and a steak, with some eggs, and an apple to follow,
Are but ashes within me as soon as I 've put them away.

So I dwindle till luncheon, when sorrow has made me voracious,
And again I endure till the afternoon teacake and cup;
While, altho' I go nap at a dinner both ample and spacious,
The depression is on me before I can decently sup.

Very hard, oh! my dear, is the day; but the night-time is harder,
For I tumble in dreams and my slumbers are broken and short;
If I walk in my sleep I unerringly go to the larder,
So intense is the natural outcry of love for support.

It is thus for two months that I 've striven to conquer my passion;
Not a meal have I missed nor a dish; but I honestly vow
That however the treatment has dulled my despair, in a fashion,
I would sooner see you than my dinner, my love, even now.

So I pray you give ear to my pleading, for, little by little,
I 'm acquiring, I fear, an habitual longing to eat;
And e'en now, for a man who was never a slave to his victual,
I 'm distressingly partial to pastry and things that are sweet.

Then be kindly, my dear, or I tremble to think of the issue,
Of the end, if you cannot relent, that is looming in sight;
You were ever opposed to a superabundance of tissue,
And already I 've gone up a stone and my boots are too tight.

DUM-DUM.

Life's Little Difficulties.

"Sir,—Can any of your readers give me a remedy for a horse's eye which got hurt? The eye has got a blue colour now, and I should like to get something to take the yellow colour away."

Letter in "The Farmers' Weekly."

The following letter has been received from Nigeria by a Shipping Company:—

"Dear Sir,—Having your name in illustrious that you are good merchant as I heard I needed to be one of your illustrated customer. Please endeavour best to sent me one of your illustrated catalogue, and you will know that I am a faithfully customer.

I am, Your illustrated customer.

Please send it to me by urgently."

BOYS OF THE DAY.

[*The Daily Mail* recently reported a horrid occurrence: a ten-year-old boy saved up his money and ran away TO school.]

THE Headmaster rose to his feet and glared down the long schoolroom. "Silence! If I hear a single boy repeating a Greek paradigm I will make an example of him. I must hear that clock tick before I proceed. I had hoped, in recognition of Cogger's success at Oxford—nine wickets for fourteen runs—to have given you an extra half-work-day, but unfortunately my black list for the week is an exceedingly long one. The moral tone of the school is deplorably low. For example, we have Blimmer, a fifth form boy—stand up, Blimmer, so that your schoolfellows may behold an unhealthy specimen of youthful depravity—well, yesterday afternoon I found Blimmer had absconded from his duties on the cricket field and was concealed in a class-room furtively reading a Greek play. (A murmur of horror.) You may well be surprised. I have tried gentle means with Blimmer. An hour's extra play-time proved useless. The compulsory whole holiday I gave him last week was not a sufficient warning. Now there remains nothing but severe physical chastisement. (A short but painful interval.) And I warn you, Blimmer, if you do not amend your ways I have further penalties in store for you. The very next time you neglect your sports you shall be sent home for your holidays a month before the time. (Blimmer bursts into tears and promises reformation.)

"Now I have a serious complaint to make about certain boys in the Fourth Modern. They are allowed pocket-money by their kindly parents. Instead of spending it, as their parents intended, at what I believe is known in common parlance as the tuckshop, I find that they have been wasting their money on an anti-tobacco society and a home for reformed convicts. They have proved themselves unworthy of their financial trust. In future the Fourth Modern will accompany their form-master to the tuck-shop. He will spend their money for them on succulent comestibles, and see that every particle is consumed forthwith on the premises.

"I have now a painful case of a Lower School boy to deal with. Miggles Minor, stand up in your place. Only this morning I detected Miggles in tears. On enquiring whether his county had been beaten or whether he suffered from some slight indisposition he admitted to me that he was crying because it was only two months to the holidays. I will maintain a bright and cheerful spirit in this school even if I have to flog every boy in it. You, Miggles, unworthy scion of honoured parents, you weep, do you, because you have to return to the progenitors who guarded your infancy. I will drive away those unhallowed tears. (Short interval, during which hallowed tears are substituted.)

"And I have one more remark to make which concerns the general moral tone of the school rather than that of individuals. Passing behind the wall of the cricket field yesterday on my way to take my customary constitutional, I overheard several of you conversing. I need not say that I did not deliberately listen. Involuntarily the sounds impressed themselves on my auditory organs. I heard myself spoken of as 'the dear Doctor' and 'our revered Headmaster.' One group of you was discussing German theories of the authorship of the Homeric poems. Another group was deep in the question of the urgency of the vote for feminine householders. I passed on, and in mental retrospect looked back to the palmy days of our school, when boys alluded to me in private as 'Old Konk'—in reference, I believe, to my nasal organ—when the conversations I overheard dealt with the serious things of life, the average of C. B. FRY or the records of Aston Villa. I feel pained, deeply pained, to think that present-day boys are not maintaining the high traditions of Dulham School. If this continues I give you fair and ample warning that the school has ceased to fulfil its useful educational functions, and shall advise the Governors that it be incontinently closed. You may well weep—but the future rests entirely with yourselves."



Scout Sentry. "VERY WELL, MADAM, I'LL LET YOU THROUGH; BUT I WARN YOU THE 'LIONS' ARE IN THE WOOD AND HAVE THE RIGHT TO SEARCH YOU."

WILL POWER.

WE were talking about a recent article in *Punch*, describing the new profession of unsettler, the man who brings various forms of pressure to bear on the tenant of a nice house, so that he leaves and the house is available for the unsettler's employer.

"That's all very well," said the hostess; "but there's a more efficient and more gentlemanly way than that. And," she added significantly and not without triumph, "I happen to know."

She sat at the head of the table in the old farm-house. "Modernised," as the agents have it. That is to say, the rightful occupiers—the simple yeomen—had gone for ever and well-to-do artistic Londoners had made certain changes to fit it for a week-end retreat. Where the country folk for whom all these and smaller cottages were built now live, who shall say? But not here. The exterior is often still the same, but inside, instead of the plain furniture of the peasantry, one finds wicker lounges, novels and cigarettes.

This particular farm-house was charming. An ingle-nook, Morris furniture, Morris curtains, an etching or two, a sprinkling of advanced books, and where once had been a gun-rack a Della Robbia Madonna.

"It's delightful," I said; adding, as one always does, "How *did* you get to hear of it?"

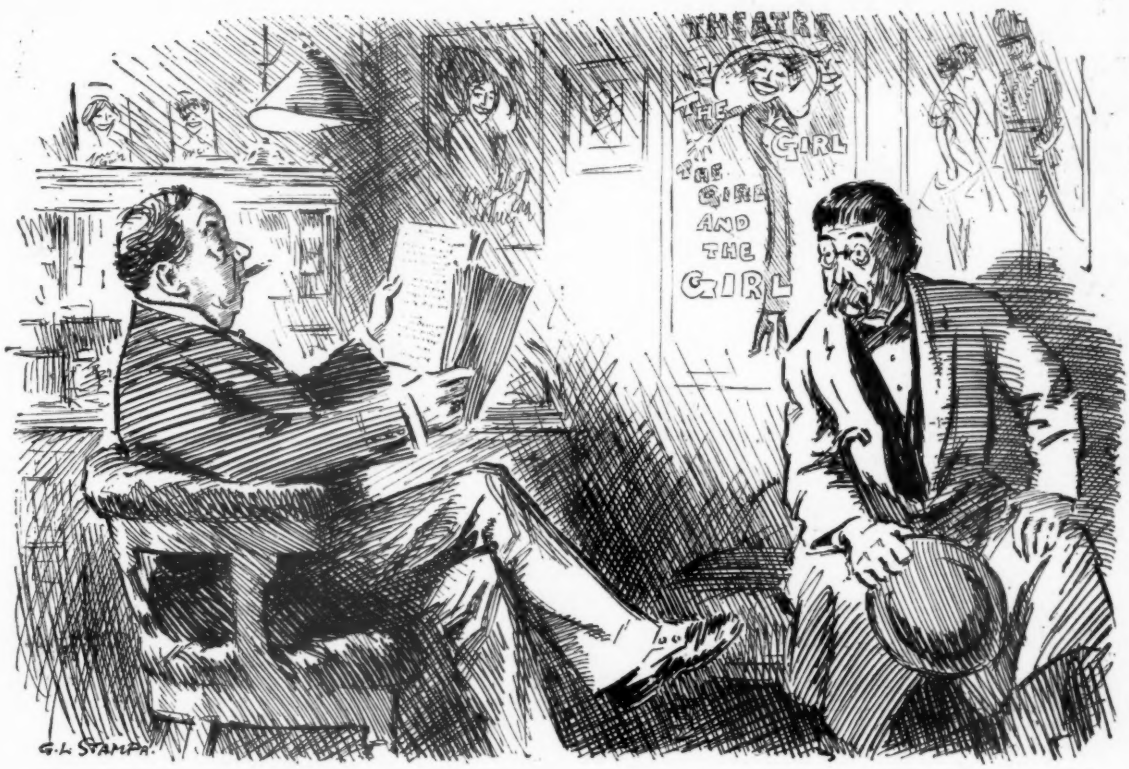
"Hearing of it wasn't difficult," she said, "because we had a cottage near here. The trouble was to get it."

"It wasn't empty, then?" I replied.

"No. There was a Mr. Broom here. We asked him if he wanted to go, and he said No. We made him an offer and he refused. He was most unreasonable."

I agreed: "Most."

"So there was nothing for it but to will his departure."



Dramatic Author. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY PLAY?"
Manager. "D'YOU WANT TO KNOW MY REAL OPINION OF IT?" *Author (stoutly).* "I'M PREPARED FOR THE WORST."
Manager (handing him the MS.). "THAT'S WHERE YOU AUTHORS HAVE THE PULL OF US. *I WASN'T!*"

"Will?"

"Yes. Concentrated our thoughts on his giving notice, and invited our friends to do the same. I wrote scores of letters all round, saying, 'Please, if you love us, will that Mr. Broom vacates the Manor Farm.' I asked them to make a special effort on the night of March 18th, at 11 o'clock, when we should all be free. And they did."

"Well?" I asked.

"Well, you'll hardly believe it—and I shan't be a bit vexed if you don't—but on the morning of the 20th of March, I had a letter from Mr. Broom saying that he had decided to leave, and we could have the first call on his house. It was too wonderful. I don't mind confessing that I felt a little ashamed. I felt it had been too easy."

"It is certainly a dangerous power," I said.

"Well," she continued, "I hurried round to see him before he could change his mind. 'Do you really want to leave?' I asked him. 'Yes,' he said. 'Why?' I asked. 'Well,' he said, 'I can't tell you why. I don't know. All I know is that all of a sudden I have got tired and feel vaguely that I want a change. I am quite sure I am making a mistake and I'll never find so good a place; but there it is; I'm going.' I assure you I felt for a moment inclined to back out altogether and advise him to stay on. I was even half disposed to tell him the truth. But I pulled myself together and put the temptation behind me. And—well, here we are!"

"It's amazing," I said. "You must either have very strong-minded friends, or the stars have played very oddly into your hands, or both."

"Yes," she said; "but there's a little difficulty. One has to be so careful in this life."

"One has," I fervently agreed. "But what is it?"

"Some of my friends," she explained, "didn't quite play the game. Instead of willing, as I explicitly told them, that Mr. Broom should leave the Manor Farm, they willed merely that Mr. Broom should leave his house, and the result is that all kinds of Mr. Brooms all over the country have been giving notice. I heard of another only this morning. Our Mr. Broom's brother was one. It's a very perilous as well as a useful gift, you see. But we've got the farm, and that's the main thing."

"It couldn't be in better hands," I said. "For the moment, I mean. I am looking out for just such a place myself. Take care. Willing is a game that two can play at."

"You don't mean——?" she said.

"I do, most certainly," I replied.

And I did. And now I am busy making a list of my most really obstinate, pushful friends to help me.

"Claude Gray, playing over his course at Beckenham on Saturday, May 3rd, holed out the eighth in one. The hole measures 22 yards, and the shot was played with a driving iron."—*Golfing.*

We should have taken our putter.

"Trinity College (London) Examination, in Skating takes place on Saturday afternoon, and Saturday, Thursday, and Wednesday evenings."—*Newbury Weekly News.*

A stirring example to the older Universities.

MR. PUNCH'S ACADEMY ENCOURAGEMENTS.

(Being a composite plagiarism of some of his contemporaries.)

WITH more than usual pleasure we lament the mediocrity of this year's Academy. Having discharged so far the cheerful duty of the critic let us pick out the few canvases that do not cater for the ignorant taste of a sensation-seeking public. Foremost, we must acclaim the really superb work of Mr. Fannis Belturp, *A Wet Night in St. Pancras (East)*. The sheer mastery of no effect whatever in this elusive and nugatory canvas marks it as the picture of the year. Mr. Belturp has scorned the mere camera trick of showing us the rain-swept pavement, the flicker of street lights on muddy pools, the huddled pedestrians, the suggestion of firelight through closely-drawn curtains, that disfigure Mr. Habbs Polthorp's treatment of a similar subject in *Summer Memories, 1912*. Mr. Belturp has been content to show us nothing at all but the mastery of his brush over his observation—and we are grateful to him.

Realism can only be welcome when it is as loftily treated as in Mr. Stirlwing's *Rise or Fall?—a Wire from Throgmorton Street*. Where few artists could resist the temptation to pander to sensationalism, Mr. Stirlwing (who as a brilliant contributor to the Unionist Press is equally facile with his pen as his brush) has kept austerely to his verities. The scene of this historic picture is an interrupted Cabinet Meeting. A secretary has entered with a telegram, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL opens the envelope with trembling hands. (We remember nothing so masterly as this tremble since CARLOTTI'S great picture, in the 1896 Salon, of *The Earthquake at Lisbon*.) Various members of the Cabinet cluster around him, forgetful of the Declaration of War from Montenegro which lies on the table. The ready-reckoner in the hands of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is indicated with amazing technique. Equally powerful is the double *motif* which deliberately forces the attention from the tensity of this central group to the stern *chiascuros* of Viscount MORLEY, sitting in stony aloofness, the flushed and indignant PREMIER, and the delightfully spontaneous irritation of the MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, who has been obviously disturbed during an exposition of policy. Loath as we are to commend any picture which "tells a story," we cannot deny the dramatic inventiveness of this remarkable work, albeit that it obtains what is best described as a *succès de scandale*.

Commendable again is the fiery *bravura* of Mr. Angus McOban's sombre little battle picture, "*The Observer*" *pursuing a Mixed Metaphor*; and the sheer triumph of delicate whimsicality over photographic commonplaces in Mr. Herbert Cockayne's *Central Peak of the Caucasus—as seen from Chelsea*.

It is lamentable that these pictures we have approved are almost the only works of the year that conform to even those rudimentary canons of the painter, that the object of his art should be to surprise rather than to please, to bewilder rather than to gratify the senses, to stimulate the educated modern desire for a puzzle competition rather than the philistine and Victorian craving for mere vulgar beauty. Again and again the critical perception is outraged in this exhibition by such wilfully retrograde attempts as Mr. St. John Palmer's *Sunset on the Indian Ocean*, a meticulous reproduction, banally perfect in colour and spirit, of a crude effect of Nature that can be seen by any globe-trotter; or Mr. Parton Hobbs's orthodox *Magic of the Moonlight*; or Miss Sylvia Lortimer's *Cattle at the Ford*, wherein the cattle are so like real cattle and the water so alive with light and movement that we left this year's Academy with a feeling as regards British Art that is akin to despair.

COMING KINGS.

THE following unofficial account of some of the candidates for the throne of Albania will, *Mr. Punch* feels sure, be of interest and profit to his readers:—

Lord CURZON OF KEDLESTON, who has been approached by the deputies in London, has neither declined nor accepted the offer of the Albanian throne. It is understood that he has insisted on the following conditions, which are receiving careful consideration: The inclusion in his territories of the Thracian Chersonese, to be spelt Curzonese in future; and a salute of 199 pompoms on all public occasions.

The Italian candidate is, we understand, Signor GIULIO GARVINI, the famous publicist and editor of the *Tromba della Sera*. Signor GARVINI as an unparalleled exponent of the *lingua Toscana* is naturally much favoured by the Tosks, but the Ghegs, the other great Albanian tribe, regard him with undisguised hostility. It is believed, however, that he will conciliate them in the masterly manifesto which he has issued in seventeen successive issues of his paper, and which GABRIELE D' ANNUNZIO has hailed as the supreme emanation of cosmic pluriloquence. The policy outlined in the manifesto includes, (1) compulsory use of the *fustanella*, (2) free instruction in the *cornamusa* or bagpipes, (3) compulsory signature of all leading articles, (4) abolition of the dramatic censorship, (5) universal use of italic type.

Another formidable candidate, indeed in some ways the most formidable of all, is Sir GILBERT PARKER. Interviewed last Saturday by a representative of *The Prizrend Gazette*, Sir GILBERT is reported to have said that he would cheerfully accept the responsibilities of founding a Gilbertian dynasty provided he could count on the loyal co-operation of his varied subjects. He pointed out as a curious presentiment of the position he was destined to fill that he wrote *The Seats of the Mighty* no fewer than fifteen years ago. As for his other qualifications he laid stress on his early travels in the South Sea Islands and his addiction to golf, a game admirably suited to the climate and configuration of Albania. A photograph of Sir GILBERT PARKER in the national costume, carrying a two-handed battle-axe in his teeth, is being extensively circulated in the blue Albanian Highlands.

Lastly there is Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, who bases his claim on his all-round versatility. In a most interesting interview with the Parliamentary representative of *The Daily News* Sir HERBERT remarked that from earliest youth he had been a great admirer of the heroic SCANDERBEG and had mastered the two Albanian auxiliary verbs, *Kăm*, "I have," and *Yăm*, "I am." He agreed with HAHN, the famous philologist, that the term *Shkŭpetar*, by which the Albanians call themselves, was probably a participial from *shkyipoij*, "I understand." Again, the Albanian language was extremely vocal, the climate was healthy, and the sardines of Lake Scutari singularly palatable. He was not daunted by the fierce and lawless disposition of the people, being convinced that they might soon be mollified once they were freed from the burden of an alphabet containing fifty-two letters. Sir HERBERT TREE then sang a little Albanian song and went through some striking exercises with a yataghan.

Commercial Candour.

"HEALTH BISCUITS.
Nice and Tasty, handled by our 55 salesmen daily.
Advt. in "Montreal Daily Star."

Not for us.

From a second-hand book catalogue:
"Dickens (C)—Pic-Nic Papers."
Just the thing to wrap the sandwiches in.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



828

PORTRAITS WHILE YOU WAIT. COUNTRY ORDERS EXECUTED WITH PROMPTNESS AND DISPATCH.



880

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON IN "THE LIGHT THAT SUCCEEDED."



859

485

THE BOOT-CLUB. (INSET—THE PAST-MASTER OF THE LEATHER-SELLERS' CO.)

THE HAIRDRESSERS' GAZETTE EYEBROW COMPETITION.



522

WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE.



495

WINNER OF SECOND PRIZE.



448

THE SPHINX.



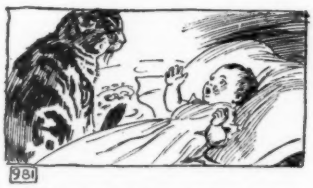
920

The Gentle Militant. "OH, I HOPE IT WON'T GO OFF AFTER ALL."



105

THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.



981

"I MUST TELL THAT STUPID NURSE (WHEN I LEARN TO TALK) THAT IT 'S A MOST DANGEROUS THING TO LEAVE A LARGE CAT IN A BABY'S COT."



462

"HURRY UP, I 'M SLIPPING."



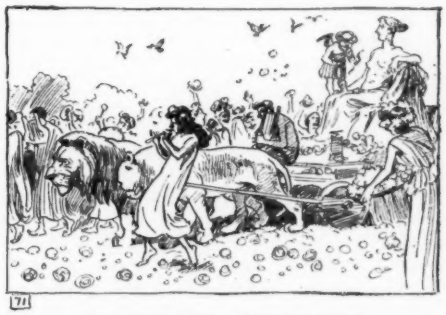
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FREAK DINNER AT THE HOTEL DIVES. THE SURPRISE COURSE OF BANK-NOTES AND SOVEREIGNS.



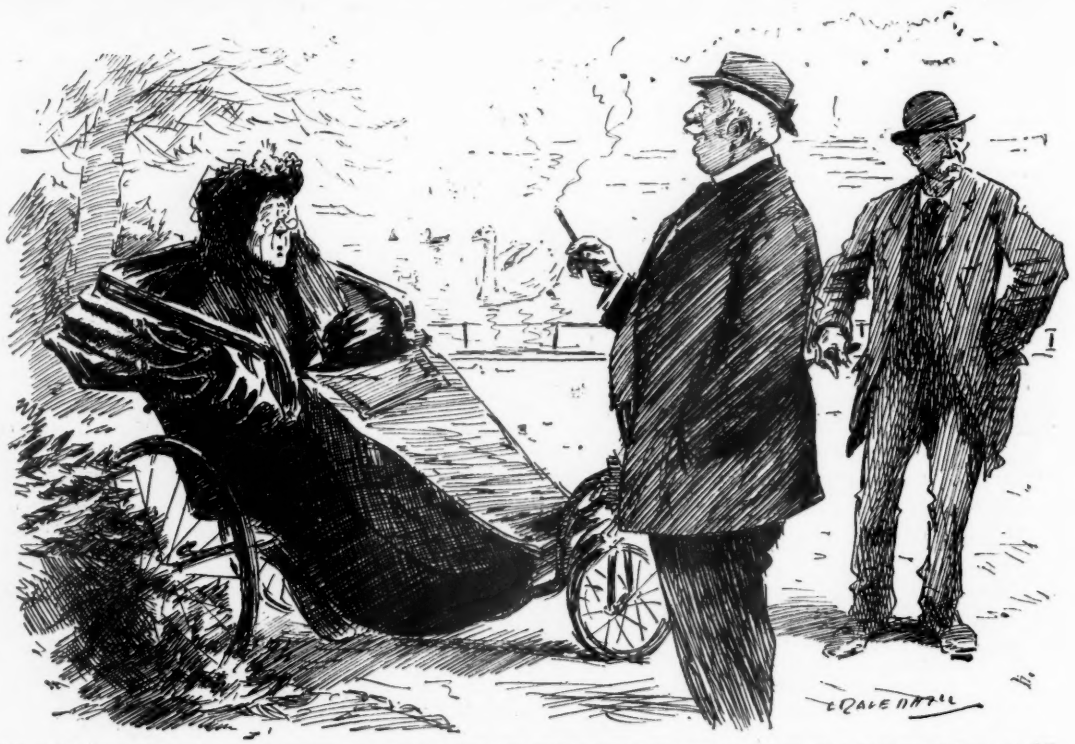
602

MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY, AS *JOCASTA*, INDIGNANTLY REPUDIATES THE CHARGE OF BEING A GRANDMOTHER.



71

AN EARLY LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.
The Lion. "NOT MUCH FUN IN THIS FOR ME!"



Gallant Major. "IT'S GLAD I AM TO SEE YE ABOUT AGAIN, ME DEAR LADY; BUT WHAT WAS IT THAT WAS TROUBLING YOU?"
Convalescent. "I WAS VERY, VERY ILL, MAJOR, THROUGH PTOMAINE POISONING."
Major. "DEAR, DEAR, NOW! WHAT WITH THAT AN' DELIRIUM TREMENS YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT TO EAT OR DRINK NOW-A-DAYS."

BRYAN'S BREACHES.

MR. WILLIAM J. BRYAN'S official tee-total banquets at Washington, at which nothing but water or unfermented wine was consumed, have had the effect of instilling courage into other public hosts who were previously unready to make their guests the victims of their own fads.

Thus news comes from Foxington of a recent dinner given by the Quaker mayor of that ancient borough, who believes that the oats which bear the name of his pacific sect are the only proper sustenance for man. Hitherto when entertaining his fellow-townsmen the mayor has provided whatever good things were in season, but last week nothing but oats was placed on the table. These, it is true, were prepared in a great variety of ways, but none the less the result was somewhat monotonous, and it is stated that the suppers that were demolished later in the evening by the home-returned guests were Gargantuan.

Consternation reigned at the annual Hunt Dinner in the Vale of Beedle the other night when it was discovered that the new Master, who is a confirmed three-bottle man of the old school, had provided nothing but a very powerful port for his guests and had given strict orders that no other liquid was to be served. Men who were notorious martyrs to gout and who looked upon port as a pernicious poison were seen with their tongues lolling out, victims of a terrible thirst. Others, however, made a gallant effort to absorb the obsolete fluid in the required quantity and were removed in ambulances.

Tidings of vegetarian and fruitarian banquets given by devotees of those cults also reach us. An especially distressing case is that of the International Society of Wrestlers and Weight Lifters, who have just appointed as their President an ex-Hercules of great wealth who turns out to have embraced the tenets of Mr. BERNARD SHAW and Mr. EUSTACE MILES with remarkable fervour. The result is that when the company, numbering some hundred-and-seventy, including HACKENSCHMIDT, MADRALI, and Mr. SANDOW, sat down, there was nothing for them but nuts, tomatoes, biscuits, and barley water. A vote was hurriedly taken, the President deposed, and a united and determined raid was made on the Beefsteak Club.

But the worst effect of Mr. BRYAN'S relentless Amphitryonic logic is reported from Walls, in Yorkshire, where a Freemason, upon whom fell the duty of entertaining a body of his fellows in that mystery, confined the repast to a menu costing only fifteen-pence a head, that being, he said, the sum beyond which his conscience could not allow him to go. No man, he affirmed, ought to spend more than that on any meal; to do so was "sinful luxury and gourmandising." When remonstrated with, he said that his conscience was his master and Mr. BRYAN was an excellent example. How such a man ever became a Mason is the puzzle; but his determination in the matter has given a tremendous fillip to avarice all over the East Riding.

What to do with our Boys.

"It was also decided to place slackers upon the Abbey for the purpose of controlling the water supply."—*Lincolnshire Free Press.*

Revival of Chivalry in the Far East.

"Carlyle's 'Horses and Hero Worship' has been translated into Chinese."
Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.



PEACE COMES TO TOWN.

Sir Grey. "PRITHEE, FAIR DAMSEL, SEE TO IT THAT YE SIT CLOSE, FOR I MIND ME THAT THE LAST TIME WE TWAIN FARED THIS WAY TOGETHER THOU DIDST HAVE THE MISCHANCE TO SLIP OFF."



"I SAY, OLD CHAP, I'VE NOT HAD A SMOKE FOR HALF-AN-HOUR, SO I THINK I'LL GO ON TOP. BE A SPORT AND GO INSIDE WITH THE WOMEN, WILL YOU?"

THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

(An attempt to introduce a new style of cricket-reporting, suitable to an age where every effort has to be made to revive popular interest in the County tournament.)

SING, all who list, to-day of leg-side glances;
Honour the idols of the blade and pill;
The young colt's action and its curious prances,
"Old Tom's" experience and "Razor" Bill;
Mine be the Muse that chats about the chances
Of takings at the till.

Cricket, you know, is dead because the batter
Will stick his leg in front of breaking balls;
Save for a few staunch souls (and these may scatter)
The public dwindles, the attendance falls.
Well, I'm a bard. Wise bards have learnt to flatter
The despots, not the thralls.

These are my heroes. Loudly I extol 'em,
Patting their backs because their ardours wane,
Starting with Alfred Jenkinson. A column
Given to Alfred, and, although with pain,
Alf will turn out for Surrey (here's my solemn
Oath on it, Sirs) again.

He was a rare one, Alf, the stonewall-hater;
I take him as a type; he made you laugh;
Nimble of wits, as good all-round spectator
As Surrey ever had, yet spite his chaff
None knew his mind so well, none spoke it straighter.
Sensible? Alf? Not 'alf.

Straight from his tram he sauntered to the wicket,
I should say turnstile. Little did he care
For shibboleths of style; he came for cricket.
His light-blue optics had the sea-dog's stare;
Weather deters some sportsmen—Alf could stick it
Frowning alike and fair.

Fond of his glass, too, yet no feckless lover,
Lest deep potations should impair his thought;
He liked the huge hit hovering like a plover,
The stumps knocked out; and when the strain was taut
Never a bumpball flew to slips or cover
But Alfred cried, "Well caught!"

And many a tale he had of old-time hitting
By long dead heroes of a doughtier bat:
Officials at the entrance smiled, admitting
The well-known figure, now a trifle fat
(But tough and stalwart still) from years of sitting,
Topped by the brown straw hat.

And now shall Alfred leave us? Not if twaddle
Tuned to the motley lyre can keep him warm;
He is the happy warrior, he can swaddle
The game of cricket from the gathering storm.
"Huge score by Alf off Sussex"—that's my model—
"Alfred in verbal form!" EVOE.

FAIR PLAY.

I AM by nature no partisan. I take no sides in any public dispute. I am neither a Vivisectionist nor an Antivivisectionist, a Marconite nor a Poulsenite. I will produce my Post Office Savings Bank book if necessary. To show my absolute neutrality in the vexed question of vaccination, I have been vaccinated on one arm but not on the other.

The furthest I have ever permitted myself to go towards forming public opinion is to mention, as I do now, that I am not a Militant Suffragist.

What likes and dislikes I have are of a private nature. They do not lend themselves to advertisement, are not represented by any particular colours nor easily epitomized in a motto on a banner. Bad as I may be, I am no processionalist.

Frankly, I detest processions. I do not walk in them, and, when I have to crawl behind them in a taxi-cab, I find myself out of sympathy with their object. Nevertheless, I subsidize them, especially those of sects hostile to the public (including myself) and destructive of private property (including my own).

I am, in short, a metropolitan ratepayer, more particularly a police-ratepayer.

I should say I am two ratepayers, one in respect of my flat, one in respect of my City premises. The two policemen I finance are exclusively employed in protecting avowed anarchists, male and female, on the march, enabling them to flaunt and further their lawless business, and saving them from the destruction of those whose property, if not their lives, they are candidly purposing to destroy.

I would not, of course, go so far as to cease paying for the preservation of my enemies, but I have allowed myself the consolation of writing a letter about it. Have I addressed *The Times* in solemn protest? No. Have I written to Mr. MCKENNA in a more sarcastic and reckless vein? Yes.

DEAR SIR (I wrote in a foreign tongue and a lying spirit),—Permit me, who have not the honour to be an Englishman, to congratulate your Department upon the magnificent impartiality shown in your police arrangements. It is admirable, unique. You say, "No, no." I reply, "Yes, yes." Both of us have the inner feeling that I am the more accurate. So much, Sir, for the amenities.

I have now to approach your good self upon a matter of business. Certain of us upon the Continent are intending to make a military display of some realism and magnitude in this London of yours. It is not usual, you will agree, for foreign armies to manœuvre in capitals other than their own; such a proceeding is open to a sinister interpretation. I am not, however, in a position to gloss it over, but have merely to submit that that is the more reason for affording police protection to our invading forces.

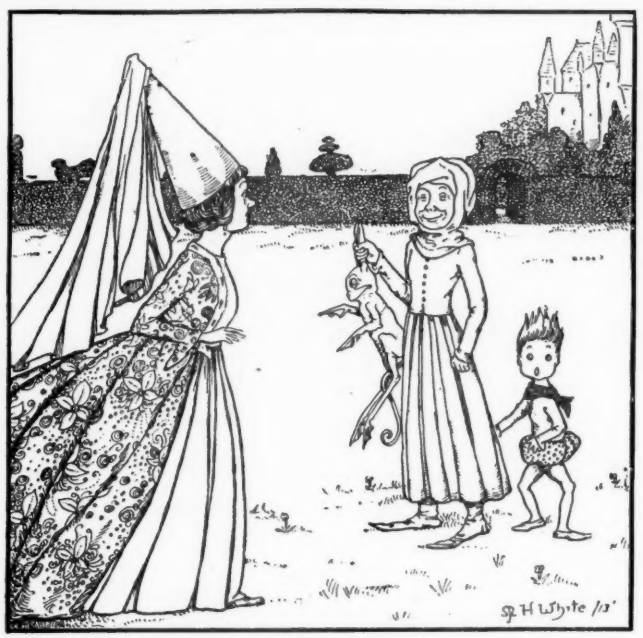
We shall arrive in considerable numbers and desire not to experience an unnecessarily hostile reception. The friendship between our two countries is a fragile one, likely to break if shaken. It will not, I think, stand the strain of an invasion. The demolition of all your public buildings and of not a few of your private individuals is likely to stir the active passions of your excitable men-in-the-street. In a word, the lives of us invaders may be in jeopardy, or at least we must be subjected to considerable annoyance and grave inconvenience, unless we have the protection of your Scotland Yard. It is for that I am instructed to ask.

I venture to enclose a plan, showing our proposed route of triumph, the spots marked in red being the suggested sites for the more impressive turns of our programme. May I ask that this route be adequately patrolled by your Roberts, with strong and stalwart reinforcements at the spots indicated? Indeed, I would go so far as to suggest that at those places a number of plain-clothes men might be infused among the crowd, with the view of foreseeing and forestalling any ugly rushes and keeping them well-behaved. In order to enable our artillery to get properly to work, ample elbow-room and freedom from hustling must be guaranteed.

Lastly, Sir, I desire to press for an escort of mounted police, or at least the provision of one disinterested and eminently respectable constable on horseback to ride slightly in the van of our advancing battalions. I dare to think that this arrangement would be entirely in accordance with the wishes of your citizens. No Londoner, I am sure, would regard the invasion of his metropolis as tolerable unless it were led, I should say personally conducted, by a mounted sergeant of his own police. The expense will, I assume, be no obstacle; the ratepayer is entitled to bear that; it is his privilege. He would not consent to his defeat and subjection unless it was apparent to him that he was defraying the cost of it from his own pocket.

Your humble Servant, SCHMIDT.

To this letter I have as yet received no reply.



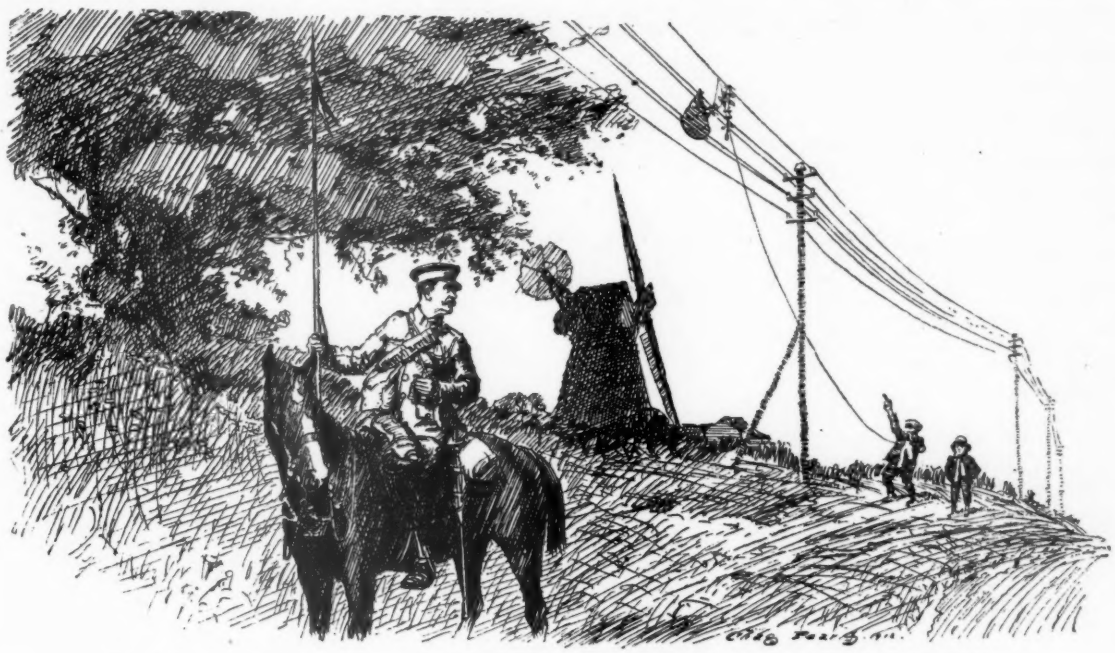
IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Mistress. "GOOD GRACIOUS, JANE, WHATEVER 'S HAPPENED TO MASTER WILLY, AND WHERE 'S MISS MAUD?"

Jane (just returned from a quiet stroll). "THIS HANIMAL WOT I 'M 'OLDING IS MISS MAUD. WE MET ONE OF THESE 'ERE MAGICIANS AND 'E CAST A SPELL OVER 'ER. AND MASTER WILLY HERE, 'E 'AD THE MISFORTUNE TO BE OVERLOOKED BY A GENT WOT 'AD THE HEEVIL HEYE."

Lèse-Majesté.

"The Imperator has had an unfortunate life so far. When she was launched a year ago a section of steel chain weighing several hundredweight, which had snapped, just missed the Kaiser."—*Daily Express.*



Boy. "HI, MISTER, HI!" *Lancer (scouting).* "WHAT IS IT? HAVE YOU SEEN THE ENEMY?"
Boy. "DUNNO. WILL YOU GET MY KITE DOWN WITH YOUR FLAG-POLE?"

SPEEDING UP.

DEAR *MR. PUNCH*,—My attention, as they say, has been called to an interview in which a "director of a West End shop" has imparted to the Press his views upon the question of stealing from shops. It seems that "a prominent draper" has made a list of some of the tricks of the shop-lifter by way of showing his remarkable ingenuity. Now, Sir, this sort of thing cannot be allowed to go unchallenged. As a successful shop-lifter of fully thirty years' experience, perhaps I may be allowed a few words of criticism. For really the methods here referred to, although some of them may have been practised at one time by the trade, are no longer employed by any self-respecting member of the profession. They are obsolete, worked-out, perhaps I may say mid-Victorian. He speaks of a "bag which sucks up the desired article when placed upon it," of "paste in the hollow of the foot" (placed, I presume, on the counter), and so on. Possibly such devices may still linger in out-of-the-way corners of the Provinces, but I doubt it. Then he revives again—it came back to me as a welcome memory of my very earliest apprenticeship—the worn old expedient of the pet dog (with a pocket in its collar) which has been trained to make for home as soon as its burden has been secreted. Well, well! we cannot afford to stand still in our business, and methods have advanced a good long way since those old days.

It was when some of our big stores first opened roof-garden restaurants that the carrier pigeon came into vogue. One makes him swallow diamonds and then lets him loose during lunch. I have also employed white mice. One of their best characteristics is their faculty for running under counters and into the back recesses of shelves, and I have seen them trot up my leg into my pocket with a five-pound note or a gold pin in their mouths quite unobserved (one wears, of course, white trousers). There was a pal, I mean a colleague, of mine who used to dip their feet in bird-lime and then make them potter about among the jewellery. But that was a sticky business at the best.

The fountain pen with a powerful magnet in the nib was much used at one time. You had only to lay it down casually on the counter and it collected things. And a little automatic trap in the point of the elbow, which one rested casually against the article desired, had a fair run of success. Then I used to employ at one time a sort of lasso of invisible silk for gathering in pianolas. . . .

I am not, it must be understood, the man to give a thing away. I only wish the public to know that we are not so miserably lacking in initiative as this interview would seem to suggest. As a matter of fact these methods also are obsolete. I myself am working on a new plan, still more elaborate perhaps, but wonderfully effective. I simply select the article that I want to take home, pick it up when no one is looking, and put it in my pocket.

I am, dear *Mr. Punch*,
Yours respectfully, UP-TO-DATE.

"Reece had turned the 500 mark before he played a missing cannon (he then recorded 51 of these strokes)."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Our favourite stroke, our record being 63 consecutive ones.

"There were many arguments nem and con, but the writer cannot see how the stewards could have decided otherwise."
Daily News.

The nems have it.

"The President [of the Board of Trade] has appointed Mr. F. H. McLeod (now Director of Statistics in the Labour Department) to be Director of the Department of Labour Statistics."—*Times.*

England is awake again.

"The first part of the lecture concluded with a good example of the Swiss yokel song on the gramaphone."
Bournemouth Daily Echo.

So much better than the curate's imitation of the hackneyed jodel.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SEVEN SISTERS."

IT takes the liberty of calling itself a "comedy," by the same licence that they use at the Gaiety. It is in fact a musical comedy with the music mostly away—a loss for which the absence of a chorus makes full compensation. It differs, too, from musical comedy by the fact that the plot is actually intelligible. This is not to say that it is also reasonable; indeed, of the three ruses employed by *Count Horkoy* to achieve the marriage of the three eldest daughters of Widow *Gyurkovics*, so as to clear the way for his own wedlock with the fourth, two at least were a waste of ingenuity, since the lovers needed no pressure. But it was something to see what the author was driving at, even if his trick of creating difficulties for the sake of overcoming them was frankly transparent.

The scene is Hungary where the bands come from. As for local colour, it is not for me, or the Censor, to complain of the spectacle of a Colonel of Hungarian Hussars who gets drunk at a fancy-dress ball and introduces a Lieutenant of Reserves (in the same condition) into the dormitory of his four or five sisters-in-law in the middle of the night; for both the author and translator of the play (presumably designed for local consumption) are Hungarians, and between them they should know what is expected of native officers in the matter of appropriate behaviour. For us, so long as they wore their dolmans well and had those nice wriggly patterns in gold braid down the façade of their breeches, we were not careful to ask whether their manners were a credit to the cavalry of the Kaiser-King.

That good actor, Mr. NORMAN TREVOR (to whose excursion into management I heartily wish success), was a sound master of the ceremonies, and kept things going whenever he was there to look after them. But the most arresting figure was Miss LAURA COWIE as the fourth sister, a remarkable flapper of sixteen-and-a-half years, whose exotic beauty must have distinguished her even among the storied belles of Buda-Pesth. As she was required by her mother to dress and behave like a child of thirteen-and-a-half (so as not to stand in the way of her elder sisters' prospects), one looked for a certain amount of sophistication. But it was overdone. For all her girlish agility, the innocent wonder in her big eyes, and her length of visible stocking, this *Mici* was a very precocious young person, well advanced into the age of indiscretion. But if Miss COWIE could not completely disguise her own striking personality it was still a clever performance. Perhaps she was at her best when her quick brain went into her feet in a charming Hungarian measure, which she danced with the greatest *verve*.

It was rather sad to see Mr. EDMUND MAURICE playing a fire-eating, dram-drinking, jealous old Colonel of farce, after his recent performances in serious drama, but his fine intelligence gave distinction to a commonplace part. Mr. SAM SOTHERN, as a blackguard who in his moments of insobriety strongly resented blackguardly conduct in another, was very amusing in the trappings of a Roman lictor, and might



Count Feri Horkoy (Mr. NORMAN TREVOR) *to Mici* (Miss LAURA COWIE). "You have the gladdest eye in all Savoy-Hungary!"

have done great execution with his axe upon the timorous *Cœur-de-Lion* of Mr. THESIGER if his deeds had been as big as his words. By aid of a pleasant stammer Mr. THESIGER contrived to sustain the part of an amorous and *Toots*-like youth of no particular consequence.

For a family of sisters so prone to marriage it was difficult to find an ineligible; yet there was one such in the person of *Toni*, a sort of village idiot, played with extraordinary facial probability by Mr. BERTRAM STEER, though his accent seemed to suggest that he had "coom from Sheffield." Finally, Miss MARY RORKE, as the mother of many dowerless daughters, handled her offspring with a fine sense of maternal obligations.

Indeed, all the cast did its duty well; and yet I cannot honestly say that the piece went with a roar, as a farce should. We laughed good-humouredly from time to time, as people do at amateur theatricals; but I doubt if there was a strained midriff in the whole house. It was not that the fun was bad; only that it was mild and that there was scarcely enough of it. In these respects the play reminded us of WORDSWORTH'S *We are Seven*; but there the similarity ended, and, with the best will in the world, I cannot predict that the popularity of Mr. TREVOR'S production will ever come into serious rivalry with that masterpiece. O. S.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

(*Studies in the Puff Evasive.*)

MESSRS. Pullman and Long-i'-th'-Leg announce a novel with the attractive title of *The Right Horrible Gentleman*, the hero of which is a democratic politician of the name of George Daviloyd. The author of the novel, which of course has no bearing on current politics, is a gifted young lady, the daughter of a retired General of Artillery, who writes under the pen name of Messalina Murgatroyd, and is considered by Mr. C. K. SHORTER to be our greatest female novelist since CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Another political novel of engrossing interest is *The Rival Renegades*, which is promised us shortly by Mr. Hodley Bedd. The two principal characters are Colonel Jack Wise and Churston Winchill, both of whom have crossed the floor of the House and obtained high office shortly after the transference of their allegiance. Mr. Hodley Bedd, in an interesting manifesto which he has put forth, makes it perfectly clear that the novel cannot in any way be regarded as a *roman à clef*, the verbal resemblances in the names of the chief characters being due to pure coincidence. Mr. Hugo Slazenger, the author, has already a dozen volumes to his credit, his first work having elicited a cordial tribute of praise from MEREDITH, PATER, and Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, who pronounced him to be the greatest satirist since JUVENAL.

A fascinating novel of theatrical life will shortly be issued through the firm of Doyly and Mush, entitled *Crichton Redivivus*. The story and characters are entirely imaginary, the chief *rôle* being assigned to a wonderfully gifted actor-manager named Sir Herbert Shrubb, who late in life loses his speaking voice and goes on the operatic stage, to the mingled consternation and delight of the musical public. The authoress of this bewitching narrative



Scene-shifter's Wife (during the shrieks of the heroine). "THEY SAY 'E 'S QUITE A KIND 'USBAND IN PRIVATE."

is none other than the well-known poetess, Vinolia Soper, whose lyrics are, in the opinion of Mr. C. K. SHORTER, only surpassed by those of one other living female bard, but are immeasurably finer than anything SAPPHO ever wrote.

The heroine of Miss Moira Kiralfy's new story is, in the expressive words of her publisher, Mr. John Street, "a mixture of Venus, JOAN OF ARC, GEORGE SAND and NELLIE MELBA." The title of the book is *The Greatest Woman in the World*, and the heroine's name is Coira Miralfy. But we have the most positive assurances from Mr. Street that the story is not an autobiography, in proof of which assertion it is enough to mention that Coira is represented as being twenty-eight years of age, while Miss Moira Kiralfy has never been more than twenty-six since the South African War.

What to do with your old Elephants.

"Calgary—The public market, which has been a white elephant since it was erected, will probably be converted into a public swimming bath."—*Vancouver Daily Province.*

MORE DRAMATIC COMBINES.

THE action (to which we referred last week) of Sir HERBERT TREE in joining forces with Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM to produce the opera *Ariadne in Naxos* as an additional Act of *The Perfect Gentleman* is, we understand, being immediately copied in other managerial circles where it is recognised that this policy of two plays for one is bound to create a favourable impression.

* * *

Thus we have it on the worst authority that Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER'S forthcoming revival of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* will be enriched by an entirely new Act, in which *Aubrey*, seeking to mitigate the boredom of *Paula*, takes her to a musical comedy. The composition of this novelty, which will be given in its entirety, has been entrusted to fourteen distinguished specialists, and its production will be supervised by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. The *Tanqueray* party will occupy the stage-box of the St. James's during the performance.

* * *

The Queen's Theatre is also to be brought into line with the new movement, an epilogue being added to the successful comedy, *Get Rich Quick Wallingford*, in which we are shown one of that gentleman's earliest benefactions to the town he booms—namely, the erection of a Picture Palace. The play will now conclude with an actual performance as given in this building, some special film-dramas having been prepared at enormous expense. An entire change of programme is to be advertised for Mondays and Thursdays.

* * *

Finally Mr. H. V. ESMOND has not yet permitted us to announce that he is about to extend his charming comedy, *Eliza comes to Stay*, so that the various plays passed by *Sandy's* household for production by his actress-friend may be brought to actual performance. A beginning is to be made with the strong "slice-of-life" play, hitherto only known to London audiences through the fragmentary quotations made by *Eliza* from the MS. Others will from time to time be substituted as occasion serves; and it is anticipated that thus strengthened *Eliza* should stay for months and months.

CELEBRATED TRIALS.

I.—REX *v.* MULLINS.

THE prisoner in this case, which was tried yesterday, before Mr. Justice Welbore, was one Adolphus Mullins, of Dunkeld Villa, Lavender Grove, Balham. He was charged on an indictment with that he being a person of full age had refrained from tendering himself or being accepted as a witness before the Marconi Committee. Counsel for the Crown were Sir Horace Biff, K.C., and Mr. Joinder. The prisoner defended himself.

It appeared from the opening statement of Sir Horace Biff that the prisoner, whose age was stated to be twenty-eight, was employed as managing clerk to a firm of accountants, whose names for obvious reasons we prefer to withhold from publication. He had had ample warning of the results certain to follow if he continued recalcitrant. His employers had more than once adjured him not to imperil a good salary and a respectable position; his friends had urged him to be a man and get the business over, and Sir ALBERT SPICER, the Chairman of the Marconi Committee, had with his own hand addressed to him *four* notices commanding his presence in the Committee-room. It was not necessary in such cases to send more than two notices, and it would be seen therefore that prisoner had been treated with exceptional indulgence. At the present moment there were only six other cases of a similar nature awaiting trial, and in five of these the defendants were confidently expected to make due submission. He mentioned this to show with what universal alacrity British subjects all over the world had obeyed the new statute enforcing their attendance before the Committee. The prisoner was evidently a man of obstinate, he might almost say of savagely obstinate, character. It would be proved that he had thrown Sir ALBERT SPICER'S notices into the waste-paper basket, accompanying this deeply regrettable act with words tending to bring the Committee into contempt. He had actually been heard to say that the members of the Committee were busybodies——

Prisoner (*interrupting*). As a matter of fact I said they were——

His Lordship (*severely*). Hush, prisoner. Do not aggravate the painful position in which you are placed. You will have an opportunity at a later stage of giving evidence and of calling witnesses, if such there be, on your own behalf.

Prisoner. Oh, all right. Have it your own way. I only thought——

His Lordship. What you thought is of no importance. *Cogitationes non debent admitti.*

Police Constable Malting was the first witness. On Thursday, April 17, he went to prisoner's house at Balham armed with a warrant. Prisoner was having dinner. On seeing witness he said, "Halloa." Witness then arrested him and gave him the usual warning. Prisoner said, "It 's this Marconi rubbish, I suppose. If you can find my cheque-book you 're cleverer than you look." Witness then searched the house and found four notices from Sir ALBERT SPICER in the waste-paper basket. He now produced them.

Cross-examined (*by Prisoner*). Had no grudge against prisoner. Had never asked prisoner's mother for a pot of ale. Did not know the lady and didn't want to.

The Prisoner. I protest.

His lordship cautioned the witness. If he did not know the lady it was impossible for him to say whether he wanted to know her.

At this point a woman sitting in the back of the court and understood to be the prisoner's mother called out that the constable was no gentleman. She was removed kissing her hand to the judge.

Witness, continuing, said he had tendered himself as a witness to the Marconi Committee. All the members of the Metropolitan Police had done the same. Did not know when he would be called. Perhaps in two or three years.

His Lordship. It is useless to pursue this line of cross-examination. The witness has only done his duty as an Englishman under the statute.

Other witnesses proved that the prisoner had habitually abused the Marconi Committee, going so far as to say that the whole thing was a nuisance. He had also concealed his cheque-book and pass-book, thus contravening section 10 of the statute.

The Prisoner called no witnesses, but went into the box and made a long and rambling statement in the course of which he appealed to *Magna Charta* and the Petition of Right. He also hinted that his lordship himself had not given evidence before the Committee or tendered himself as a witness.

His Lordship. I am excepted in the schedule which applies to Lunatics, Field Marshals, Admirals of the Fleet, Judges of the High Court and persons of no fixed habitation.

The Prisoner then said that he didn't know what Englishmen were coming to and, leaving the witness-box, resumed his place in the dock.

His lordship in a brief summing-up reviewed the evidence, and the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of Guilty on all the counts.

His lordship, speaking with evident emotion, said the prisoner had had a thoroughly fair and impartial trial. The jury could not consistently with their oath have returned any other verdict. This kind of conduct must be put a stop to. The sentence of the Court was that the prisoner be condemned to ten years' service as assistant secretary to the Marconi Committee, to be followed by three years' detention in a wireless signal station in one of the Falkland Islands.

THE CULT OF THE REALLY HEROIC.

WHEN I was plucked and my unbending sire
Showed me the door without a grain of pity,
I wrote some verses on paternal ire
Which, I am proud to think, were very witty;
And thanks to this, the last of all his wiggings,
Managed to pay my first week's rent in diggings.

I did not falter when my dove, my dear,
Refused me, and my heart was knocked to flinders;
I piled the pieces over Cupid's bier
And raised some sort of Phœnix from the cinders—
A bilious Bird of Humour, rather skinny;
But, anyway, it brought me in a guinea.

And when my stuff recoiled upon my head
In dark profusion, pretty nearly blighting
My best endeavours after daily bread,
I cursed my gods—but put the curse in writing:
Stanza by stanza turned my bitter burden
To some gay jest, hoping to gain some guerdon.

And now, O merry Muse! when downright ill,
Supine beneath the influenza demon,
I tell you I foresee a doctor's bill,
We *can't* give way, we 've *got* to put some steam on;
Fortes pejoraque passi—we 've been through more
Troubles than this. Come, turn the thing to humour!

The Sea Cook.

From "Naval Appointments" in *The Evening Standard*:—

"Chief Bunner—J. Mowbray to the Egmont."



THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST SHOP-LIFTERS.

NERVOUS BUT ABSOLUTELY INNOCENT CUSTOMER MAKING A FEW PURCHASES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SOLEMNLY accuse Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT of obtaining sympathy under false pretences. This is my case. There are few things that make a stronger appeal to me than studies of the mystic, of strange visions, and of glimpses of half-human dwellers by wood and hill. And as no writer can treat these with a surer touch than Mr. HEWLETT, I exulted greatly to find them within the covers of *Lore of Proserpine* (MACMILLAN). Moreover, they were combined with yet another favourite theme of mine—the memories of lonely and introspective childhood. I may say at once that several of the essays, or stories, in the book were all that my anticipation had painted them. I liked, for example, "The Boy in the Wood"—in spite of some hateful detail—for its quality of honest inexplicability. Also, I shivered deliciously over the tale of "The Fairy Wife," with its fine working up to the shattering climax of the storm. These things were all excellent. And then suddenly I was faced with the picture of a crowd of anxious Londoners meeting at night in Hyde Park to worship a Telegraph Messenger whose name, supplied by a sympathetic policeman, was *Quidnunc*! Here I confess myself baffled. Does Mr. HEWLETT only intend the somewhat obvious allegory, or is he being mystical or farcical, or what? The thing, like the others, is strikingly and cleverly told; the impassioned appeals from the crowd, the aloofness of the uniformed boy, are seizable and real. But by so much the more did it, in this connection, irritate me. A dealer in the occult may whisper and frown as much as he likes; he may even leer a little, should the special nature of the horror demand it; but he must never, never wink. The result is bound to be confusion and disillusionment.

English political life, as Mr. FORD MADOX HUEFFER understands it, is at once too tedious and too sordid for superior persons to have anything to do with. For this reason *Mr. Blood*, a gentleman of great wealth and long pedigree but no sort of manners, having a mild curiosity to witness the spectacle of a meteoric Parliamentary career, naturally chose some viler body than his own for the experiment. *Mr. Fleight* (HOWARD LATIMER) was a millionaire soap boiler of Semitic extraction who had taken a good University degree but was apparently unable to soar without the influence of *Mr. Blood* to pilot him. Accepting this curious aeronautical convention, I confess that for a great many pages of Mr. HUEFFER'S latest book I thought that I was in for the best piece of farcical satire that has been written since *Mr. Clutterbuck's Election*. Later on, however, we seemed to strike an air pocket, or whatever it is that aviators do. For surely *Mr. Fleight*, if he was to justify the rapidity of his start, should have become at the very least a Cabinet Minister. Yet at the end of the novel he has only just, and that by a lucky accident, attained to the dignity of an M.P. What is that for a millionaire under patronage whose pathway is everywhere soaped for him? The fact is that Mr. HUEFFER finds himself so much interested in his scornful and amusing criticism of our habits, our politics and our Press that the fun and the movement of the plot are compelled to suffer for it. But there is a great deal of happy burlesque scattered about in *Mr. Fleight*, and

there are some very jolly characters. Especially do I like *Miss Macphail*, the German editress of *The Halfpenny Weekly*, and *Cluny Macpherson*, the poet, who goes about reciting his sonnets and making in a high-pitched voice such remarks as this: "I knew a nasty fellow called Doe, whose aunt always toasted the late Queen in China tea, and she had a sister who bred Newfoundlands." There was, in fact, a lot to laugh at before we planed down, but exactly what it was all about please don't ask me. I am still in the air as to that.

Any book about life on the other side of the bridges that comes with the explicit recommendation of Mr. ALEXANDER PATERSON will show the fine qualities of sincerity and reality, for he speaks as one having the authority of knowledge and not as many scribes with an equipment of imaginative theories. He has written a characteristic preface to *Halfpenny Alley* (SMITH, ELDER), by MARJORY HARDCASTLE, a nurse whose pictures of the folk to whom she has ministered have been cleverly worked up from the notes of her diary. She has the power of visualising and vitalising the characters which she has observed with the precision of a perfect sympathy and a real affection, and has many touching things to say of the kindliness and courage of the alley dwellers. A sort of forced optimism, if I may so call it, seems to colour the outlook both of the author and of the writer of the preface. I think it must be a protective device assumed against despair in the discouraging work to which both have set their hands. For on the evidence here set forth there is but too little cause for optimism. Rather, a vision of illimitable expense of spirit in a waste of squalor too horrible for anything but anger or tears. Not all the humour in the world can really lighten the picture, but it is splendid to see so brave an attempt to do so.



A TEST FOR NUTS.

Miss ETHEL SIDGWICK entitles her new novel, *Succession* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON), a "biographical fragment," and as this "fragment" consists of nearly six hundred very closely printed pages her ideas of a novel of proper length must be Chinese. Here, in this sequel to *Promise*, she displays a fine and most excellent courage, but she also demands courage of her reader. Her method of explanation and illustration reveals itself as the most accurate report of what is, to the innocent reader, unimportant dialogue, and this dialogue throughout the six hundred pages flows about the small person of *Antoine Edgell*, musical genius, sometimes engulfs him altogether, sometimes recedes, leaving him high and dry and pitifully scared. To the reader it is as though Miss SIDGWICK had suddenly opened a door upon an exceedingly noisy family of mixed nationality. There the family are—bewildering, hasty, irritable, real as anything, but needing most certainly some sort of explanatory footnotes. But footnotes are not for Miss SIDGWICK. *Antoine* is a genius whose physical strength gives way again and again, whilst the family—grandfathers, uncles, aunts, cousins, ultimately (and most happily) fathers—rush at him, scream at him, pinch him, kiss him, dress him, undress him, applaud him, abuse him. From the tumult emerges at last the consciousness that *Antoine* is ill; the babel is silenced; for the sake of his health he is conveyed to bracing wildernesses, and the six hundred pages are at an end. Then, if the reader has had the courage demanded of him, incidents and figures do emerge. A grandfather, a composer, a doctor—all, for their very haphazard appearances, amazingly lifelike. But the virtues of Miss SIDGWICK'S method are to be best observed in retrospect.

The Laurensons (CONSTABLE) leaves me unenvious of the girl who is adopted into a large family of distant and male cousins, for apparently she will want to marry two or three of them, and the same number will want to marry her, and the end will be confusion. *Alice*, of course, put her money on the wrong *Laurenson* (*Clive* by name), not knowing that he had a natural gift for bolting. He left her on the very day of the wedding, and the main interest of the story lies in the fact that his flight led him to a Jesuit establishment. This place, we are told, is "not drawn from any community in the United Kingdom," a statement I find no difficulty in believing. *Clive's* trick of bolting was not, however, to be cured by the Jesuits, for even after he had taken his vows he once more took to his heels. It was this second bolt rather than the first that made me very sorry for *Alice*, for in the interval she had divorced him, and when he turned up again was comfortably married to his brother. Having saved *Clive* from the Jesuits, Mr. R. K. WEEKES is content to leave him; but I think that he should (for *Alice's* sake) have seen him through just one more bolt. The book is very well written and can be recommended to those who are not likely to find offence in its religious point of view.

It is a curious thing that when publishers print on the paper wrapper of a novel a little paragraph summarising its contents they should so often draw attention to features which on investigation prove not very attractive, and say nothing about those which are. Thus it is claimed for Miss JEAN WEBSTER'S *Daddy Long-Legs* that it has a "dramatic and altogether unexpected" ending, and I can only say that if Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON did not foresee the finish half-way through they can't be nearly as intelligent as I am. No hint is given of the really good part of the book. Fortunately for me, my interest did not depend on any attempt at mystification, but on the intimate description of an American girls' college. I fancy that a good many of us know very little about this quite attractive phase of American life, and I am sure that Miss WEBSTER'S charming picture of it would have gained more admirers if the paragraph on the cover had said something about it. I can only hope that Miss WEBSTER has plenty of readers who know her too well to be dependent on information conveyed by a wrapper.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Budget Committee of the French Parliament has decided that no Casino where gambling is carried on shall be allowed within sixty miles of Paris. We are glad to know that the inhabitants of this old Puritan stronghold are to be guarded from temptation.

* * *

Berlin is to have a fine new golf course. This is good news, for it is hoped that in course of time the Germans will follow our example by paying more attention to golf than to national defence, and then we shall not be so unfairly handicapped.

* * *

Lord ROSEBERY points out that the local authorities disclaim ownership of the Roman Road near Epsom; and the Italian Government, we hear, is being urged by expansionists at Rome to put in a claim for the thoroughfare.

* * *

In consequence of complaints by Suffragettes certain prison vans will in future be labelled "Ladies Only."

* * *

Among the recent exploits of the Suffragettes was a visit at night to the Royal Asylum at Aberdeen, where, we understand, many sympathisers with the militant movement are staying.

* * *

Mayor GAYNOR of New York declares that marriage is the only cure for the English malignant Suffragettes. We fear, however, that in these decadent days our men lack the necessary pluck to give the suggested remedy a trial.

* * *

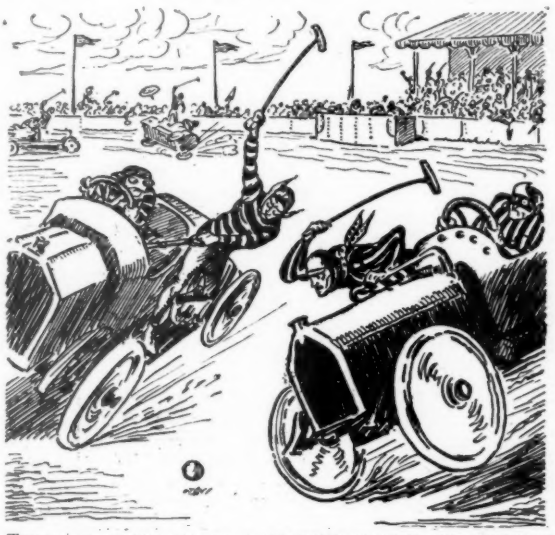
Mr. RAYMOND ROZE is to give us a season of grand opera in English at Covent Garden in November. If there's anything in a name, here is the chance of a lifetime for our humorists.

* * *

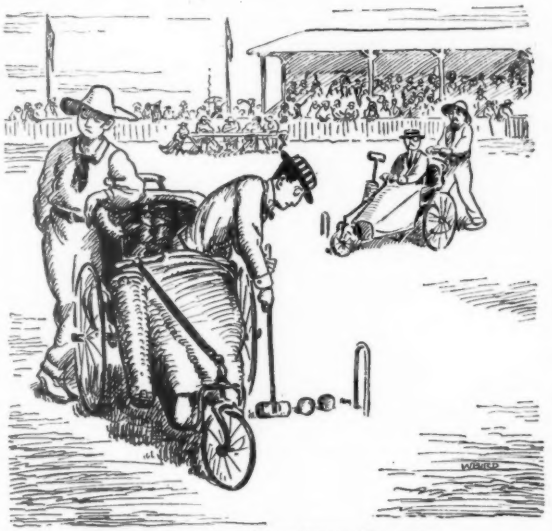
Miss SHIRLEY KELLOG, of the Hippodrome, will, it is announced, be "married quietly" to Mr. ALBERT DE COURVILLE, on the 31st inst. Dare we understand this to mean that the marriage service will not be enlivened by any rag-time music?

* * *

It is estimated that if the alleged *fracas* at the Garrick theatre had been continued, the rivals, by agreeing to share the cinematograph rights in these struggles, would probably have made more money than by the production of Baron HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD'S play.



THERE IS BOUND TO BE A REACTION AGAINST THE RUSH AND EXCITEMENT OF THIS AGE. AFTER MOTOR POLO—



WE MAY EXPECT BATH-CHAIR CROQUET.

Mr. CHARLES GULLIVER secured last week for the Palladium not only LITTLE TICH, but also the Columbia Park Boy Scouts. *Gulliver's* fondness for the *Lilliputians* is of course well known.

* * *

By the way, one of the little American visitors, interviewed by a representative of *The Daily Mail*, said, "Of course, San Francisco is a very great city, you know, and it will take a lot of beating. I want to see everything in this city so I 'll be able to compare it with San Francisco." We are glad to have this frank warning that we are on our trial.

* * *

The failure of a member of the French company playing in the revue *J'Adore Ça* to turn up one day last week, caused the production to be delayed for a quarter of an hour. French revues must be very different to English ones if the omission of any part interferes at all with the intelligibility of the plot.

* * *

Reuter tells us that when Mr. ASQUITH landed at Corfu he had a great reception from the inhabitants, and "acknowledged their welcome by saluting." This show of militarism on the part of the PRIME MINISTER is resented by many of his supporters.

* * *

With reference to the correspondence in a contemporary as to "Exorbitant Dock Charges," a gentleman writes to us from an address in the New Cut to say that, although he was only in the dock for a few minutes the other day, he had to pay no less than five pounds for the privilege.

* * *

A well-dressed baby was found late one night last week in the forecourt of a house in Parsons Hill, Woolwich. He is supposed to have been brought out by a burglar for training purposes and to have been forgotten in a hurried departure.

* * *

Not only was there an accident at a launch at Liverpool last week, but there was also, we hope, an accident in *The Liverpool Echo's* account of it. Says our contemporary:—

"As the vessel was gliding into the river the Lady Mayoress met with a slight accident, parts of the bottle broken on the craft flying back and striking her hand, cutting one of her fingers.

Congratulatory speeches followed at the luncheon."

* * *

From June 1st to September 30th, farmers will be able to obtain daily forecasts of the weather from the Meteorological Office. It is significant as to the sort of weather expected that the requisite fees will have to be paid in advance.

MR. PUNCH'S DIDACTIC NOVELS.

(The First, and probably the Last.)

[In humble imitation of Mr. Eustace Miles's serial in *Healthward Ho!* (Help!), and in furtherance of the great principle of self-culture.]

THE MYSTERY OF GORDON SQUARE.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Roger Dangerfield, the famous barrister, is passing through Gordon Square one December night when he suddenly comes across the dead body of a man of about forty years. To his horror he recognises it to be that of his friend, Sir Eustace Butt, M.P., who has been stabbed in seven places. Much perturbed by the incident, Roger goes home and decides to lead a new life. Hitherto he had been notorious in the London clubs for his luxurious habits, but now he rises at 7.30 every morning and breathes evenly through the nose for five minutes before dressing.

After three weeks of the breathing exercise, Roger adds a few simple lunges to his morning drill. Detective-Inspector Frenchard tells him that he has a clue to the death of Sir Eustace, but that the murderer is still at large. Roger sells his London house and takes a cottage in the country, where he practises the simple life. He is now lunging ten times to the right, ten times to the left and ten times backwards every morning, besides breathing lightly through the nose during his bath.

One day he meets a Yogi, who tells him that if he desires to track the murderer down he must learn concentration. He suggests that Roger should start by concentrating on the word "wardrobe," and then leaves this story and goes back to India. Roger sells his house in the country and comes back to town, where he concentrates for half-an-hour daily on the word "wardrobe"; besides, of course, persevering with his breathing and lunging exercises. After a heavy morning's drill he is passing through Gordon Square when he comes across the body of his old friend, Sir Joshua Tubbs, M.P., who has been stabbed nine times. Roger returns home quickly, and decides to practise breathing through the ears.

Chapter XCI.

Preparation.

The appalling death of Sir Joshua Tubbs, M.P., following so closely upon that of Sir Eustace Butt, M.P., meant the beginning of a new life for Roger. His morning drill now took the following form:—

On rising at 7.30 A.M. he sipped a glass of distilled water, at the same time concentrating on the word "wardrobe." This lasted for ten minutes, after which he stood before the open window for five minutes, breathing alternately through the right ear and the left. A vigorous series of lunges followed, together with the simple kicking exercises detailed in Chapter LIV.

These over, there was a brief interval of rest, during which our hero, breathing heavily through the back of his neck, concentrated on the word "dough-nut." Refreshed by the mental discipline, he rose and stood lightly on the ball of his left foot, at the same time massaging himself vigorously between the shoulders with his right. After five minutes of this he would rest again, lying motionless except for a circular movement of the ears. A cold bath, a brisk rub down and another glass of distilled water, completed the morning training.

But it is time we got on with the story. The murder of Sir Joshua Tubbs, M.P., had sent a thrill of horror through England, and hundreds of people wrote indignant letters to the Press, blaming the police for their neglect to discover the assassin. Detective-Inspector Frenchard, however, was hard at work, and he was inspired by the knowledge that he could always rely upon the assistance of Roger Dangerfield, the famous barrister, who had sworn to track the murderer down.

To prepare himself for the forthcoming struggle Roger decided, one sunny day in June, to give up the meat diet upon which he had relied so long, and to devote himself entirely to a vegetable *régime*. With that thoroughness which was now becoming a characteristic of him, he left London and returned to the country, with the intention of making a study of food values.

Chapter XCII.

Love Comes In.

It was a beautiful day in July, and the country was looking its best. Roger rose at 7.30 A.M. and performed those gentle, health-giving exercises which have already been described in previous chapters. On this glorious morning, however, he added a simple exercise for the elbows to his customary ones, and went down to his breakfast as hungry as the proverbial hunter. A substantial meal of five dried beans and a stewed nut awaited him in the fine oak-panelled library; and, as he did ample justice to the banquet, his thoughts went back to the terrible days when he lived the luxurious meat-eating life of the ordinary man-about-town; to the evening when he discovered the body of Sir Eustace Butt, M.P., and swore to bring the assassin to vengeance; to the day when——

Suddenly he realised that his thoughts were wandering. With iron will he controlled them and concentrated fixedly on the word "dough-nut" for twelve minutes. Greatly refreshed he rose and strode out into the sun.

At the door of his cottage a girl was standing. She was extremely beautiful, and Roger's heart would have jumped if he had not had that organ (thanks to Twisting Exercise 23) under perfect control.

"Is this the way to Denfield?" she asked.

"Straight on," said Roger.

He returned to his cottage, breathing heavily through his ears.

Chapter XCIII.

Another Surprise.

Six months went by, and the murderer of Sir Joshua Tubbs, M.P., and Sir Eustace Butt, M.P., still remained at large. Roger had sold his cottage in the country and was now in London, performing his exercises with regularity, concentrating daily upon the words "wardrobe," "dough-nut," and "wasp," and living entirely upon proteids.

One day he had the idea that he would start a restaurant in the East-End for the sale of meatless foods. This would bring him in touch with the lower classes, among whom he expected to find the assassin of his two oldest friends.

In less than a year the shop was a tremendous success. In spite of this, however, Roger did not neglect his exercises; taking particular care to keep the toes well turned in when lunging ten times backwards. (*Exercise* 17.) Once, to his joy, the girl whom he had first met outside his country cottage came in and had her simple lunch of Smilopat (ninepence the dab) at his shop. That evening he lunged twelve times to the right instead of ten.

One day business had taken Roger to the West-End. As he was returning home at midnight through Gordon Square, he suddenly stopped and staggered back.

A body lay on the ground before him!

Hastily turning it over upon its face, Roger gave a cry of horror.

It was Detective-Inspector Frenchard! Stabbed in eleven places!

Roger hurried madly home, and devised an entirely new set of exercises for his morning drill. A full description of these, however, must be reserved for another chapter.

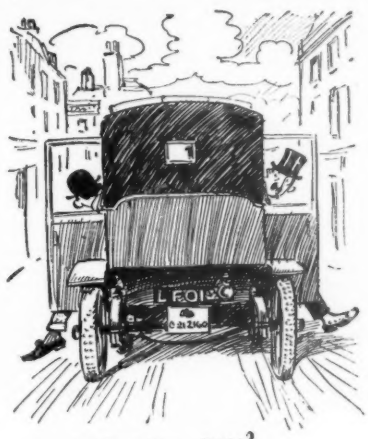
(To be continued—elsewhere.)

A. A. M.

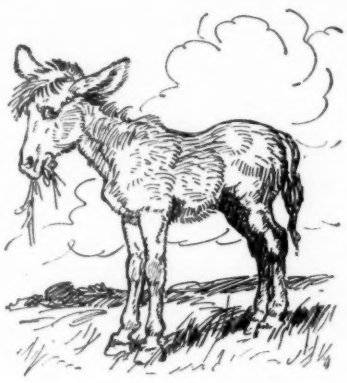


THE "BUNNY HUG."

MODERN YOUTH (*to Terpsichore*). "MY HUG, I THINK."
MR. PUNCH. "MY KICK, I KNOW!"



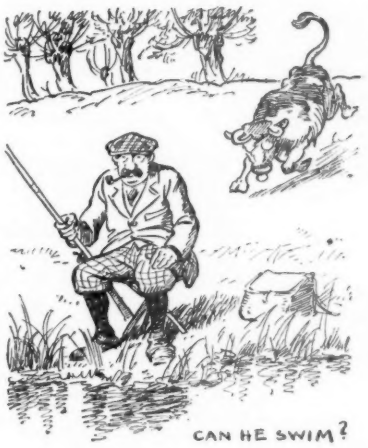
WHO WILL PAY?



WHAT WILL HE BECOME?



SHOULD HE CUT THE ROPE?



CAN HE SWIM?



DOES THE LANDLORD KNOW?



WILL HE POST THE LETTER?

DESIGNS FOR PROBLEM PICTURES.

THIS YEAR'S ACADEMY IS RATHER DISAPPOINTING IN THE MATTER OF PROBLEM PICTURES, A FEATURE WHICH THE PUBLIC EAGERLY EXPECTS.

MR. PUNCH GIVES A FEW SUGGESTIONS TO ARTISTS WHO MAY BE CASTING ABOUT FOR SUBJECTS FOR NEXT YEAR, AND HOPES THAT THEY MAY HAVE THE EFFECT OF BRIGHTENING BURLINGTON HOUSE.

"O YOU MORTAL ENGINES."

[The Borough of Louth (Lincolnshire) has mislaid its fire-engine.]

Ho, Town and County Councils, come listen to my lay;
You don't get such a tale as this (with moral) every day.
I show how, when executives once close the watchful eye,
Municipal appliances may spread their wings and fly.

Louth is an ancient borough in Lincoln's homely shire,
And Louth possessed an engine for subjugating fire
(A little thing, but still their own). Where is that engine now?
Well, to be brief, it disappeared, and Louth is asking "How?"

The search was systematic (the Surveyor saw to that):
Each burgess turned his pockets out and shook his front-door mat;
Each tweeny raked her ashbin, her box each maid unpacked;
But still the mystery was there, the nut was still uncracked.

They dragged the little river which sparkles through the town;
They pulled the lowest drain-pipes up, the tallest chimneys down;
But high or low they never found that enemy to flame
Bought fifty years ago to fight the fire that never came.

Men say that, when the Council met, strange scenes were acted there:
The Mayor he searched the learned Clerk, the Clerk he stripped the Mayor;
The Aldermen, the Councillors expectant stood around,
But not on either officer the missing toy was found.

They ordered a Committee, the Committee of Estates,
To trace the peccant runaway, and there the matter waits.
And every decent citizen, east, west and north and south,
Will pray that in the interim no fire may visit Louth.

The New St. George.

"Wanted, Young Man for Orra Beast."
Advt. in "Aberdeen Evening Express."

UNREST IN THE CRICKET FIELD.

The prevailing spirit of unrest in cricketing circles bids fair to be exasperated by the new controversy as to whether the left-hand batsman should be barred. Personally I am against all this barring business. Once we start barring things in cricket we shall never know whether we are playing under the "Marquess of Queensberry" or the "Billiard Control" rules. And what about the ambidextrous man?

If the Wopplestone Wanderers had been certain whether I was left-handed or right-handed the annual contest between that club and Murkytown might not have been discontinued. I do not believe that all the unpleasantness was due to my idea of bowling fast "full tosses" at the top of the stumps.

I captained the Murkytown team. I had been trying my full toss theory at the nets. Our regular Captain was batting at the moment and did not recover in time for the Wopplestone match. I won the toss and exercised a captain's privilege of going in first.

I never stated that I was a left-handed batsman. If, because I took guard like a left-handed batsman, the Wopplestone Captain jumped to the conclusion that I was going to bat left-handed and placed his field accordingly, I cannot see that I was to blame. There is no rule as to how a batsman must take guard. I need not have taken guard at all. Nor, so far as I am aware, is there any rule that an ambidextrous man must declare whether he will bat left-handed or right-handed. As a matter of fact I am really right-handed, but no bigot on the matter. I can both bat and bowl fairly well left-handed.

The Wopplestone slow bowler started trundling to me. I could not be expected to know that my turning round just as he reached the wicket would put him off. I do not believe that it was my action that caused him to bowl a slow full pitch. I daresay that I should have hit it just as hard as I did if I had played it left-handed. It is true that in that case it would have been to the off instead of to leg. The ball would easily have gone to the boundary if short-fine-leg (he would have been short-slip if I had been left-handed) had not interposed his knee. For a moment it looked as though the peculiar arrangement of the field had lost me four runs. It was all right, however, as we had the presence of mind to run four whilst the fielders were trying to find out if the man's leg was broken. When they got him into the pavilion the doctor confirmed my view that there was nothing quite broken and that the man was making an unnecessary fuss. The Wopplestone people seemed to think that I had done it on purpose, though I explained that I had no idea that he was their champion fast bowler. I also pointed out what a silly thing it was to put a man in such a position if they wanted to use him for anything else, especially if the other man was going to bowl slow full tosses to leg.

After that they wanted me to declare whether I would bat right-handed or left-handed. I naturally refused. As they pressed the matter I eventually said that I expected mostly to bat right-handed but declined to bind myself. Just to show that I was not bigoted, I played the next ball left-handed. The bowler was still uncertain of his length and a slow long hop only just missed short-square-leg's head on its way to the boundary (he would have been point had I been batting right-handed, as they seemed to expect).

I need not describe our innings in detail. Their slow bowler never found his length, if he ever had one, and the fast bowler refused to get off the pavilion table. The change bowlers were not on the day worthy of the name of bowlers. The whole side seemed upset. Brockletops and I did pretty well what we liked.

When we had made 215 for 3 wickets I declared the innings closed. Brockletops had the satisfaction of being not out. Whatever Brockletops says, I am ready to swear that I did not know that his score was then exactly 99. Anyhow, I disapprove of making a fetish of centuries. Ninety-nine runs are very nearly as useful as a hundred. Even if another run would have entitled Brockletops to receive a bat I think that club cricket should be played in a strictly amateur spirit.

Although I am in favour of reasonable reforms I am not so self-opinionated as to depart unnecessarily from ancient tradition. I accordingly again exercised the prerogative of my office and started the bowling. I exploited my full toss theory. I do not think that I was in any way to blame because the first ball did not swerve in the air quite so much as I expected it to do. Anyway I was not responsible for the fact that the first batsmen was a short fat man, nor that he presented the full breadth of his anatomy to the ball. All said and done, it only hit him in the wind. In the most sportsman-like manner I offered to allow him to continue his innings later on, when he was feeling better; but he decided to go on feeling ill.

It was entirely the next man's own fault that my first ball hit him behind the ear. There was absolutely no necessity for him to have ducked his head. I am given to understand that about three days afterwards, when he learnt for the first time that he had been given out l.b.w., he had a relapse. I still think that our umpire's decision on the subject was correct.

If the wicket-keeper had taken the next ball in his hands instead of on his instep, I should have accomplished what would have been a moral hat trick. Not content with missing what was, after all, a fairly simple catch, and so spoiling my bowling analysis, he



A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

"Come on, Sam; we're going 'ome. Draw stumps."

insisted on going into the pavilion to bathe his foot. Consequently I was put to all the bother of finding someone else to take his place.

I soon got rid of the man who had been missed. I slipped in attempting to bowl an extra fast one, and the batsman was completely deceived by the ball unexpectedly bouncing.

The next man was silly enough to come in without batting-gloves. The first time that I hit him on the fingers settled him. If a man has not got more sense than that he ought not to play cricket.

The Captain then came in. This fellow, besides being no sportsman, was a coward. He stood about a yard from the wicket and made stupid chops at the ball. He was lucky enough by this unorthodox method to deflect the ball several times through the slips.

We might have had quite a difficulty in getting rid of him if I had not had the resource suddenly to bowl the ball with my left hand. It was not a very good ball, but the man who said that it bounced five times was guilty of exaggeration. The batsman only made a feeble attempt to play it and was bowled. He was inclined to be unpleasant about it, but could produce no rule against the bowler's delivering the ball with either hand without warning. I still maintain that he had not even a moral grievance. He might, it is true, have insisted on taking fresh guard, but an inch or two one way or the other can make no difference to a man who adopts a stance about a yard from the wicket. He could not follow this argument, though I spent some time explaining it to him with diagrams.

After the defeat of their Captain the rest of the team seemed to lose heart. As no one else came out to bat, we allowed a good two minutes a man before putting the wicket down. I think that the rest of the side were rightly entered in the score book "run out," except, perhaps, the man who could not get off the pavilion table. "Absent, hurt" would no doubt be the technical description in his case. The effect, anyway, was the same, as I suppose that, strictly speaking, I could not count them in my analysis. It was absurd that in the circumstances I was only credited with three wickets. It was an easy win, and personally I thoroughly enjoyed the game.

We understand (from his Master of the Robes) that Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER hopes to improve upon Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER's appearance in *Cræsus*, and has commissioned from the house of ROTHSCHILD a play for which he has himself suggested a title: *The Trouser-Cræsus*.



INFORMATION.

"ST. GEORGE'S 'OSPITAL—VILL ZE TRAM TAKE ME?"
"NO; BUT THE AMBULANCE WILL IF YOU DON'T 'OP OFF THE LINE!"

THE CREMATION OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

I FOUND the Trevors in the highest spirits. They were never a very despondent family, but this afternoon they bubbled.

There were so many persons present and the conversation was so excited and general that my entrance was effected without attracting any notice, and I sank into a chair and waited till some one should see me and provide a cup of tea.

Meanwhile scraps of talk came my way.

I heard Mrs. Trevor say, in her shrill voice, "It was costing us a clear four hundred a year. We couldn't let it anyhow, and we couldn't afford to live there."

"No," said Muriel in her decisive tones; "no one was hurt."

"Father is going to send a present to the brigade, of course," said Delia, "but beyond that it won't cost us anything."

"Insured right enough, I should think so!" said Eustace. "Six thousand of the very best."

"And we're all going to Italy as a reward," cried Madge. "Just think: Venice, Florence, Assisi!"

"Yes, my love," bayed Mr. Trevor, who speaks from his very sole, "it almost makes one inclined to give 'em the vote. Only of course that wouldn't be logical. But gratitude, you know...."

It was then that I was at last perceived and drawn into the circle.

"Oh, what do you think?" said Madge, seizing my arm. "We've had such a bit of luck. The Suffragettes have burned down that dreadful country place of father's in Shropshire. Isn't it splendid?"

MORE ACADEMY ENCOURAGEMENTS.

(*Being a composite plagiarism of some of "Mr. Punch's" contemporaries.*)

A FURTHER visit to the Academy discovers a few works of merit that escaped our first notice. Amidst the clash of simpering portraiture, jejune "story-tellers," and trivial idylls of moor and sea, the jaded eyesight finds rest and peace in Mr. John Sturdue's study of still life, *The 9.3 taking in Milk Cans at Redhill*, or the same artist's breezy, yet restrained, treatment of perspective in *The Tube near Dover Street*—a delicate landscape that has been carelessly hung next to Mr. Harris Weimber's somewhat fantastic *Ichthyosauria coming down to water: South Harrow*, purchased, we understand, by the District Railway as a companion to their well-known posters of the unexplored regions to which they invite the tourist.

Despite a topicality better suited to the cinema than Burlington House, Mr. Lionel Fraber's *Two on a Tower*, depicting a recent affair at the Monument, has qualities that deserve a more permanent theme. Mr. Fraber has indeed approached his subject with a robustness that makes one almost glad that no other sense but vision is needed for the interpretation of this joy day of Femininity. Another "Suffragette" picture, wherein the *morale* of this cause is strongly portrayed, is Mr. Frank H. Burnish's *The Militant's Home*. The sternest opponent of the wider utility of women will feel some twinges of conscience before this grim interior, with the unwashed crockery and unkempt children. The despair of the husband is however sufficiently obvious without the rather glaring label for Timbuctoo on the trunk that he is packing.

Those of our younger artists who fritter their talents on endless and depressing replicas of fishing vessels and other subjects "en plein air" are earnestly recommended to study Miss Barbara Fellhurst's great canvas, brooding over Room IV. with its note of the Tragedy that is eternal. Nobody, until they have seen this *Last of the Hundred Dozen—the Sandhurst Tuck-shop at Curfew*, would believe that a mere bun, waiting for its end, could be invested with such stoical dignity. Looking at that quiet figure, touched with some purple of the sunset that is its first and last, one feels that not in vain have its oven-mates gone down. Miss Fellhurst uses no cheap device of the stricken field; she harrows us with no horrors of war. But somehow she tells us that there is internal discord among the gallant cadets. Two of them only advance upon that lonely figure—the last of the buns. The artist has shown us a problem as old as the hills, appetite against repletion—and she leaves us to guess where the victory lies.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH MISUNDERSTANDING.

EDMUND is a thoroughly good sort, but oh, so shy. The least little thing suffuses him with embarrassment; the most imaginary prominence confounds him. Some day I suppose he will get married by proxy after an engagement by special licence. There can hardly be a more bashful man in all London.

Well, one day lately, when I was going out of town, Edmund came into a post-office with me. It is a large office with, I should say, a valuable good-will, but it is not one of your hurried City places. The oligarchs behind the counter are dignified and discriminating. You are scanned and passed for probity, and tastefully-printed stamps are presented to you (you know the way) as certificates of character.

I went over to the bustard-holes and wrote a telegram. "Edmund," said I, "will you hand this in while I write some more? Ask her if it matters its being in French. Here 's a bob."

Edmund took it. I heard him ask and I heard the reply—"French is admissible." Edmund, delighted to be in order, flicked the form under the rails, quite briskly and audaciously for him, without reading it.

The young woman examined it and immediately shot an outraged look upon Edmund. He began to blush; I knew he was wishing he had glanced at it first. "Oh, can I—er—" he said, "er—perhaps you 've not quite got the French . . . misleading language, I always think—er—should I? . . ." The young woman said, "Sir!" and banged the form over the counter to Edmund with a stamp. He read it.

It was addressed to my favourite hotel and I myself find the French of it excellent and clear. It ran: "*Arrive Bournemouth 4.15.*"

"A Beautiful American Organ; splendid sound; with 10 stops; and shaped mirror; worth the trouble of seeing it."—*Cape Argus.*

Of seeing it once, perhaps; but of seeing it every day? Ah!

"For an inventory of the other charms of the 'faire freshe May' the reader must consult the poet's passim."—*Globe.*

If it is not there it will be found in his *ibid.*

MILLIONS FOR THE MILLION.

[Owing to the failures of recent flotations to attract public attention, financiers declare that new issues will have to be advertised in a more up-to-date way.]

THIS WILL INTEREST *YOU!*

THE ALL-GOLD FIVE-POWER CHINESE LOAN.

Guaranteed for Five Years.

Durability! Reliability! Strength!

Refuse all privately-issued Loans, asserted to be "Just as Good" or "Practically the Same Thing." They are *NOT* the same thing. See our name on each Bond. If your broker does not stock them let us know.

* * *

TRY OUR AMERICAN "A.-G." (Anti-Gambling) MARCONIS.

Increase in value while you sleep. Packed free from observation and despatched privately.

"*Cabinet Minister*" *writes:*—"I have found your shares most profitable. Please send me on 2,000 fresh shares for some friends on your credit system."

With free "Guess-let" Competition—the craze of the moment. Guess what the shares will reach. Cash Prizes. One competitor made £20,000 in two days. Mark your envelopes "Wait and See."

* * *

HALF-A-CROWN DOWN BRINGS BRAZILIAN BOND!

The Rest by Easy Instalments on the Furniture System. You get the Bond delivered by our carters at your house on the day of allotment. If after a month's trial you do not like it we take it back carriage forward. All we ask you to do is to send postal order, tearing off coupon at dotted line, with your professional card or letter-heading, stating "Mr., Mrs., Miss or Rev." No business done with Minors.

* * *

SHARES FOR THE MILLION.—So as to popularise the new issue of Consolidated Clothes Horses, Ltd., the promoters have decided to offer Threepenny shares (or Five a Shilling). Illustrated Catalogue post free on application to Bank of England (Dept. G). Will outlast others at three times the price.

"York Minster's twelve bells have been removed to undergo necessary repairs. The clock, which strikes on the tenor bell for the chiming of the quarter and half-hours, is to be reconstructed.

The hair on the heads of most of the hundreds of thousands of dolls exhibited in shop windows is obtained from the Angora goat.

After a long and animated debate, however, the committee's minutes were adopted."
Northern Daily Telegraph.

The committee seems impervious to argument.



THE DEPOPULATION OF RURAL ENGLAND.

Sir Roger Duplessy, Bart. (*came over with the* CONQUEROR). "I SEE THAT POOR OLD HUGH RICOCHET HAS BROKEN UP HIS ESTATE AND IS OFF TO CANADA. MY DEAR MOTHER, ISN'T IT AWFUL TO REALISE THAT YOU AND I ARE ABSOLUTELY THE ONLY PEOPLE LEFT IN THE COUNTY?"

A RIVAL FOR CARUSO.

THE facts and figures bearing on the anatomy of Signor CARUSO published in *The Daily Mail* of May 20 (writes a musical correspondent) are no doubt exceedingly interesting. But the contention that his sound-box represents the supreme perfection of structure and resonance must be resolutely combated in the interests not merely of truth but of patriotism. I have just witnessed the examination of Mr. Chester Huth, the famous Anglo-Israelitish baritone, by Dr. Samuel Soper, F.R.C.S., the illustrious and disinterested laryngologist of Wimpole Street, and have his permission to publish the memorandum in which he embodies the results of his examination.

Dr. Soper begins by observing that Mr. Chester Huth's facial angle approximates more closely to the conformation of the Piltdown skull than that of any other musician he has ever examined. "Perhaps the most striking single feature," he continues, "is the size and the elasticity of his cranium. He is not only markedly prognathous, but his forehead exhibits the quality of bulbosity in an extraordinary degree. The occiput, the sinciput and the cerebellum are all equally developed, but, what is more, they are capable in moments of emotion of such an amount of dilatation that he is obliged to wear hats of different sizes, varying from $6\frac{7}{8}$ to $8\frac{9}{16}$.

"The resonance of his cranium again is altogether abnormal. Struck smartly with an ivory paper-knife it gives out a middle C of fine timbre. Another point is the extraordinary curve of his nose, which, when measured from the top of the upper lip to a spot midway between the eyebrows, is at least half-an-inch longer than that of the famous statue of MOSES by MICHAEL ANGELO. This accounts for the superbly nasal tone which Mr. Chester Huth is able to elicit in moments of passion.

"Another interesting feature about this remarkable artist is the unequalled opulence of his capillary equipment. The average man has about 15,900 hairs on his head, but Mr. Chester Huth has upwards of 30,000. His follicular system is of an unusually vigorous kind, and the pigmentation wonderfully healthy. Brushed with an electric brush his hair crackles freely and gives out a pale-blue flame, at which a cigarette can be lit or the time be read on a watch in the dark. This is a scientific fact which accounts to a great extent for the magnetic influence which Mr. Chester Huth exerts on susceptible audiences of a mattoid diathesis. His chevelure is fine, silky in texture but extraordinarily strong, and I am assured that an admirer who became the fortunate possessor of a small lock made a cast out of it with which he landed a 24lb. salmon.

"I see it stated that CARUSO merely by expanding his lungs is able to push a large Steinway concert grand pianoforte several inches along the carpet. On trying a similar experiment with my 6-cylinder 80-h.p. Jones-Joyce Limousine, Mr. Chester Huth shot it a hundred yards along the kerb, to the consternation of a one-legged crossing-sweeper, who narrowly escaped death.

"The secret of Chester Huth's possession of the volume and sonority of Niagara combined with the penetrating *timbre* of the gorilla's higher register lies, in my opinion, largely in the extraordinary beauty of his Eustachian tube — the passage connecting the pharynx with the middle ear—which in his case measures at least a sixteenth-of-an-inch longer than that of PAGANINI, who previously held the record."

It only remains to be added that Mr. Chester Huth is as generous as he is gifted, but that Dr. Samuel Soper has no intention of accepting remuneration for his task, which he performed for pure joy of anthropometry and with no idea that he was advertising the great baritone.



Passenger. "YOU 'RE VERY CLUMSY WITH YOUR FEET, CONDUCTOR."
Conductor. "WHAT D' Y' EXPECT FOR A 'ALFPENNY A MILE? *PAVLOVER?*"

LATEST FROM THE HIVES.

[Owing to an epidemic in the Somerset apiaries, we learn from *The Pall Mall Gazette*, human bees have to be appointed to carry pollen for the purposes of cross-fertilization. Otherwise there would be a shortage of cider in Somerset this year.]

THE announcement of the employment of "human bees" in Somerset may give relief to the anxious minds of the cider-manufacturers, but it has caused consternation in other quarters. The remarkable intelligence of the bee has by some subtle means communicated to hives all over the country the fact of this introduction of blackleg labour, and these resorts of our most industrious insect are simply buzzing with excitement. Naturally there is a great deal of anger expressed, and a new and sinister meaning has been given to the term "beeswax."

"Down honey-sacks!" is the cry of the more ardent agitators. We are privately informed that in one hive the honeycomb is being surreptitiously filled with corrosive acid. Another hive contains distinct signs of an explosion having taken place, and although no tell-tale literature has been left lying about there is little doubt that the Y.H.B.s (Young Hot-headed Bees) are responsible for this. One hive-keeper, who has a great reputation for handling his bees without being stung, was badly bitten last Sunday while entertaining a small house-party, from which it is feared that the gnats are rising in league with the bees.

Whatever sympathy we may feel for the denizens of our apiaries, we feel still more for M. MAETERLINCK. He, poor man, is in despair. His publishers insist that his *Life of the Bee*, in order to remain the leading authority on the subject, must now have an appendix. "I don't see how I can get this appendix into less than five volumes," he exclaimed pathetically to a friend.

The proprietor of the Somerset hive desires us to make known that he can receive no more applications for the post of drone, as that department was filled some days ago.

A TIMELY WARNING.

[To a new neighbour on hearing a lawyer's opinion to the effect that, according to legal statistics, tempers are much worse in winter than summer.]

GOOD Sir, your flute provokes the impious word,
Slaying some luckless air at even-fall.
I kick the furniture—perhaps you heard
Last night the way I hammered on the wall.
My broken skin avows
The violence of the poet whom you rouse.

And this is summer, I would have you know,
And, knowing, think upon your threatened fate
When winter's winds (like you) begin to blow,
And tempers share the daylight's shortened state.
My wintry wrath might prove
Deadly to you. I think you 'd better move.



BARRED OUT.

Spirit of Mistrust. "I HATE THESE ROYAL WEDDINGS. PEOPLE MEET, AND THERE 'S SUCH A DANGER OF THEIR GETTING TO UNDERSTAND ONE ANOTHER."

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE TWO PERFUMES.

ONCE upon a time there was a common, and on it a cottage had been built with a high bank beside it, and on this bank grew a lilac-tree whose branches hung very near the path, and below the lilac was a great mass of rich brown wall-flowers.

Looking up one afternoon the lilac saw a wayfarer approaching. I hope he will notice me and stop, she thought; for she had but a short time of blossom, and she knew it, and it gave her pleasure to be courted and praised.

"There 's some one coming," she said to the wall-flower. "He looks rather interesting. I think he 'll stop."

"If he does," said the wall-flower, "it will be for you. I 've been going on too long. They 're all tired of me by now."

"I don't agree with you," said the lilac. "I wish I did. This one looks to me as if he would be keen on both of us. I tell you he 's nice."

"Let 's have a bet," said the wall-flower. "I bet you that he pays more attention to you than to me."

"Very well," said the lilac; "and I bet he pays more attention to you. How much?"

"Two bees," said the wall-flower.

"Done," said the lilac as the man reached them.

He was a middle-aged man, with a kindly face, and he knelt down by the wall-flowers and took a long draught of them.

Immediately his years left him and he was a boy again. He thought himself in an old garden. The walls had toad-flax between the bricks. There was a tortoise in the greenhouse. The lawn was very bare where he and his brothers and sisters played too much cricket. All along the front of the house was a bed of wall-flowers, and in a chair by the window of the dining-room lay a lady sewing. Every now and then she looked up and smiled at the cricketers. "Well hit!" she would say, or "Well caught!"

Whenever any of them were out they ran to her for a second and kissed her—not long enough to interrupt the game, but just to let her know that she was the most beautiful and adorable creature in the world.

The man's eyes filled with tears. Why did the scent of wall-flowers always bring back this scene, and this only? But it did.

He reached up and pulled a branch of lilac to his face, and straightway he was a young man again. He was not alone. It was night and the moon was shining, and he was standing in the garden with a beautiful girl beside him. It was the hour of his betrothal. "How wonderful!" she said at last. "Oh, I am too happy!" And again his eyes filled with tears.

Then once more he buried his face in the wall-flowers. . . .

After he had passed on his way across the common, "I've won," said the lilac sadly.

"Yes," said the wall-flower. "I owe you two bees. I won't forget to send them on."



Lady. "YOU TOLD ME I NEED NOT TAKE OUT A LICENCE FOR THE DOG TILL THE END OF THE YEAR, AND NOW THEY 'VE SENT ME A SUMMONS."

Fancier. "THEM REVENUE PEOPLE WILL DO *HANYTHINK*, LADY. I SOLD A GENELMAN A PARROT LARST WEEK, AN' THEY SUMMONED '*IM* FOR KEEPING A DOG WITHOUT A LICENCE JUST BECOS THE BIRD 'APPENED TO 'AVE A 'USKY VOICE."

A Born Scholar.

"At Bryn, to Mr. Charles Sowerbutts and Mrs. Sowerbutts (née Mary Jones, B.A.), a son."—*The Methodist Recorder.*

Political Candour.

From a report in *The Daily Telegraph* of Mr. MCKENNA's speech at Cardiff:—

"He regarded the bill as it now stood as a fair and just measure of religious equality for Wales. It was no longer the mere legislative proposal of the Government; it was the matured and considered work of the House of Commons."

AT THE PLAY.

"CRŒSUS."

"CHARITY," says *M. Rochebrune* in the play, among other less memorable aphorisms—"Charity, like golf, is a rich man's game." And, though I don't presume to guess who it is that is going to pay for his fun, I should say that the production of such a play as Baron HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD'S *Crœsus* was also a rich man's game. Certainly, without pretending to follow the obscure and complex litigation of which this comedy (or was it a tragedy?) has been the subject, most of us concluded that it was hardly worth fighting about, and that it is not likely to live very long after the temporary effect of its loud advertisement in the courts—unpremeditated, no doubt—has worn off. "Count no man happy till he is dead," was the legendary remark of SOLON to the original CRŒSUS; and perhaps an early demise will be the happiest ending of the chequered career of *Crœsus II.*

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Love." This—for even the *demi-monde* can adapt Scripture for its purpose—was the labelled motive, none too fresh, of the play. But the sympathy which is claimed by multi-millionaires on the plea that they cannot gain affection pure from mercenary sentiment is never very heartily accorded. Most people would accept the wealth and chance the penalty. In the case of *Comte Sorbier* our sympathy was the more grudging because the woman on whom he lavished his wealth was only his mistress, and therefore at perfect liberty to move on, when she chose, into more entertaining pastures. A vague hope of reconciliation was held out to us; for did not *Grandval*, the Abdiel of the company, hint that a rich man has not failed if he can keep the true devotion of one man and of one woman? But nothing came of it so far as the woman was concerned. True, she returned from her escapade, alleging that her heart had always remained true to her *Sorbier;* but she imposed neither on him nor on us.

Meanwhile *Crœsus* had been harbouring the illusion that by a disguise of his identity he might rivet to himself the disinterested affections of a true woman. Such a treasure he thought he had discovered, where a less child-like and confiding nature might never have looked for it, in the person of a *midinette*. The masquerade was very simple. He just changed into an old jacket, light overcoat and popular slouch hat, carefully guarded in a patent safe, which must, I presume, have been the chief feature of the scenery which Mr. BOURCHIER was so anxious to retrieve from the other party in the case. So we were suddenly transported from the smartest circles of Parisian fashion into a boisterous scene of low life in Bohemia, and never got back again. As the curtain rose upon the last Act, with its half-dozen or so of perfectly new characters, I thought there must be some mistake. I admit that I was a little dazed by a change in my own social condition, for by the courtesy of a friend I found myself admitted to the dignity of the stalls, after having had a foreshortened view of the first two Acts from a free seat in the Upper Circle.



Sorbier (Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER) setting out to be loved for himself—not for his hat or coat.

However, the ultimate appearance of *Crœsus* made it clear that this Act was part of the play. A very long dialogue ensued between him and the *midinette* of his choice, from which we learned that she had been the object of attentions on the part of a *vieux marcheur*, who had offered her his protection and the luxury of an *appartement*, which she innocently proposed to accept without any idea that the result might be of a compromising nature. Acting on this information, *Sorbier* disclosed his identity (an obvious dramatic chance sadly *manqué*), and paid her off handsomely and to her complete satisfaction.

So ended the play on the knell of another lost illusion, and Baron HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD had achieved at least one of the high purposes of drama—to purify the heart with pity. For who could view with dry eyes the poignant spectacle of a millionaire left for the moment without a mistress!

Mr. BOURCHIER, snatching a brief respite from the dusty purlieus of the law, played the part of *Sorbier* as easily as if he had just emerged from a rest-cure. In the lighter passages, especially in the Second Act, where he dealt tersely with a variety of beggars, he was excellent, but did not altogether succeed in suggesting a figure of romance.

Of Madame GABRIELLE DORZIAT'S performance as *Marcelle* it is difficult to judge, for she spoke a Gallicised English. The blend of this with the native English (Cockney and other) of the rest of the cast, though in her case it was unavoidable if she had to play the part at all, produced the same effect of absurd incongruity which one suffers in plays adapted from the French when some isolated character adopts broken English for the purpose of local colour. She played with vivacity but without any very peculiar grace. Whether she might have moved us more if she had let us see her in the new gown which her milliner brought for her, none can say, for, after retiring to try it on, she never appeared in it. Here again the author raised hopes, only to dash them to the ground.

From the others we got no very fresh ideas about Parisian *esprit*. Mr. SPENCER TREVOR was perhaps most at home in his favourite part of a senile buffoon. In the other section of the play Miss MARJORIE WATERLOW, as the over-innocent *midinette*, did her best to be nearer nature than the part allowed, but she was not quite equal to the strain of so improbable a situation and so much dialogue to go with it. I am not sure that little Miss JOYCE ROBEY (*Toto*), whose business was to enjoy her supper at a miniature table *à part*, did not do as much justice as anybody to Baron HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD'S design.

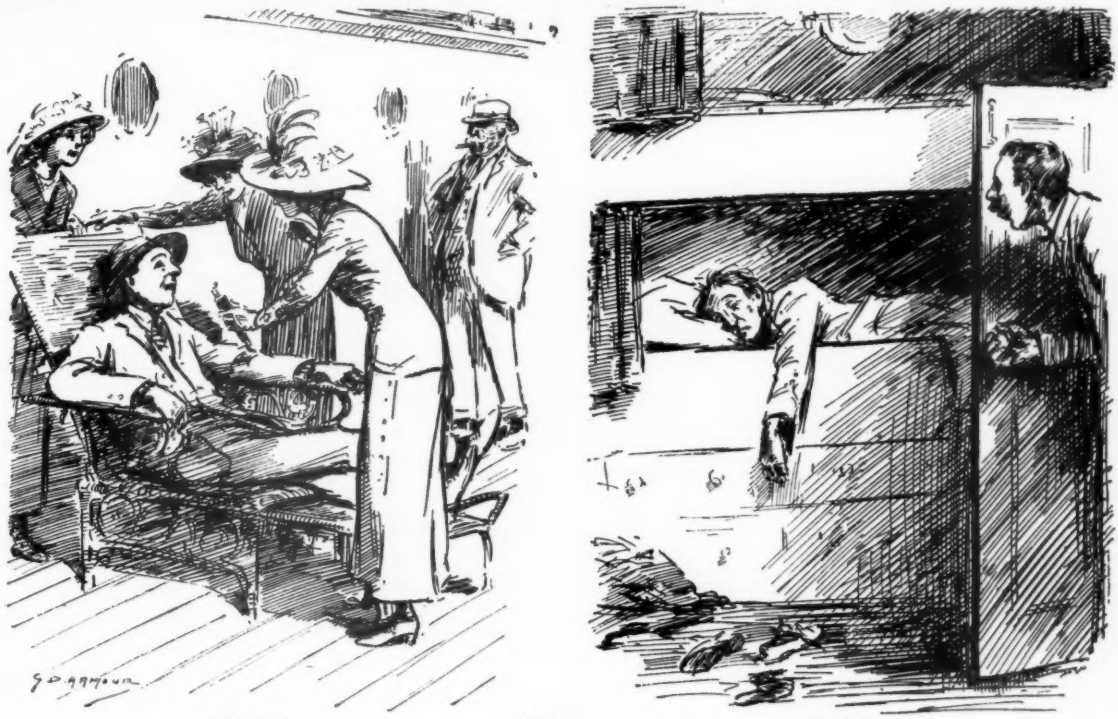
How far his play was a personal *cri de cœur* I am too discreet even to conjecture, but I permit myself respectfully to hope that life has its compensations for him—compensations unknown to the ordinary playwright. O. S.

"Wanted, two Bull Terriers, must be well bred and fond of goats."—*Advt. in "Buenos Aires Standard."*

Our own bull-terrier simply dotes on anything with a beard, but, alas! he is not well bred.

"Oxford, 46 for two. Herring b. Humphreys, 21½."—*Bristol Evening Times.*

This paves the way for our great mathematical problem. If a herring and a half makes a run and a half in an hour and a half, how long will it take one herring to make 21½?



FANCY AND FACT.

THE NUT'S FIRST SEA-VOYAGE.

MR. PUNCH IN THE PAST.

[After the custom of several of his contemporaries and in the manner of himself.]

I.

[*Reproduced from "Punch" of* 1215.]

June 15th.—In anticipation of memorable meeting Barons arrive early. BOB FITZ replete with new suit of armour of civilization, whether as a sign of his leadership or merely to grace unprecedented occasion not altogether evident. Quite in accordance with traditions of House for assembly to assume almost holiday air, no doubt due in part to sylvan surroundings of Runnymede.

"Jolly little spot," said DE QUINCY, calmly fishing for a bluebottle lodged inside his leader's gorget. "You don't get bluebottles and buttercups and all that sort of thing in Westminster Hall." Nothing in his bearing, or even in BOB FITZ'S, to indicate imminence of deadly struggle to resist destruction of Constitution, said struggle, moreover, forced on Barons during hard-earned Recess succeeding feudal service.

Temper of assembly somewhat changed on arrival of OUR JOHN and commencement of full debate. Still, Barons tolerably at ease in anticipation of big majority at division. STEPHEN CANTUAR appeared in his place at side of OUR JOHN, but SARK, with accustomed eagle eye, observed him to greet BOB FITZ with friendly wink.

Order of day consisted of discussion of Articles of Barons. As expected, OUR JOHN declined all debate and confined himself wholly to obstruction, complaining of "unprecedented effrontery of tyrannical majority in compressing debate on matters vital to constitution to extent of discussing forty-eight clauses in single sitting." BOB FITZ, in course of brief reply, referred to OUR JOHN'S refusal to discuss matter when ample time had been allowed. Temper of latter not improved by secession of STEPHEN CANTUAR in strong speech favouring summary acceptance of clauses. Debate concluded by BOB FITZ'S significant closure of his vizor.

Business done.—Magna Carta signed.

FATHER THAMES.

Ye Muses, light sleeping
Where Hippocrene 's leaping,
Come brush from the kirtle its spray that begems,
And make me a measure
Of summer and pleasure,
As gay as a piper, in praise of old Thames!

Oh, broad are his reaches,
Oh, brilliant the beaches
That margin that dear and delectable stream;
From shallows of amber
His irises clamber,
His kingcups are golden, his kingfishers gleam!

So best do we love him,
May's zenith above him,
His alders in blossom, his blackcaps in song,
His chestnut lamps litten
From Rushey to Ditton,
In pale waxen lustres to light him along.

From now to September
Old tunes he 'll remember
Of sunshine and water, of shadow and leaves,
And all the dear graces
Of sweet pretty faces,
And all the dim magic of midsummer eves.

O Ancient of Waters,
Your sons and your daughters—
Small wonder they praise you with laughter and love,
When broad you come streaming
Through summer meads gleaming,
The chestnuts' brave candles to light you above!

HORS DE COMBAT.

ON the Wednesday I wrote:—"Dear Marjorie, do you remember the snap with which my heart broke when, some five years ago, you told me that, much as you liked me, you yet intended to marry Jonathan? You don't? Nor my resolution to go out into the wilds and shoot big game? Come, come; surely you cannot have forgotten my saying that I would pit my little strength and cunning against some untamed monster and more than half hoped that the monster would win? This attitude impressed you very favourably at the time, and you were all for being on with me again and off with Jonathan until he said, 'Don't you believe about that monster,' or words to that effect. Well, to show that I have forgiven you both, I want you to come and stay the week-end with me at my hermitage and be introduced to the monster, which, I am sorry to say, has lost.—Yours, still alive but unhappy, Charles."

On Friday morning I found a letter waiting for me, which, with an instinctive thrill, I tore open. "Dear Sir," it ran, "we beg to give you notice that your water supply will be cut off at the main from 9.0 A.M. till noon on Sunday next.—Yours faithfully, The Pelborough Waterworks Co." In the afternoon I had a wire from Marjorie and Jonathan accepting.

On the Sunday morning I rose at my usual time, 8.30, and an hour later was joined by Marjorie at breakfast. This was our first meeting alone since the crisis.

"Coming straight to the point," said I, "do you still think you have the right man for husband?"

"I want," said she, evading the question, "to see the monster."

"You have seen it once," said I, "but if you aren't satisfied go upstairs and have another bath." She did not follow. "Not every wild beast bears its savagery stamped on its exterior. The most deadly kind are outwardly calm and even polished. Let me tell you that there is no more angry and treacherous brute known to the big sportsman than the geyser."

Marjorie sniffed. "If you mean that big copper thing in the bathroom . . ."

"I do," said I. "Have you ever met one so easily infuriated?"

"I have never met one at all," said she. "In our walk of life such things do not occur, or, if they do, occur in the servants' quarters."

I apologised. "For the moment I forgot your higher social plane. But tell me, did it growl at you?"

"The most harmless animal I have ever seen. It simply sat up and begged."

"And showed no signs of getting heated?"

"No."

"Then," I declared, "you cannot have lit it."

"Lit it?" she asked. "No, why should I?"

It appeared that when Marjorie sees a tap with HOT on it, it is her custom to turn it on without setting fire to it, however much mechanism there may be behind it. There is something to be said for this course. True, the result is a cold bath, but even that is more comfortable than what happens to you if you set fire to the mechanism without first turning on the tap. In the one case you lose your temper and sulk; in the other the geyser loses its temper and bursts.

"And so," I said, "all's well that ends well," and I returned to my subject, asking her if, now she knew the way in which we geyser-tamers take our lives in our hands every morning, she still persisted in regarding Jonathan as the better man. To evade the question she resorted to one of his beastly legal phrases. "That," said she, "is *res judicata*."

I helped her to a poached egg and myself to two. "On the contrary," said I, "it is now *sub judice*."

"What I meant," she said, "is that I have married him, and there is an end of it."

"What I meant," said I, "is that he is now being put to the ordeal of fire and water, and that may be the end of *him*." She looked almost anxious. "That same geyser which you affect to despise, having given in to me, is now testing the intrepidity, strength and cunning of Jonathan. If he turns on the water before he turns on the gas, he will eventually emerge victorious from the bathroom door and you will live happily and proudly with him for ever afterwards. If he lights the gas before he fills the tank with water, he will pass out through the window and you will want another husband. It is quite exciting for all of us, isn't it?" I stuck my fork into a poached egg by way of illustrating what was probably happening to Jonathan at the moment. "This," I hissed, "is my r-r-revenge."

After a pause, "Your difficulty," said Marjorie, "is that a fat, round, red face cannot easily be made to look sinister."

I smiled at her malevolently. "Don't talk so loud," said I, "we may miss the explosion."

She rose.

I beckoned her back to her seat. "Between ourselves," I said, "there is a patent arrangement which prevents you turning on the gas before you have turned on the water tap."

She sighed and sat down. "I am glad of that," she murmured, "for Jonathan is a good fellow in the main."

Thereupon I lost all interest in Marjorie and poached eggs. "Good heavens," I said, leaping up, "I had forgotten all about the main."

* * * * *

The most casual glance into the bathroom showed that it had been vacated in a temper. Jonathan I discovered in his bed.

"I can see your face," I said, "but where is the rest of you?"

At this moment Fac Totum (my menial staff) entered with a tray containing breakfast. Never an emotional man, he was singularly unmoved at this juncture.

"You might have guessed," said I, "that I should forget all about the Waterworks."

"I did, Sir. I took the liberty of warning Mr. Roper when I called him."

I looked at Jonathan's face. It was an exclamation mark.

"And you might have guessed," I continued severely, "that he would forget all about it."

"I did, Sir. I took the further liberty of cutting off the gas at the main also."

* * * * *

I went down to report to Marjorie. "It is all over and your husband is in bed."

"Severely injured?" she enquired.

"Slightly disgusted. The monster gave him no sport; my man had previously drawn its claws, and later subdued its fighting spirits by putting it on a low diet. Jonathan, however, has challenged it to a second round at noon, when it will be better fed."

"He is no coward," said Marjorie proudly.

"No," I admitted, "he is a man of my own stamp. I almost hope we shall see him down at lunch—complete."

"Professor Sampson said that about one o'clock this morning he and Mr. Storey, his chief assistant, were wakened by a noise which they took to be a door banging."

Glasgow News.

Fortunately no one of our friends snores so loudly as this.

"The Duke of Connaught has been unanimously re-elected Master of Trinity House, and Captain H. Acton Blake, Deputy Master, for the ensuing year.

The Westminster Gazette, however, states that there is no truth in the report that the Foreign Office has approached the French Government on the matter."

Irish Independant.

This is not one of the matters that they order in France.

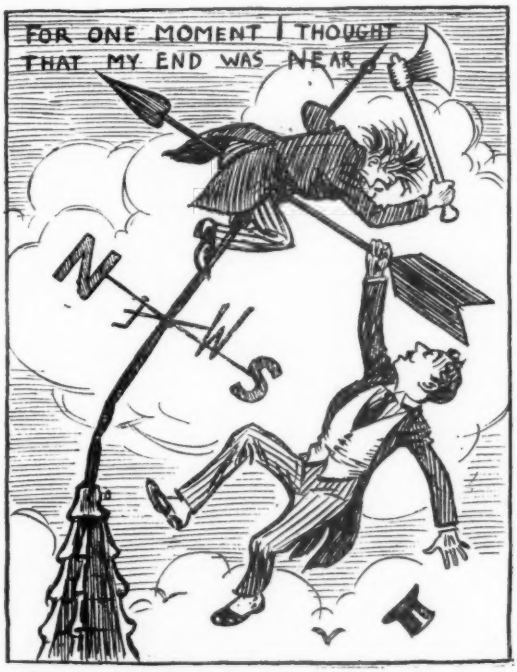
POSTERS THAT MAKE YOU READ.



READ THE GREAT LOVE STORY, "MORE THAN CORONETS." *DAISY NOVELETTE* (No. 1,000,001). PUBLISHED TO-DAY. ONE PENNY.



SEE THE STRONGEST TALE OF MYSTERY EVER WRITTEN NOW RUNNING IN *REPLIES*. YOU CAN START IT ANYWHERE.



SEE THE THRILLING, BLOOD-CURDLING, SOUL-ABSORBING SERIAL STARTING IN TO-DAY'S *EVERYBODY'S COMIC*.



READ THE GREATEST REALISTIC ROMANCE OF MODERN TIMES, "NORMAN BLOOD," BEGINNING IN THIS WEEK'S *HIGH SOCIETY*.

CELEBRATED TRIALS.

II.—REX *v.* PENNYCOOK.

THIS case, which has excited great interest among members of the theatrical profession, was brought to a conclusion yesterday. The prisoner, it will be remembered, is a dramatic author. Twelve years ago his play, *Courtship and Courage*, was produced at the old Hilarity Theatre and enjoyed a great measure of success, running for two hundred nights. After that came *A Woman's Heart*, which has been described as the apotheosis of happy domesticity, and this was followed by *Horner's Thumb*, which was played to crowded houses in 1904. In 1905, however, the Act for the Prevention of Cheerfulness in Theatres was passed and the prisoner found that the stage had been very properly closed to such productions as were associated with his name. He had, it was admitted, signed the statutory declaration undertaking to refrain from writing anything that might "tend to produce merriment, smiles, laughter, exultation, gaiety, happiness, warmth of feeling, friendship, marriage or family joy"; but he had never loyally accepted the new conditions and had on more than one occasion been warned by the inspectors appointed under the Act that his conduct, if persisted in, would inevitably result in making him amenable to severe penalties. He had, however, neglected these well-meant remonstrances, and on March 2nd he had handed the MS. of a new play, entitled *Wedding Bells*, to Mr. Charles Greef, the manager of the New Depression Theatre, with a view to its acceptance and production. Mr. Greef had, as in duty bound, given notice to the police, and the present prosecution was the result.

The chief witness for the Crown was Mr. Alfred Ernest Dumps, the head of H.M. Bureau of Dramatic Experts. Mr. Dumps deposed that he had read *Wedding Bells* carefully. In his opinion it constituted a gross infringement of the Act. To begin with there was no Lancashire scene in it. This was a very grave matter. Indeed, none of the characters could be said to belong to a manufacturing district, nor did they show the least contempt for the conventional ideas of matrimony. For instance, in Act I. the Squire's son made love to the daughter of the village blacksmith, whose physical strength and fits of anger were insisted on in such a way as to give one some hope of what might ultimately happen. But it all came to nothing, for in the next Act, the girl, who had throughout shown a great distaste for being without marriage lines, allowed herself to be married to her wealthy adorer at a London registry office, and in the last Act, in deference to old-fashioned local scruples, the marriage ceremony was repeated in the village church. There was thus a double offence. The second marriage gave rise to what he could only describe as a scene of perfectly abandoned cheerfulness. There were slippers and rice in it. The postilion was undoubtedly a comic character and would produce laughter. The atmosphere was one of gaiety.

Mr. Justice Sparkles. What does the postilion say?

The Witness. Mostly "Gee-woa" and "Hold up, there." He also cracks his whip.

The Judge. I suppose that would make a horse laugh. (*Loud sighs, instantly suppressed.*)

His lordship said that this was not a theatre. Laughter was permissible here. (*Loud laughter.*)

Cross-examined by Mr. Chaffinch, K.C., the witness said that he had held his present appointment since the Act was passed. His salary was £5,000 a year in addition to fees. The business had greatly fallen off, most people having reconciled themselves to the provisions of the Act. Had never written a play himself. Might have thought of doing so when he was young. Could not remember a play named *Lady Jellico's Jewels*, stated to have been written by him.

Mr. Chaffinch. I call for its production.

The Witness. It cannot be produced without my leave.

The Judge. The learned counsel wishes it to be produced *in Court*, not in a theatre. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Chaffinch. This is very serious.

The Judge. If that is so it will not help you, Mr. Chaffinch.

Mr. Chaffinch. I was alluding to the witness's evidence, my Lord, not to the alleged play.

The MS. of *Lady Jellico's Jewels* was brought into Court under a strong guard and handed to the jury.

The witness, continuing, said he now remembered the play. It was written by his uncle.

Mr. Chaffinch (*sternly*). I thought we should drag it out of you.

Various witnesses were called in the prisoner's defence, but their evidence merely showed that he was habitually of a gloomy and morose disposition.

His Lordship, in summing up, pointed out to the jury that no evidence worthy of the name had been given to rebut the very grave charges brought against the prisoner. What had been said as to the prisoner's disposition was, unfortunately for him, not to the point. It was well established that many gloomy men had written mirthful plays. During the Victorian era it had been observed that clowns, who were wont on the stage to compel laughter by means of red-hot pokers and strings of sausages, displayed extreme melancholy in the privacy of the domestic circle. Poems had been written on this incongruity. No doubt the jury had heard of GRIMALDI (*loud laughter*). The prisoner might well be a sad fellow (*renewed laughter*) and yet write a viciously comical play. They had heard the evidence of a great expert on the subject of the prisoner's play, and it was for them to say what they thought about it.

The jury found the prisoner guilty, with aggravating circumstances, and he was sentenced to a month's confinement in the stalls of a repertory theatre.

The prisoner declared that he couldn't survive it, and was then removed in charge of two powerful managers from Manchester and Glasgow.

NON OMNIA POSSUMUS OMNES.

["We have never seen the 'Turkey-trot' or the 'Tango.'" *Pall Mall Gazette, May* 20, 1913.]

WE 've pleaded for a Tariff with the patience of a JOB;
We 've served the cause of Empire in all quarters of the globe;
We 've braved the wrath of Sultans; we 've giv'n the KAISER beans;
We 've taught the New Theology to bishops and to deans;
We 've lauded Federal Home Rule in many a purple phrase;
We 've greeted CARSON'S policy with reams of lavish praise;
We 've correlated Cubism with the classic phase of art,
And we know the works of NIETZSCHE and of MEREDITH by heart;
We 've written in one morning nineteen columns and a half
On WAGNER, SCHOPENHAUER and the death of a giraffe;
We 've smashed all previous records for prolixity of pen;
We 've slung more ink than SALA, though he slung enough for ten;
We 've sounded all the gamut of emotions fierce and hot;
And yet there 's one annoying fly in our rich ointment-pot—
We 've never seen the Tango or beheld the Turkey Trot.

Brightening Cricket.

"In one over he got twenty-two 6's and two 4's."
Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.



"*Old Gallery Boy*" *writes*:—"THIS NEW FASHION OF HAVING THE ACTORS GIVE A PROCESSION THROUGH THE STALLS SEEMS TO BE TAKING ON. REINHARDT STARTED IT, BUT IT DON'T SEEM TO ME DEMOCRATIC. WHAT'S THE GALLERY DONE THAT IT SHOULD BE LEFT OUT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

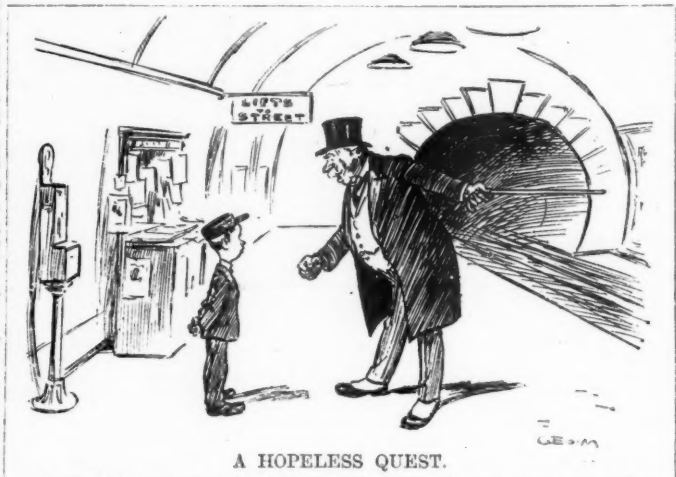
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE was once a man who used to go to a famous restaurant and dine sumptuously off fine linen and *hors d'œuvres*. That is a course which you might take with Lord MILNER'S introduction to *The Nation and the Empire* (CONSTABLE), the collected edition of his speeches compiled by his friend, Mr. CHARLES BOYD. If you treat the book in that fashion you will not go empty away, for the reasoned declaration of the faith that is in him is the work of a State's man if ever there was one, and gives a vivid and complete picture of the new and true Imperialism. But, if you take a proper pride in the great little country to which you belong, you should keep *The Nation and the Empire* by you, and study with care the addresses that Lord MILNER has delivered on platforms, and in places where they debate, in South Africa, Canada, and the Mother Country. In his devotion to the principles of Preferential Trade it may seem for the moment as if he had put his money on the wrong horse. But you never can tell. If I may express the late HIGH COMMISSIONER for South Africa in terms of Sir JOHN BENN and Lord ROBERTS, I should say that the Progressive councillor is not more anxious than he that the bodies as well as the minds of children should be the care of the State, nor the Field Marshal that its young men should be able as well as willing to guard it with their lives. Besides the desirability of these two objects the most lively impression left upon my mind by the study of Lord MILNER'S speeches is the picture of a possible Second Chamber, in which none but great questions of Imperial Unity and Imperial Defence will be discussed by none but Imperially-minded men. At present we possess two Houses of Parliament, in one of which Lord MILNER and many others like him cannot sit; in the other they have practically no legislative power left to them. Some day, perhaps, we shall change all that. But meanwhile we are wasting, as these speeches and the whole of Lord MILNER'S public life show, a great deal of good material.

If ever I visit the United States (which, without undue prejudice, I hope to avoid doing) and find myself in any difficulty, I have quite made up my mind upon the best course of action. I shall sit down right where I am on the side-walk, and await the advent of some large and managing female, homely but with a heart of gold, who will banish all my troubles and generally play Providence, finishing up, as like as not, by marrying me to an exquisite heiress. I base my touching faith in this phenomenon upon a wide experience of American fiction, where she now appears the most popular and frequent figure. Her latest embodiment is as the heroine of *Martha By-The-Day* (GRANT RICHARDS), the chronicler of her doings being Miss JULIE M. LIPPMANN. I hardly think I need tell you the list of these doings, because you are probably already familiar with them or their like. Sufficient to say that when *Claire Lang*, a young girl, "well-born but friendless" (to quote the cover), found herself one rainy night on a street-car without so much as five cents to pay the fare, she gave the first opportunity in the book to *Martha Slawson*, the big, kindly Irish charwoman, who happened to be on the same car.

Martha paid the conductor, rescued *Claire* from a grasping landlady, introduced her to her own crowded and strenuous home—and the rest was plain sailing. To those who like their stories short, happy, and with lots of molasses, this may be cordially recommended. To the others, not.

I see that one of my fellow Learned Clerks, reviewing an earlier novel by Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH, said, "If I were to state exactly the position which I believe this author will take among the great masters of English fiction, you might accuse me of exaggeration." After reading *Isle of Thorns* (CONSTABLE) I will commit myself to a similar opinion. *Isle of Thorns* is amazingly good. It has all the virtues, from a swift, dramatic narrative to the occasional humorous word or line which lightens up the whole page in which it appears. The characters are drawn with that apparent absence of effort which is the conscientious novelist's reward for hard work. The book reads so easily that I feel sure that Miss KAYE-SMITH was quite exhausted when she had finished writing it. From cover to cover it contains not a slipshod line. The Isle of Thorns was a ruined cottage in the Sussex woods much frequented by *Raphael Moore*, who, till one day he found *Sally Odearne* there, fancied that life had ceased for him on the death of his wife ten years before. *Sally* was an amateur unit of "Stanger's World-Famous Show" on tour in the South of England. *Andy Baird* presided over *Stanger's* rifle-range. *Sally's* soul was torn between *Raphael* and Respectability on the one hand and *Andy* and the Open Road on the other, until *Raphael*, discarding respectability, took to the road himself and won *Sally* and his own salvation simultaneously. I have seldom read anything so obviously true to life as the chapters dealing with the *vie intime* of Stanger's; and, after laying the book down, I was perfectly certain that I had known *Mrs. Cortelyon*, the tramp, all my life. "No, my old dear," said *Mrs. Cortelyon* to *Raphael*, as they chatted over their bread and margarine under the hedge, "the only trade for road folks, if they don't tinker, is frightening women, and Mr. Cortelyon and me don't hold with that. You'd be surprised, young man, if I was to tell you the sphere we've moved in and the people we've shaken hands with. Mr. Cortelyon and I are most —— particular as to the company we keeps; we have seen better days." *Isle of Thorns*, in a word, is the book you have been looking for. In the inspired language of the great republic in which I write these lines, it has the punch.



A HOPELESS QUEST.

Cross Old Gentleman (in tube station). "BOY, I MUST SEE THE STATION-MASTER AT ONCE; THE GUARD ON THAT TRAIN HAS GROSSLY INSULTED ME!"

In *Napoleon Boswell* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. HERBERT H. MALLESON shows plainly an almost insolent familiarity with gipsy life. He is apt to break suddenly into rich Romany: "*Besh alé jukul.*" That is the sort of remark which Mr. MALLESON may make at any moment during a casual conversation; but *dordi! dabla! mi duvel!* as we say in the caravans, it certainly has a fascination, this moving life. After reading these stories I can quite understand why gipsies go about singing, "Oho! oho! oho! oho!" as they do in what *Mr. Baboo Jabberjee* would call the "somewhat musty" ballad of *Gipsy John* (if my memory serves me rightly). In their position I should do the same myself. And yet—*surgit amari aliquid*—something respectable and law-abiding deep down in me prevents my approving wholly of young *Napoleon*. It is all very well for Lady HELEN GROSVENOR to say in her preface to this volume that the gipsies are "Nature's gentlefolk." It may be so, yet, having weighed Master *Napoleon* in the balance, I shall certainly instruct my Head Keeper of the Fowl-Run to see that the hen-coops are securely closed whenever a caravan is reported on the horizon. My Chief Butler will receive similar orders with regard to the spoons. *Napoleon Boswell* may have been a passing gentlemanly fellow from Nature's standpoint, but I fail to observe in him that rigid respect for the rights of property without which no one can be a real friend of mine. I may say, in short, that *Napoleon* is delightful between the stiff green covers of Messrs. SMITH, ELDER & Co., but in the flesh—"James, I think this is young *Mr. Boswell's* caravan approaching. Lasso the Buff Orpington and place her in the safe; and perhaps it would be wise to nail down the house till he has passed by. We must take no risks."

If you would regain your lost youth, Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON afford you the opportunity at the price of one shilling net (paper cover) or two shillings net (cloth). To read *Courtin' Christina* is to revive inwardly all the exquisite pangs of joy and terror felt in the pursuit of a very first love or the execution of a very first shave. The philanderer is none other than *Wee MacGreegor*, grown a little older, a little more intelligible in his speech and perhaps even a little more charming; passing from dalliance to dalliance, and ultimately, in the psychological spasm of his soul's *grande passion*, spending penny after penny on frivolous and unuseable lead-pencils in order to occupy and keep on occupying the attention of the lady behind the counter. Mr. J. J. BELL'S skill in suggesting the character in print is second only to Mr. HASSALL'S in depicting the figure on the cover: to author and artist *Mr. Punch* presents his congratulations on their respective feats, so apparently simple, so obviously inimitable.

Anticipating Trouble.

"There will be an orchestra and dull chorus, the conductor being Mr. F. Choppin."—*Folkestone Herald.*

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—This week's issue of *The Outragette*, if folded into a tube, can be used as a serviceable bomb. The special "Militant Supplement" includes paper pattern of an infernal machine and particulars of the new competition, "Explodelets." *Caution.*—Before the paper is opened it should be placed under water.



"YOU KNOW, JAMES, BABY WILL *SOON* BE ASKING US ALL SORTS OF QUESTIONS AND WANTING TO KNOW ABOUT *EVERYTHING*. WE MUST PREPARE OURSELVES TO ANSWER HIM *CORRECTLY*." "VERY WELL, MY LOVE!"



THEY DO—WITH DEPLORABLE RESULTS.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Berlin wedding is said to have gone off without a hitch, and the newspaper which issued the following announcement on its poster was evidently misinformed:—

EVE OF THE WEDDING.
SCENES.

* * *

The statement in a contemporary that Princess VICTORIA LUISE and Prince ERNST AUGUSTUS were married "in the presence of the three greatest monarchs of Europe" has given grave offence to a certain Balkan King who, owing to pressure of business, was unable to be present.

* * *

Mr. ROOSEVELT, in the course of the action which he brought to disprove the charge that he was an excessive drinker, made one admission which came near to wrecking his case. He confessed airily that once, at the Deutsche Club at Milwaukee, he took "a mouthful" of beer. The opposing Counsel was, however, caught napping, and omitted to request the ex-President to open his mouth, known to be an exceptionally roomy one, to its full extent, so that the jury might see its capacity.

* * *

The rumour that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is aiming at the leadership of the Liberal Party has received startling confirmation. The other day Mr. ASQUITH had his hair cut. At the opening of Parliament last week it was noticed that the CHANCELLOR was allowing his to grow as long as Mr. ASQUITH's used to be.

* * *

Mr. BURNS informed Captain MURRAY in the House of Commons last week that the question of the prohibition of dazzling head-lights on motor cars is under consideration. The statement has caused a certain amount of uneasiness among red-haired chauffeurs, and Mr. BURNS, we understand, is to be asked, when the weather gets cooler, to receive a deputation on the subject.

* * *

"The Tea Party," says Archdeacon SCOTT, "is a mighty parochial engine." The Liberal Party must look to its laurels.

* * *

The custom of presenting gifts to one's guests is said to be spreading. We must confess that we have often felt, after a very dull and badly-cooked dinner, that some compensation was due to us.

* * *

"There is not much need of my expressing any view about those dances which have of recent date been imported from the Zoological Gardens into the London drawing-room," says Father BERNARD VAUGHAN. This slander on those who are not in a position to defend themselves strikes us as peculiarly dastardly, and we trust that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will carry the matter further.

* * *

ENGRACIA TORRELANO, of Ferrol, Spain, *The Express* informs us, danced the Tango at a village fair while bearing a bucketful of water on her head. We understand that over here this dance is frequently performed by persons with a certain amount of water on the brain.

* * *

The Strand Magazine publishes a symposium on the subject of "The Sort of Woman a Man Likes." It is said that many distinguished gentlemen who were asked for their views were obliged to decline the invitation owing to their being married and not wishing to make trouble at home.

* * *

For the following extract from an account of a local Musical Competition we are indebted to the Dublin *Evening Herald*:—

"In the Junior Organ the test pieces were (*a*) Frigne in D minor, The Giant (Bach): (*b*) Prelude in A (Smart), and (*c*) an easy piece at sight.

Mrs. Guinness said it would be a great convenience if occasionally the Committee had the use of the ambulance."

This seems just the occasion.

TO A VERY ORDINARY MAN,

who, having failed to make any impression as a bachelor, has now secured, in the person of his new wife, a dazed admirer of his intelligence, and treats her accordingly.

Two months of "wedded bliss" had fared
(I use the phrase to custom dear)
Since in those solemn rites I shared
That closed your celibate career,
When, Francis, at your kind request,
I came to eat your mess of pottage,
And brought (unasked) an eye to test
Your scheme of love-birds in a cottage.

Dinner produced the signs I sought:
Our trio prattled gay and free;
But when the theme demanded thought
Your best remarks were made to *me*;
I gathered, though you loved her much
(And love, of course, was all that mattered),
You wished she had a lighter touch
For picking up the pearls you scattered.

You did not patently expose
This private yearning, need I say?
For men conceal their inward woes
And seldom give their wives away;
Indeed, when we discussed apart
What things to praise and what disparage—
Weather and EDWARD GREY and Art—
There was no mention made of marriage.

Yet I divined the subtle change.
When mixing with our world of men
Your wit had shown a modest range,
Nor soared above the average ken;
And now you owned—and this was odd—
An audience (guaranteed by Cupid)
That took you for a little god,
And, in return, you found her stupid!

She may be so; but that conceit
Comes with a sorry grace from you—
From one whose wife salutes his feet
With deference well beyond his due;
Rather be glad her brains are small,
For would she (pardon my acidity)
Ever have married you at all
But for her gift of sweet stupidity? O. S.

"The complete, well perhaps we had better not say complete, as we can hardly believe that a change so sudden and unexpected has been full and complete, but the result of the inquiry on Tuesday night is a surprise to many people to find that after all 'We have been and gone and done for 'em,' as the popular phrase goes, the Ashby representatives should turn round and throw in their little lot with Frodingham is a thing no 'fellah can understand.'"
Scunthorpe Star.

Somebody is not well.

Cabinet Ministers who have children experience no difficulty now in obtaining nurses. Owing to kidnapping threats, Scotland Yard is providing the nurse with an officer whenever she takes the children out.

"Mulholland reached three figures in two hours thirty-five minutes. His total eventually reached 122, for which he batted two hours and ten minutes."—*Evening Standard.*

"Mead out 170. He hit twenty-seven 4's, four 3's, and one hundred and twenty 2's."—*Liverpool Echo.*

And so the brightening of cricket goes on.

HOT WEATHER HINTS.

By way of giving a useful lead to persons suffering from a lack of initiative *Mr. Punch* has collected the following interesting list of favourite drinks from a variety of prominent personages:—

Sir RUFUS ISAACS: Marconibrunner.
Lord MURRAY OF ELIBANK: Mumm.
Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: Contangostura Bitters.
Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT: Milestone Burgundy.
Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL: Blenheim Orangeade.
Mr. J. S. SARGENT, R.A.: Sparkling Wertheimer.
Mr. LEO MAXSE: Château Léoville.
Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING: Kimmel.
Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL: O. O. de vie.
Mr. URE: Pommery cum Grano.
Mr. REGINALD SMITH, K.C.: Elderflower water.
Sir EDWARD HENRY: Cop's Ale.
Lord NORTHCLIFFE: 'Alf-and-'Alf.
The MASTER OF THE MINT: Crème de Menthe.
Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD: Marcella.
Mrs. ASQUITH: Château Margot.
Mme. MELBA: Canary.
Mr. HENRY JAMES: Iced Water drunk from "The Golden Bowl."
Mr. JUSTICE DARLING: Anything so long as it is not Vin de Grave.

Some further hints, on the subject of dress and diet, will doubtless be appreciated in view of the authority attached to the experts cited.

Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH writes: "When the shade temperature does not exceed 70 I think that blue broadcloth and a buff waistcoat are best attuned to the national physique. When, however, this limit is exceeded I favour the adoption of certain modifications, as, for example, a white tall hat and the substitution of bone for brass buttons on the waistcoat, brass being a conductor of heat. In exceptional temperature a puggaree is a useful sartorial adjunct, and a white umbrella serves to mitigate the ardours of the dog star."

CAPTAIN COE wires from Bournville: "When old Solus is on the rampage I am in the habit of discarding my waistcoat and donning the cummerbund, which adds a natty—or may I say a nutty?—touch to the costume of the well-groomed racing man."

Lord MURRAY OF ELIBANK, in a supplementary dispatch from Bogotà, recommends white drill pantaloons, a scarlet sash and lemon-coloured alpaca coat, with Afghan sandals and openwork socks.

Sir HENRY HOWORTH lays stress on abstinence from hot dishes and recommends pressed mammoth as at once safe and sustaining. The Mongolians, he adds, are in the habit of placing a large pat of butter on the crown of their heads, but insular prejudice would probably be fatal to the general adoption of this mollifying practice.

Finally Mrs. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX sends the following illuminating quatrain, penetrated with the noble optimism which is at the root of all her lyrical utterance:—

"Let us be patient, though the heat is torrid,
And, as we mop the much-perspiring forehead,
Determined not to be faint-hearted croakers,
Think of the sufferings of Red Sea stokers!"

"Dunn in the third bout hit his opponent fairly on the chin, and was counted out."—*Adelaide Advertiser.*

The Referee (*severely*): "You know, Master DUNN, I told you before you started that there was to be no hitting about the face."



THE GOOD BOY OF THE EAST.

TURKEY (*from the corner in which Europa has put him*). "I FEAR, MADAM, THAT OUR YOUNG FRIENDS ARE CAUSING YOU SOME EMBARRASSMENT. BUT, WHILE GREATLY DEPLORING THEIR INSUBORDINATION, I REGRET THAT I AM NOT IN A POSITION TO RENDER ANY APPRECIABLE ASSISTANCE TO YOUR AUTHORITY."



Militant Suffragist (after long and futile efforts to light a fire for her tea-kettle). "AND TO THINK THAT ONLY YESTERDAY I BURNT TWO PAVILIONS AND A CHURCH!"

FURTHER GLIMPSES OF CARLYLE.

(*Being a hazy memory of Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD'S article in "The Contemporary Review."*)

BEFORE it is too late let me put on record my personal recollections of the Wise Man of Chelsea, for, with the exception of Mr. FRANK HARRIS, I am the only one of his intimate friends that is still here. Between us we know all. If I am less frank, reader, forgive me.

Chelsea is no longer what it was. All, all are gone, the old familiar hats. In vain does one search its streets for any of the Titans. We are all pygmies now—pygmies.

Dear JOHN FORSTER, the great and good, it was he who introduced me to the Sage. "I send you Percy," he wrote to him, "a man you must know." For FORSTER always used the imperative method. CARLYLE'S niece was immensely kind to me, but she broke her promise. She promised me one of the Sage's churchwarden pipes, but it never came. How could it? A pipe is an impossible thing to pack. And yet is it? because, if so, how did CARLYLE'S own pipes get to him?

We had all kinds of odd ways of talking together in our Set. For example, wishing once to inform the Sage that I had passed him recently in the West End, I put it thus: "Sir, I think I crossed you lately nigh Bond Street." As it happened I was mistaken, for CARLYLE replied, "No, no, ye didna. That were my brither—he not unlike me." Observe the curious construction, as of a foreigner learning English. In his books he could write grammatically and even well; but in conversation with his intimates, as you notice, he suggested Prince Lee Boo. His Doric was equal to every tax put upon it. The great and good JOHN FORSTER became in his mouth equally "Fooster," "Foosther" and "Foorsther." "My dear Percy," I remember FORSTER once saying to me in his hospitable mansion at Palace Gate—so hospitable that we had to bring our own cigars—"can't you do anything with THOMAS [CARLYLE] to make him pronounce my name more consistently? It gets on my nerves, and you know what happens then." But nothing that I said to the Sage was of any effect. "Hech, hech, hech," was all he would reply. "Puir wee blitherer! Hech, hech, hech!" It was really rather serious, for the good and great FORSTER in a state of nerves was something terrible. All Palace Gate rocked; chimneys fell; the rooks in Kensington Gardens left their trees. Our beloved BROWNING at last could stand it no longer, and left the Set. A year or so later the poet said to me, "Seen FORSTER? I never see him now," and he was gone before I could reply to the gracious query.

Of FORSTER more ought to be known, for he was great and good. I have some priceless letters from him. In one he says—

> The best way to get here is by the omnibus.

In another he draws attention to the bad weather with a fine touch of vividness—

> Isn't the rain terrific?

But since CARLYLE'S name is at the head of this article I must really pay more attention to him. "My guid Pairey," he said to me once, "dinna forget aught ah 'm sayin', wilt? Posteerity will be grateful for sic blather gin ye dish it oop." Hence these reverent pages. Hech! hech! hech! *Eheu fugaces.*

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A LUCKY CUT.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—For your special behoof your Blanche is going to become an author and tell you a little happening of the moment as a short story, strictly based on fact, as people say:—

Mrs. Golding-Newman sat in her opera-box, a frown on her brow and a full-sized pout on her lips. Once more the unhappy woman was all wrong. The night before last she had been at an old-fashioned, tuney VERDI opera, wearing her high diamond tiara, her *rivière*, her sun, her stars, her rope of black pearls, and Olga's last word in evening gowns, and had found it was correct to wear hardly any jewels and to be almost quite dowdy! And to-night here she was at a brand-new opera — scarcely a tune in it, Trillini singing, the house alight with tiaras and *rivières* — and, frightened by her experience of Tuesday, she had come with a little pearl fillet in her hair, a small string of pearls round her throat and a gown and wrap that hardly spoke above a whisper! What can life hold for the wretched woman who has made two such ghastly mistakes in one short week!



Local Critic. "'TAIN'T 'ARF AS GOOD AS WOT THE LIDY'S DOING ON STILTS."

Nor was this all. It was the long interval just now. Everybody was visiting Everybody's box to chat and laugh, while Nobody sat neglected. The corridors behind the boxes simply *swarmed* with people who matter, but the door of the Golding-Newmans' box found no hand to open it. So Mrs.G.-N. sat sulking, while her husband, his hands in his pockets, lounged at the other side of the box and yawned enormously. "It's a shame!"—that was Mrs. Golding-Newman finding vent for her feelings in words at last. "It's a cruel shame!" Her gaze was fixed on the box where our dear Pansy Shropshire, dressed in the famous Shropshire sapphires, with some little additions of satin, lace and chiffon, was holding her court. "A great lady, is she? A duchess, and a leader among the leaders? But not too great a lady to take my £5,000" ("Mine," corrected Mr. Golding-Newman, *sotto voce*), "and give me nothing in return—*absolutely* nothing! Wasn't I given plainly to understand that, if I gave £5,000 to her scheme for dressing all her Shropshire Cottagers as Ancient Britons, she would open the doors of Society to me? And what has she done? A card for one of her receptions, at which she spoke two words to me and gave me her little finger to shake; and the only other person I spoke to the whole evening was the footman who got me my wrap!

"Then there was an invitation to a concert, where I was asked to give up my seat to an old frump, who flounced down into it without even a 'thank-you!' And now look at us to-night! Where's the good of a box on the grand tier and on the best side of the house, with a view of the royal box and the omnibus box, if no one comes near us!"

"Stands me in pretty heavy, this box," commented Mr. G.-N. "Not that I'd grudge it if you were enjoying yourself, my dear, but it seems you ain't. As for me, I'd swop a dozen operas for a good variety show, with plenty of song-and-dance turns and first-rate comics and tumbling. This opera business don't appeal to me. I've not heard a tune I could lay hold of the whole evening. And though this Madame Trillini may be all very well when she *sings*, when she *screams* I feel like stopping my ears, Moggie."

"Oh, Robert, Robert! Try not to be so awful!" moaned his wife. "What you call *screaming* is her wonderful G in alt that everybody raves about. And don't, *don't* call me *Moggie*! It's such a fearful, North-country sort of name, and makes one think of factories and shawls and clogs and Saturday half-holidays. If people called Margaret aren't called *Margaret* they're called *Peggy* by *nice* people."

"All right, Mog—Peg — Margaret — I'll try to remember. But don't run down factories, my girl. If it wasn't for factories and shawls and clogs and Saturday half-holidays, you wouldn't be sitting at the opera to-night, a swell among the swells."

"'A swell among the swells' indeed! I'm no more in Society than if we were back at our house in Manchester. I've a good mind to give up trying. But I'll let *her* know what I think of her first!"

* * * * *

The opera was over. The Golding-Newmans left their box, she smoothing away her frown as well as she could, drawing her wrap round her with a determination to do or die, and muttering to herself, "I'll let her know what I think of her and her methods the very first opportunity I get!"

The opportunity chanced to be quite handy. A number of well-known people were chatting in the vestibule, among them Pansy Shropshire and her best beloved enemy, Veronica St. Neots.

"Here comes that weird little *protégée* of yours, my dear," said the latter to the former, "with that delightfully



House Agent's Clerk (in answer to American's enquiry for a country cottage). "HOW WOULD THIS SUIT YOU, SIR? TEN BEDROOMS, THREE RECEPTION, STABLES, GARAGE?"

American. "SEE HERE, YOUNG MAN, I AASKED YOU FOR A *COTTAGE*, NOT A *HOVEL*."

fearful husband of hers in tow. She 's heading straight for you."

When the Golding-Newman woman had approached quite close to the group, Pansy Shropshire turned and bestowed upon her about the smallest nod of which a duchess's head is capable, together with half an inch of her famous smile, and a cool, careless word or two of greeting. But neither nod, smile, nor words of greeting were returned. The pretty face that didn't matter at all looked steadily, icily, without the *least* recognition, at the pretty face that mattered so much—and Mrs. Golding-Newman swept past and mingled in the crowd.

"But what an extraordinary performance, dearest!" said Lady St. Neots to the duchess. "What does the little person mean by it?"

Pansy only laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "How can one say what she means? The ways of such people are past finding out."

"I've done it now!" gasped Mrs. Golding-Newman, as she threw herself back in her car. "I don't care! It was *worth* the £5,000, though I've killed any tiny chance I may have had of ever getting into Society!" But there she was mistaken.

"My sweet thing," said Veronica St. Neots to me next day, "I simply *must* know this little outside person who gave dear Pansy Shropshire the cut direct at the opera last night. You never saw a cleaner cut, Blanche—quite to the bone! Really, you know, it was rather great. Several of us saw it, and we all say we must know the little person. It was positively too funny for words to see our dear Pansy look almost quite a little foolish for one small moment!"

"How lovely!" I said. "*I* must know the little person too!"

And that is how Mrs. Golding-Newman's social success began. Once more she is in her box at the opera, but to-night she 's perfectly right. She has eaten of the fruit of the Mayfair Tree of Knowledge of What 's Done and What isn't Done. She has learned the preacher's lesson—that there is a time to cast stones away and a time to gather stones together—and put them on! She knows that for an opera less than three years old, with Trillini singing, she must wear her very newest evening gown, with no bodice worth mentioning, and her all-round tiara, and her *rivière*, and her sun and her stars, and her rope of black pearls, and everything that is hers. The little outside person who gave dear Pansy Shropshire the cut direct has become almost quite the fashion, and if you want her at your parties you must be some one who counts; and you must give her pretty long notice too, for she 's asked everywhere and is *immensely* particular as to what she accepts! Our dear Pansy has good-naturedly offered the little person her congrats on her success and the *coup d'éclat* that led to it that night in the vestibule of the opera-house. "It was quite a clever idea of yours," she said.

So there sits Mrs. Golding-Newman in her opera-box, and once more it is the long interval, and Everyone is calling at Everyone's box, and the corridors swarm with the right kind of people. But no longer is the Golding-Newman box unvisited. No, indeed! It 's so full of people who matter that Mr. G.-N. has hardly room to thrust his hands into his pockets and yawn, and his hopes of the box being given up and of his being able to "swop opera for a good variety show" have dwindled to nothing. And that, my dear, is the true inwardness of why a recent Outsider has become an Insider.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"WITHIN THE LAW."

[Without prejudice to a very pleasant entertainment at the Haymarket Theatre.]

ACT I.

Edward Gilder's *office at "The Emporium."* Sarah, *his secretary, is discovered.*

Enter Smithson, *a shop-walker.*

Smithson. I just looked in to say how dreadful it was that Margaret Taylor should be a thief. Ten blouses, seven petticoats, one-half pair of silk hose, twenty-nine pairs of——

Sarah (*hastily*). Yes, isn't it sad? Such a nice girl, too.

[*Exit* Smithson. *Enter* Edward Gilder *and his solicitor,* Demarest.

Gilder. Well, so Margaret Taylor is committed for trial. Excellent.

Demarest. All the same, I can't help thinking she 's innocent.

Gilder. Why?

Demarest. Well—er—she said so . . . and she 's the heroine of the play . . . and what with one thing and another. . . .

Gilder (*amazed*). But the things were found in her locker!

Demarest (*with superiority*). My dear Gilder, when you 've been on the stage a little longer, you 'll know that, the more innocent a heroine is, the more things are found in her locker. But look here, she wants to see you. Will you bail her out? Say the word and I 'll go to the police-court at once and fetch her here. (*Gilder nods reluctantly.*) Good man! [*Exit.*

Gilder (*to* Sarah). Now for a heavy morning's work. Hullo, who 's this?

[*Re-enter* Demarest *with* Margaret Taylor.

Demarest (*breathlessly*). I 've been as quick as I could, but you know how slow the law is. Now, we 'll leave you two together. [*Exit with* Sarah.

Gilder (*sternly*). Well?

Margaret (*earnestly*). I 've come to tell you how to stop these thefts. Mr. Gilder, give your girls a living wage and they won't need to steal. How can we keep body and soul together on fourteen shillings a week? We 're on our feet all day in the shop, and——

Gilder (*seriously alarmed*). Good Heavens! Is this a GALSWORTHY play? I had no idea. I thought it was just—(*consulting programme*)—ah, I *was* right. (*In great relief*) Look—it 's adapted from an American play by FREDERICK FENN and ARTHUR WIMPERIS. (*Soothingly*) So you see how absurd it is to talk like this.

Margaret (*penitently*). I know. I won't do it again. What I really meant to say was this. (*Melodramatically*) Beware, serpent, for in the next three Acts I will have my r-revenge!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Margaret's *flat. It is two years later, and* Margaret *is the head of a gang of criminals; two of whom,* Joe Garson *and* Agnes Lynch, *are discovered conversing.*

Garson. I love her!

Agnes. But she is always carrying on with Dick Gilder. What 's her game, I wonder.

Enter Margaret.

Margaret. Well, any callers?

Garson (*gloomily*). That detective from Gilder's. I believe he 's on our track.

Margaret (*brightly*). But the law can't touch us! All our crimes are perfectly legal. That last little blackmail business was done quite respectably through solicitors.

Agnes (*aside*). From the things that have been said about solicitors in this play, I can't help feeling that one of the authors doesn't *like* them.

Garson. Well, if that detective comes here again I shall shoot him with my patent silent pistol. (*Takes it out.*) I 'll show you. What shall I shoot?

Margaret (*eagerly*). The green vase. It was a Christmas present from grandmamma. (*It falls to pieces.*) At last! How splendid—I mean, how careless of you. Well, any other news?

Garson. Jim Wade says there 's a wonderful tapestry in old Gilder's library, and he knows a shop where they 'll give us a million pounds for it. We 're going after it to-night.

Margaret (*nobly*). Never! It 's against the law.

Garson (*annoyed*). You know, dear, I really think you 'd get more sympathy from the audience if you did illegal things which were morally right rather than immoral things which are legally right. Besides, you know you want your revenge on old Gilder.

Margaret (*crossly*). Perhaps you 'd like to write the play yourself? (*Stiffly*) As a matter of fact, I married Dick Gilder this morning. *That* 's my revenge on Mr. Gilder. I have made him my father-in-law.

Garson. Personally I still think I should prefer the million pounds.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Gilder's *Library.*

Gilder. Well, what have you done?

Cassidy (*the detective*). Listen! To-night Margaret Taylor's gang will come here to burgle the house. She will be arrested and sent to penal servitude; and—er—(*lamely*) as soon as the Majority Report of the Divorce Commission becomes law your son will be free.

Gilder. Good. Then I shall toddle off. It 's half-past eleven.

Cassidy. Yes, do; the gang may be here at any moment. Burglars want to get to bed so early nowadays.

[*They go out, and the stage is in darkness. Enter* Garson *and* Wade.

Garson. Well, I suppose they 're all in bed by now. H'sh, what 's that?

Enter Margaret.

Margaret (*dramatically*). I 've come to save you! You mustn't steal the tapestry! It 's against the law. (*With strong common sense*) Besides, it will probably be my husband's some day. Naturally, one doesn't want to lose a million-pound tapestry.

Enter Dick.

Dick (*surprised*). Help!

Margaret. It 's all right, dear. I 've come to send them away. (*With sudden suspicion*) Dick, where did that tapestry come from? Bayeux, or the Tottenham Court Road?

Dick. Tottenham Court Road, dear. You *don't* say you 've come to steal the *tapestry?* Heaven bless you!

Garson (*sternly*). Wade, have you betrayed us? You dog, take that. (*He fires, and* Wade *collapses.*)

Dick. Quick! Give me the pistol. (*Takes it from him.*) If this play is to go on, I must be falsely accused.

Enter a Scotland Yard Inspector.

Inspector. Richard Gilder, I arrest you for wilful murder.

Dick (*pretending to be much distressed*). Bother.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.—*The Flat.*

Enter Demarest.

Demarest. Dick is remanded on bail. All the same, I can't help thinking he 's innocent.

Margaret. Really, this is just like the First Act.

Demarest. Yes, I once thought you were innocent too. But now——

Margaret. Well, I can prove that I never stole those things. Look, here 's a confession from the girl who did.

Demarest. How very satisfactory. Now Mr. Gilder will apologise to you.

Enter Garson.

Garson. And I can prove that Dick never shot Wade. Because *I* did.

Demarest. Better and better.

Enter Dick.

Dick. And if only Margaret will tell me that she has learnt to love me since the second Act then all will be well.

Margaret. Dick, I couldn't tell you a lie; I *do.*

Demarest (*thoughtfully*). I wonder why she couldn't tell him a lie. It isn't illegal.

Dick. My wife! (*Embraces her.*)

CURTAIN. A. A. M.

MR. PUNCH IN THE PAST.

[After the custom of several of his contemporaries and in the manner of himself.]

II.

[*Reproduced from "Punch" of* 1164.]

"You 've laid me a stymie," said Elvira. "I can't get at the jack without a little off break bias, can I?"

I sighed three times in quick succession. Elvira laid down the bowl in deep concern.

"What 's the matter?" she said. "You haven't swallowed one of them, have you?"

"One of what?" I asked

She pointed to the bowl.

"Don't be silly," I said. "I 'm worried about these Constitutions."

"You 're not going to make that joke about them again?" said Elvira quickly.

"It was a rotten joke," I said. "But, after all, the Constitutions of Clarendon are rottener. And they 're serious."

"The joke wasn't funny," said Elvira. "As for the Constitutions, my father, the Sieur Mannering, was saying——"

"Yes, but he 's not in the Church. You seem to forget, Elvira, that I 'm in minor orders myself, and I feel like the dear Archbishop in the matter. Of course I haven't gone so far into the profession as to prevent my marrying you; but all the same the Constitutions are doing me out of my little privileges, you know."

Elvira glanced regretfully towards the jack.

"Tell me, dear," she said. "I cannot rest until you have done so."

"It 's like this," I said. "Supposing I touch Archie for a rose noble, and then won't pay up, what happens?—I mean, what would have happened before the Act was passed?"

"He 'd have landed you one on the point of the vizor, wouldn't he?"

"I 'm talking about law," I said hastily. "He 'd have had to hale me before the Bishop. And the Bishop——"

"I know. You dine with him sometimes, don't you?"

"On one occasion I week-ended with him," I said with dignity. "Anyway, we clerics hang together, Elvira."

"And now?"

"Well, now Archie could land me in an ordinary civil court and get the money out of me. It 's simply subversive of the dignity of the clergy. You know, the country *is* going to the dogs."

"But you always do pay Archie back, don't you? Some time or other, I mean?"

"That 's got nothing to do with it," I declared. "The thing is——"



AT A CHARITY MATINÉE.

Inimitable Comedian. "OH, YES, I ONCE WON A PRIZE AT A BEAUTY SHOW—WHEN NOBODY WAS LOOKING." *Mabel.* "MOTHER, *IS THAT TRUE?*"

"The thing is," said Elvira, flinging back her long sleeve and stooping to take up the bowl, "is Kent going to win the championship?"

"Sir Kenneth has been jousting pretty well lately," I said. "But, my dear Elvira, don't you see that if the Archbishop goes abroad to appeal to the Pope he 'll probably take the pick of the *mêlée* with him? Woolley 's pretty sure to go anyway, and Canterbury week will be simply knocked on the head."

"*Oh!*" said Elvira, standing up again, "oh, poor Kent! And you always see Archbishop Thomas in the pavilion during Canterbury week. Then the Constitutions of Clarendon *are* serious. Why didn't you say so before?"

Gallantry in East Anglia.

"When a Suffolk fisher-lad sets his heart upon a maiden, he does not beat about the bust."—*Adelaide Register.*

The Hurricane.

Captain F. H. SHAW in *The Story-Teller*:—

"They were carrying big coral rocks to the selected site when, by some misadventure, Lorton dropped his end of the stone they handled, and caused it to fall on de Vallan's foot. It was a trivial thing enough, but it showed how the wind blew."

"Twenty-eight years' experience combined with a thorough philosophical training has made our tuner thoroughly qualified. *Only piano tuner in India* holding a *diploma* for philosophy."

Advt. in "Indian Daily Telegraph."

It is generally the man next door who really wants the philosophy.

From a letter on "The Tammin Camp" in the *Kalgoorlie Miner*:

"The fines put on for the least breach of discipline were altogether too high. For instance, a personal friend of mine was fined 10*s.* for tickling an officer on the back of his neck with a straw while we were standing 'easy.'"

Dash it, one can't amuse oneself *anyhow*.



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

I. WEAR COSTUMES DESIGNED BY M. LÉON BAKST, WHO, WE HEAR, IS ADDING TO HIS TRIUMPHS IN THE FIELD OF RUSSIAN BALLET BY CREATING MODELS FOR A PARISIAN MODISTE.

FORTY WINKS IN FLEET STREET.

(An epistle to Charles on the difference between his day-dreams and mine.)

So you think of the white dog-roses,
Dear Charles, in the lap of June,
When you do drop off into dozes
At your desk of an afternoon;
You fancy you see the leaping trout
In the long dark pool as the day draws out,
And you turn from the telephone's ugly spout,
And the price of some share in the market gives place to the stock-dove's croon.

That is all very well for the City,
Where sentiment still lives green,
And it sounds most awfully pretty,
But I cannot imagine the scene:
Lush dells where the early nightingale sang
And the dog-rose bloomed with a glittering fang,
They are done with, Charles, they are clean gone bang,
They are phantasies unremembered by *The Topical Magazine*.

Our brains are a finer tissue;
We build for a future day;
You will notice in this month's issue
An article dealing with hay;
Long since, ere the green buds tipped the larch
We passed it for press in the front of March,
And the girl on the cover (my hat! she was arch),
When the frost set type on the window, we broidered with blossoming may.

And now on the shingly beaches
Where rollick the tiny chicks,
And the harvest of nuts and peaches
By favour of Ceres mix,
By the esplanades of the shining sea
It is there, it is there that my soul would be
If I paused for a moment's reverie,
For we're tackling the August number. How softly that typewriter ticks!

Without there is noise of 'buses
And noise of the creaking wain,
And a silly old bluebottle fusses
Inside on the window-pane;
And the sky is rimmed by a hundred roofs
And round and about is a litter of proofs
Stamped deep with the stamp of the devil's hoofs,
But beyond, through the noise of printers, loud roars the ineffable main.

And the cornfields are bright with poppies;
Behold how they wink and burn!
And the leaves on the sun-parched coppice
Are dusty, and dim the fern;
And two months on, O Charles, when you pine
For heathery moors or the open brine,
Your visions will still be quite different from mine,
For our Grand Double Xmas Number will then be our chief concern.

EVOE.



TOO MANY PIPS.

ASQUITH (*to* LLOYD GEORGE). "FUNNY THING, MATE; 'E DON'T SEEM TO KNOW WOT'S GOOD FOR 'IM. WE SHALL 'AVE TO TRY AGAIN."

[Mr. ASQUITH has promised a Bill to amend the Insurance Act.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, May 27.—Sittings resumed after Whitsun Recess. Pretty good attendance considering splendour of summer weather lately bursting over town and country. Some notable absentees. PREMIER still "at sea," a situation which has for him the charm of novelty; sitting on deck at feet of LORD HIGH ADMIRAL he learns how to splice the main-brace and master mystery of sailor's knot. His quick mind perceives possibilities of application of principle to replies to inconvenient questions. To construct a smooth answer, apparently easy (really difficult) to unravel, might on occasion be convenient.

In Chief's absence lead assumed by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, whose ruddy countenance suggests that, temporarily relieved from business connected with that mysterious entity, the Land Committee, he has been playing golf in the Tropics. Front Opposition Bench in sole possession of WALTER LONG. BONNER LAW at Queen's Hall explaining to Women's Amalgamated Unionist and Tariff Reform Association that "We are the National Party."

Curiously depressed air about. Members enter on tiptoe; greet each other in whispers. Suggest on Ministerial side that they have come to bury Home Rule, not to hurry it through penultimate stage by process of formal Committee with opportunity benevolently provided for "making suggestions."

Almost the sole live person on the premises is GEOFFREY HOWARD, Vice-Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, Parliamentary Private Secretary to the PRIME MINISTER (unpaid), one of the team of Ministerial Whips. Familiar habit with him to enter House from time to time, stand at Bar and take stock of both sides. In performance of this duty a pair of spats of immaculate whiteness plays prominent part. By chance this afternoon Captain MURRAY, careful for safety of his fellow-men, draws attention to danger arising from dazzling glare of head-lights on motor cars. As question is put, and PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD, with rare use of first person singular, replies, nervous Members think the principle of repression might be carried in another direction. With the chamber full of unaccustomed sunlight GEOFFREY HOWARD'S spats sparkling at the Bar "give one the blink," as ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, who is coming to the front again, picturesquely put it.



WINSTON shows the PREMIER how to splice the main-brace.

That a detail. Of larger moment is the fact that to see the VICE-CHAMBERLAIN OF THE HOUSEHOLD, standing at the Bar, hands delved deep in trousers' pockets (habit suggestive of mistrust of esteemed colleague, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, watching him carefully totting up forces on either side), give little nod of satisfaction and retire to Whip's room, inspires general feeling of security. As ROBERT BROWNING, had he lived in the Parliamentary world, might have put it, GEOFFREY HOWARD'S at the Bar; all's well with the Party.



ONE WAY OF FILLING THE FRONT OPPOSITION BENCH.
A suggestion for Mr. WALTER LONG.

Business done.—ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved Second Reading of Appellate Jurisdiction Bill. Debate adjourned.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Foregathering on Monday after well-earned holiday, noble Lords were depressed by knowledge that they had lost companionship of cheery Lord ASHBOURNE. To-day the bells are tolling again, telling of death of another highly esteemed colleague, Lord AVEBURY. Impossible to conceive two men, equally gifted, more widely separated by ways of thought and personal manner. ASHBOURNE bubbling with fun, boyish in manner and talk; AVEBURY prim in manner, quiet in speech, convinced that, since there is no authentic evidence of jokes disturbing the equanimity of a beehive, mankind would do well, if not absolutely to eschew them, at least rigorously to limit indulgence in them.

Though no sluggard AVEBURY from time to time went to the ants and learned something of their busy orderly ways. Whilst still with us in the Commons he not infrequently contributed wise sayings to debate. His principal legislative achievement was the passing of the Bank Holiday Act, with which his name will ever be associated. Found less inviting opening in the House of Lords. But up to recent date was constant in attendance, patient in attention to speeches not all attractive. Like most old Commoners transplanted to the Lords he frequently revisited the glimpses of the illuminated ceiling of the Chamber across the way. SARK saw and spoke with him a fortnight before adjournment for holidays. Much struck by evident signs of breaking-up in the still slight, upright figure.

Though ever ready when called upon to take part in debate in the Lords, especially on Irish questions, ASHBOURNE did his best work in the Commons. To other charms of oratory he added a mellifluous brogue. His countryman, Lord MORRIS, used to speak slightingly of the gift, hinting that it was surreptitiously acquired and secretly nourished. That probably personal jealousy; MORRIS himself being master of a brogue in which you could almost wade up to knees.

House of Lords is the poorer by the passing of two of the oldest and most highly esteemed of our Parliament men.

Business done.—Ancient Monuments Bill reported, with amendments.

Friday.—Pleasant example of spirit of knightly chivalry that underlies Party conflict forthcoming in action taken by FRED HALL—whom the Question-Paper is careful to particularise as "(Dulwich)"—in matter of ceremonial recognition due to FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY. Naturally WINSTON, howsoever winsome, is not personally a favourite in Unionist camp. Never forgotten that he once belonged to it; loss sustained by his desertion fully realised only when one contemplates his brilliant services under the enemy's flag. To the generous-minded that rather incentive to keener jealousy on his behalf than of desire to see him flouted. FRED HALL, surveying the world from his eyrie at Dulwich, has watched Mediterranean



"I"—the PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

cruise of FIRST LORD. Observed that, on landing at various ports, he was received by the authorities with some show of ceremonial welcome. Here and there a gun has gone off and a flag of welcome run up at masthead.

This does not satisfy the punctilious mind. OLIVER TWIST (Dulwich) asks for more. After some expenditure of midnight oil he drafted a question addressed to SECRETARY OF WAR demanding to know "if, under the regulations of the War Office, the First Lord of the Admiralty is entitled to any special ceremonial recognition; if so, what is the nature of the same; and, if there is no such special recognition, whether he will take steps to ensure that the high position occupied by the First Lord of the Admiralty is adequately recognised."

Might reasonably be expected that representative of Government would readily, gratefully, grasp this hand stretched across sea of Party politics. And what response does SEELY make? Casually reads from paper: "This matter is governed by paragraphs 1807 and 1810 of the King's Regulations. There is no intention of amending them."

Nothing more. FRED HALL (Dulwich), limpid in seat, resumed in expectation of rather making a score. Really no use preparing the parlour for the fly and artlessly inviting him to enter if he won't.

Business done.—Second Reading of Government of Scotland Bill moved.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.

["Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, who during his recent visit to Paris was approached by leaders of the Armenian community, and subsequently had interviews with leading French Ministers and politicians, pressed upon Sir E. GREY the importance of ensuring the future safety and good government of the Armenian Christians as part of the post-war settlement."—*Daily Chronicle*, May 30, 1913."]

WHILE thunder crashed and lightning flashed I dreamed a dream last night
Which filled my anguished bosom with unspeakable affright:
I dreamed I saw Lord HALSBURY proposing to elope
With Mr. ARTHUR BENSON to assassinate the POPE.
I dreamed that Mr. HANDEL BOOTH was made Lord Chancellor,
While SHAW succeeded SEELY as the Minister for War.
I dreamed that Mr. CADBURY bestrode the Derby winner,
And then invited RUFUS and the CHESTERTONS to dinner.
I dreamed that bold BEN TILLETT was created an Archbishop,
While LULU went to Whitechapel to manage a fried fish shop.
I dreamed I heard LLOYD GEORGE in most indignant tones rebuke
A Welshman who had spoken somewhat harshly of a Duke.
I dreamed that Mr. MASEFIELD wrote a novel all in prose,
Without a single swear-word from the opening to the close.
I dreamed that ALEXANDER ceased to stretch and press his bags,
And appeared at the St. James's in a garb of tattered rags.

* * * * *

O gentle reader, do not treat this record with derision;
The facts of daily life are far more strange than any vision;
For I saw it clearly stated in *The Chronicle* to-day
That the cause of the Armenians had been championed by "TAY PAY."

The Inevitable.

"LORD JUSTICE FAREWELL RETIRES."
Yorkshire Evening News.

TAKING THE PLUNGE.

AT seven o'clock I climbed out of bed and looked anxiously at the weather. The sun was shining from a cloudless sky and the breeze was soft and balmy. From a chestnut-tree a thrush cried cheekily, "Get up, you lazy beggar! Get up, you lazy beggar!"

I put on my swimming costume and dressed hastily on the top of it. "Good boy!" remarked the thrush encouragingly as I stepped into the street; and fluttered off to tell his wife about it. I breathed deeply and happily; surely this was the ideal morning for the first bathe of the season.

But somehow the world seemed changed when I reached the front. The sun still shone brightly, the sky was still cloudless, the breeze was still soft and balmy, but the sea looked wet, with that nasty cold wetness suggestive of drowned men. By-and-by, when I was bending over the desk, it would become warm and inviting, and more fortunate people. . . .

I went into the tent and began to undress. But my enthusiasm had completely died out. Instead of throwing off garment after garment with the speed of a music-hall performer, I lingered dubiously over buttons and things. Why not go back? I asked myself. Why not postpone it for another week or two? There was no compulsion about it. I was my own master. After all, a man must be a fool to do a disagreeable thing for no reason.

On the other hand, I reflected, the first plunge was always beastly, and I knew from experience that the sooner one got it over the better. And what would those people on the beach think of me if I turned back now?

A mood of reckless daring came upon me suddenly. Without giving it time to fade, I dashed out of the tent and ran towards the sea at top speed. The few early promenaders gave me a mighty shout of encouragement. I smiled my acknowledgments and fairly hurled myself into the water.

Br-r-r-r, it was cold! I swam out desperately a dozen yards, turned, and headed for the shore, gasping. Another terrific shout went up as I reappeared on the sands. Good fellows! They recognised a plucky act when they saw it. I waved my hand.

And then I realised that I was still wearing my shirt.

"Mr. Lough then rose, and delivered an exhaustive speech on the watchwords of the Liberal party—'Pence, Retrenchment, and Reform.'"—*Hampshire Chronicle.*

"Pence" seems an understatement for payment of Members at £400 a year.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE DEVOUT LOVER.

ONCE upon a time there was a fox who fell in love with a pretty little vixen. He called her Sweet Auburn, and in the small hours, when all the world was asleep, they went for delightful strolls together and talked a deal of pleasant nonsense.

One day she casually mentioned her approaching birthday, which chanced to be on May the 15th; and when he expressed his intention of giving her a present she said she would like nothing so much as gloves.

"What colour?" he asked.

"Purple," she said; and he agreed.

"With white and purple spots inside," she added; and he agreed again.

"And lined with glistening hairs," she called after him; and he agreed once more.

When, however, he told his mother, the old lady was discouraging. "They're not out yet," she said, "fox-gloves aren't."

His mother was a widow. An unfortunate meeting with the local pack had deprived her for ever of her beloved chicken-winner. She had however brought up, with much pluck and resource, her family unaided.

"You'll never get them by the 15th," she added, "that's a fortnight too early."

"But I must," replied her son, with the impetuosity and determination of youth.

"You'll never," said his mother.

Undismayed he set forth and searched the countryside for fox-gloves. He found many plants in various early stages of growth, but none even approaching the right condition for exhibiting their stock-in-trade.

"What did I tell you?" said his mother, and the day drew nearer.

He extended his travels, but in vain, until one morning, at about a quarter to five, when he ought to have been at home again, he came upon a stalk which actually had buds on it. Carefully marking the spot he rushed back with the news.

"But how can blossoms be ready in four days?" he asked his mother.

"Intensive culture," said the old lady. "There's nothing but that."

"I don't know what you mean," said her son.

"Of course not; you're only a child. It means you must supply heat and nourishment. You must curl your warm body round that stalk every evening as soon as the sun sets and lie there without moving till the sun's up, and you must water the roots with your tears. On no account must you move or nap."

"Really?" he asked nervously.

"If you truly love," said his mother.

"I wonder," he thought; but after paying another visit to Sweet Auburn he knew that he did, and he promised her the gloves for a certainty.

Late on the evening of the 15th, when Sweet Auburn had almost given him up, he staggered into her abode, wan and weary, and laid a pair of superb gloves at her feet. They were a beautiful purple lined with glistening hairs and they had white and purple spots inside.

"Many happy returns," he said. "They're absolutely the first of the season. You'll be able to set the fashion."

"Best of boys!" she replied, embracing him, and named the happy day.



Voice (from above). "WILD DUCK, ONE."
Chef (who has had a bob on for a place). "YES; BUT WHAT'S SECOND AND THIRD?"

OH, OH! DAPHNE!

YES, she is fair; the rose that burned
In EVE'S bright garden flames anew
In Daphne's cheek, nor ever earned
A form by sculptor's cunning turned
Such praise as is her due.

Look in her eyes; clear pools are they
Where innocence and wonder meet,
As if she marvelled to survey
A world that spreads by day and day
Fresh gladness at her feet.

Yet trust her not, for yestere'en,
With careless or with shameless hand,
When bunkered near the second green,
She grounded (as she thought, unseen)
Her niblick in the sand.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN" AND "ARIADNE IN NAXOS."

THE distinguished actor-impresario who controls the destinies of His Majesty's Theatre would have had more of all our compliments for thinking of bringing over to us *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme—The Perfect Gentleman*, as Mr. MAUGHAM elects to translate it—if he hadn't so freely mislaid the good man on the way. Sir HERBERT TREE's passion for buffooning tended to obscure the original (and his own talent) and thereby set the whole comedy, or, rather, the selected part of it, in a false key. For the *Jourdain* I remember, snobbish, ignorant, credulous certainly, is altogether a simpler and pleasanter fellow, is not sure enough of himself to be anything like so boisterously vulgar, yet remains every bit as funny. Sir HERBERT was often nearer to *Sir Gorgius Midas* than to *Jourdain*. There were many outrageous gags and a general clamour and restlessness of movement. Sedulous of "action" in this crude sense, Sir HERBERT is unmindful of the equal and opposite reaction—on his audience or a silent part of it. Where a gesture or an intonation might serve, a gag is brought forth or an acrobatic contortion executed with almost mournful thoroughness. Most surely improvisation in the idiom and atmosphere of another age is too hazardous a game to be worth the scandal of betraying one's author. But the veteran actor takes a genuine pleasure in these exercises, and surely no one of the audience could have enjoyed the jocund rout so thoroughly.

Mr. PHILIP MERIVALE as *Dorante* in his brave blue suit, and Miss NEILSON-TERRY in her gay brocade, made a very pleasant, pretty and appropriate pair. Mr. ROY BYFORD pulled his lesson of the *Master of Philosophy* out of the general racket into some sort of reasonable shape, while the tailors' *pas de quatre* was entirely satisfactory. Herr RICHARD STRAUSS's brilliant incidental music nourished high expectations of his *Ariadne in Naxos* (to Herr VON HOFMANNSTHAL'S libretto), which was to take the place of the original "ballets" and "Turkish ceremonies." It is built on a pleasantly fantastical idea. *Jourdain*, who provides the opera for his aristocratic friends, orders that harlequinade and opera shall proceed together to save time. The musicians rave, and surely could have carried their point by explaining that titled people do not have it so. However they conveniently forget this old trump card, so we find poor *Ariadne* (Fräulein EVA VON DER OSTEN) on her desert Naxos anything but lonely by reason of the intrusive sympathies of *Zerbinetta* and of *Harlequin, Scaramuccio, Truffaldino*, and *Brighella*, her four lovers. Tactfully disregarding their existence she sings (divinely) with interruptions, till *Bacchus*, who had, I think, from his towels, been bathing in the neighbourhood, arrives in his canoe and consoles her. The really spirited piece of acting of the evening was the astonishing account given, in gorgeously embroidered song, of her love affairs by *Zerbinetta* (Mlle. BOSETTI). The tuneful buffooneries of her companions diverted me very much. Of the higher mysteries of the music I have not the right to speak, but it delighted me throughout. The composer seemed to throw down, as it were, amid his not always intelligible complexities, challenging passages of limpid, exquisite melody (such as the trio of *Naiad, Dryad* and *Echo* greeting young *Bacchus*) much in the spirit of TURNER pointing to his iridescent fish with "They say TURNER can't colour!" Most sweet and mellow was Fräulein HOFFMAN-ONEGIN'S alto in this and other beautiful passages. It was charming of the two faithful but generally unresponsive fowls perched on branches R. and L. to wake to life and begin to bow; nicer still of one of them to strike work and to need coaxing back to life by an attendant. These things help the guileless convention of Opera. And I had some fun out of wondering whether *Bacchus* (Herr MARAK) or *Ariadne* would be the first to get a flickering piece of golden snow well in the mouth in the middle of a top note. *θ.*



AN ANGLO-GERMAN ENTENTE.

Voice of Molière (in the wings, heard during performance of the MAUGHAM-STRAUSS-HOFMANNSTHAL combination at His Majesty's). "I hope I don't intrude."

M. Jourdain .. .. .. Sir HERBERT TREE (with false nose.)
Ariadne .. .. Fräulein EVA VON DER OSTEN.

LOVE IN A HEAT WAVE.

(*The Bard to his Betrothed.*)

O PHYLLIS, let your attitude
For once be tolerant and kind;
Allow a little latitude,
Permit your man to change his mind.

When I and things were otherwise,
I took you, did I not, to task?
"That you should love me brotherwise
Is not," I told you, "what I ask.

"Don't hold yourself so rigidly
When I, in turn, would be caressed;
Don't look at things so frigidly,
But let us have a little zest.

"Although my love is willing, it
Requires a modicum of heat;
You can't preserve, by chilling, it,
As if the thing were foreign meat!

"Desert your bleak and barren height
Of pride and dignity; aspire
To more degrees of Fahrenheit,
Or, briefly, show a little fire."

I do not seek to vindicate,
But rather pray to have forgot
That view I dared to indicate
In winter—when it wasn't hot.

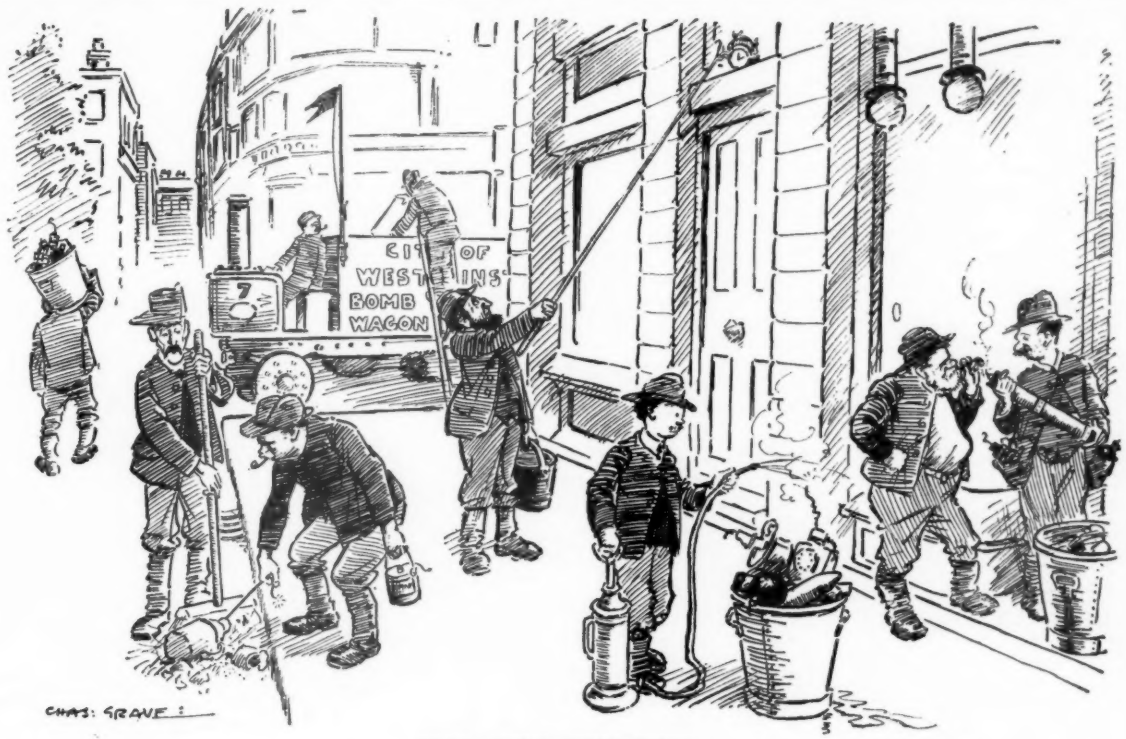
So far, my Love, from cherishing
A more than foolish bard's advice,
Keep cool, nay cold, nay perishing!
Oh, be a very berg of ice!

"A—W—., the murderer, has been sentenced to death by elocution in New York."
Polynesian Gazette.

In spite of all the efforts of the missionaries, the Polynesian mind still dwells lovingly on the idea of death by slow torture.

"New-laid eggs, direct from vicarage fowls."
Advt. in "Church Times."

How superior they must be to the ordinary "lay" egg.



THE NEW INDUSTRY.

EXPERT BOMB-PICKERS AT WORK IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING.

THE SUPERIOR DRAMATIST.

THERE is a dream, a wild delicious dream,
A dream that ever soothes me when depressed,
Starts me afresh, and pours the kindly cream
Of healing on my lacerated breast;
A hope, half-disillusioned as I am,
That sticks to me like jam.

I will expound. In me you may behold
A Great Unacted. Plays of every sort
I have put out, but managers—a cold
And shallow folk—deny their due support.
Indeed, they send me back my every play
With "Thank you, not to-day."

I am too good for them. My subtle charm
Little appeals to men of their gross earth.
My intellect repels them in alarm;
How should they understand? Their ribald mirth
Is awed to silence by my silver wit;
They cannot tackle it.

But I go on, unchecked, towards the goal,
Having, I say, a dream that serves to heal
Their blows on my unconquerable soul.
I know I am superior; I feel,
Genius will out; true merit, such as mine,
Is bound, at last, to shine.

A day will come, ha, ha!—to use their own
Vile jargon—when, with one fell swoop, Success
Will fold me, and accept me for her own;
When the whole London and provincial Press
Will raise me up, and thronging herds delight
To cram the house each night.

And when these paltry managerial worms
Come round me, fawning (as they ever do),
Seeking a boon, a play on any terms;
While I, on that one work or, may be, two,
Sit softly and grow rich beyond—oh, bliss!—
The dreams of avarice;

Then calmly I shall deal to each of them
A play apiece; and, when they hug the prize,
Mouthing their parts, as gloats on some rare gem
The "fence" with lust of profit in his eyes,
I from my greater height shall look them o'er,
And frame this classic score:—

There was a time when it was mine to beg,
And these, which you refused, were going cheap;
But, now the boot is on the other leg,
You shall not have them, howsoever you weep;
It is my humour that, for future days,
No one shall act my plays. DUM-DUM.

"Lord Leith of Fyvie's fine steam yacht 'Miranda' arrived at Dartmouth last evening.

"Lord Leith of Fyvie's fine steam yacht 'Miranda' arrived at Dartmouth last evening."—*Devon Evening Express.*

These twin statements occur in a column headed "Dartmouth Echoes," and rightly, for No. 2 is one of the best echoes we have heard.

CELEBRATED TRIALS.

III.—REX *v.* BASKERVILLE.

THE prisoner in this case was Henry Satterthwaite Baskerville Bones Baskerville, who was charged with having (1) expressed his disgust at the Bunny Hug; (2) written a letter denouncing the Turkey Trot and the Tango; (3) displayed a complete ignorance of the Boston; (4) with having, contrary to the statute, endeavoured to dance a waltz and a polka; (5) with being a suspected person found loitering with intent to commit a quadrille.

The Court was crowded with *débutantes*, chaperons, duchesses, marchionesses, ticket-holders for subscription dances, men about town, and young dancers of both sexes from the suburban districts. Mr. Mazy, K.C., and Mr. Lighto appeared for the Crown. Prisoner was defended by Mr. Hobnail, K.C., and Mr. Triptrain; while Mr. Zweipfennig held a watching brief for the dancing editor of *The Times*.

At the opening of the court Mr. Justice Onestep made an earnest appeal to the public to restrain the expression of their feelings during the course of the proceedings. No doubt the prisoner was charged with the commission of very heinous offences, but it was a salutary principle of English law, thereby differentiating it favourably from the law—if, indeed, he might so term it—of foreign countries, that every man must be presumed to be innocent until he was proved to be guilty. He begged the jury to concentrate their minds on the evidence and to forget anything they might have heard or read which could in any degree prejudice them against the prisoner. He thought it right to make this preliminary appeal because he knew that the case had excited profound interest amongst all classes.

It appeared from the opening statement of Mr. Mazy that the prisoner was a member of an ancient and most respectable family settled in the Midlands. He had been educated without any special discredit at Eton, and had thence proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford. His studies at this seat of learning had, however, been curtailed owing to an incident which affected one of the authorities. A tutor's oak, had, in fact, been painted over with a bright vermilion colour, and the prisoner, having failed to explain his possession of a paint-pot and brush, was rusticated, or, in other words, expelled from his college. He had then removed to London, and for a year or two had taken part in the pleasures of the town. It would be proved that he had frequented balls and had very often danced waltzes. He (the learned counsel) did not say this with the intention of bearing hardly on the prisoner. The jury would remember that in the days of which he spoke such dances were still permissible, there being, strangely enough, no legislative enactment to prevent them.

His Lordship. Autres temps autres mœurs, Mr. Mazy.

Mr. Mazy, K.C. No doubt, my Lord, that would be so.

The learned counsel, continuing, said that he himself, and, if he might presume to say so, his Lordship also, looked back with horror upon a misspent youth. Their eyes, however, were now open, and they realised their fault, though that fault was due to ignorance. At that time, in short, nobody in England had heard of the new dances, and no blame could attach to those who danced the old ones.

His Lordship. It was customary at one period to burn witches.

A member of the public. And a good job, too.

His Lordship. Remove that man.

The man having been duly removed, Mr. Mazy proceeded to say that at the age of twenty-two the prisoner had left England for Africa, where he had remained for eighteen years. He had been heard of in places as widely separated from one another as Nigeria, Basutoland and Uganda. Last year he had suddenly come home and had renewed his intimacy with some of his old friends. One of these, Lady Richard Ragg-Tempest, happened to be issuing invitations to a dance, and sent the prisoner a card. He came, but after the first dance he expressed himself to his hostess in violent terms of condemnation with reference to what he had seen. Failing, naturally enough, to obtain any satisfaction from her ladyship, he shortly afterwards left the house. On the following morning he was arrested, after a violent struggle, in which two dancing masters were seriously injured.

His Lordship. How do you propose to prove the *animus saltandi?* We know that *bene* or *male* does not matter, but the *animus* is essential.

Mr. Mazy. In his letter of acceptance the prisoner stated that he was eagerly looking forward to the party and intended to dance every dance. That letter is in court and will be produced.

The first witness was Lady Richard Ragg-Tempest. Her ladyship gave her evidence with great reluctance. She deposed that after the first dance, which was a Boston varied by Bunny-Hugs, Turkey Trots and Tangoes, the prisoner came up to her and said these things were an outrage and wouldn't be tolerated in Uganda. He also said he had tried to waltz and polk to the ridiculous tune, but had failed, mainly owing to the unwillingness of his partner.

His Lordship. She deserves the thanks of the community.

Witness, continuing, said she reasoned with the prisoner, having known him in his younger days, but found it useless.

Mr. Hobnail, K.C. (in cross-examination). Was he serious?

The Witness. He was so serious that I thought he must be joking.

After several other witnesses had been examined, Mr. Hobnail, who announced his intention of calling no evidence, made an eloquent speech in defence, and his Lordship summed up at great length. The jury were away for half-an-hour. When they returned the foreman said their verdict was "Not guilty," with a rider strongly recommending the prisoner to mercy. Before the Judge could stop him he said this was a compromise agreed to by all of them.

His Lordship (to the prisoner). You have been lucky in having a middle-aged and merciful jury. Let this be a warning to you. You are discharged.

CHIVALRY.

IT was not caution, Captain, it was not
  Fear that the swiftly flying ball might sting;
The trifling detail that the drive was hot
  Was not enough to make me drop the thing;
    Nor was it lack of skill, for understand
    That skill and I go ever hand in hand.

No, I recalled a day of wondrous bliss
  Last June, when double figures graced my name,
And how this batsman whom I chanced to miss
  Dropped me (when nothing) in that glorious game.
    My sense of gratitude is always nice;
    A "life" demands a "life." I paid the price.

The Pursuit.

"One of the best testimonials to the training which the young ladies received was contained in the report of the London University inspector, who proclaimed to the world that over half of those who had left the school had found husbands, so eagerly were they sought after."
Daily Graphic.

The inspector will explain what he meant next week.



"PLEASE, TEACHER, MOTHER SAYS CAN ALBERT DAVID SIT BY 'ISSELF THIS MORNIN', 'COS 'E 'S GOT A TOUCH O' THE MEASLES?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CONFESS to a prejudice, based upon painful experience, against transatlantic fiction. I admit this the more readily because I am about to prove that, confronted with work of real and outstanding merit, it becomes a thing of naught. Unfortunately such occasions are rare. The more honour then to *Virginia* (HEINEMANN), before whose compelling charm I have had the pleasure of unconditional surrender. Miss ELLEN GLASGOW has not so much written a story—though this also—as created a single character, complete in absolutely human form. *Virginia* herself, as girl, wife and mother, one seems to have known as a personal friend; to have admired her youthful beauty, and seen it change and develop into the matured charm of the woman. Other women, or I am mistaken, will specially appreciate her. The history of her life I do not propose to tell you, beyond saying that it is one in which emotion plays the part of incident. Nothing in the remotest degree sensational ever happens to her. Quite early in the book she marries the lover of her choice, *Oliver*, the romantic young playwright whose mission in life is to regenerate the American drama, a mission in which his wife vaguely and quite uncomprehendingly believes. Then children come, and (when *Oliver* has cynically abandoned his dreams) prosperity; and one day *Virginia* finds that, in thinking more of her nursery than her husband, she has lost him. But she has still her son. That is practically all that happens; yet the human tenderness of its telling is beyond praise. Throughout I was haunted by a wish that *Virginia* could have been drawn for us by DU MAURIER, who could have done her justice. If American novels are going to display such quality as this, their historical definition as "dry goods" will become meaningless.

You get quite a fine impression of an amazingly vital personality, "a great-hearted, simple, lovable and fiery soul," in Mr. ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT'S *William Morris*, which Mr. HERBERT JENKINS publishes in a pleasant volume. It presents a view taken from outside the charmed and privileged circle of MORRIS'S old acquaintance and is therefore not without a new interest. If you have to pass through a little veil made of the parenthetic diversions of the literary gentleman marshalling his knowledge and comparisons, you 'll find there are intimate, even trivial, records of fact, which help to build up the composite portrait of this poet, painter; dyer, dreamer; printer, weaver; revolutionary, tradesman, friend, which his admirers will have no difficulty in accepting. Never, surely, was man so dowered with divers gifts without any touch of charlatanry or amateurishness. The author is at some pains to trace the influences that worked on MORRIS, and the compiled synopsis of events, literary and political, in parallel with the stages of his subject's life, is interesting and valuable. "Less the artist than the artist-citizen," is happily said in reference to the genuine altruism which illuminated MORRIS and which is so rarely a characteristic of the artist. He was indeed a big man, not wrapped up in his own bright visions of beauty, but infinitely anxious to share them with the many; a splendid democrat of an uncommon type, whose influence still happily works as a leaven amongst us.

And we don't readily tire of hearing about him. But I wish that the fastidiousness which made Mr. COMPTON-RICKETT write "tenour" had saved him from the deadly "phenomenal," and "phenomenally."

Miss HAMILTON has in *Mrs. Brett* (STANLEY PAUL) a subject of a most difficult delicacy, and, although her tale is interesting and human from the first page to the last, I do not think that she has slain her dragon; but I like the directness and simplicity of her treatment. Her four characters, *Mr. Brett*, *Mrs. Brett*, *Judith Brett* and *Peter Dampier* have that free, spontaneous movement that proves them to be something more than the puppets of a novelist's toy theatre, and I am especially grateful to her for not insisting too stridently on her Indian background. Occasionally someone will say, "Syce! *Tattoo lao!*" and of course polo and punkahs decorate the scene; but there is a fine reticence in her sharp and disciplined method. She gives us a picture of two women, mother and daughter, and finds her situations in the attempt on the part of the mother to keep the daughter from a catastrophe that had once broken her own life into pieces. *Judy Brett* is a clever study, but it lacks that final touch that would have set her completely before the reader. I waited eagerly for the scene that would lift the whole episode into sharp, poignant drama, and that scene never came. Miss HAMILTON intended to make her drama out of the reader's discovery of passion in the patient figure of *Mrs. Brett*, but at the last her power failed her. The situation of the young man who, having been badly treated by the daughter, finds, to his own surprise, that he loves the mother, once defeated THACKERAY, and has now proved too difficult for Miss HAMILTON. Nevertheless, *Mrs. Brett* is a book that deserves success for its humanity, its humour and its restraint.



Guard (as train starts). "NOW THEN, ROMEO, 'URRY UP."

Though so much has been written and read upon the same theme, I am glad to welcome *The Life and Letters of Jane Austen* (SMITH ELDER) as another contribution to our knowledge of one of the most attractive figures in literature. Naturally Messrs. W. and R. A. AUSTEN-LEIGH'S book is one impossible of criticism in a paragraph. One can but say that it is a good book, preserving much of the quiet charm of its heroine—and leave the matter there. Largely, of course, it is based upon the well-known *Memoir* (by the father and grandfather of the present writers); but there is also much new matter. The sub-title of the volume is "A Family Record," a note that is emphasised to the point of unconscious humour by the Preface, in which the authors acknowledge, with a quaint air of proprietorship, the public interest in their famous relative. For the matter of the contents, quotation is the only comment. I must however content myself with only one brief extract from a letter written by JANE to her sister CASSANDRA in 1813:—"Upon Mrs. D.'s mentioning that she had sent the *Rejected Addresses* to Mr. H., I began talking to her a little about them, and expressed my hope of their having amused her. Her answer was, 'Oh dear, yes, very much, very droll indeed—the opening of the House and the striking up of the fiddles!' What she meant, poor woman, who shall say? I sought no farther. The P.'s have now got the book, and like it very much; their niece Eleanor has recommended it most warmly to them—*she* looks like a rejected addresser." Surely this strikes a human note, to which no one who has ever spoken of a favourite book in unworthy company can fail to respond.

The *Reverend Albert Thompson*, in *Pity the Poor Blind* (CONSTABLE), was "the son of a musician who had married beneath him or, more strictly, of a piano-tuner who had become wedded to an actress." He took to the Church in London as a means of self-advancement, and relied less on any deep-seated belief than on his inherited gifts of a rich deep voice and dramatic gesture. *Berenice Chote* was the daughter of a loose and lively house in a village on the Dorset coast, as far apart in every way from the parson as one mortal could possibly be from another. Only Providence or an unusually gifted author could hope plausibly to bring the twain together, so that their lives might become inter-dependent and their progress might react upon each other. The affair could not have been in better hands than those of Mr. H. H. BASHFORD, whom I do not hesitate to describe as a master novelist, born for the job and clearly inspired. He has infinite humour and no prejudices; his characters are unmistakably alive and his sense of atmosphere is such that one feels and resents the change of air when the history takes one, for a time, from Kilridge to town. As for the story, any attempt to epitomize it here would be as futile and misguided as the process of compressing one's whole existence (and that of many other people) into a three-line-to-a-day diary. It is a slice of variegated and vivacious life, leading to ends you might not expect but must eventually accept; moreover it is a worthy successor of the author's earlier work, *A Corner of Harley Street*, published a year or so ago but by no means yet forgotten.

"Fish (2) for Sale, one £75, one £50," runs an advertisement in *The Daily Chronicle*. The danger of this form of abbreviation is that an ignorant person forwarding the cash may find himself in possession of a couple of fishmongers' businesses instead of the material for a simple breakfast.

"Mr. M'Kenna was accompanied by three Scotland Yard detectives, who accompanied him to Penrhos, Lord Sheffield's Anglesey seat, where he will stay until after to-night's Disestablishment meeting."
Liverpool Daily Post.

We welcome this official pronouncement (if such it is) from the W.S.P.U., and rejoice that the HOME SECRETARY is safe from personal arson.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is some time since relations between our country and Germany have been as friendly as at the present moment. It is appreciated in Germany that the KAISER's kindness in releasing the British officers has been most handsomely acknowledged by the action of the Canadian Senate in rejecting the BORDEN Navy Bill.

* * *

A Bill to give Home Rule and £500,000 to Scotland passed its second reading in the House of Commons last week. It is said, with what amount of truth we do not know, that Scotland might be willing to compromise by dropping that part of the measure which relates to the grant of Home Rule.

* * *

The Ulster army that is drilled and ready to resist Home Rule numbers, we are told, a quarter of a million trained men. It is now rumoured that the Government is about to offer these volunteers what they want if they will save the Territorials by joining their ranks.

* * *

There is a growing feeling among Sir J. M. BARRIE's fellow Baronets that this popular author should now, out of respect for the dignity of his rank, cease to associate himself with the literary profession.

* * *

The fact that two SMITHS figured in the recent Honours List, but not a single JONES, has, we hear, strained the loyalty of a considerable portion of His Majesty's subjects almost to breaking point.

* * *

With reference to the vacant Laureateship it is said that several secretaries to Cabinet Ministers are now taking lessons in verse-making.

* * *

According to another rumour the economists are about to win the day, and the Laureate will in future be paid by piece-work—at the rate of two guineas and a glass of wine per poem.

* * *

Sir HERBERT TREE announces that his autumn production will be a Biblical play entitled *Joseph and his Brethren*. Humble playgoers will be pleased to hear this, for it goes without saying that for this production the Pit will be there all right, although it disappeared for a time during the run of *Ariadne in Naxos*.

It is said that Mr. JAMES WELCH contemplates engaging the Ysaye orchestra for the farce at the Criterion.

* * *

M. AUGUSTE RODIN has been offered by the Office of Works three sites for his bronze statuary group, "The Burghers of Calais," but it is anticipated that he will only choose one of them.

* * *

Upon the retirement of Sir MELVILLE MACNAGHTEN, Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, the members of the detective force presented him with a massive silver cup. The criminal classes also feel grateful to Sir MELVILLE for retiring, and there is a movement on foot among our leading burglars in favour of allowing him to retain the massive silver cup.

* * *

Glass buttons, we are told, are being used for summer frocks. Is this, we wonder, the first step towards glass dresses? Frankly, we are getting nervous.

* * *

Ceylon newspaper men must really be careful or the pleasant custom of giving wedding presents will be discontinued in their little island. In an account of a local marriage ceremony we read that the bridegroom "was the recipient of a large number of valuable and other presents."

* * *

And one cannot help feeling rather sorry for the gentleman who, having an almost new motor-car to sell, decided to advertise it in a Cingalese sale catalogue. After a glowing account of its many virtues comes the refreshingly frank confession, "Only drives a few miles."

* * *

On an hotel signboard at Uccle, Belgium, motor-cars are advertised for hire under the designation, "Snelpaardeloozonderspoorwegpetroolrytingen." The Belgian Post Office discourages the habit of ordering these things by telegram.

* * *

It is rumoured that the Government is on the point of coming to a working arrangement with the Hunger Strikers, they agreeing to take their food if they are allowed their week-ends out of prison.

* * *

An ostrich which escaped from a travelling circus at Wigton last week was only captured after an exciting hunt through the streets. Many horses were frightened by the bird, but the motor-cars without exception behaved admirably.

* * *

A striking example of the danger of a radical change in one's habits reaches us, through *The Express*, from Lodz, in Poland. We regret to hear that MAURICE KRUK, a shopkeeper of that town, died on the day after his retirement from active business at the age of 120.

* * *

The remains of another woman who is supposed to have lived in the Neolithic period have been discovered at Peterborough. Feminists are delighted, as this tends to show what an old-established sex theirs is.



THE DARE-DEVIL.

"COME ON HOME, GILBERT. IT 'S SIX O'CLOCK."
"WELL, I DON'T CARE IF IT 'S A QUARTER-PAST."

"The best time of the year to come here [Winnipeg] is the spring, and any girl not having friends in the city would do well to stay at the Y.M.C.A."—*Overseas Daily Mail*.
We are surprised.

"'Parvo,' the Latin for peacock, a somewhat curious *nom de plume* for a sporting writer."—*Fry's Magazine*.
Curiouser still for a peacock.

THE SITTING BARD.

[Lines addressed to one of the officials who charge you a copper for your chair in St. James's Park.]

FELLOW, you have no *flair* for art, I fear,
Who thus confound me with the idle Many—
The loafer pensive o'er his betting rag,
The messenger (express) with reeking fag,
The nursemaid sighing for her bombardier—
All charged the same pew-rate, a common penny.

I am an artist; I am not as these;
He does me horrid despite who confuses
My taste with theirs who come this way to chuck
Light provender to some exotic duck,
Whereas I sit beneath these secular trees
In close collaboration with the Muses.

To me St. James's Park is holy ground;
In fancy I regard these glades as Helicon's;
This lake (although an artificial pond)
To Hippocrene should roughly correspond;
Others, not I, shall make its shores resound,
Bandying chaff with yonder jaunty pelicans.

All this escaped you, lacking minstrel lore.
'Tis so with poets: men are blind and miss us;
You did not mark my eye's exultant mood,
The inflated chest, the listening attitude,
Nor, bent above the mere, the look I wore
When lost in self-reflection—like Narcissus.

Else you could scarce have charged me for my seat;
I must have earned an honorary session;
For how could I have strained your solid chair,
I that am all pure spirit, fine as air,
And sit as light as when with wingéd feet
Mercury settles, leaving no impression?

Well, take your paltry penny, trivial dun!
And bid your chair-contractors freely wallow
In luxury therewith; but, when you find
Another in this hallowed seat reclined,
Squeeze him for tuppence, saying, "*Here sat one*
On June the fifth and parleyed with Apollo."

O. S.

LES AFFAIRES SONT LES AFFAIRES.

I HAVE met a business man—one whom the French call an *homme d'affaires*—one who is careful before laying out his money.

I was waiting for my train near the book-stall when a staccato voice attracted my attention. The owner of the voice was in appearance slightly exotic, but he spoke perfect English.

"I want a newspaper," he said.

"Yessir," said the young man behind the counter. "Which one?"

"Well, what have you got?"

The young man quickly ran through a list of them.

"Not so fast, young man, not so fast! Say them again more distinctly."

The young man obeyed somewhat ungraciously.

"That 's better. And now what are their prices?"

"They vary from twopence to a halfpenny."

"Twopence seems a lot; why, I could get four halfpenny papers for that."

The young man did the calculation in his head, and said, "That is so, Sir."

"Well, let me look at all of them."

"Pardon me, Sir, but that is not usual."

"What?" cried the customer. "You expect me to purchase goods without examining them—to buy a pig in a poke? I 've never heard anything so preposterous in my life. I shall tell your firm. They ought to know the way you conduct their business. I am acquainted with one of your directors."

Personally I did not believe this last statement. In my opinion it was merely bluff. However the young man credited it. He told a boy to take a copy of each of the papers and to lay them out on the table in the waiting-room. The customer, mollified, did not move yet.

"Tell me," he said—"you are an expert. Which paper do you recommend?"

"Well, Sir," said the young man, "it depends on your politics."

"Haven't any. And do they keep to the same politics every day?"

"Many of them, Sir."

"And which contains the most words?"

"Well, *The Times* and *The Telegraph*, I should say."

"How many words are there in *The Times*?"

"Couldn't say, Sir."

"Couldn't say! Couldn't say! I should hope this is the only business in which a man knows nothing of the goods he deals in. Do, please, give me your attention."

"Sorry, Sir, but that was an old customer I had to serve."

"It 's more important for you to get a new one. The old one will remain a customer from force of habit. Can you tell me this? If I were to get the four halfpenny papers instead of the one twopenny one, which would fetch the more as waste paper afterwards?"

"Can't say I have ever considered that, Sir."

"Good heavens! Talk of efficiency! And what about the news? Which contains the best news? I am especially interested in news from Scotland, Greece, the United States and the Holy Land."

This was interesting, as it confirmed my theory as to the mixture of blood in him.

"Well, Sir, you 'll see them all in the waiting-room."

"That, anyhow, is a businesslike answer," said the autocrat, and he went and had a look at them.

He spent quite half-an-hour there. It was wasting my time horribly, but I resolved to see the thing through. The man interested me. When he had extracted the honey from all of the papers he emerged with *The Times* in one hand and a halfpenny paper in the other.

"Look here," he said, "I like this *Times*, but I have discovered a misprint in it. In the circumstances, shall we say a penny for it?"

"Sorry, Sir, but that would be against orders."

"Very well, then—it 's your affair—I shall only be laying out a halfpenny with you. This paper is a halfpenny, isn't it?"

"Yessir."

"Ah, but stay a moment. Supposing I pay cash for it? Surely I don't have to pay as much as the man who only pays once a quarter. If I pay cash you have my money to play about with at once."

"Very sorry, Sir, but I cannot take less than a halfpenny."

"Oh, very well, then, we won't argue about that, but I wish you could find me a copy with a better impression of this print of 'England's Most Beautiful Actress.' I 'm interested to see what her face is like."

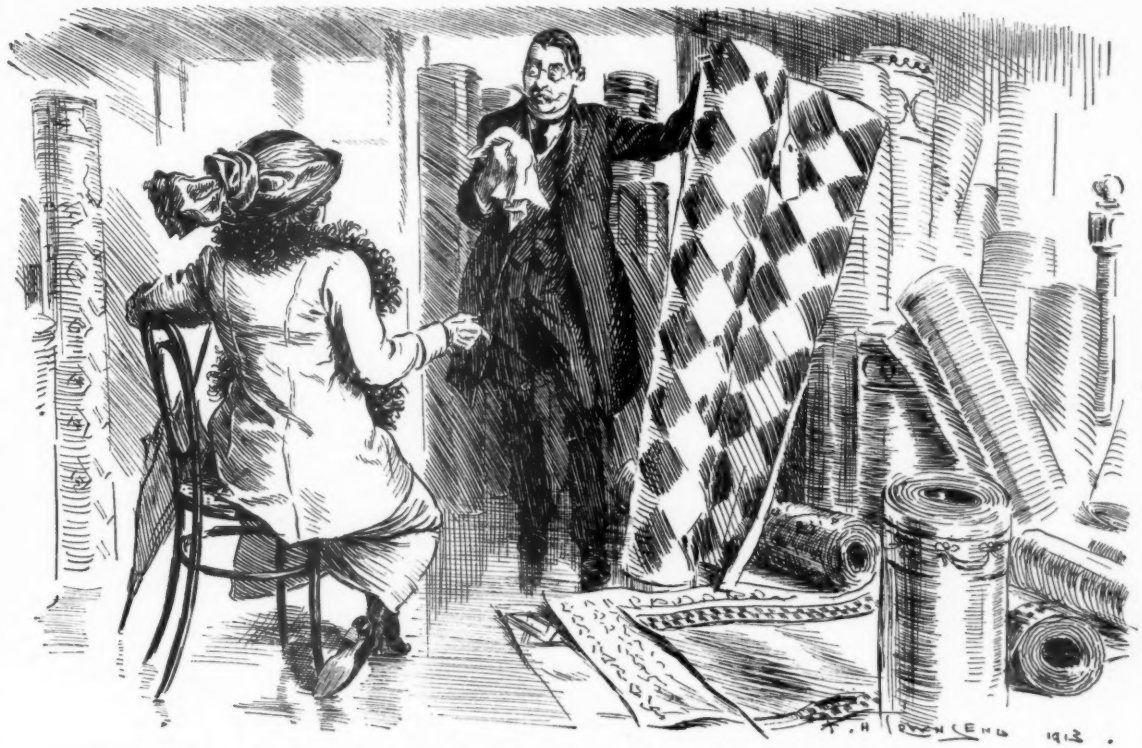
Just then a train came up, and he said, "Well, never mind that—only if my wife does not like the paper I shall expect you to exchange it for another to-morrow," and he flung down his halfpenny and was gone.



CHINA T. ROOSEVELT;

OR, THE NEW CONFUCIUS.

[It is rumoured that ex-President ROOSEVELT, whose passionate distaste for alcoholic drinks was recently established in the courts, has been offered the post of Adviser-in-Chief to the Chinese Republic.]



"I AM AFRAID, MADAM, WE HAVE SHOWN YOU ALL OUR STOCK; BUT WE COULD PROCURE MORE FROM OUR FACTORY."

"WELL, PERHAPS YOU 'D BETTER. YOU SEE, I WANT SOMETHING OF A NEATER PATTERN AND QUITE SMALL—JUST A LITTLE SQUARE FOR MY BIRD-CAGE."

THE GREAT TUBE.

THE question of the Channel Tunnel is again becoming acute. *Mr. Punch*, following the enterprising lead of *The Daily Graphic*, has made a number of enquiries of public personages as to the pros and cons of this scheme.

The answers are subjoined:—

Col. SEELY: I am in favour of the Tunnel, both in peace and in war. In peace it offers a rapid means of transit from England to France and France to England, without the discomforts of sea-sickness; in war—but the idea of war is not to be thought of. Impossible!

CRAGANOUR: It will be sure to need competent boring. Can I be of any use?

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE: I can think of no bond more likely to cement the Anglo-French entente—next, of course, to a magnificent English rendering of some play by MOLIÈRE.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON: I disapprove of the Tunnel. Anything that substitutes land for water is obnoxious to me. However, if you must have it, may the best tube win!

Mr. C. GRAHAME-WHITE: To tunnel is to retrogress. Let there be a constant supply of flying machines at Dover and Calais continually making the passage in a few seconds. My friends among aviators are so convinced of the superiority of this means that they express their willingness themselves to convey all the pretty actresses from England to France or France to England.

Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart.: I cannot begin to focus my intelligence on the scheme so long as the starting-point is the falsely-named Shakspeare Cliff.

The Rev. W. A. SPOONER, Warden of New College: Many years ago, after a rough crossing, I warmed a strong fish that I might live to see the Tannel Chunnel. That fish has never waded from my heart.

Mr. JOHN REDMOND: Anything that promotes the Union of Hearts is sure of my support. But I think that a "boreen" under St. George's Channel should come first.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT: The Channel Tunnel scheme is a great adventure, but personally I have no desire to be buried alive.

Mr. W. BEACH THOMAS: I hope the tunnel, if it is ever completed, will be utilized for the growing of mushrooms, an industry in which all good agriculturists are deeply interested.

Sir HENRY HOWORTH: The notion of boring the Channel appeals to me immensely. I am not without the hope that the Editor of *The Times* will give me facilities for assisting in this noble work.

Mr. ALFRED NOYES: The late Sir LEWIS MORRIS is said to have composed a good deal of "The Epic of Hades" in the Underground. The Channel Tunnel may give us a new DANTE and a finer "Inferno."

Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT: As the author of *Earthwork out of Tuscany* and *The Scooping Lady* I am naturally much interested in all schemes of excavation.

Mrs. ANNIE SWAN (the Scottish candidate for the laureateship):—

Though leagues of foam-flecked and tempestuous ocean
Part Albion's cliffs from France's lovely shore,
Science and subterranean erosion
Can dodge the sea. My brothers, let us bore.

MR. PUNCH IN THE PAST.

[After the custom of several of his contemporaries and in the manner of himself.]

III.

[*Reproduced from "Punch" of* 1463.]

To Daphne, Châtelaine of Horsmond.

MA MIE,—What *do* you think has happened? Some stuffy old things have presented a petition to Parliament protesting against the "inordinate use of apparell and array of men and women"! I was furyish at first, till Le Méchant explained that of course "men and women" only means *les autres*, and that all the best of us are supporting the petitty in defence of our higher interests, as Le Méchant calls it. The people who started it were some dreadful burgess people whose wives had been exceeding the limit in pin money, poor dears; but of course it's simply splenny for us, because what it means is that the "social barrier"—isn't that a ducky phrase? I'm using it right and left—is going to be strictly enforced. Only those of us whose 'scutcheons are *sans peur et sans reproche* are to be allowed to wear gold or sables, and you've got to be somebody (in the correctest sense of the word) even to be allowed satin.

And oh, my dearest, it was only last week that the d'Argentilhomme woman came out in a brand-new cloth-of-gold walking skirt! Of course the creature is doing her best to pretend she isn't affected by the statute, and has even gone so far as to make a distaff claim to a French *comté* for safety's sake; but Le Méchant (who has promptly dubbed the husband Compte d'Argentilhomme) tells me that there's no doubt their pedigree is only on its first legs and as rikky as can be. So she'll have to come out in fustian. If she wears the cloth-of-gold confection she'll run the risk of being put in the stocks. And, my dear, if I was in her place I do believe I'd do it; for after all, you know, the stocks *would* display one's ankles, supposing one had such a thing; and just think of the sensation!

Shoes are being worn as long as ever, to the great delight of *some* people, whose feet are only too *glad* to be allowed to "run to earth," as Zooks puts it. In fact, between sleeves and shoes, it's a question of which shall be the longer; and the other night at a reception I made a couple of utterly and absolutely dreadful *faux pas*—one of them was forward over the tips of my shoes, and the other backward over the ends of my sleeves; but it gave me the most exclusive of ideas, and the very next night I made a simply tremendous sensation by appearing with shoes and sleeves *in one*. There's just a point where they taper together, and I call these the steering ropes, because if you want to turn round or anything you just give them a twitch and make them alter the direction in which your feet are pointing with the most screaming effect.

Zooks and Petty-Petty told us they had been horribly hard put to it to find a new sensation for their joust-party last week, because of course everything has been done *à outrance*. Still, they did the cleverest thing imaginable. They revived a craze that used to be the rage ages and ages ago, and after all, *ma mie*, for a real "take" there's nothing like a proved *succès du temps jadis*. This one of Zooks and Petty-Petty's was a *reminiscence* (as Poupée Lady Godwin incautiously called it) of the time when everyone used to make pilgrimages to the shrine of ST. THOMAS À BECKET, but it simply got overdone and so they left it off. Zooks and Petty-Petty thought of it through one of their Pom-poms dying just before we arrived. Zooks remembered smacking it once when it was a puppy, and as soon as everything had been explained to us he went off into the most beautiful paroxysms of remorse, chewing straw and clutching people's wrists and everything. So we decided that in order to console him there was nothing for it but to make a pilgrimage to the poor thingy-thing's grave. I had the most ravishing pilgrimage costume made on the spot—a white sheety affair, worn pannier fashion and looped up with ducky little scourges. The rest of the effect was all sandals and cockle-shells and flowing tresses. Everyone admired me and my costume and my sorrowing frenzies immensely, but the nicest thing of all was said by Poupée Lady Godwin. "I don't think anyone could *possibly* look more *déchevelée*," said her ladyship; "or should I say *déshabillée?*" Le Méchant simply shrieked.

These by the hand of the dilliest of pages, BLANCHE.



Urchin (after indulging heavily). "OW-W-W, I WISH I'D SWOLLERED THE SIXPENCE INSTEAD."

"Mr. R. E. de Beer, who came over in the *Armadale Castle* to be married and who has been on his honeymoon in Paris, leaves again to-day for South Africa in the same vessel with his wife."—*South Africa.*

So far the marriage would seem to be a success.

TO MY DAUGHTER,

WHO TELLS ME SHE CAN DRESS HERSELF.

So, dear, have you and Nurse conspired
In secret, and all eyes evaded,
Till you can boast yourself attired
Unwatched, uncounselled and unaided?

Perfect in button, tape and hook,
You've learnt the knack, you come to tell us,
And while you turn that we may look
I own I am a little jealous

That she has taught you with success
How to assume your frock and shed it,
That you have learnt the art to dress
And Abigail's is all the credit.

Yet my devotion has its will,
Nor can I lightly yield to Nurse all
The praise, for I have prompted still
A spiritual dress rehearsal;

On your soft hair a helmet placed,
Fastened your breast-plate like a bib on,
And tied the Truth about your waist
Where she is proud to tie your ribbon.

Each has her task, decorous, sweet:
Fair, to surpass your friends, she made you,
While for your hidden foes' defeat
I in your Pauline arms arrayed you.

For, though you tire of sash and gown
And fold them up for good, there's no day
When these, that I have made your own,
Shall be a burden or *démodés*.

Yet, though the clasps endure, I know
I'll wish our handiwork were neater
When at celestial gates you show
The well-worn harness to ST. PETER.

"WIFE DISAPPEARED IN 191
MR. SENSUKE SAITO NOW ASKS FOR A DIVORCE."
The Japan Times.

We think such patience should be rewarded.

"A most interesting and ideal spot for picnics and parties. Netley Abbey Ruins, Cistercian Abbey. Founded A.D. 1239; dissolved A.D. 1536. Under new management."
Bournemouth Daily Echo.

Quite time there was some change.

"TO ANGLERS.

Beware of the fish named Weaver, a Sting from it is Dangerous."
Notice on Brighton Pier.

Nervous Angler (to his last captive). "Pardon me, is your name Weaver?"



Taxi-Driver (to stout Metropolitan constable). "'ERE, WHY DON'T YOU GET A TRANSFER? YOU 'VE GROWD *OUT* O' CITY WORK."

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE SIGN.

ONCE upon a time there was an innkeeper who, strange to say, was unable to make both ends meet. Nothing that he tried was any use: he even placed in the windows a notice to the effect that his house was "under entirely new management," but that too was in vain. So in despair he consulted a wise woman.

"It is quite simple," she said, as she pocketed her fee. "You must change the name."

"But it has been 'The Golden Lion' for centuries," he replied.

"You must change the name," she said. "You must call it 'The Eight Bells'; and you must have a row of seven bells as the sign."

"Seven?" he said; "but that's absurd. What will that do?"

"Go home and see," said the wise woman.

So he went home and did as she told him.

And straightway every wayfarer who was passing paused to count the bells, and then hurried into the inn to point out the mistake, each apparently believing himself to be the only one who had noticed it, and all wishing to refresh themselves for their trouble; carts and carriages drew up; motorists stopped their chauffeurs and, with the usual enormous difficulty, got them to go back; and the joke found its way into the guide-books.

The result was that the innkeeper grew as fat as most of his class, lost his health and made his fortune.

Un Roi en Exil?

The following paragraph is headed:—

"ROYALTY VISITS PANAMA."

"Panama, May 20.—Lord Murray of Elibank, formerly chief whip of the British Liberal party, left here yesterday for Guayaquil."—*Rockford Register Gazette.*

COUNSEL'S OPINION.

MY hostess was one of those women who are prepared to be ignorant upon every subject and only too anxious to be enlightened. When it comes to the pinch I hope I may marry such a one; I shall have lots to tell her.

"You are a man," she said as we came to the end of dessert, "of decided opinions."

"Few of which are reliable," I told her, "but many of them I impart to simple and trusting clients for payment."

She asked to be enlightened. "When I air my views to a solicitor," I told her, "it costs him two pounds four shillings and sixpence a time. Had you been other than you are, this evening's talk would have cost you upwards of a hundred pounds." I assured her, however, that I was glad she was not a solicitor.

"Why?" she asked. "Don't you like them?"

I held up pious hands of horror. "There is no class more adorable and more worth getting to know! But," I added, "the matters over which they elect to brood are so very dull. Only this day I have been instructed to concentrate my week's thoughts upon the dismal story of a garnishee."

"And what," she asked, "may a garnishee be?"

"That was the very question I asked myself. To my enquirer I said aloud 'that my lengthy experience had taught me how much they needed looking into. I would advise later.'"

She made signs of rising. "You barristers," she said, "are dreadful people." She cast her eyes round the table, then turned to me with one last unscrupulous smile that amounted almost to a wink, as she indicated a slightly bald youth at the far end of the room. "He *is* a solicitor," she whispered, "if that is any use to you."

"Thank you," said I, "it is."

* * * * *

Had the Bar Council seen me filling his port glass for him, its suspicions would have been instantly aroused. No man, it would have argued, could have conceived an affection at first sight for such an object without an ulterior motive, and I should have been accused of brief-hunting. I was, I am afraid, up to something much worse than that.

"They tell me," said I with great deference, "that you are a solicitor."

"I am," he said. "What are you?"

This was a little sudden. "Between ourselves," I said, lowering my voice, "I am a garnishee."

His look was slightly mystified but otherwise non-committal. "Tell me," I said, "is that a dreadful thing to be, or something rather nice?"

He was one of those fledglings fresh from the final examination, than whom not even Lord MOULTON OF BANK knows more of the written law. Naturally he told me all about garnishees and naturally he made it even duller than it need have been. I was about to yawn, when it occurred to me how I might make even more use of him.

"Let me," I suggested, "tell you my life story and call your attention to the sordid and complicated situation in which I now find myself," and, making myself the hero of it, I poured into his willing ear the facts of my case.

"Now," I concluded, "will you give me your opinion? It will be of great value to me."

I purposely said "great" value. I thought it impolitic to admit the exact worth at which I hoped to retail it.

He wore rimless pince-nez, which gave him a wary look. I attribute his next remark to a desire to live up to that look rather than to innate lack of manners. "Do I understand," he asked, "that you are consulting me professionally in the matter?"

I found myself, under the influence of a full-bodied wine, saying that I was, and agreeing that he should write me on the matter. Little as I know of the law, I am aware that a solicitor's letter costs but six and eightpence, and, little as I know of arithmetic, I have reason to believe that if I buy an opinion off one solicitor for six and eightpence, and sell it to another solicitor for two pounds, four and sixpence, I have a margin of profit of one pound, seventeen and tenpence. So I took his promise to write to me and gave him mine to pay him his six and eightpence.

"Six and eightpence," he observed with great pedantry, "*and* disbursements."

* * * * *

"Well," said my hostess, when I got to her later, "did you profit by my hint?"

"To the extent," I explained, "of one pound, seventeen shillings and tenpence, less what he called disbursements, but you and I would call a penny for the stamp."

* * * * *

The daring plan was misconceived. I cannot recommend it to others. Not that there was anything wrong with the fellow's opinion; indeed, after joining up one or two of the split infinitives, I was able to use it *verbatim* as my own. It was the disbursements that thwarted me, as I learnt on perusal of his second letter.

Dear Sir (it ran),

Re Garnishee.

We thank you for your letter, and note that our communication to you on the above matter gave satisfaction and cleared up your difficulties. In enclosing our professional account in the matter, amounting to a total of two pounds, eleven shillings and threepence, we would mention for your information that two pounds, four shillings and sixpence is the usual fee paid to a barrister for an opinion. You will, of course, readily understand that we did not deem it prudent to advise you in the matter without laying the facts before our counsel. A cheque at your convenience will oblige."

I am now engaged in endeavouring to satisfy myself, unprofessionally, on another intricate question:—Is the Bar an overpaid or an underpaid profession? The matter is not free from grave doubts; there is much to be said for both contentions.

THE TROUT FISHER.

PAN doth pipe to us anew,
Reedy calls and catches,
So we 'll go and throw a fly,
Dainty, delicate and dry,
Forty miles from Waterloo—
Where the may-fly hatches.

Run of nigh an hour it is
From the City's leanness;
There 's a walk when you get out—
Riverwards a mile about—
Mile of elms and Alderneys,
And surpassing greenness.

Mile of gold imagining,
Crowned of all creation;
Eve may bring the fat content
Born of proud Accomplishment;
Morning hath the angel's wing
Of Anticipation.

Luck 's a jade blows hot and cold;
Heed no wise men give her;
Yet howe'er the night come in—
Three good brace, or not a fin—
Always she 's a lass of gold
Walking to the river.

"As rector of Iken, in Suffolk, the Rev. Arnold W. Wainewright, aged 13, was presented by the chairman, Mr. H. W. Price, on behalf of the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, with a silver watch, for his attempt to save the life of a five-year-old girl whose clothes caught alight at her home during the absence of her mother. It is Mackenzie's wish eventually to become a policeman."
Bristol Evening News.

Why drag in MACKENZIE? Surely the infant rector was attraction enough.



Little Boy. "MOTHER, DID GRAN'PA THRASH DADDY WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY?" *Mother.* "YES."
Boy. "AND DID HIS FATHER THRASH HIM WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY?" *Mother.* "YES."
Boy. "AND DID *HIS* FATHER THRASH *HIM*?" *Mother.* "YES." *Boy.* "WELL, WHO STARTED THIS THING?"

THE ORDEALS OF THE OPULENT.

SOME of the sufferings which well-born and delicately nurtured persons are now condemned to endure by the eccentricities of our social system are graphically described in a recent number of *The Daily Mail*. Thus it is narrated in the issue of May 30th how, under the portico of a theatre in Charing Cross Road, three young women "in sheeny, filmy frocks waited for twenty-five minutes before they could get a cab to take them home .... Hundreds passed, all full. Finally, they had to get the commissionaire to go off and hunt. Even so, it was twelve minutes before they were on their way home."

It is hard to discriminate between degrees of suffering because so much depends on what Professor Pupeson so admirably calls the "temperamentality" of the sufferer, but we doubt whether in all the annals of torture a more appalling ordeal has ever been recorded than that recently endured by Sir Halbert Bond, the great financier and publicist. Sir Halbert, it should be explained, had had a most trying day. He dictated to his shorthand writer for an hour before breakfast. Between breakfast and lunch he attended three company meetings. After lunch he smoked only one Magnifico Pomposo cigar and took only two glasses of Grand Marnier with his coffee before going down to the House of Commons. There he remained till 7.30, focussing his massive brain on the basic interests of the country. Hurriedly returning to his mansion in Berkeley Square, he dressed and repaired to the Blitz Hotel, where he was giving hospitality to several Peruvian magnates. The entertainment passed off without mishap until the "Sorbet" was served, when, Sir Halbert, who was engrossed in conversation with Señor Tortuoso, inadvertently swallowed the contents of the glass at one gulp. The effect of such a mistake, as anyone will readily admit who has had the misfortune to make it, is painful in the extreme, and Sir Halbert's suffering, though borne with stoical fortitude, was most distressing to witness, Señor Tortuoso observing that in all his long experience of the Putumayo he had never witnessed a more terrible spectacle than the sight of his noble host gasping for breath and ejaculating at intervals in a strangled whisper, "Old brandy." On inquiring at Berkeley Square just before going to press we were immensely relieved to hear that Sir Halbert had had a quiet night and hoped to resume his normal diet almost immediately.

Widespread sympathy is felt in land-taxing circles with the Baron de Chaudfroid in the distressing accident that befell him while motoring back from a successful labourers' meeting in his constituency. Baron de Chaudfroid was as usual driving his magnificent 200-h.p. "Fafner" at a high rate of speed, when in a dip of a narrow side road he was charged by a flock of sheep and delayed for twenty-three minutes until his chauffeur had extricated the fleecy assailants from the wheels. Not only was the Baron made nearly half-an-hour late for his dinner—which always affects his digestion—but, as though to add insult to injury, the farmer who owned the sheep brought an action in which he claimed and gained £50 compensation for the loss of his sheep, which, as the Baron's counsel convincingly showed, had practically committed suicide.

"The Foreign Secretary, however, entered a few moments later and took a seat in the centre of the table, having the Greek delegation on his left and the Ottoman delegation on his right."—*Standard*.

No doubt his posture was a concession to Oriental etiquette.



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

II. INVENT (IF POSSIBLE) A SILLIER AND MORE UNDIGNIFIED DANCE THAN HAS EVER BEEN DANCED BEFORE.

THE VISION.

Oh, auburn-haired! Oh, apple-faced!—
They found me at my knee-hole table,
My head bowed forward in the paste,
Sobbing aloud for Mabel.

What conjured up from memory's swarm
My earliest love, my half-forgotten,
A buxom and ingenuous form
Clothed in her Sunday cotton?

Merely a letter—one of heaps—
Yet not with tears nor laughter laden,
Serving to rouse the wound that sleeps—
A letter from a maiden.

Was she, I wondered, fair as mine
Whom erst beside the streamlet's water
I wooed and won when turning nine—
The local blacksmith's daughter?

I see her still, the eyes of blue
Like Junetide's rathe lobelia blossom,
The lips that shamed the cherry's hue
With chocolate dabs across 'em.

She taught me first what love may mean,
The heart-felt passion and the full sighs,
Till tiffs occurred; there came a scene
Over an ounce of bull's-eyes.

And this, this other child of Eve
Whose artless missive lay before me,
What woof for her did Fortune weave,
Bright threads of gold or stormy?

Had she my darling's vermeil hair,
Where every sunbeam was a dancer?
Her voice, her walk, her queen-like air?
These things I could not answer.

A music of her filled the place,
But Fancy, though thou sweetly pipest,
Thou couldst not forge for me the face
Of Smith and Boffkins' typist.

Only I knew, and this much sent
The salt tears to my optics welling:
Whate'er her charms, whate'er her bent,
She had my Mabel's spelling.

Luxuriant as the wild, wild rose,
Scorning the dull, the mere expected,
Boffkins and Smith quite rightly chose
To leave it uncorrected.

"*Deer Sir*"—and straightway memory woke;
Not otherwise would *she* have started;
The next coy sentence made me choke,
My self-control departed.

They came, they wondered why I grieved,
And why these words with tears were blotted:
"*Yours of the 19th ult. recieved*
And contents duly notted." EVOE.

"She could not say on which side of the road he was riding in Commissioner Street, but he turned into West Street on the wrong side. After the accident she fell on to the pavement on the correct side of the road."
The Johannesburg Star.

Always the lady.

"As a recruit from municipal work Mr. McKinnon Wood is not a bad exponent of domestic affairs, but when he attempts to deal with Imperial politics there is a good deal to be desired. In addition to a prosaic style and hum and rum delivery, he suffers from a lack of imagination."
Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

Probably milk and rum would be a better lubricant for the voice.



PEGASUS APPEALS.

THE STEED OF THE MUSES (*to Ring-master Asquith*). "PARDON ME, SIR, BUT I 'M RATHER TIRED OF BEING MADE TO DO THESE CIRCUS TRICKS. COULDN'T YOU CONTRIVE TO—ER—*DISESTABLISH* ME?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 2.—Second Reading of Budget Bill first Order of Day. Looking round at almost empty benches and noting listless tone of talk, you wouldn't think it. Yet these conditions accurately define position of Budget of the year. Happy the country that has no annals. Fortunate the Chancellor of the Exchequer whose Budget fails to stir a ripple of interest.

LLOYD GEORGE, whose originality is fathomless, lives up to exceptional situation by presenting himself in fresh light. Budget of 1909 eased hard lot of landowner by enabling him to claim an income-tax rebate on 25 per cent. of his rental in respect of expenditure upon improvements or repairs. It appears that those concerned have failed to profit by this beneficence. With what looked like genuine tears in his eyes, certainly with a break in his voice, CHANCELLOR stated that last year, being the third since boon was granted, the Exchequer has been called upon to sacrifice under this head only £68,000.

"And there's half-a-million for them," sobbed the CHANCELLOR. "I suppose they can't believe it's true; they say, 'He's Limehousing again.'"



Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, hurt by the neglect of the landlords to take advantage of his beneficence.

Amendment moved from Labour camp designed to reduce or abolish taxation on tea and sugar elicited the one verbal spark that lighted dulness of sitting. Struck by WOLMER. Facing Labour Members sitting opposite he enquired why at other times, in other circumstances, they supported food taxes? Whenever there was slightest possible chance of Government being defeated on subject they rallied to the rescue.

"To-day," said noble lord, with scornful gesture, "there's no danger. So they organise this window-dressing sham fight."

Some fine confused feeding in this metaphor.

SARK takes sort of grandfatherly interest in noble Viscount, being one of extremely limited circle who heard his maiden speech. It was delivered some twenty years ago, not in commonplace fashion from a Bench within the House, but at the temporarily opened glass door leading to the Lobby. His father, the first Lord WOLMER, who had resolved, in concert with two other elder sons, the present Earl CURZON and Viscount MIDLETON, not to be driven to the House of Lords, brought down his little son and heir to look on the scene of his grandfather's early triumphs, and what might, in ordinary course of events, be the boy's own field of opportunity. Pointing through open door to various celebrities, he, indicating the Chair, said, "That's the SPEAKER."

"What!" queried a shrill childlike voice that startled House engaged in serious debate, "him in the big wig?"

The glass door was hurriedly closed, and the inquiring child, thus early showing his genius for supplementary questions, was hurried off wondering what had happened to cause this sudden flurry.

Business done.—On stroke of midnight House still talking round Budget Bill. On motion made for adjournment wearied Members, by 259 votes to 201, decided straightway to go home.

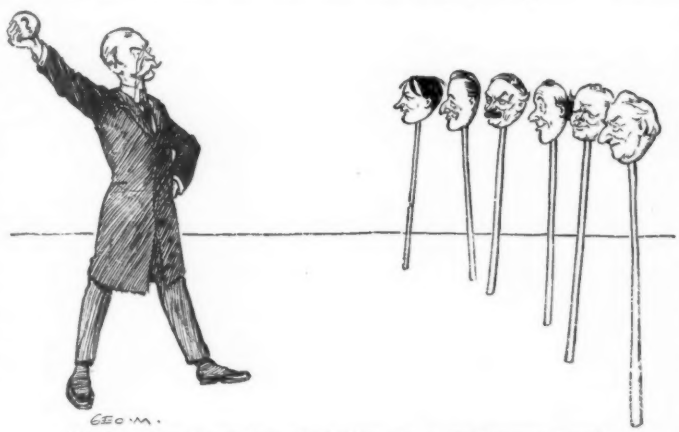
Wednesday.—Since RACHEL wept for her children and would not be comforted there has been no scene more pathetic than that sympathetically witnessed this afternoon when Lord ROBERT CECIL cried aloud for presence of WINSOME WINSTON. House in Committee on Navy Estimates. FIRST LORD, present to answer questions, now temporarily absent. Observing this, LORD BOB, failing to obtain definite information as to his whereabouts, moved to report progress.

"When Navy Estimates are under discussion he should be in his place," he querulously insisted.

Piquant turn given to incident by fact that, though House has been sitting a full week since termination of Whitsun holidays, this the first occasion that LORD BOB has put in appearance. That of course nothing to do with desirability of other Members being at their posts.

CHAIRMAN refused to accept motion for progress. LORD BOB forlornly sank back in his seat whence, like Mariana in the Moated Grange, he with haggard face watched the doorway.

"'He cometh not,' he said;
He said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead.'"



Mr. ROWLAND HUNT devotes his attention to the Treasury Bench.

Ten minutes passed. LORD BOB could stand it no longer. Springing to his feet he again moved to report progress. Meanwhile scouts out in all directions hunting up the errant FIRST LORD. Even as CHAIRMAN was delivering judgment on the situation, WINSTON, with swinging stride and studiously casual expression on his countenance, entered from behind the SPEAKER'S Chair. LORD BOB emitted sigh of satisfaction and business went forward.

Episode one of thosetouches of nature that make the whole House kin.

Business done.—Navy Votes granted with both hands.

Friday.—Remarkable example of infinite care with which mundane matters are arranged that, whilst Ministerialists have the MAD HATTER in their ranks, the Opposition joy in

possession of ROWLAND HUNT. Distinct basic resemblance, happily diversified by individual characteristics. Of the two, the MAD HATTER takes wider range of view, encompassing the universe in his observation. ROWLAND is disposed to concentrate attention upon defects of the PRIME MINISTER, the vagaries of the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, and the indiscretions of the HOME SECRETARY.

These watch-dog services are consistent with tendency to attack Parliamentary Leaders which first centred upon him attention of the House. At a time when PRINCE ARTHUR was entering upon duties of Leader of Opposition consequent on General Election of 1906, the Member for Ludlow, like another "Man from Shropshire" accustomed to make incursion on the Court of Chancery whilst case of *Jarndyce* v. *Jarndyce* was in progress, suddenly attacked his esteemed Leader. House roared with laughter at incongruity of situation. PRINCE ARTHUR, contrary to his recognised habit of scorning to notice such little incidents, had the rebel's name struck off list of Unionists receiving whips. For a while ROWLAND was in dire disgrace. He lived through it, and has since exclusively devoted attention to right honourable gentlemen on Treasury Bench.

MAD HATTER, whilst a good party-man safe when division bell rings, is accustomed to doubt the perfected wisdom of his leader, the PRIME MINISTER. His intimate acquaintance with personages and policies all over the world naturally reveals to him weak spots. Whether (to cite cases submitted by him at a single sitting) he wants to know "if HEINRICH GROSSE, sentenced at Winchester to three years' penal servitude, is a German subject"; "whether a number of Finnish pilots have resigned their duties"; "whether the PRIME MINISTER is aware that British armament companies doing work on contract for the Government have a total share capital of 31½ millions"; whether he knows that "allegations have been made both in Germany and this country"; or "whether the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY can explain the delay in printing and circulating the Return on Education," he invests the query with air of gravity that sometimes obscures his meaning.

SPEAKER, asked whether one of the questions here summarised was in order, frankly replied, "I have not the faintest idea to what the honourable gentleman refers," declaration of ignorance in which the PREMIER concurred.

Severe snub like this would have shut up some men for a month. Merely incites MAD HATTER to further endeavour. Members laugh at him. Has heard himself genially referred to from Opposition Bench as "the buffoon of the House." But after all, there is method in his madness. A comparatively new Member, he early discovered that cheap and easy way to obtain notoriety is to direct questions personally to the PREMIER. Addressed to other Ministers, chances two to one they would be left out of newspaper report. PRIME MINISTER certain to be reported verbatim; in all probability question will receive same distinction. In any



The MAD HATTER finding weak spots.

case enquirer's name appears in close association with that of PREMIER.

"Some of us," said ROWLAND HUNT, regarding MAD HATTER with suspicious glance, "are not so foolish as we look."

Business done.—Last night devoted to Private Members' Bills. Hereafter remainder of session at disposal of Government.

"YOUTHS (two) Wanted for sausages; must be clean and willing."—*The North Star.*

Colonel SEELY will be glad to notice that in British cannibalism the voluntary principle seems to be recognised.

"HOW TO MAKE A HEALTHY HOME.

Take my advice, send your wives and children regularly down to the seaside at least once a year, so as to take their troubles with them, and then throw them bodily into the sea as if they were only a bundle of rubbish."

Our Home.

Come down to the pier and watch the paterfamilias readers of *Our Home* making their houses healthy.

It has been suggested in Parliament that a naval hydro-aeroplane shall be called a Navyplane. Very good; and an airman in the same service should be called a Navyator.

"The trial of Mr. Cecil Chesterton was continued at the Old Bailey yesterday before Mr. Justice Phillimore."—*Daily Record and Mail.*

Sounds more like Mr. Justice DARLING's court.

THE QUEEN OF THE ROAD.

LET the 'igh-born madam go scorchin' by
In 'er motor-car, velvet-lined,
A "shover" in front with a 'aughty eye
And phew! what a stew be'ind.
I wouldn't be 'er, it 's an absolute cert,
An' so I 'd like to 'a' told 'er,
For *I 'm* Queen of the road, when I bike with Bert
With 'is 'and upon me shoulder.

When 'is shop is shut an' 'is work is done
Of a Thursday afternoon,
I knock off, meself, for a bit of a run;
I know 'e 'll be round for me soon.
Then up we jump on the bikes we love—
In traffic no girl is bolder—
And the 'ills don't seem a bit of a shove
With 'is 'and upon me shoulder.

We pedal an' pedal by woods and grass
Where the country is real, no fake;
There ain't many couples as we can't pass,
An' for tea we 'ave cresses an' cake;
We watch the tip of the sinkin' sun
An' then, when the air comes colder,
'E starts me back for the 'omeward run
With 'is 'and upon me shoulder.

The night grows black an' we light our lamps—
Two sparks in a twinklin' chain—
I 'm neither afraid of ghosts nor tramps,
Not me; I 'm as right as rain.
Though me jersey 's old the same as me skirt
An' me cap 's a good bit older,
I 'm Queen of the road, when I bike with Bert
With 'is 'and upon me shoulder.

THE FALLEN STAR.

"THREE years ago I was a star," murmured the man with the tired eyes and the furrowed face and the scanty hair, fingering an empty glass suggestively.

"Hamlet?" suggested the bored journalist, who knew the race of provincial actors and their illimitable vanity, and saw no "copy" in the stranger.

"No, Sir!"

"*Silver King, Private Secretary, East Lynne, Charley's Aunt?*"

"No, Sir. I was a cinema star."

"What 'll you take?" asked the suddenly brisk journalist.

The stranger indicated Blue Label with just a drop of soda. Mellowing, he told his story.

"Three years ago I was a star. That was when I was young and strong and full of nerve. I created 'Captain



ON AMERICAN ROADS.

Mrs. O'Brien (who has been instructed that she must on no account speak to the chauffeur when driving). "CHAUFFER! CHAUFFER! I MUST SPAKE! MRS. RAFFERTY HASN'T BEEN ON THE BACK SATE OF THE KYAR FUR THE LAST TEN MINNUTS!"

Reckless.' I was the headliner at every palace in five continents. Millions have gasped at my daring; millions have thrilled at my exploits. I scaled precipices, hurled myself at runaway horses, dashed into raging fires, plunged into icy torrents gagged and bound, was suffocated in submarines, fought single-handed against overwhelming odds!"

"They fake that sort of thing very cleverly," agreed the journalist.

"Fake? No, Sir, far from it! Not in my films. The public demand reality. My company gave them reality. A runaway horse was a runaway horse. A fire was a fire. A fight was a fight. As Captain Reckless, I broke both collar-bones, eight ribs, a tibia, an occiput and a nose."

There was evidence as to the nose, now that the journalist noticed it more observantly.

"The nose settled it," continued the fallen star with a certain melancholy relish. "The public like a hero with his arm in a sling, but they won't stand for a nose in a sling. So I had to change my line. I created 'Fathead.' I was again a headliner in a thousand palaces. Myriads have roared at my misfortunes. I rode on a bicycle into a market-woman's apple-stand; I cannoned off into a lamp-post; I swerved into a plasterer's ladder; I tumbled into a tar-barrel; I ended up the ride in a crockery shop. The market-woman, the policeman, the plasterers, the tar-layers and the shop-keeper pursued me with sticks and brooms and anything they could lay their hands on. The more they battered me the better the film!"

"I thought it was a dummy they battered," said the journalist.

"No, Sir, far from it! The public don't laugh at a dummy being knocked about. They demand reality. My company gave them reality. I was Fathead with the new bicycle, Fathead with the runaway motor-cycle, Fathead with the aeroplane, Fathead as pantaloon in the pantomime, and Fathead in love. You remember the young lady's enraged father and the bulldog? It made a screaming film; but it settled me."

"Have another?" suggested the journalist cordially.

The fallen star made no demur. After a brief interval he resumed. "So I had to change my line. I became the old musician with the violin who dies through three hundred feet of film. It was easier work, but I was no longer a headliner on a billion bills. I became small type." His eyes dimmed moistily. "And then the public tired of the old musician. They demanded burglars and motor bandits and bad men with a nerve like chilled steel. *My* nerve was gone. I could no longer play the bandit. And I could not bear to face the camera as a super when once I had proudly ruffled it as a star. I crept away . . ."

"And now?"

"Three years ago, when I was young, I was a cinema star. Now that I am old and maimed, I——" His voice dropped, and he looked round to make sure that no one else should hear of his last degradation——

"I am a dramatist. I write cinema plays."

"A SIMPLE LOTION.

To remove a dark stain on the throat caused by wearing high collars or dark velvet neck-bands, sponge the sink with equal quantities of rosewater and strained lemon-juice."

Mother and Home.

If that is useless, massage the bath.

HAMLET.

A Character Study.

As to Hamlet's forbears or his earlier days I know nothing, nor am I greatly concerned. When I met him he was already old—unimaginably old—and grim and gaunt withal: he dwelt in a livery stable in a small Scotch town, and it was on his back that I made my first essays in horsemanship. I do not say he was agreeable to ride, but neither, I daresay, would he recall me as particularly pleasant to carry. I only hope I did not hurt him half as much as he often hurt me.

In those long and blistering hours of agony I came to know him with a curious intimacy. He used to walk along—and always on the wrong side of the road—with an air of mild abstraction tinged vaguely with remorse; when I sawed at his mouth, which was as iron or adamant, he smiled tolerantly and did nothing. Then would come the riding master's, "Now, gentlemen, if you'll just shorten your reins we'll trot for a bit," and with that a horrid spasmodic chuckle shook Hamlet's gaunt frame; he cocked one ear devilishly; he champed his bit and whisked his tail, and then with a sort of colossal hiccough—as if, I used to think, he were changing gear rather roughly inside—he "trotted." Uphill he rolled and downhill he slid, and all the while his action would remind one of those fascinating movements made by British seamen while dancing the hornpipe. I believe the operation is known as "hoisting one's slack." That is what Hamlet seemed always to be doing, first on one side and then on the other. A hitch and a kick, a hitch and a kick—that was his notion of trotting. He was always far in the rear, and always perfectly pleased with himself and perfectly cheerful about it, and perfectly immovable. And when the "trot" was at an end he would glance round at his tortured rider with an expression incredibly free from malice and yet incredibly full of a fiendish delight.

I don't know who named him, but there was not a little of the moody Dane in his starved soul. He had a rolling and poetic eye, capable of unsuspected depths of philosophical speculation, and by the aid of this and a curious twitching of his unbeauteous mouth he achieved the gift of expression. For a long time I thought he was only making faces at me, but gradually I grew able to interpret. In the stable he used to lounge about in his box like some old bore in a club armchair, and all the time his face flickered and worked like a cinematograph. I don't believe he ever saw a racecourse, but I know he dreamt of them, for when the clank of buckets floated in from the yard, with scraps of the strange jargon of the sporting press, he would draw himself up and scrabble with his feet in the straw. "Two to one, Hamlet," the Ring shouted in his dreams; "six to four, Hamlet; *evens*, Hamlet!" And then Hamlet leading them all into the straight, and tearing away past the post amid roars of joy. Ah, well! After all, GEORGE THE THIRD believed himself a hero of Waterloo; so why should not poor old Hamlet win a Derby in his dreams?

Sometimes I think he realised that it was *not* true, and that he was no better than an old fool, and then there would creep into his tired eyes a wistful look. "Just once," he seemed to say, "just one real good time." And then would come a flash of resolution and out would go his heels in a way that sent the splinters flying. "I *will* have my day," it meant. Well, he did.

It so chanced that the local Territorials went into camp that year at Blair Atholl, and Hamlet and I went with them. He was very good and very docile all through three long summer days, but sometimes I caught that flashing resolution brightening his eyes in a way that boded trouble. He used to stand soaking himself as it were in the scent of pine and heather and the cool music of the Garry, and more than ever he seemed to be communing with things that were not of this world. Something in these long drowsy days must have told him that his chance must come soon now or never, and I am sure that his Derby-dream was always with him.

But on the third evening a great army of cloud came marching down upon us from Badenoch, and the dusk fell to an accompaniment of muttering thunder. About midnight the storm broke with a blaze of lightning and a merciless downpour of rain. I was battling my way down the horse-lines with a lantern when, on a sudden, the neigh of a horse rose twice, like a trumpet-call, above the roll of the thunder. Somehow I knew the voice for Hamlet's, even before the pandemonium broke loose; for in a minute tethers were snapping all round and pegs flying from their hold and about forty horses came down the lines like an avalanche. They were led by a great gaunt black devil with streaming mane and eyes of fire, going in great shapeless leaps and roaring all the time like a blacksmith's bellows. It was Hamlet holding *Walpurgis* and winning his Derby once again.

Heaven knows what spirits rode with him that night upon the storm. We got in the rest after a couple of profane hours in the rain, but Hamlet was not to be found. A shepherd saw him about daybreak tearing round and round a field all by himself, and a surfaceman on the Highland line swears that he took a five-foot fence like a Grand National winner. Eventually a patrol of Boy Scouts found him about eight in the morning in a field near Struan very dejected and the moody Dane once more. He came back like a lamb.

Poor devil! He had his night; but he came back coughing, and he coughed himself out of this world in a fortnight. I suppose no one thinks of him now as anything but a raw-boned, unlovely beast, pounding along behind all the rest, patiently and stupidly hitch-and-kicking through the mud. But for the sake of the kind and cheering look he used to give one when the ride was over, the genial cock of the eye that softened the riding-master's profanities—above all, for his bold dreams and his big heart, I like to remember him as something more.

Substitute.

I went to Brooklands yesterday
A flying man to see;
But, as it chanced, he wasn't there,
And empty was the quivering air,
Save for a lark that o'er my head
His busy low-geared pinions spread,
Singing most happily;
And, leaving, to myself I said,
"That's good enough for me."

"H. H. Hilton. Shares with John Ball the distinction of being the greatest amateur golfer ever known."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

We were quite aware that this is the age of superlatives. We therefore find it rather a comfort to feel that there are only two of them to share this distinction.

"A Millais record was established for the painting 'Sir I. Sumbras At the Ford,' which was finally sold at 7,500 guineas."
Newcastle Daily Journal.

One of the birthday knights, we presume.

"BOMB. WELLS'S FAILURE."
Poster of "The Northern Echo."

We don't care what the bomb called itself; we are always glad when these infernal machines fail to come off.

"MARCONI CONTRACT CHARGES.
EVIDENCE OF SIR RUFUS ISAACS.
'ABSOLUTELY NO TRUTH IN IT.'"
Liverpool Daily Post.

If this kind of libel goes on Sir RUFUS is almost bound to issue a writ.

VILLAGE SCANDAL.

"YIS, he wor a great lump of a chap wi' fancy clothes," said the inoffensive little man who stood at the gate of his garden plot talking to old Joe Sherrington.

"I wor stood here smokin' a pipe arter my dinner, same as I am now, and he come up to me as bold as yow like, and he say, 'Good mornin', Giles,' he say. 'Good mornin', Brown,' I say. He fared wholly stammed at that. 'My name eent Brown,' he say. 'And mine eent Giles,' I say, 'so we're both wrong.' Wool, he laughed like what yow expect 'em to laugh in Lunnon, and he say, 'Will yow take a drink?' Wool, I di'n't want to make he angry, and you know Tuesday wor a warm day, when that di'n't come amiss to wet yer whistle like. So we weant over to 'The Greyhound,' and when he'd led up to it nice and easy he say, 'Du yow hear anything of this backbitin' what they 're been talkin' so much about in the newspaper? They tell me yow du nothin' but talk scandal in these parts.' 'Du they?' I say; "then they 're doin' it theirselves, that 's plain.'

"'But I want to know for a partickler reason,' he say. 'The fact is I'm a butcher by trade and I 'm tired o' town life. I want to set up a little meat business in the country,' he say; 'but if there is a thing I 'm afeared of, that 's scandal. I ha' had enough in the towns, what wi' folks talkin' of frozen beef and weighted scales and the thumb-trick an' all, and I want to start leadin' a quiet life.'

"'Wool,' I say, 'yow 'a' come to the right place. Yow 'oont find no scandal in Appleton,' I say, 'cos tha's such a small place there eent no need to *talk* about our neighbours' business. We *know* it.' 'Oh,' he say, and arter he 'd thought a bit he say, 'I suppose yow 've got a Squire here?' 'Yis,' I say, 'we have. I can tell yow all the facts about Squire, but don't yow tarn round and tell me I 'm scandal-mongerin'! What I understand o' scandal, that mean idle rumours. Yow 'oont find none o' them in Appleton,' I say. 'What we know we know. As to Squire,' I say, 'he ha' tarned over a new leaf altogether. If he did git a name at Oxford for takin' a drop too much and gittin' into debt for £1,000, sure*ly* that 's time that wor forgotten. Speak as yer find,' I say, 'and I eent seen Squire the worse for drink this last month.' Well, bor, the townie he fared to prick up his ears. 'And Mrs. Squire?' he say. 'Ah! that 's sad about her,' I say, shakin' my hid. 'Whether that 's the four husbands she had when she was a actress afore she married Squire, or whether that 's her low bringin' up from a place called Whitechapel, I don't know; but she 's gittin' nearer and nearer the madhouse ivery day. Yis, drink,' I say, shakin' my hid still more sorrowful.

"'Is there a Doctor here?' he say. 'There 's a man what calls hisself Doctor Penny,' I say; 'but he eent a doctor at all. He comes from Americky, and he ha' got scores o' woolly scalps hangin' up in his house what come off the blackamoors he shot so as he could cut 'em up and see how they was made.'

"The townie he started to look kind o' green. 'Hev yow got a board-schule here?' he say. 'Yis,' I say, 'and a schulemaster. He wor a stranger, same as yerself, when he fust come, but he ha'n't bin here a week afore we knowed he wor a ticket-o'-leave man. Mind yow,' I say, 'there eent no scandal. I 'm only tellin' yow the facts.'

"'Yis,' he say, 'quite so. Well, I ha' got a good meat business where I am now, and I don't reckon I 'm saint enough to live in a place like this where there eent so much as a *breath* o' scandal,' and off he weant, and I heen't seen um since."

Old Joe had listened to this recital in a species of dull amazement.

"But what on airth made yow tell all them wicked loies?" he asked. "Oh! and speakin' o' meat remind me o' suffin' else what du fare to whoolly 'maze me. Why du I hae to pay yow a shillin' a pound for beef when I can git as good for tenpence at either o' them shops in Fremley?"



"WELL, ALICE, WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY WAS THE MATTER?"
"IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, HE SAID I 'D GOT YOUTH ON MY SIDE."

CELEBRATED TRIALS.

IV.—REX *v.* ADAMSON.

THE defendant in this case was the Rev. Hercules Adamson, described as Vicar of Little Pottleton, Bucks, forty years of age, a married man with a family of ten children, two of them being twins of tender years. He was brought up on an indictment the main count of which was that he, being a British citizen of mature age and sound mind, had not in the past five years reported himself at the National Institution for Nervous Breakdowns and had never, as a matter of fact, absented himself from his ordinary avocations during the statutory period of one month in every year for the purpose of taking a rest-cure in accordance with the regulations thereunto made and provided by the Nerve Commissioners in the exercise of the authority delegated to them by the Act (GEORGE V., 10, cap. 4) for the Prevention of Undue Health, generally known as the Ailments Act. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. Moper, K.C., and Mr. Trimble. Prisoner was defended by Mr. Soundy. The court was crowded with nerve-specialists, nurses, attendants from private hospitals, psychological experts and interesting invalids in various stages of involuntary convalescence. A pathetic incident was provided by the attendance in court of prisoner's aged mother, who had intended to appeal for the prisoner on the ground that he had suffered in early youth from a period of considerable robustness, from the effects of which he had never quite recovered. As it appeared, however, that she was in the enjoyment of all her faculties, could read small print without glasses and made a habit of walking two miles unattended before breakfast every morning, the Judge decided that it was impossible to take her evidence.

Prisoner was brought into court in charge of two powerful nurses from the Central Rest-Cure. He preserved a cheerful demeanour and appeared to be totally unconscious of his serious position.

From Mr. Moper's opening speech it appeared that Adamson, after a career of unbridled athleticism at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he is said to have stroked his College boat and played Rugby Football for the University, took his degree in the Theological Tripos. In spite of the earnest intercession of his tutor and the Senior Dean of the College he resolutely refused to submit to an *ægrotat*, and was examined in the ancient manner by means of papers set to him in the Senate House. After a period spent as curate in an East-end parish, where he was said to have gained an unfortunate reputation as a skilful boxer, he was appointed to the benefice of Little Pottleton, his income being £200 a year, together with an Easter offering of varying amount. Here he became a violent advocate of open windows, walking tours, seaside camps for boys, athletic meetings, hockey matches, and of the strenuous life generally. Indeed, much as he (the learned Counsel) regretted it, it would be proved in evidence that this man, who was in a position to give an example and was looked up to with respect by his parishioners, had never known what it was to enjoy ill health.

Mr. Soundy. That is not strictly accurate, my Lord. I protest against such attempts to excite prejudice. I have evidence to show that the prisoner was at one time under the influence of chicken-pox, and a year later acquired a certain amount of mumps.

His Lordship. Chicken-pox and mumps can hardly be called an answer to the charge. Being involuntary they are at the most pleasing incidents.

Mr. Soundy. The prisoner obtained a severe attack of measles after purposely exposing himself to infection from his younger brother.

His Lordship. That might help you were it not for the fact that measles are expressly excluded by the Act.

Mr. Moper, continuing, said he did not wish to press hardly on the prisoner. He was willing to give him such credit as might lawfully accrue to him from his measles, but he must point out that the gravamen of the charge was really the abstention from a rest-cure, coupled with the complete neglect of any nervous breakdown. The State in its beneficent wisdom had made ample provision for the creation and accommodation of invalids, and every citizen ought to realise, as nearly all citizens did, that it was necessary to be ill, and that a violent predisposition to undiseased strength was an offence of the gravest description.

Witnesses were examined and bore out the learned counsel's opening statements. They all spoke with considerable esteem of the prisoner, but feared he must have been misled.

Prisoner then went into the box. He asked how a man in his position could afford time for such a thing as a breakdown. He had to preach, conduct services, attend to the business of various clubs and institutions, visit the distressed, play cricket when possible, and generally look after the affairs of his parish.

His Lordship. We cannot go behind the Act. No exceptions are there allowed. Other vicars have submitted.

Prisoner. Possibly they have nerves. I never had any.

His Lordship. The more unfortunate you.

The jury eventually returned a verdict of guilty, but without intent.

His Lordship said the prisoner was evidently one of those desperate characters who were apt of their own motion to defy the law. A man in his position should have been amongst the first to hurry into a nerve hospital. Possibly the jury might have felt that this public exposure was a sufficient punishment for such a man. He himself could not take that view. The sentence of the Court was that the prisoner be deprived of his benefice, be confined for ten years in a bath-chair with a respirator over his mouth, and be compelled to describe his symptoms three times a day to a pathologist.

The New Philanthropy.

"Sunday afternoon the Terrace was crowded of people who came out to breathe the fresh Desert air and to benefit the cinematograph."
Egyptian Morning News.

The Standard, describing the exhibition of motor-polo at Ranelagh, says:—

"There were some exciting moments, notably when one of the cars capsized and caught fire; but on the whole the game was not a success."

We are afraid that the growth of militancy is blunting people's taste for simple exhibitions.

"Prices of Admission by invitation: Gentlemen 6d. each. Ladies and Children free, if accompanied by parents. There will, however, be a raffle for them, at 3d. a ticket."—*The Daily Malta Chronicle.*

Those who failed to draw a horse in the Calcutta Sweep may still hope for a lady or a child.

"As a final hors d'œuvre a horse falls in another race."
Evening Standard.

We think, in view of the usual order of courses, that the writer should have said "savoury," even at the sacrifice of so superb a *jeu de mots.*

"Pastor George Wise lectures to-night at St. Domingo Pit. Eight o'clock. Do not fail to miss this meeting."
Advt. in "Liverpool Evening Express.

We never dreamt of failure.



Counsel. "YOU HAVE GIVEN US A VERY GLOWING ACCOUNT OF THE DEFENDANT'S CLEVERNESS. NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT THE CAPABILITIES OF THE PLAINTIFF?" *Witness.* "WELL, SIR, 'E ALWAYS SEEMED PRETTY 'EALTHY LIKE."
Counsel. "YES, BUT CAN YOU TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT HIS INTELLIGENCE?"
Witness. "WELL, SIR, 'E RUN LIKE A RABBIT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

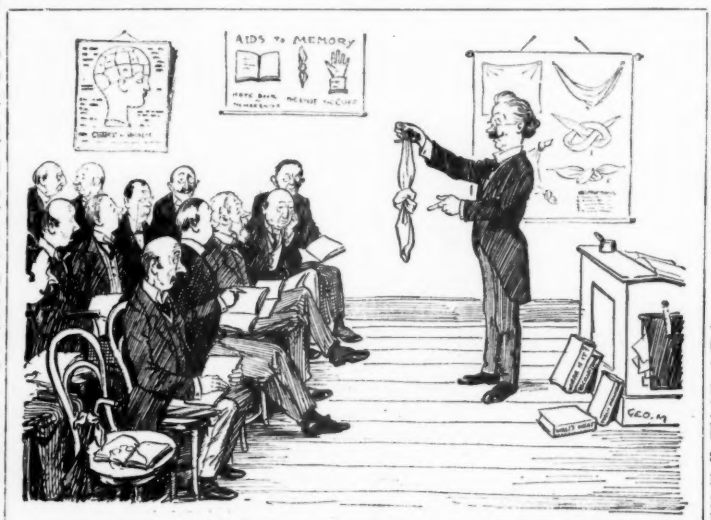
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is a growing fashion of mother-heroines; and of this I am personally rather glad, since I like to fancy myself something of an expert in mothers. But they need to be written about very well. Fortunately this is the case with the latest example, *Mrs. Morel*, the central figure of *Sons and Lovers* (DUCKWORTH). The title gives you the whole matter of the tale. Will a man be more earnest and devoted as son or as lover? *Mrs. Morel's* three boys answered the question variously. *Arthur*, who was good-looking but not much else, hardly matters. *William*, the eldest, was somewhat quaint in his courtship; having become engaged to a young person who believed herself his social superior, he used to come home and abuse her roundly to his shocked parent. However he died, leaving the whole interest of the book, and of *Mrs. Morel*, to concentrate upon *Paul*, the youngest. If *Paul* was unfortunate in his sweethearts, he was very heartily to be congratulated upon his mother. In the first part of the book—which I infinitely prefer to what comes later—Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE has shown very movingly the affection and comradeship between these two. Incidentally also he has given us a picture of a collier's home that is either drawn from personal experience or imagined with quite amazing penetration. There are touches—the child in bed watching the light swing across the ceiling as the miners go by with their lamps, is one I recall at random—that have the intimacy of memory. And throughout *Mrs. Morel* herself is a real joy. Perhaps this is why I objected so strongly to the painful realism of her end. I think indeed that, if I had my way, the book should consist only of Part One, and the other would never be missed; there is value and to spare without it.

The Adventures of a Newspaper Man (SMITH, ELDER) have not, I am afraid, moved, entertained or informed me to any great extent. Mr. FRANK DILNOT does not appear to have led a life any more adventurous than my own; if anything, it is the other way on, for what to the average man must have been such insignificant and frequent events as not to be worth worrying about excite him to a frenzy of turgid journalese. He plunges into cabs, hurls himself through doors, and is pulsating and tense in the most ordinary circumstances; constantly he is engaged in writing up the commonplaces of every-day experience in that peculiar language employed by the blood-and-thunder novelist to describe incidents of the turbulent and sinister sort. I do not so much attack Mr. DILNOT and his colleagues as defend the older school of newspaper men, whom he appears to despise, and I, with great submission, admire. The impudence upon which he insists in the present-day journalist is not necessarily the best substitute for the soundness of his forerunners; and, though it is a useful and, I ungrudgingly admit, a clever feat to get five minutes ahead of

the other fellow with an item of news, the men who achieve it must not rely on that alone and be wholly devoid of a sense of humour, style and proportion if they are to claim superiority in merits and power over the journalist of the other type, of whose printed opinions the influence is still felt. The book contains a *résumé* of many recent cries of the halfpenny press, a number of rather pointless anecdotes, a personal observation of the Russian people not without interest, and a rather ridiculous study of Lord NORTHCLIFFE, who deserves a more intelligent summing up than this: "Ruthless and merciless is he. . . . He sees things, and he knows not why he sees them."

These prophetic novelists seem a vastly uncomfortable set. Times without number they have smashed, deluged and devastated our poor earth. The latest to join the doleful company is Mr. J. D. BERESFORD, whose fancy, as depicted in *Goslings* (HEINEMANN), is for a subtle form of pestilence that practically wipes the male population off the face of the globe. Most of the women are spared, with here and there an isolated example of the sterner sex—*Mr. Gosling* himself, a resourceful engineer named *Thrale*, who is the hero of the book, and a young butcher who lived at High Wycombe. The situation, you observe, is one suggestive of comedy—with perhaps a musical accompaniment. Mr. BERESFORD however elects to treat it in all seriousness. *Gosling*, I am sorry to say, disappears from his placid suburban family, and from the reader, somewhat early in the time of terror. You are left to infer his subsequent proceedings from the pungent character-sketch of him as he was in the old pre-pestilence life. *Thrale* settles down as joint-leader of a feminine community at Marlow. As for the young butcher, the less said of him the better. An absorbing and amusing tale, which I liked best in the mock realism of the early chapters, where the coming of the plague and the general disintegration of ordered society are told in delightful fashion. Later I seemed to feel that the magnitude of the situation he had created weighed upon Mr. BERESFORD to the detriment of his art. The arrival of a liner from America full of men could only be regarded as an evasion, and a cowardly one at that. But its appearance, and the race on bicycles of hero and heroine to meet it at Southampton, provide an excellent final thrill.



CANDIDATES FOR THE OFFICE OF CITY REMEMBRANCER ATTENDING A KNOT-TYING CLASS.

On page 493 the eponymous hero of *Father Ralph* (MACMILLAN) "took up his clerical collar and looked at it curiously. He smiled as he thought of how he had dreaded laying it aside: and now there was only a sense of escape from bondage, of freedom." I have noticed a good many lines in Anglican neck-linen about which I believe I should have felt like that if I had ever been compelled to put them on; but *Father Ralph* of course was speaking with a spiritual significance about the yoke of Rome; for during the previous four hundred pages or thereabouts he had been a member of the secular priesthood of Ireland, and, allowing the usual discount for *odium theologicum*, Mr. GERALD O'DONOVAN makes out an exceedingly plausible case for the blackness of that particular body. Ignorant for the most part and sordidly self-seeking, they are opposed, according to this writer, to all the best interests of Erin, and are the real enemy of Home Rule, the best chance for that measure lying apparently in the modernism which aims at dairy co-operation, the revival of Gaelic, and a certain amount of tolerance in religious thought. *Father Ralph*, a brilliant youth destined from early boyhood for the Church, became gradually disillusioned by the system of his theological seminary and the characters of his bishop and superior priest, and finally revolted when the "*lamentabili sane*" decree appeared to destroy all possibility of reform. The author writes so well that personally I am sorry he did not treat me to a novel instead of a thesis in romantic form; but I have little doubt that his book will figure in the catalogues of most of our circulating libraries. In any case there is one Index where it is quite certain of securing a prominent place. *Father Ralph*, by the way, has now sailed to the New World, wearing a lounge suit and a lay collar of unspecified pattern. I wish him every success.

At the very outset of *In the Grip of Destiny* (ALLEN) we find a convict in Siberia swearing that "as surely as Heaven's lightning has blasted this pine-tree so surely will I avenge myself upon that fiend in human shape whose black treachery has sent me here." If inclined to be melodramatic this man undoubtedly meant business, and so it is a little disappointing to be switched off suddenly to Ilfracombe, and for some time to lose sight of him. Not that things were unexciting in Devonshire, for very soon a remarkably fine game—of "hunt the pebble," if I may call it so—was in full swing. This pebble is the key to the story, and in the pursuit of it Mr. CHARLES STERREY piles sensation upon sensation, making it the foundation-stone of the most bewildering plots and counterplots. Our old friends the stupid local police are once again trotted out for ridicule, but this time I found them a welcome relief from the bloodthirsty ruffians who baffled them. And I am also grateful for my introduction to the Polish Countess, who was, without flattery, a superb fiend. When I ultimately discovered that the Siberian convict was married to this diabolical woman I ceased to wonder at the ferocity of his oath. A love-interest is provided for those who want it, but Mr. STERREY devotes more attention to his criminals than to his philanderers, and it is only as an amazing sensationalist that he can be recommended.

"THE FLAT MURDER TRIAL."
"Daily News" poster.

Crime also seems to need brightening.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is rumoured that Lord MURRAY'S prolonged absence in South America is due to the best of reasons. He is anxious to secure contracts for oil to pour on troubled waters.

* * *

It does not say much for the enterprise of our fashion journals that none of them has, in view of the possibility of a lady being appointed Poet Laureate, published an illustrated article on the most becoming mode of wearing the bays.

* * *

The poet PYE, we are told in *The Observer*, was the most conscientious of the Laureates. He used to turn out Birthday Odes with the precision of clock-work, and these were read out to KING GEORGE III. at his birthday parties. His Majesty ultimately became insane.

* * *

With reference to the charge of "Sweating Sovereigns" which was gone into at Preston last week, we have received several letters from crowned heads complaining of the miserable pittances upon which they are expected to live.

* * *

At the recent show of the Pekingese Club a policeman stood guard over one of the most valuable exhibits — to the obvious annoyance of the little smug-faced dog in question, who feared that it might lead the unthinking public to take him for a desperate criminal or a militant.

* * *

Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM'S suggestion that telephone-users should make a point of writing a letter to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL detailing each cause of complaint that has occurred during the day has the hearty support of the Rt. Honble. SAMUEL, who looks forward to a large and permanent increase in the revenue from the sale of postage stamps as a result of this proposal.

* * *

Señor Dr. DON SALAS has arrived in London on a special mission from the Argentine Government to thank KING GEORGE for the visit of the British Fleet in 1910. No one seems to trust the Post Office nowadays.

* * *

It transpired during the trial of the Suffragette leaders at the Old Bailey that a note of the following proposal had been found: — "Interrupt Premier's golf." This gives one an idea of the lengths to which these desperate women are prepared to go.

* * *

We understand that when the bag of flour was thrown at Mr. ASQUITH last week the PREMIER at first took it to be an argument against Free Food, the subject upon which he was speaking at the time.

* * *

It is stated that there are no militant suffragettes in the Isle of Man. Manx cats, as is well known, have no tails, and the HOME SECRETARY is again being urged to try the effect of cutting off the hair of his Suffragette prisoners.

* * *

Some statistics just published show that Bournemouth and Eastbourne are the places where spinsters are most numerous. Few can have failed to notice what a harassed look the male inhabitants of those towns have worn for some time past.



"THEY SAY THIS PUNTING IS DIFFICULT, BUT I CAN'T SEE YET WHERE THE TROUBLE COMES IN."

* * *

Lady TREE, discussing the revival of fringes for women, said to an interviewer last week, "Women with really intellectual foreheads should not wear them." Personally, we always wear ours.

* * *

The Daily Mail headed its paragraph describing Sir J. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S farewell—"Our only Hamlet," and wound up with the statement, "The audience sang, 'He's a jolly good fellow.'" We believe that this is the first time the melancholy Dane has been so described.

* * *

Mr. JAMES A. DOUGLAS, a spiritualist, produced last week at the Aldwych Theatre what has been declared to be the worst play in London. According to *Light*, the production of his play was foretold to Mr. DOUGLAS some time ago in a dream. Such cases of a presentiment of evil are by no means uncommon.

* * *

The suggestion that the recent fire at MUDIE'S may have been due to spontaneous combustion on the part of certain "advanced" novels is endorsed by a statement in *The Evening News*. "The library proper," says our contemporary in its account of the conflagration, "suffered no damage."

* * *

Three hundred boys escaped without mishap from a fire which destroyed St. John's School, Leatherhead, last week. The only regrettable feature of the incident is a denial of the statement that it required the most strenuous efforts on the part of the masters to prevent the boys from dashing into the burning building to save their school-books.

* * *

A police order published in a Danzig newspaper warns those concerned that all thistles in fields and gardens must be uprooted by the end of July. The order has created some amusement locally, where it is held that it is a foolish bureaucrat who quarrels with his food.

* * *

During a representation, last week, of the Battle of Waterloo for cinema purposes, in which 4,000 players and 3,000 horses were taking part, only one of the combatants was injured. This recalls the famous battle between the Sultan of MOROCCO'S troops and the adherents of a pretender, in which the only person killed was a civilian who was engaged in selling sherbet to both sides.

The Marconi Report.

"More whitewash!" said the FALCONER,
Doing the Party trick;
"Throw it about in bucketfuls;
Some of it 's bound to stick."
"Very poor art!" the public cried;
"You 've laid it on too thick!"

Women in Parliament.

"Lord Savile (18) beat Mrs. S. Roberts, M.P. (18) by 3 and 2."—"*The Daily Telegraph*" *reporting the Parliamentary Golf Handicap.*

"THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER ON THE STAGE."—*The Times.*

Mr. GEORGE GRAVES must look out.

A CABLE TO QUITO.

The CHAIRMAN OF THE MARCONI COMMITTEE to Lord MURRAY OF ELIBANK.

MURRAY, you should be with us at this hour!
ASQUITH has need of you; the Party hungers
For that large smile which is your native dower
To petrify this swarm of scandal-mongers.
We would not have you hurry, MURRAY,
But things at home are just as hot as curry.

We picture you out there the slave of toil
(Your polished head a target for the sheer suns)
Among the gushers, doing deals in oil,
Not for your own ends but for Messrs. PEARSON'S;
We know your motto, fixed as fate,
Was ever "*Duty first; let Pleasure wait;*"

Yet, could you read what even Liberals say
Of truths extracted like reluctant molars,
You would not linger longer, not a day,
But fling yourself across the estranging rollers,
Cutting the prior claims of Quito
(*Bis venit*, I may add, *qui venit cito*).

For your appearance in our First Report
Occurs by proxy only; but I've reckoned
You'll be in time (D. V.) to share the sport
And have your *viva voce* in our Second;
Meanwhile, *en route*, our wireless stations
Shall flash you any further revelations.

Weather permitting, then, come pretty soon;
Come o'er the foam as fast as you are able;
For, though we much appreciate the boon
Of testimony kindly sent by cable,
The spoken word is always nicer;
Yours (less in wrath than sorrow), ALBERT SPICER.

O. S.

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME.

I'M a burglar.

I say, I'm a burglar. There is no catch in it. My occupation, when I am at liberty to follow it, is burglariously breaking and entering dwelling-houses with intent to commit a felony therein.

I am the man of whom you are afraid by night. I also am the man who is afraid of you by night. You are always hearing me moving about down stairs, when in fact I'm elsewhere; I am always hearing you moving about upstairs, when in fact you are asleep. It is nervous work for both of us, isn't it?

Or rather, I used to be a burglar. It was in consequence of a remark addressed to me by a man named Hodgkinson that I gave up the business. Do you know the Hodgkinsons of 199, South Audley Street, W.? No? No more do I, but nevertheless I thought I might while away an hour or two at their house as well as anywhere else.

The servants having gone to bed when I arrived, I had to unpack my bag myself. It is a whim of mine to do this in the dark—a foolish whim, perhaps, as I always end by dropping something and breaking something else. One has to be a burglar to learn what a lot of glass there is in the world ready to create a disturbance on the slightest provocation.

"Who are you?" called out Hodgkinson from above.

I thought it was no good answering that I was a burglar. He would not have sympathised, so I let the remark pass.

"What are you doing down there?" he continued. Think as I would, I could not hit on an evasive answer; besides, my throat was curiously dry and did not lend itself to conversation. But this Hodgkinson was bent on conversing, so he went back to his room and explained to his wife how right everything was in this best of worlds.

His wife, however, was clearly of opinion that she had heard something, and, as I proceeded with my work not without trepidation, she was even more certain that she had heard something else. No doubt she was right; there was certainly plenty to hear. So back came Hodgkinson, determined to extract some information out of me.

I confess to being then a little nervous and almost upset upon realizing that here was Hodgkinson coming downstairs. For all I knew, he carried a revolver; and I had heard dreadful accounts of the lengths to which householders will go in their dangerous business of householding. I had an instinctive feeling that, pleasant place though 199, South Audley Street, W., might be, it was no place for me. Even as I was seriously thinking of changing my address, the hall was flooded with a brilliant light. I hate too much light, for it gives me a headache; so that decided me, and I moved towards the door.

Meanwhile this Hodgkinson, if you will believe me, heaved a sigh of intense relief. "Oh!" he said, "it's only you, is it?"

Only!

Then he tried to be severe. "You have no business to give us such a fright," he continued. "We thought you were a Suffragette."

I retired once and for all from 199, South Audley Street, W. and the profession in disgust.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS PROGRAMME.

THE latest *revue*, just produced at the Collodeum, entitled *Mind the Step*, differs from its predecessors in no way except in the frankness of its programme, portions of which we are, in the interest of fairness, pleased to quote:—

"MIND THE STEP."
A New and Original Revue,
in Four Acts.

First Scenario by Digby Morrison.
Revision of same by Arthur Kaster.
Title by a luncheon party at Kimono's.
Humorous interlude in First Act by Chauncy Jones.
Joke in Second Act by Charles J. Masterman.
Joke in Third Act by J. Wilbraham Kank.
All other jokes by the Gotham Stunt Family.
Music conveyed from various places and arranged by Leon Bolovitch.
Original lyric in Act II. written by Harry Bolder.
Other lyrics acquired.
Sensational spectacle in First and Third Acts from America.
Ballet in Second and Fourth Acts from Paris.
Costumes by Willier from designs made in France, Germany and Russia.
Wigs from the usual place.
The *revue* produced for a few days by Ben Lomino; then taken over by Argyll Laburnum; and finally completed by Arthur Kaster.
Dances adapted by Charter Fish.
"The Four and Twenty Peaches" collected from various American cities by Hiram Baskervil.
Their complexions by Laurie et Cie,
&c. &c. &c.



THE MARCONI OCTOPUS.

LIBERAL PARTY. "ANOTHER TENTACLE OR TWO AND I'M DONE!"



THE BEDSIDE MANNER—LATEST.

Doctor (calling at hospital, ten minutes after the dinner-bell has gone, to "dress" his patient in private ward). "I SAY, THAT'S A FINE GAME AT LORD'S. BY JOVE! I REMEMBER PLAYING IN A HOLIDAY MATCH AT HORSHAM. THEY HAD A COUPLE OF SUSSEX MEN BOWLING FOR THEM, VINE AND KILLICK. I TOOK THE FIRST OVER FROM KILLICK. FIRST BALL, DEAD ON MIDDLE STUMP; SECOND BALL, DEAD ON MIDDLE STUMP; THIRD, DEAD ON MIDDLE STUMP; FOURTH, GLANCED IT TO LEG—FOUR; FIFTH, CUT IT TO BOUNDARY—FOUR; SIXTH, GLANCED IT TO LEG—FOUR! TWELVE IN FIRST OVER—NOT BAD, WHAT? ST. MARY'S MEN DIDN'T FLUFF A CATCH THE WHOLE DAY AND WE WON BY TWO RUNS. HERE, NURSE, WHERE'S MY OVERALL AND RUBBER GLOVES? LET'S GET TO WORK, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE."

BLEATINGS ABOUT BOOKMEN.

THE new series of *Classical Biographies* issued by the firm of Balder and Dash opens suspiciously with a brilliant monograph on HAROLD BEGBIE from the luminous pen of Sir OLIVER LODGE. The title-page is stern in its simplicity, only containing the words, "HAROLD BEGBIE, by OLIVER LODGE," with the affecting motto, *Trumpeter unus erat*. The illustrations include a wonderful X-ray photograph of Sir OLIVER LODGE'S brain and an interesting appendix on "brow-drill," showing how a dome-shaped bulbosity of the forehead can be promoted by a course of cranial gymnastics.

No less than 13*s.* 4*d.*, or twice a solicitor's minimum fee, was asked the other day for a copy of the original edition of Mr. Main Bracefield's "Bilgewater Ballads," which appeared in the early nineties and is now out of print. A reprint will shortly be issued of Mr. Bracefield's whaling romance, "In Quest of Blubber." The new edition, which will be issued in limp oilskin at 6*s.* net., will contain a striking portrait of Mr. Bracefield in the act of discharging a harpoon and at the same time reciting his poem, "The Unending Sea-Serpent."

The Napoleonic era, which has so profoundly influenced modern Europe, has never had a more penetrating exponent than Mr. Clemco Porterhouse. His new work, *Napoleon's Wardrobe*, gives us such a picture of the Corsican's inner life as is not to be found in the monumental works of LANFREY or ROSE. In its dazzling pages, which are enriched with a wealth of illustrations of NAPOLEON'S boots, hats, breeches, stockings, etc., the daring theory is propounded that the policy of the great conqueror was materially affected by the unhygienic character of his clothing and his unfortunate fondness for wearing tight top-boots. Mr. Porterhouse is the happy possessor of a pair of these top-boots and relates the disastrous results of his resolve to put them on. He succeeded, but it took his entire household two hours to pull them off.

Mr. John Christopher Bunson's new book has been delayed for a few weeks owing to the difficulty which the author found in devising an entirely adequate title. His publishers, Messrs. Taper and Tode, inform us that no fewer than seventeen provisional titles were successively tried before the fastidious author was finally satisfied. Amongst these were "The Peak of Piety;" "The Road of Rectitude;" "The Pearls of Peace;" "The Glory of Goodness;" "The Joyous Guard;" "The Serene Stoker;" "Magdalene Musings;" "The Cantillations of a Cantab;" "The Pitch of Perfection."

MR. PUNCH IN THE PAST.

[After the custom of several of his contemporaries and in the manner of himself.]

IV.

[*Reproduced from "Punch" of* 1086.]

"HAMMELINE," I said sadly, "it is now twenty years since at the call of duty——"

"Booty," interjected Hammeline with all a woman's shamelessness.

"Twenty years," I harked back, "since I came across and fought at Senlac."

"I have always taken your word for it," said Hammeline, "that you were not still sea-sick on the day of the battle."

"Being informed that I had pouched a goodly demesne," I continued, ignoring her, "you rashly packed up, put the seneschal on board wages, and followed me hitherward. You have told me at intervals ever since that your action was not premature. Well, Hammeline, I now find that we should be doing better with our three acres and a cow in dear old Normandy. I understand from this cartel," I said, handing it to her, "that we are going to be taxed."

"Taxed?" demanded Hammeline. "What on earth for?"

"Because of our land," I said bitterly—"'The land, the land on which we stand,' as we used to sing in the dear old days when 'the King gave the land to the Normans.'"

"On the simple understanding that they should fight for him when required," said Hammeline indignantly.

"Of course," I said; "but, since there haven't been any wars to speak of, it appears that another sort of *quid pro quo* will be extracted from us."

"Oh, well, of course," said Hammeline decidedly, "we simply shan't pay, and there 's an end of it."

"An end of us," I said. "I think you had better read the cartel, Hammeline. An estate duty man is coming to assess us on Friday. He calls himself a commissioner, so that means that he will expect to dine with the family."

Hammeline called the scrivener and got herself posted in the contents of the cartel.

"This is the man," she said at last, pointing triumphantly to a twirly part of the document. "His name is Rolfgar du Nord. Don't you know anything against him? He 's one of us, of course."

"Of course," I said. "But I 'm afraid he must be since my time. We can't square him—unless *you* know any details of his career, Henry," I continued hopefully, turning to our faithful scrivener.

"I fear, my lord," said Henry, "that Sir Rolfgar du Nord is in the main line of descent from Sir Kay de Calais—an excellent family and a blameless youth."

"I wonder if he 's still unmarried," said Hammeline.

"What has that got to do with it?" I said irritably. "The point is that this outrageous robbery of the fruits of conquest (by so-called taxation) can be no more avoided than Domesday."



Tram-Conductor. "'AVE I 'AD YOUR FARE, SIR?"
Mild Man. "ER—NO; BUT I THOUGHT PERHAPS I DIDN'T COUNT."

So saying, I took her hand in mine, and, standing together in the glow of the westering sun, we looked far abroad with eyes grown dim on the acres of our goodly heritage, where our Saxon serfs were busily ploughing our—that is, their—ancestral soil.

"Ah, Hammeline," I said softly, "we are growing old, and poverty stalks towards us. We cannot afford to feed so many mouths. I shall be obliged to hang a few of the scullions."

* * * * *

When Rolfgar du Nord and I rode forth to view the lands, Maude came with us, by the special request of her mother. And ever the minx rode at the saddle-bow of Rolfgar, and prattled as she rode.

"You see," she said, "the difficulty is that we really don't know which *are* our lands, and which aren't. Things got so mixed at the time of the Conquest, didn't they? And now all these people who 've been saying the land was theirs ever since will say it 's ours now, to escape the tax. These fields belong to Aelfred the Saxon, and you mustn't think they don't, just because we help him with his harvest now and then. You can spell his name with a simple 'A,'" she continued quickly, turning to Rolfgar's scrivener. "The diphthong is pure swank."

Rolfgar laughed good-humouredly and bade the scrivener make a note of it.

"The fact is," said I, seeing (if I may so phrase it) how the land lay, "the poppet knows as much about all this as I do. Shall I leave her to do the honours, Sir Knight? I have a knave or two to chastise. See you at dinner." And with that I left them to it.

* * * *

I understood that evening (Rolfgar had accepted Hammeline's invitation to stay the week-end with us) that I was no longer the landed proprietor I thought myself.

"All the same," said Rolfgar, when we were alone together, "I was given to understand that you 'd done yourself rather better over the Conquest than this." He paused inquiringly.

"It 's a bit awkward," I confessed, "and it worries me; for I am naturally concerned about the future interests of my daughter. I have no son."

Rolfgar flushed. "Ah," he said eagerly, "what you want is a young strong hand to do the thing thoroughly for you—to arrange the swearing of the jury, and——"

"Precisely," I agreed. "Shall we leave it at that, then?" I produced my comfit case. "Do you take sugar plums, or will you try a *flor de Nizza*?"

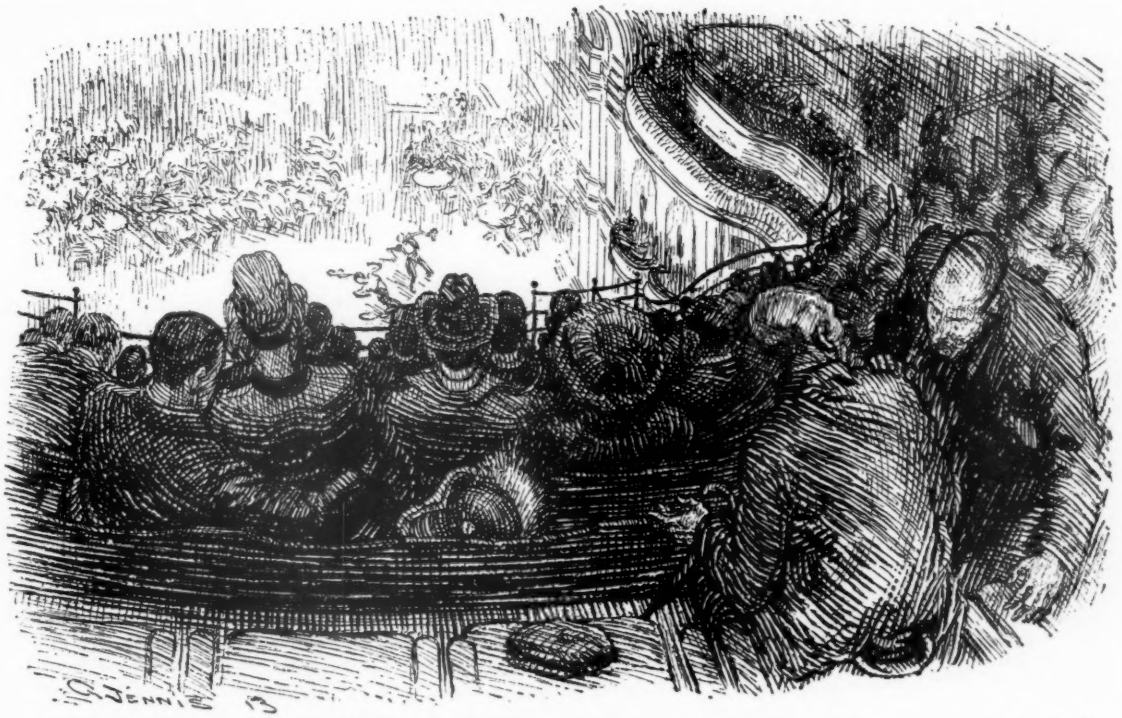
"The nurse whose clothing was found in a ditch at Weston, Bath, has left for Montreal in a liner."—*Daily Express.*

We trust she was accommodated with a private cabin.

"THE STEWARDS' STATEMENT.

The following is the official statement of the disqualification of Craganour:—'Having bumped and bored the second horse, they disqualified Craganour and awarded the race to Aboyeur.'"—*Times.*

So it was the Stewards who were to blame.



Loud-voiced Gentleman (returning after the interval). "I'D LIKE YOU TO KNOW, SIR, THAT YOU 'RE SITTING ON MY HAT! D' YE HEAR ME?" *Gentleman with a soft hat (interested in play).* "ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN SIT ON MINE."

ONCE UPON A TIME.

WIRELESS.

ONCE upon a time there was a daisy who conceived a fierce passion for another daisy a few inches away. He would look at this daisy hour after hour with mute longing. It was impossible to tell his love, because she was too far off, for daisies have absurdly weak voices. They have eyes of gold and the most dazzling linen, but their voices are ridiculous.

One day by happy chance a bronze-wing butterfly flitted into the meadow, and the daisy saw it passing from one to another of his companions, settling for a few moments on each. Bronze-wings are partial to daisies. He was an ingenious and enterprising fellow, this flower—something, in fact, of a "card," as they say in the Five Fields—and an idea suddenly came to him which not only would enable his dearest wish to be realised but might be profitable, too.

It was an idea, however, that could be carried out only with the assistance of the bronze-wing, and he trembled with anxiety and apprehension lest the butterfly should pass him by.

At last, however, after half-a-dozen false approaches which nearly reduced the daisy to the condition of an anemone, the bronze-wing settled right on his head.

"Good afternoon," said the daisy. "You 're just the person I wanted to see."

"Good afternoon," said the bronze-wing. "What can I do for you?"

"Well," said the daisy, "the fact is I have a message for a lady over there. Would you take it?"

"With pleasure," said the bronze-wing; and the daisy whispered a loving message to him.

"Which one is it?" he asked, when ready to start.

"How can you ask? Why, that beautiful one just over there," said the daisy.

"They all look alike to me," said the bronze-wing.

"Foolish myope," said the daisy. "There 's only one really beautiful one."

"All right," said the bronze-wing; "but you mustn't call me names," and off he flitted.

Presently he came back and whispered the reply, which was so satisfactory that the edge of the daisy's dazzling white ruff turned pink.

"Now," said the bronze-wing, "what about my payment?"

"Well," said the daisy, "my idea is that you should devote yourself wholly to this meadow and the daisies in it. There are enough of us to keep you going. You won't have to travel and get tired, and you 'll be safe because no boys with butterfly nets"—the bronze-wing shuddered—"have ever been seen here. You will become our Mercury and keep us all in communication. And in return——"

"Yes?" said the bronze-wing eagerly.

"In return we will refuse the attentions of other visitors; all our honey shall be for you. All our energies shall go to providing you with the best."

"Done," said the bronze-wing.

"Better make a start at once," said the card. "Here 's another message for that lady;" and he whispered again; and off the bronze-wing flitted.

He was soon back with the reply, which turned the edges of the daisy's ruff pinker than before.

"Now tell her this," said the daisy.

"But what about the rest of the field?" asked the bronze-wing.

"Never mind about anyone else," said the lover.

A Stonewaller.

"E. Boorer played a fine not out innings of 58 for Ballards against Glynde on Saturday, and for the same team R. H. Higham took five weeks for 44."—*Sussex County Herald.*

MARVELS OF THE METROPOLIS.

THANKS to the courtesy of our contemporary we are enabled to print the following selection from the correspondence which will appear in the forthcoming number of *The Dictator*:—

THE BIRD AND THE BALL.

SIR,—While playing golf lately on the Hanger Hill course I had an extraordinary experience which may perhaps interest some of your readers. As I was lofting my approach to the second hole you may imagine my astonishment when I saw a bird swoop down, seize the ball in mid-air and carry it off. The really extraordinary point about the episode remains yet to be told. The bird was a Nuthatch, and the golf-ball was a Colonel.

I am, Sir, OFFLEY PHIBBS.
"*Luneville*," *West Ealing.*

[We are delighted to print Mr. Phibbs's well-authenticated anecdote. What renders the feat of the bird so remarkable is that a nuthatch is such a small bird. But size is no criterion of strength. The *Hamals*, or porters, at Constantinople are often quite small men, though one of them has been known to carry a grand piano on his back.—ED., *Dictator.*]

NORTH LONDON NOVELTIES.

SIR,—The variety of wild birds frequenting the metropolitan area has been illustrated by your Hampstead correspondent. May I contribute my own experiences, derived from my residence in Harringay? On April 1st, I saw two red-shanked bandicoots settle on my asparagus bed. On April 19th, at 4.30 A.M., I distinctly heard the note of the lesser pilliwink, though I failed to see the bird itself. Finally, on May 2nd, I saw a flock of almond-crested macaroons flying at a great height over the Highbury Athenæum.

Yours, SAPPHIRA MUNCHAUSEN.
Hotel Splendide, Mendax,
Corea, Crete.

[Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Munchausen's record is profoundly interesting. Personally, we had hitherto associated macaroons exclusively with confectionery, but journalists live and learn. The bandicoot is described in *The Standard Dictionary* as "a rat-like perameloid marsupial of Australia"; in this case they presumably made their way to Harringay from the docks. How admirably expressive a name the pilliwink is! Assuredly the old bird-namers were masters in the art of onomatopœia.—ED., *Dictator.*]

A TALKING OWL.

SIR,—The following story of the intelligence of an owl, for which my whole family are prepared to vouch, will, I trust, find a corner in your esteemed journal, of which I have been a constant reader for the last eighty-five years, having been born at Thames Ditton in the year 1814. Some months ago I trapped a fine young owl in an elm tree which grew in my garden in Pimlico, and gave it lessons in talking. Owls will soon acquire an extensive vocabulary if fed on macaroni and dormice, and they never use bad language. Indeed, one lesson was sufficient to break my pupil of the bad habit of saying "To who" instead of "To whom."

I am, Sir, Yours, etc.,
JONAH SWALLOW.
The Green House, Peckham Rye.

[It is always a pleasure to print one of Mr. Swallow's letters, which abound in the mellow wisdom of age combined with the alert sympathy of perennial youth. It is curious to learn on such good authority of the fine *moral* of owls. Can any of our readers explain why parrots, on the other hand, are so passionately addicted to ornamental execration?—ED., *Dictator.*]

A CAT AND BIRD FIGHT.

SIR,—While recently walking in the Euston Road I was astonished to see, perched on the summit of a piece of monumental masonry, a full-grown capercailzie defending itself in resolute fashion against the attack of a large Persian cat. As I had an important engagement in the City I was unfortunately unable to witness the result of the conflict, and on calling at the monumental mason's house next day could gain no information on the subject. Is it possible that I was suffering from an optical illusion?

I am, Sir, Yours, etc.,
AUGUSTUS TWIGG.
The Bungalow, Wapping.

[The capercailzie is seldom seen in these isles except in the Highlands. We cannot help thinking this was a Siberian bird which had escaped from cold storage. The animosity of the Persian cat was probably due to racial antipathy, inflamed by recent events at Teheran.—ED., *Dictator.*]

The Toy Dog Craze.

"Miss Asquith appeared in a charming gown of mauve moiré, the corsage composed of mauve chiffon embroidered in mauve, green, and pale pink, gracefully draped and caught with a shaded purple puppy."—*The Standard.*

The Prime Minister Masquerades.

"Mr. Asquith wore a striking and beautiful black gown with sphinx embroidery graduated below the waist and terminating with handsome tassels."—*Western Mail.*

SELLING THE DUMMY.

I MET Christine accidentally at the bottom of the Haymarket.

"You!" I said.

"From top to toe," she said. "What a good guess!"

"Yes," I said; "and I have guessed something else, too. You are coming to tea with me."

"Ought I?" said Christine.

"There is little doubt about it," I said. "In fact, it is written in the Book of Fate."

"Not in my pocket edition," said Christine, drawing a little silver-backed tablet from her muff and reading: "Dressmaker, 4. Tea with Charles, 4.45."

We were now opposite the Inglenook.

"Capital!" I said. "Come in here. Charles is sure to be here."

"I'm sure he won't; he is waiting for me elsewhere."

"London is full of Charleses," I said. "Did you say muffins, tea-cake, or toast?"

We were firmly seated now, and I was tackling very strongly.

"Muffins and crumpets," said Christine, "then I can really forget Charles."

"I had already forgotten Charles," I said. "He is now at Oxford Circus eagerly scanning each Bayswater 'bus as it comes in sight; or," I added, "he is keeping another appointment." It was mean, but everything counts in love. Besides, it didn't matter; Christine was too busy to notice it.

It was at this point that I suddenly remembered that when I met Christine I had just paid away £2 7*s.* 3*d.* for some shirts and other things. Had I enough money to pay for the tea? I felt furtively in my pocket. Sixpence and three coppers!

"Come," I said, "let us leave this place."

"You've been looking at picture post-cards," said Christine. "I'm certain I saw almost those very words on one yesterday. Why should we leave? I'm just getting into my game."

"I've taken a dislike to the wall-paper," I said evasively. "Besides, my conscience is pricking me about Charles."

Outwardly I was calm, inwardly all was strife and turmoil.

"Christine," I said, "observe me closely. Do I look like a man in need?"

"Poor man, help yourself to a crumpet."

"Seriously," I said, "can you lend me five bob? I can't pay the Food Tax."

"Abs. imposs.! I left my purse at home," said Christine. "I haven't a sou."



The Elder (to loafer). "WEEL, MR. MCDONALD, WHAT CHURCH DO YE BELONG TAE?"
McDonald. "IT'S LIKE THIS, MR. MCPHEERSON. I CANNA RICHTLY BE SAID TAE GANG TAE ONY KIRK, BUT IT'S THE AULD KIRK I STAY AWA FRAE."

"To think," I said, "that I cannot rely on you—you whom I have fed and sheltered—from Charles."

"Charles," said Christine severely, "would not have done this evil thing."

"Any way," I said, "they can't tear the muffins from us. You have seen to that."

Christine sighed.

"There are ways," I said, "dark and devious ways, known only to a chosen few, of extricating oneself from such quandaries."

"You can't hurry out absent-mindedly with the bill in your hand here," said Christine. "You pay the waitress, not at the desk."

"I must fall back on cards," I said, taking no notice of her. "It is a pity that all those in my case at the moment are other people's. Ah!" I said, glancing over them, "here is one, with the Athenæum Club on the corner. This should keep Scotland Yard at bay till I can get back from my rooms with the money. Farewell," I said. "If this doesn't come off all right, you will break it to my friends, won't you, and perhaps you will even come to see me on visiting-day?"

She did not move.

"Leave me," I said, "to face this alone. Such scenes are not for one who has been delicately and expensively nurtured. Are you sure you have finished tea?"

Christine ignored my remark, though it was meant kindly.

"I shall stand by you," she said.

"May I hold your hand," I asked, "when the supreme moment arrives? I am just going to ask for the Manageress."

"I shall stand—er—just near the door," said Christine, "in—in case——"

While Christine was standing by the door, gazing into the street, I waited the coming of the Manageress. Happening to feel in the left-hand top pocket of my waistcoat for my card-case, to see if I had a better card to play, I found something hard there. A half-sovereign, by Jove! I got up hurriedly to break the good news, and found the Manageress standing before me.

"Oh—ah!" I said. "Yes—my friend particularly wished me to—er—congratulate you on your—your muffets and crumpins. They're perfect. Can I have my bill, please? . . . Don't mention it. Good afternoon!"

When I rejoined Christine, she said, "Tell me quickly, are you on ticket-of-leave?"

"My dear child," I said, "what *do* you mean? I paid the bill, of course. I was only testing your courage."

"I shall have tea with Charles next time," was all she said.

The Difference.

One side (according to Radical members of the Committee) makes party capital out of Marconi's; the other side invests party capital in Marconi's.

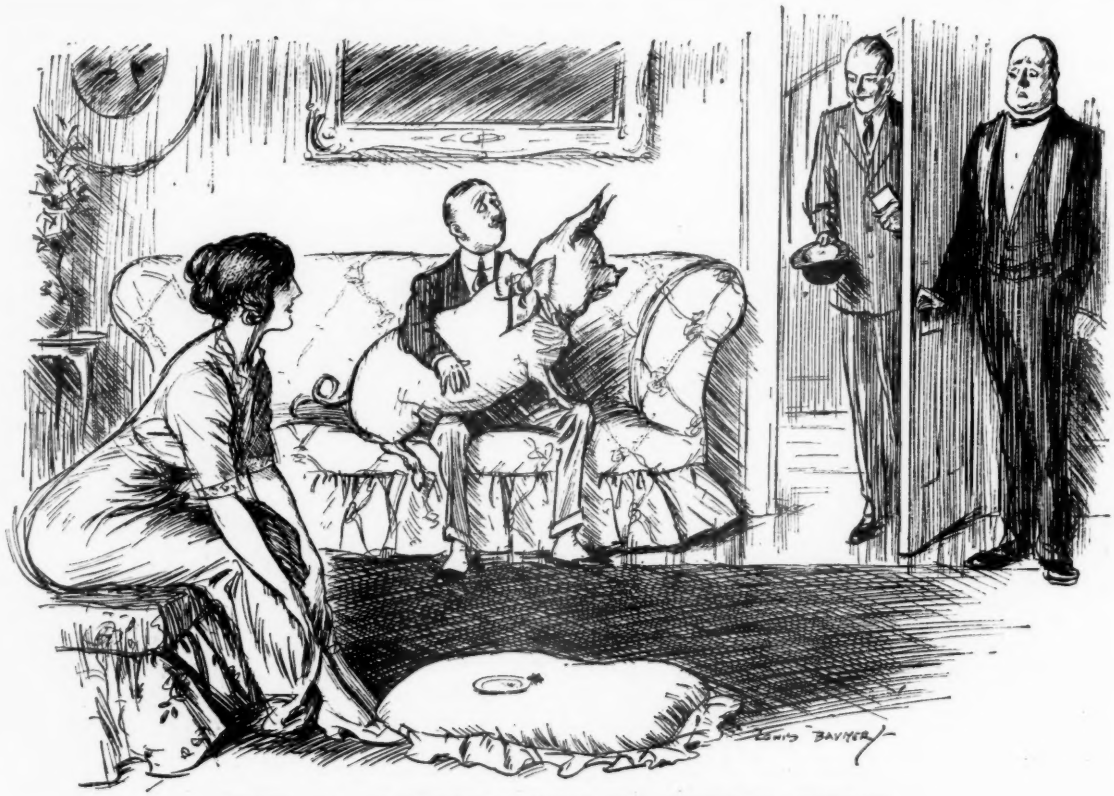
KEATS on Lord MURRAY OF ELIBANK (prior to the despatch of his cables):—
"Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

"TRAGIC AFFAIR IN MANCHESTER.
LANCASHIRE FOLLOW ON."
"*Manchester Evening News*" *placard.*

That is the true spirit.

"After lunch the batsmen were so helpless that the remaining eight fell in forty-five minutes for 18."—*Westminster Gazette.*

A clear case for abolishing the lunch interval too—or making it strictly tee-total.



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

III. BE ORIGINAL IN YOUR CHOICE OF PETS AND GET THE FACT REPORTED IN THE PAPERS.

REST FREE;

OR, THE DEAD-HEAD IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

(*Showing how the poet who made complaint last week that his solitude was disturbed by the tax-gatherer in St. James's Park should have chosen a neighbouring pleasaunce for repose.*)

LONG, long ago, before the shadows fell
So slant across the undulating lea,
Here to the hallowed precincts of this dell
Sacred to afternoon *pâtisserie*,
Try to recall, dear waiter, how there came
A youth all flushed with hope, with heart aflame,
And sat on this green chair and asked for tea.

Lonely he was, but all about him sat
Deep feeding revellers; the pigeons swerved
Pompous as aldermen, with waists as fat,
After the dusty sparrows brazen-nerved
Who stole their breadcrumbs; but amid the press
No straw-crowned Ariels in evening dress
Came to inquire if he was being served.

A whispering rose at last among the leaves;
Less hotly glared the post-meridian sun;
And Time, who solaces all wounds and weaves
His poppy over hearts with toil fordone,
Brought him unconsciousness; at last he dozed,
A wan smile flickering o'er his lips half-closed
And murmuring to the table, "Tea for one."

And now what vast impertinence! You dare
To wake this Rip van Winkle from his sleep!
Look how the silver shines amidst my hair;
In this cold bosom now no passions leap.
Remove the hardware. Take away the hot
Buns of a boyhood's fancy long forgot.
Give those grass sandwiches to some poor sheep.

The place is silent now; the guests are gone;
The birds have staggered from the cake-strewn floor;
I feel imperious dinner creeping on;
To stuff myself with bread would be a bore;
I shall not pay you, but some day, mayhap,
I shall come back to you and take a nap
After my teatime, Heinrich, not before.

I like repose untroubled. Yonder waif—
You know him with the ever tireless feet
Prowling for pennies? Here a man is safe
From all his huckstering. When you next shall meet
Tell him, oh, Heinrich, the amusing tale
Of how I sat within the Garden's pale
For two full hours and paid not for my seat.

EVOE.

"Less than three hours' cricket at Lord's yesterday served to give the Navy a ten wickets' victory over the Army. The Army, however, were only left 20 to get to win, which was done without loss."
The Scotsman.

So both won. The brightening of cricket still goes on.



FOR THE SPOILS!

KING PETER THE HERMIT. "ONE MORE CRUSADE!—THIS TIME AGAINST OUR CHRISTIAN ALLIES!"

[Happily the intervention of the TSAR has checked the bellicose zeal of the above Crusader.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

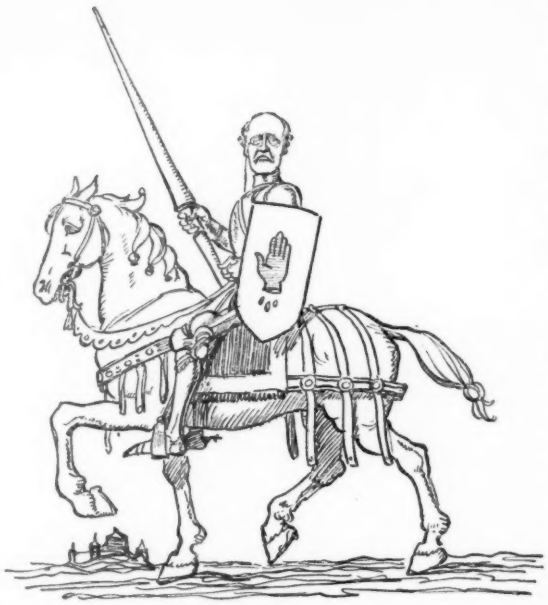
(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 9.—Resounding cheer greeted PREMIER when he rose to move Second Reading of Home Rule Bill, which thus entered upon second lap of race that will automatically terminate in the third. Whilst storm of cheering rose and fell PRINCE ARTHUR, charged with mission of moving rejection of measure, entered from behind SPEAKER'S Chair. Now the turn of Unionists to cheer. Did their duty lustily; Ministerialists wound up to fresh response.

Thus business merrily began with inspiriting appearance of hearts profoundly stirred. But House of Commons, in spite of frequent appearances to the contrary, is, after all, a business assembly. It recognises fact that under existing statutes and circumstances this performance of a second time of asking, with the full formulæ of Second Reading, Committee and Third Reading, is a mere ceremony. For all practical purposes it might be clattered through in an hour. Under provisions of Parliament Act there is no possibility of amending Bill in current session. You may make suggestions if you like and have nothing better to do at home. But the Bill, as it was last session carried by overwhelming majorities after prolonged debate, must needs be presented next session in the same textual form.

Then, and not till then, will crisis be reached.

PREMIER naturally rose to the occasion. Constitutionally averse from word-spinning. No use going back to burnish up in rhetorical form old arguments in favour of Home Rule. That stage over and done with whilst Bill still awaited decision of Commons. Accordingly chiefly confined speech, which barely passed half-hour limit, to analysis of situation as affected by recent by-elections. Recalled fact that of twenty-one taking place since Home Rule Bill was introduced the Government have lost four seats and gained one. Total vote cast for Ministerial Candidates was 121,269, for Unionist Candidates 105,568. That, PREMIER diffidently submitted, did not indicate revulsion of feeling against the Bill.



PRINCE ARTHUR as Champion of Ulster.

AS PRINCE ARTHUR noted, most important statement was declaration that demand of Opposition for another General Election before enactment of Bill will not be conceded.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill up again for Second Reading. PRINCE ARTHUR in vigorous speech replied on behalf of Ulster with emphatic "No."

Tuesday.—A lively night at last. Fighting all round with the gloves off. CARSON opened debate in what JOHN REDMOND described as "the most violent speech he had made in the House since Home Rule Bill was introduced." Certainly not lacking in vigour. In response to announced intention of Government to carry the Bill he openly, categorically, declared in favour of armed resistance. This so worked upon feelings of CHARLIE BERESFORD that, hitching up trousers conveniently roomy at the knee, he volunteered, nay announced himself resolved, to be "the first man to be shot down."



"Not lacking in vigour."
(Sir E. CARSON.)

CARSON'S bitterest opponents recognise in him a man who gives more than lip-service to the cause he has espoused. His loyalty to Ulster is marked in figures written on the back of briefs returned in order that one of the ablest, most successful counsel at the Bar may devote his time, talents and energies to what he honestly believes to be the welfare of his country. For this reason his biting sarcasm, his thundering denunciation of Home Rule and all concerned in its propagation were, with one deplorable exception, listened to on the Ministerial Benches with respectful forbearance.

Nevertheless they gave tone to debate that followed, infusing it with hotly contentious spirit that sharply contrasted with yesterday's decorous duel between PREMIER and PRINCE ARTHUR. DEVLIN in his element. Not enjoyed so pleasant an evening for a long time. Silver-tongued AUGUSTINE, not heard of late save at Question time, wound up debate in lively speech. House much enjoyed brief chapter of autobiography. Protesting that religious bigotry is at bottom of the trouble in Ulster, he added, "I have had curious experiences during my official life, first at the Board of Education and then in Ireland. I have been brought into close personal contact with Cardinals of the Church of Rome and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and," he concluded with pious fervour, "I commend them all to God."

Big Ben had just tolled half-past eleven when PRINCE ARTHUR'S amendment for rejection of the Bill was put from the Chair. For it there voted 270 against 368, representing Ministerial majority of 98, three less than carried same stage of the Bill last year. Second Reading was thereupon agreed to without division and the throng broke up, Ministerialists

enthusiastically cheering the PREMIER as he passed out.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill read a second time.

Friday.—"Lycidas is dead!" Not ere his prime but in its very fulness, which makes the sudden end more tragic. On Monday, when House was crowded in anticipation of renewal of long waged fight round Home Rule for Ireland, news came that GEORGE WYNDHAM lay dead in a Paris hotel. The Irish question was intimately bound up with the threads of his political life. A sudden turn fatally entangled them, arresting forward progress that seemed to lead to loftiest plane of political ambition.

A cynical fate that news of his sudden cutting off should have enforced prelude of personal regret on part of PRIME MINISTER and LEADER OF OPPOSITION rising to confront each other across the Table on the war-worn theme. It was chivalrous attempt to solve this question whilst he was still Chief Secretary for Ireland that roused Ulster to storm of resentment before which the descendant of Lord EDWARD FITZGERALD fell, not to rise again to his former position.

As PREMIER said, in him the House loses an attractive personality. Handsome in appearance, courtly in manner, his mind touched with the tender light of imagination and poetry, he brightened and adorned debate whenever he took part in it. This more especially true of speeches before his forced retirement from Ministerial office. For a while he thereafter withdrew into obscurity to nurse poignant sorrow. Of late he had recovered something of his former gaiety of manner, and might, had life been spared and his Party recaptured their old predominance, found his fortunes re-established. But

> Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears
> And slits the thin-spun life.

PRINCE ARTHUR, who in faltering voice echoed the PREMIER'S lament,



"Silver-tongued Augustine."
(Mr. BIRRELL.)

spoke of his lost friend's "great literary and imaginative powers, which had never received their full expansion and their full meed of praise, perhaps their full theatre in which to show themselves." GEORGE WYNDHAM, the public are apt to forget, if indeed they ever knew, was, in addition to being a statesman, a poet and a prose writer of distinction.

> Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
> Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

In the general mourning there will not be lacking kindly thought of the gracious lady, his helpmate and wife through twenty-four momentous years.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.



"Resolved to be 'the first man to be shot down.'"
(Lord CHARLES BERESFORD.)

"Old-world Manor House, containing six bed rooms . . . five billiard rooms."
Advt. in "The Times."

Not enough for us. One billiard-room to every bed-room, we say.

From an Examination Paper:—

"The Renaissance was inaugurated by the invention of printing and of gunpowder which put an end to the Middle Ages."

"*Ceci tuera cela*," as VICTOR HUGO said of printing in relation to architecture; but gunpowder is, of course, still more effective.

A WEAPON.

"WHO was that?" demanded my wife as I returned to the luncheon table after seeing my visitor off at the garden gate.

"It was a railway man."

"It didn't look like a railway man. It was much too splendid."

I glanced carelessly at a card which I still held in my hand.

"He came from the head office," I remarked, trying not to lay any stress upon the fact. But I ought to explain that we live in a very quiet way and this sort of thing does not often happen to us. As I anticipated, my wife was considerably impressed.

"Do you think he was a Superintendent or something?"

"Either that or a General Manager," said I.

"What did he want?"

"It was purely a business matter," said I. "I don't suppose it will interest you. The water at the station cottages has been condemned and he wished to consult me about a new supply. They want to tap our pipe at the top of the lane and take it from there."

"Cheek!" said my wife, bridling. (I think that is what they call it. My wife often does it.)

"I don't know," said I mildly, "that it need necessarily be classed as cheek. We happen to have the only decent supply in the parish and I don't suppose he can get it anywhere else."

"So you mean to tell me," said my wife with much deliberation, "that he waits till we have brought water down off the hill at enormous expense and then calmly has the face to suggest——"

"I didn't tell him he could have it."

"Well, I should hope not."

"But I don't see why he shouldn't," I added.

My wife suddenly launched into a denunciation of the Great Scottish Railway. "It's just like them!" she said. "They never will do anything for themselves. They won't build cottages or repair the old ones, and you know perfectly well that you have had trouble for years about their polluting the stream that goes through the meadow, and the station is filthy and not properly lighted, and they lost that portmanteau of Uncle Robert's seven years ago, and the train service is abominable and getting worse."

"There's plenty of water to go round," said I, "and of course they will have to pay a reasonable price for it."

"Reasonable!" said my wife scornfully. "This isn't a case for anything



ALL THE MOST



OBVIOUS



PLACES



FOR NESTING



BEING OCCUPIED,



A LATE NESTER HAS HAD TO FALL BACK ON AN OLD-FASHIONED TREE. EXCITEMENT IN THE NEWSPAPER WORLD!

reasonable. Why, can't you see that you have got them in your power at last?"

"How?"

"They must have the water. Don't you see that you can squeeze them?"

That gave me food for thought. There was something arresting in the idea of squeezing the Great Scottish Railway Company. And, as I have said, we live in a quiet way.

"What did you say to the man?"

"I said I would consider it and let him know."

"Well, write and tell him that if he will stop the London express——"

"I don't suppose that that is his department, exactly."

"Nonsense. The whole thing must hang together. Come into the other room and work it out. People can't expect water for nothing."

On looking back upon it now, I see that my wife succeeded in over-riding my better judgment that afternoon. I am not by nature a blackmailer. The following was the schedule of our minimum demands:—

(1) An annual royalty of £6 17*s.* 9*d.* to be paid—being a poor interest upon my outlay in bringing the water from the hill.

(2) The London express to be stopped by signal on due notice being given.

(3) Full compensation for the loss of Uncle Robert's portmanteau.

(4) Seven new lamps to be placed at the end of the platform in the station and duly maintained.

(5) The short cut from our house along the line to be legalized.

"But we mustn't be too selfish about it," said my wife at this point. "I wonder if we should put in an eight-hour day for the porters?" We did not include that, however, but demanded repairs for the station cottages.

There came a postcard in reply, announcing the arrival of our esteemed favour. And after that there was a long pause. I wrote once asking if a decision had been arrived at, but had no reply. After five weeks we began to compromise. I wrote and said that I would not press for more than five station lamps. Ten days later we threw over the cottage repairs and the short cut. There was still no reply, and the strain was telling upon us. Even my wife became more conciliatory.

"Uncle Robert's portmanteau will have to go," she announced one morning at breakfast.

"As a matter of fact," I pointed out, "as long as we can get our royalty it means that the Great Scottish is paying for our water supply. Don't you think——"

"They *must* stop the London express," said my wife severely.

A week later, without saying anything to my wife, I wrote and withdrew our remaining stipulations except Number One. The truth is that I had seen in the distance something going on at the station that I didn't like the look of.

After another month we heard from the General Manager at last. He wrote to say that the new artesian well was working satisfactorily, and under the circumstances he need trouble me no further in the matter.

"J. Shields, st Shields, b Killick .. .. 2"
Daily Chronicle.

SHIELDS (*anxious to get back to the pavilion*), *loq.* "If they can't get me out any other way I must lend them a hand myself."

THE CURE.

WHEN Richard and Henry came back from Brittany last week I had, of course, heaps of things to tell them. I pictured to myself their happy upturned faces, their ready smiles, their genial interest.

But I had forgotten the curse of the Returned Traveller; I had forgotten that the chief cause of nostalgia is the passionate desire to inflict a tale of petty happenings on long-suffering friends at home; I had forgotten—I have forgotten what I had forgotten.

They began with their adventures—the crossing, that was pronounced by the sailors to be the worst since the winter of '79; the waiters, who had answered halting French in flowing English; the price of English tobacco, and, on the contrary, the price of French wine; together with a tedious *résumé* of trifling dangers and difficulties of transport.

When my interest visibly flagged, they produced from their pockets tram tickets from Dinard, French matches from St. Malo, and lumps of mortar from the walls of Dinan keep.

Next day they began to unpack the picture postcards, and I left the house in a hurry. I felt somehow that Richard was going to describe them as an interesting record of an enjoyable trip.

I stayed away all the afternoon. Late in the evening I returned with an air of secrecy and pockets crowded with mysteries.

Richard and Henry looked up from a map of France.

"Where have you been?" asked Henry casually. I strode to the fireplace, turned my back on it firmly and began:

"I have been abroad (*sensation*) to Shepherd's Bush (*derision*), and now that you have *quite* finished the relation of your interesting, your *very* interesting adventures, I 'm sure you will be glad to hear of mine."

I began with the adventures—the curiously shaped train that had stopped at every station; the humorous repartee of the apple-barrow man to the chauffeur outside the terminus—a little story which as I told it lost but little through my having forgotten the repartee itself; my difficulty in using one ticket on two trams, although the total distance covered did not exceed half a statutory kilometre.

I produced the ticket and passed it round, and then hurried on to other trophies. One middling large lump of brickwork from a wall adjacent to Wormwood Scrubbs Prison; one receipted bill from an Italian restaurant where I had consumed a custard *éclair* and three feet of the finest spaghetti; one small packet of Shepherd's Bush tobacco, which I had brought back without paying an excessive duty.

I then passed to my postcards. They were, I am sorry to say, only perfunctorily enthusiastic over two really artistic photochromes of the Cinema de Luxe and the Electric Palace. These failed to grip them, even when I translated the title of the former for their benefit, and waxed exegetical over the finer points of their early Georgian construction.

But I had yet a trump.

"This," I said, "is the free library. Its architecture speaks for itself. But this card has an interest over and above the building."

"A biplane?" asked Richard sadly. "If so, you 've bought the wrong card. It 's not in this one."

"I spoke figuratively," I said. "Actually, the interest is that rather good-looking young man standing to the left of the gate. No, it isn't me, Henry. I said 'rather good-looking.' Now I must ask you to cast your minds back to June, 1910. No doubt you will remember seeing a poster of *Suburban Opinion*: 'Shepherd's Bush Reader Wins £102 13*s.* 5*d.* in Muddles.' Well, *this* .is the Shepherd's Bush reader. I bought the card from the man himself; indeed, I had quite a long talk with him. He set up in the stationery line, and throws himself in with all local photographs he has taken."

They were now so dispirited that I was able to unveil a map of the district and spread it on the table without evoking a protest. But when I took out a box of pins with red, white and blue china tops the worms turned. By the space of several minutes they said hard and unjust things to me; and, though there is peace once more, we do not mention Shepherd's Bush nowadays.

Neither, however, do we make reference to Brittany.

"COSY SEWERS WANTED!"
Manchester Evening News.

Some people never seem satisfied with the ordinary comforts of home-life.

The Chivalry of the Bar.

It is rumoured that Sir EDWARD CARSON, in the event of his being charged with treasonable conspiracy in the matter of Ulster, will invite Mr. BIRRELL, K.C., and Mr. JOHN REDMOND, of the Irish Bar, to conduct his defence, and that these gentlemen will, by the advice of the Editor of *The Westminster Gazette*, accept the brief.

CALCULATED ARGUMENT.

["The youngest child of a family is hard to convince. His is the accumulated experience of his elders."—*Recent Novel.*]

SHE seemed . . . well, let me put it thus
(My Muse has ever tact in plenty):
I feared her years were thirty plus,
While mine were barely five-and-twenty.
And so, although my callow heart
Went out to her in fond devotion,
I wondered if 'twere wise to start
The moving of the usual motion.

A horror filled my heart with gloom—
Lest she should reach the sere and yellow
While I was still in fairish bloom,
A reasonably youthful fellow.
"Be still," I said, "O tongue, refrain,
What time my subtle mind engages
In schemings that will ascertain
Approximately what her age is."

Thenceforward when she spoke to me
I only dealt in contradiction;
In disputatious causerie
I struggled to convey conviction.
We argued bacon *versus* ham,
Pink against purple (this for blouses),
The motor-'bus against the tram,
Commodious flats and country houses.

Were she a Pethick, I would Pank
(Really my views were of the oddest);
I found a gentle charm in swank
Merely from knowing she was modest;
But, spite of all that I could do,
My rhetoric with reason glowing,
I could not make her take my view
On any single subject going.

Then o'er my heart there swept a wild,
Wild wave of joy that strangely moved it;
She plainly was a youngest child,
My failure to convince her proved it.
I knew her brother (twenty-nine);
My hesitating love grew firmer;
In pleading tones I breathed, "Be mine."
There came no contradictory murmur.

One of the Old Breed.

"Since old Walter Blake died big bullocks are rare down here."—*The Tuam Herald.*

"If a few hours before the pigeon dies a tiny dose of vitamine be given to it then the pigeon quickly recovers."—*The Referee.*"

The trouble, of course, is to know just when the pigeon is going to die.

Fast and Furious.

"The parishioners of Aysgarth have adopted a scheme for the restoration of the Parish Church bells, at a cost of £200. The sum of £80 has, so far, been subscribed towards the fun."—*The Northern Echo.*



ATMOSPHERE OF DISTRUST AT A GARDEN PARTY OWING TO RUMOUR THAT A MILITANT IS PRESENT.

THE RECANTER.

BRING me my gloves of dove-like hue,
And, though my little fingers crack,
They shall remorselessly indue
The *suède*; bring out my brilliant black

Top-hat. My tie is featly tied;
My *piqué* waistcoat woos the breeze;
My trousers, striped and darkly dyed,
Are creased and bag-less at the knees.

Collar and pin are right, and now
Waft me, ye nymphs, where, unafraid,
Charles, my familiar, shall endow
With all his goods a tender maid.

My Charles, my Charles, and has it come
To this that, resolute but pale,
You stand, your cynic spirit dumb,
In ambush near the altar-rail?

Oh, misoparthenist morose,
So deeply vowed to single bliss
You seemed to hold, nay hug, it close,
To think it should have come to this!

But Charles is in the church at play;
He skips about and chats as though
He had a wedding every day
And never found the process slow.

And as his inexpressive she
Comes sudden sailing up the aisle,
Observe our Charles; he does not flee,
But dons his most possessive smile,

As who should say, "I am the one
Who bound this maiden for my own,
A deed of high emprise, and done
Through wit and manly worth alone."

The ring is on, a tidy fit;
He hears unmoved the organ's peal,
While many stand when they should sit,
And many sit when they should kneel.

The signatory vestry-throng,
The bride in all her white array,
The house, the aunts that most belong
Thereto—so speed the hours away;

And Charles, who thought of frocks as foes,
And vaunted mere celibacy,
Must get him gone; but ere he goes
What is it he confides to me?

He lifts his glass of wedding fizz
And says he is convinced, "bar chaff,
That he who isn't married is
But half a man, and hardly half!" R. C. L.

ALB.

An Obituary.

ONLY an axolotl! Don't the mere words bring tears into your eyes?

Only an axolotl, I repeat, and if you ask me what an axolotl is I lay my hand on my heart and reply that I don't quite know. It is like a gold-fish, but its colour is not gold, and scientists say it is not a fish—an obvious error, because it lives in water and dies in the air. If you ate it (but please don't) I think it would taste like a sardine.

Only an axolotl, I say again (we are getting on), but his name was Alb and he was the pearl and prince of axolotls. Let me picture him as last I saw him. He was, to the unappreciative eye, of plain if not ugly appearance. The large flat nose (or rather head), the two enormous ears (fins?), the somewhat rotund, mud-coloured body, did not perhaps make for conventional loveliness. Yet his features, though hardly regular enough for perfect beauty, had about them an expressiveness, a charm, an—I know not what. They grew on one.

Alb had simple tastes. An occasional worm, perhaps a crumb, sufficed him for breakfast; an occasional crumb, perhaps a worm, formed his modest lunch. Tea he disdained, and supper he did not get. His bowl was furnished neatly but not luxuriously with seaweed, moss, stones and all the appurtenances of gold-fishery. He spent his working day swimming round and round the bowl, sternly and methodically, from ten to four. I believe he never quite realised that the bowl was round, but always thought that if he kept on long enough he would arrive somewhere. If this is so, he was the most determined character I know, and I think he should be a lesson to us all.

But you will expect some anecdotes of his sagacity. Living entirely in this bowl he could not fetch his master's paper or hold a savage burglar at bay, or carry a collecting box for an inebriate dogs' home. Yet he had intelligence of the domestic kind. He had a perfect passion for being read to. How often have I seen Alb, his head protruding, his fins cocked back, listening with a rapt expression while his master read some suitable extracts from *The Spectator*. Once I could almost have sworn he laughed.

If you asked him what he would like to do to LLOYD GEORGE he rushed wildly about the bowl. But as he did just the same to every question (you prodded him with a stick to make him answer) this throws little light on his politics. He would have been a wobbly voter, would Alb.

Then there was Axi! Picture to yourselves a large, beautiful blonde axolotl, perfectly built, svelte, graceful, with the utmost of feminine charm. Having done that, you will have Axi, Alb's wife. She was worthy of him; they were worthy of each other. Throw a crumb to Alb and if Axi got there first she ate it. Throw one to Axi and it was the same—I mean it was *vice versa, mutatis mutandis*. One evening a strange axolotl was introduced to the bowl, dark, beetle-browed, with a sinister look. Next morning he was found dead. There are dark pages in the life of every axolotl.

But Alb is no more. I write these few lines at the request of his owner, an unworthy, a feeble appreciation from one who knew him. When he died there was not a dry eye in the bowl. Nay, it overflowed. Nor was that his only tribute. A very beautiful Latin inscription was written for him. "Poor Alb," I said, as I perused it, "poor, poor Alb!" It was a good bit of writing, but it did not do justice to Alb. Nothing could. Nothing will—nothing—but pardon me, I grow maudlin. I will desist. There was a peroration; but no matter. Alb needs no peroration.

"CRICKET GAMES IN OLD COUNTRY.

Playing Alexford, the University of Kent scored 480, all out, Wooley making the magnificent score of 224 not out, while Felder notched 52."—*Daily Colonist* (*Victoria B.C.*).

Thus the glad news journeys through the Empire.

"At the Borough Police Court on Monday, the Mayor, who presided, called attention to the telephone at the police station. He said that on Saturday night there was a great disturbance close to his house, and at eleven o'clock he rang up the police station, but failed to get any response. He would like to know where the teenehpsaowl d rworlow alok aylak dyogkkgb telephone was?"

Carnarvon Herald.

What language! Oh, Mr. Mayor.

"The weather had turned very cold, and the fieldsmen wore their sweaters, as a strong wind was blowing Charles Alderton Carter, of 1, Park View, right across the ground."

Bristol Evening News.

Brightening cricket still more.

"He was, I think, Keeper of H.M.S. Regalia in the Tower of London for close on forty years."—*Letter in "Daily Graphic."*

This must be a sister ship to the one at the bottom of Bouverie Street.

"FORECAST TILL 11 A.M. TO-MORROW.

North Wind, mainly between West and South."—*Manchester Evening News.*

What has the East done to be so neglected?

THE MEM-SAHIB.

ANY morning you may meet her
Where the sunlight gilds the strand
And the curlews rise to greet her
As she gallops o'er the sand,
Riding swift, as though a wager 's
In the fore-front of her mind,
With a brace of breathless majors
Close behind.

Watch her dole the daily rations,
Watch her scan the butler's book,
Watch her foil the machinations
Of a swart and bearded cook;
Prouder than a queen, sublimer
Than a goddess, see her stand
With a Hindustani Primer
In her hand!

When the swift and welcome gloaming
Shrouds the palm-trees and the huts,
And the bullocks, slowly homing,
Loom like ghosts across the ruts;
When the plantain (or banana)
Rocks to rest the drowsy midge,
She 'll be up at the gymkhana
Playing bridge.

And it seems a little funny
That not one among us all
Ever danced the "Hugging Bunny"
Or the glad "Crustacean Crawl"
Till she came out East and taught us
Every trick of pose and gait,
Occidentalized and brought us
Up to date.

And our bungalows were gloomy,
There were bats behind the doors,
And the rooms were far too roomy
With their bare and shameless floors,
Till she burst upon our quiet
With her china and her prints,
With the reminiscent riot
Of her chintz.

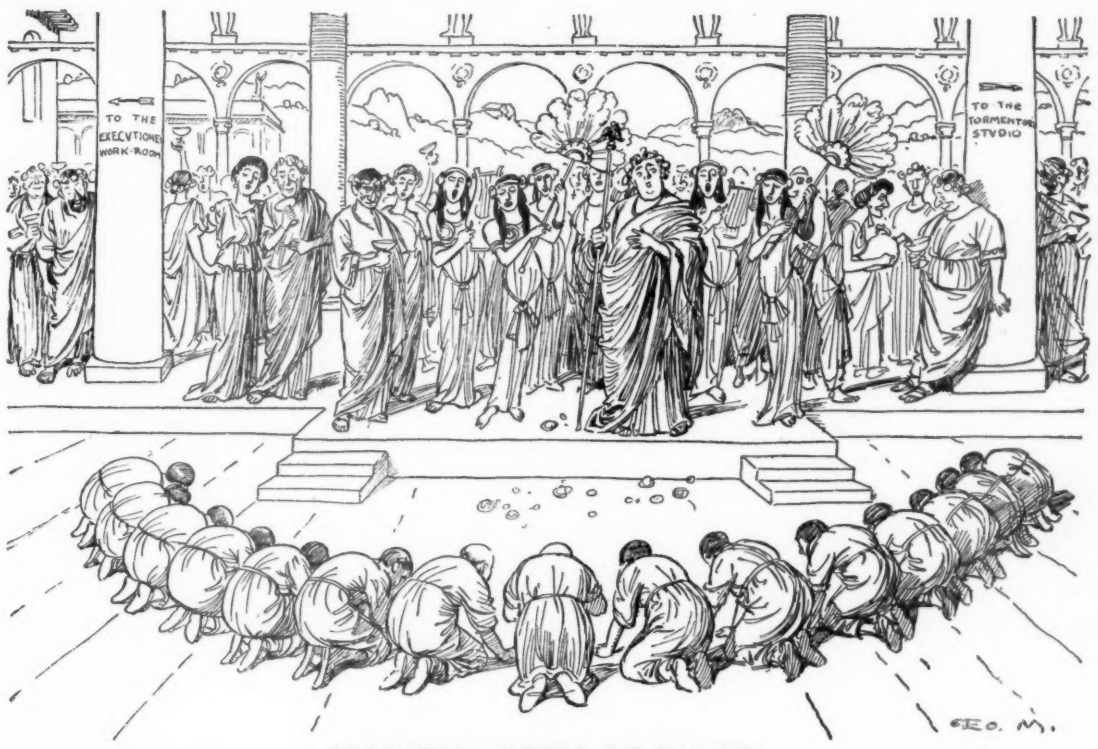
Would you learn the gladness of her,
Catch the charm before it pass?
Ask the butterflies that hover
Emerald o'er the sun-burned grass;
Ask the paddy-birds that settle
On the crimson-flow'ring boughs,
Or the frangipanni petal
In her blouse.

And I would not have you grudge her
Any pleasure she may wrest
From the wilderness, or judge her
By the standards of the West;
She 's a "bold, designing creature"
To the folk who know her least,
But to us—the saving feature
Of the East. J. M. S.

Wait till the Reign stops.

"As reported elsewhere, the Urban Council on Tuesday evening sent a congratulatory telegram to his Majesty King George IV., on the occasion of his birthday."

Farnham Herald.



FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.

A DEPUTATION OF RESPECTABLE RESIDENTS OF CAPREÆ WAIT ON THE EMPEROR TIBERIUS TO POINT OUT THAT HIS MIDNIGHT ORGIES GIVE THE ISLAND A BAD NAME AND DEPRECIATE THE VALUE OF PROPERTY THERE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN the Master of a College at Cambridge sits down to write the story of one who held posts of great authority in the University, intending readers may think themselves justified in anticipating a work of academically dignified dulness. In the case of "*J.*," *a Memoir of John Willis Clark* (SMITH, ELDER), by A. E. SHIPLEY, Master of Christ's College, they will, however, be agreeably disappointed. Mr. SHIPLEY has carried out his task in exactly the right spirit of affectionate and admiring levity. Being himself the Head of a House he does not disguise the painful fact that "J." was consistently in favour of the abolition of Heads of Houses, "though," he himself adds, "I never could see that the poor dears do much harm." This book is by no means a merely formal biography. It gives a vivid and unconventional account of a very remarkable man who was for many years the life and soul of Cambridge, the adviser, the helper and the indefatigable friend of many generations of dons and undergraduates. As our public schools are supposed to produce character, so it may be said that our universities have earned much fame by producing characters. "J." was one of these. Everything he undertook (and his activities were innumerable) he did well in his own uncompromising way. He wrote books on books, on architecture, on archæology; he arranged the Museum of Zoology; he was Registrar of the University; he investigated libraries; he was for years the tutelary genius of the A.D.C.; he was a teller of good stories and a careful drinker of good claret; and he had bursts of a Boythornian temper which, though terrific while they lasted, endeared him the more, if that was possible, to his friends. As I who write these lines remember him, he was the embodiment of hospitality, good fellowship and kindness. I thank the Master of Christ's for this pleasant record of our common friend, and I recommend it warmly to all Cambridge men.

When Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD, some years ago, first told me about the ghosts that he had seen I was quite sure that he was telling me the truth—I was horribly impressed. Then he began to tell me about fairies, and I enjoyed his revelations but doubted his sincerity. Finally, in his new book, *A Prisoner in Fairyland*, I discover no sincerity and only a little enjoyment. I hope that he will not write about fairies again. His prisoner on this occasion is a hearty middle-aged sentimentalist—ponderously affectionate by day, ponderously imaginative at night. This gentleman flies after dark with the simple stolidity of a *Slightly*; he is accompanied by children whose sweetness and attempted fun are painful to witness. "For the children," we are told, "night meant play and mischief; for himself it meant graver reverie." This "graver reverie" occupies over five hundred pages, and I should be afraid to calculate the numbers and numbers of descriptions of stars and moons and night-skies that those pages contain. The truth is that Mr. BLACKWOOD has nothing very new to tell us about fairies; his narrative is slow in its movement, and its characters—as, for instance, *Minks*, the secretary—are spoilt by a sentimentality worthy of DICKENS. He has been too long "a prisoner in fairyland," and I believe that he

is at heart more at home in the company of *John Silence* and his cats than in the innocent verbosities of the solid *Mr. Rogers*. I feel that he has here endeavoured to hammer out his theme when spontaneous invention was lacking. Fairies are elusive creatures, and in *Jimbo* Mr. BLACKWOOD approached them very closely; but it seems that *Mr. Rogers's* heavy tread has, on the present occasion, alarmed them. I sympathise with Mr. BLACKWOOD, but cannot commend his artificial substitute.

When the story opens upon the picture of a personable young man, in the garden of an old château, walking with an elderly but charming lady, and transfixed by the sudden appearance of a beautiful damsel ("No nymph, Monsieur. It is my daughter, the little *Héloïse*, whom you used to know"), and when moreover it is called by the engaging title of *A Summer Quadrille* (HUTCHINSON), I protest that the reader has every reason to expect nothing but the happiest and most dainty comedy. That indeed is my only ground of complaint against Mrs. HUGH FRASER and Mr. HUGH FRASER, that, having started a tale of pleasant artificiality about a gay cavalier, a charming maiden, a kindly abbé, a scheming servant, and in short all the usual cast for a costume romance, they should suddenly have turned to what is almost tragedy. I felt also that the pleasantly prattling style, so well suited to what the story seemed about to be, was hardly robust enough when it came to omens and shrieking sea-gulls and a villain with his face smashed. All these things you get before the finish. The villain in question was *M. Le Grange*—the personable young man to whom I had so taken in the opening chapter—and his behaviour towards the little *Héloïse* was by no means what I had hoped from his appearance. But in the end, as you will see, he got his deservings; and perhaps, as I had never believed in any of the characters save as pleasantly-dressed figures in a tushery show, it need not have worried me. Still, I admit I prefer that in an affair of this fashion as little sawdust should be spilt as possible.



Boy. "PY FOR US T' GO IN, LIDY?" *Lady.* "CERTAINLY NOT!"
Boy. "THEN TIKE US IN IN YER ARMS?"

When four people find themselves shut up for eight days in a quarantined house, it is perhaps unreasonable to expect them to do anything very much except talk, and I ought, no doubt, to have borne more patiently with the deluge of conversation poured forth in these circumstances by the characters in *Middleground* (MILLS AND BOON), the new novel by the anonymous author of *Mastering Flame*. His theme certainly lent itself to much conversation. The position was as follows: *Louis Pembroke* was on the point of eloping with *Mrs. Comber*. Enter *Mrs. Comber* to chat over their plans. Enter *John Brent*, former lover of the lady, to announce that he knew all; and on his heels enter *Mr. Comber*, who also knew all, and wanted to know what was going to be done about it. At this point the discovery is made that the servant of the house—the scene is laid in Shanghai—has developed cholera and that the four must remain where they are for eight days. It is an ingenious situation, reminiscent, however, of a popular American farce called *Seven Days*, but the flaw in it is that it can only lead either to a lot of murder or to incessant talk. Our author has no germ of melodrama in him, and it is speedily evident that there will be no murder. It is just as speedily evident that there will be much talk. For a time, I confess, the discussions absorbed me, and then, beaten down by the volume of them, irritated by the vacillations of the heroine, and maddened by the mild "After-you-my-dear-Alphonse" attitude of the sickeningly reasonable husband, I thanked whatever gods may be that the book contained only 296 pages, for otherwise my unconquerable soul could never have survived to the end. *Middleground* ought really to have been condensed and transformed into the last section of a long, quiet novel showing us the early developments of the situation with which it now opens.

I never found *Marion Miller* either very interesting or very probable, and so, when she took advantage of her *fiancé's* approaching departure for the Gold Coast to exact a promise from him that he would make no use of drugs during his time there, and thus "establish her faith" in Christian Science, I felt that I should be glad to get away with *James* to Africa, and allow Mr. W. H. ADAMS, himself an old official of the Gold Coast Colony, to show me this young member of *The Dominant Race* (SMITH, ELDER) in what I hoped would be less incredible if more adventurous surroundings. I want at once to say that I enjoyed the trip tremendously, even though my credulity did get worried again once or twice by the combined stupidity and good fortune of *James*. And then there was *Ambah*, of Moorish blood and brought up from childhood among the natives of Anum, of which town and district *James*—his life saved, after all, by quinine—became Commissioner; she was white-skinned and beautiful and capable of Platonic affection, and, after a few lessons in English verbs, I doubt whether English civilization would have had anything more to teach her. Still, I have never been on the Gold Coast, and Mr. ADAMS probably knows better than I whether *Ambah* can be found there. I will leave it to him. Meanwhile you must read his really thrilling description of West African life and scenery to discover how loath I was, at the end of six months or so, to come back home with the now distinguished *James* and see him wedded to an allopathic (and not too lovable) bride.

"Mr. James Douglas, the well-known journalist, states that he is not the author of 'The Duchess's Necklace,' the play at the Aldwych Theatre."—*The Daily News and Leader.*

We understand that Mr. JAMES A. DOUGLAS will retort that neither is he guilty of *The Renascence of Wonder*.

CHARIVARIA.

SOME call it the Whitewash Report. Perhaps a better name would be the Won'twash Report?

* * *

By a curious coincidence the following appeared in a contemporary last week:—

"TO-DAY'S FASHION NOTE.

The white washing skirt is in great demand this summer. . . ."

* * *

Rumour has it that Mr. FALCONER is now taking steps with a view to an illuminated address being presented to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Sir RUFUS ISAACS and Lord MURRAY, testifying to the Nation's appreciation of their investments in Marconis.

* * *

Dr. AKED, the Baptist preacher who went from Liverpool to New York, has now explained why he has renounced British nationality. The polo match, it seems, had nothing to do with it. He says he has become an American citizen through disgust at Royal rulers, for the idea of being anybody's subject was intolerable to him. For ourselves we would rather be a subject than an object. Meanwhile KING GEORGE is, according to the latest bulletin, doing as well as could be expected.

* * *

"Seas don't divide—they unite," was one of the KAISER'S epigrams of which he was reminded during his Jubilee celebrations. But what about the Red Sea?

* * *

An awkward affair is reported from Hamburg. After General VON MACKENSEN had given to a new cruiser the name *Derflinger*, he uttered the following words in an impressive voice: "I commit thee, proud fabric of men's hands, to thy element." The fabric, however, proved even prouder than was expected. It refused to be dictated to, and remained on the stocks.

* * *

With reference to the alleged difficulty in obtaining mounts for the forthcoming Royal Review of our citizen soldiers, it is said that Lord HALDANE, from feelings of affection for the force which he created, offered at his own expense to provide the Territorial cavalry with hobby horses.

* * *

If Sir JOSEPH BEECHAM'S incursion into the theatrical world is to be a success he will have to keep his eyes wider open. How comes it that he allowed *The Gilded Pill* and *The Perfect Cure* to be produced by others?

* * *

Sir JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON has been persuaded to give another farewell performance in London. It was felt that to break with precedent by giving only one final performance would scarcely be in the best interests of the profession.

* * *

The "Old Six Bells" inn, Willesden, has been condemned by the local authorities as unfit for habitation. The house was a famous haunt of JACK SHEPPARD and JONATHAN WILD, and there is some talk of holding a meeting of readers of penny dreadfuls and patrons of picture palaces with the view of raising a fund to preserve the building for the nation as a memorial to their heroes.

* * *



MODERN JOURNALISM.

Editor of evening paper. "YES? YES?"

Chief Sub. (*very excited*). "I 'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT STATEMENT HERE FROM IVANOVITCH, THE RUSSIAN NOVELIST, ABOUT WHAT HE FEEDS ON IN THE HOT WEATHER. FORTUNATELY THE TEMPERATURE TO-DAY IS EXACTLY ONE DEGREE HOTTER THAN THE CORRESPONDING DAY IN 1813."

Another literary coincidence which seems to have escaped general notice attracted our attention at a bookstall last week. Side by side were the placards of *The Daily News* and *The Daily Mail*. They ran as follows:—

DAILY NEWS	DAILY MAIL
WHAT THE TRAMS HAVE DONE FOR LONDON	THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT

* * *

Women, it is frequently stated, can beat men in most fields of activity if they are only given a fair chance. Attention was drawn at an Insurance Conference held last week to the serious amount of malingering by women under the Act. Indeed it may lead to the coining of a new word—"femalingering."

* * *

"It is more important," says Mr. WILL CROOKS, "to court the missus when you 've married her than before." Unfortunately in certain circles a good deal of the post-nuptial courting that is done appears to be police-courting.

* * *

Two children were bitten by monkeys at the Zoo last week. It is thought that the monkeys, who often bite one another, did not realise that these little ones were not of their own species.

* * *

At Magherafelt (Londonderry) Petty Sessions last week, FELIX MULHOLLAND was fined twenty shillings for cursing the POPE, the police, the Army, the Navy, the buckles on Constable KELLY'S "frock," and the Ancient Order of Hibernians. It sounds something of a bargain.

* * *

The director of *The Gourmet* has told an interviewer that English people do not think nearly enough about eating. In City Corporation circles this is considered a base slander.

* * *

"Certainly by far the best novel I have written," says a certain author of a book of his which has just been published. If this idea of circulating the writer's opinion of his work should become a custom, it will, we fancy, be found that the book which is being offered to the public is almost invariably his masterpiece.

More Calumny in the Press.

"The quarterly meeting of the above association was held at the Constitutional Club on Tuesday evening, when an enervating address was given to the members by Mr. David Stuart (Tariff Reform League)."

Clevedon Mercury and Courier.

"NOVEL EXPERIMENT IN A DORSET VILLAGE.

CLEAN LIVING."

The Daily Express.

Is Dorset as bad as that?

"Widow Lady Wants Situation as housekeeper to gentleman or bachelor."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

Let us hope that, if he 's a bachelor, she will make him a real gentleman by marrying him.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

DANCES AND DOGS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Hostesses have been up against a quite *quite* novel difficulty this season—the scarcity of *girls* at parties! *Isn't* that a deliciously funny idea? It comes about through some of the oldest inhabitants not allowing their girls to do the Chimpanzee Cuddle and the Mexican Mix-up. The Duchess of Dunstable is one of these, and poor Francesca and Frederica have had a perfectly rotten time in consequence. They were both asked last week to a kick-up at Beryl Clarges', where things are generally made to hum. The old duchess refused, and arranged to take them to a ghastly scientific *soirée*—you know the sort of fearful function—tea and coffee and lemonade, and information while you wait! Franky gave in meekly, as she always does, but Freckles nursed rebellious thoughts and planned deep plans.

Among old Dunstable's other moss-grown habits and customs, she keeps up the childish punishment of sending the girls to bed early if they ever cheek her or answer her back. At dinner on the night in question, Freckles was particularly argumentative, and the more her mother repressed her the more she wouldn't be repressed. At last she flatly contradicted her stately parent. The latter got out the frown she keeps specially for Freckles and put it on. "You know what your punishment is," she said after an awful silence. "You will go straight to your room on leaving the table." In due time she dragged off Franky to science and sighs, and, as soon as they were off the premises, Freckles, instead of going to her penitential couch, put on her prettiest dance frock and went in a taxi to Beryl's, where she enjoyed herself hugely.

Unluckily, old Lady Humguffin, who's everybody's third cousin or first aunt once removed, met the Duchess of Dunstable next day, and said, "I looked in at my great-niece, Beryl Clarges', last night and found she'd a party of young people. What extraordinary dances they do nowadays, to be sure! I don't know when I've laughed so much! Your Frederica seemed particularly *au fait* at a dance called the Chimpanzee something-or-other."

"My Frederica!!" gasped old Dunstable. "My Frederica was at home—in bed!"

"I daresay you do," rejoined the Humguffin, who's deafer than twenty posts; "but I think it's hardly wise for you to do such violent dances at your age."

The engagement of Peggy Sandys, the Ramsgates' younger girl, has come as quite a great little surprise, except to those behind the scenes. She came out last year and made an instant success. She's one of those girls who happen now and then (your Blanche was one of them once upon a time), who are proposed to by almost everyone, and are quite tired of saying No. She has the young girl's funny trick of having ideals and being in earnest, and has let it be understood that the men of to-day don't come *near* her standard. Her granny, Popsy, Lady R., tells people that, at eighteen, she was exactly like Peggy herself. But, in spite of the fearful prospect thus opened, the girl goes her conquering way. I can best describe her by telling you that half the women say, "I can't *imagine* what people see in that girl!" and the other half say, "*Pretty?* She hasn't a *feature* in her face, my dear." When *those* things are said on all sides, you may know the lucky child has quite *quite* got there! *Passe pour cela.*

At a boy-and-girl dance at the Middleshires' one night, Peggy was doing a sit-out with Lolly Hollyott (Ninny's brother). Their chat began by Lolly proposing once more and being refused. Then they went on to talk Pekingese—they're both *ardent* owners and exhibitors of the little butterfly-dogs; and so they got to the Age We Live In, and Peggy pronounced it an age absolutely incapable of heroism.

"Why, look at you all," she said; "you men of to-day, compared with the knights of old who died for their lady-loves!"

"Don't be rough on us," pleaded Lolly. "The knights of old got their chance at tournaments and things, and there ain't any *real* tournaments any longer. But, if the idea is that we're to die for you, you've only got to ask us to cross the road—*that's* almost certain death now."

But Peggy wouldn't listen. "The age of heroism is dead," she persisted. "Not one of you is capable of an heroic act."

Next week was the Dog Show at the Floricultural Gardens. Peggy Sandys carried off everything with her peky-peky, Ming-Ming the 23rd. The little champion was quite the centre of attraction, sitting thoughtfully in a big satin-lined jewel-case, with mounted police all round him and Life-guards beyond the police—in case of foul play. Peggy, dressed in muslin and smiles, was seated near by, and Lolly came up to congratulate her.

"Thanks awfully," said Peggy. "Yes, I'm frightfully proud and happy to-day. But why aren't *you* showing? You've some good ones, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've some good ones," answered Lolly, looking wistfully at Ming-Ming the 23rd and his mounted police and Life-guards; "but I ain't showing any of 'em to-day. I say, look here, I wish you'd come to tea at my place to-morrow and have a look at 'em—I'd like your opinion." Peggy said she'd go, and, as she's very independent and quite a law unto herself, she did go.

"They're all nice little thingy-things," said Lolly, as he showed her his doglets, "but Confucius is the best." Peggy darted forward to examine Confucius; then she gave a scream (if she'd lived fifty years ago she'd have fainted), and turned upon Lolly. "Why," she gasped, "he's got *all* the points—and *more* than all."

"Yes, I know," said Lolly sadly. "He's got 'em all—and a bit over. His eyes bulge a weeny bit more than Ming-Ming's, as you see, and his brow is a teeny bit more thoughtful; and then he's the extra toes."

"And yet you didn't show him?" cried Peggy. "Are you mad?"

"No, Peggy, I ain't off my chump," said Lolly; "I didn't show him—because——"

A light broke on Peggy. "I see; you didn't show him because you didn't want him to cut out my Ming-Ming."

"That's about the size of it," assented Lolly. "It's nothing to make a dust about—I—I was glad to do it—though it *did* want some doing."

"I take back all I said the other night," cried the enthusiastic Peggy. "The age of heroism is *not* dead! No knight of old ever performed a *greater, nobler* action for his lady-love than you did in keeping back this angel from the show, so that he shouldn't cut out my Ming-Ming."

And now Lolly and Peggy are engaged. (There are always poisonous persons who try to spoil a pretty little romance, and these creatures say Peggy only accepted Lolly to be part owner of Confucius.)

Norty, who keeps me posted up in Parliamentary matters, tells me a Bill is coming before the House for the abolition of coastguards and all coast defences, and in their place large notice-boards are to be erected warning foreign warships that if they approach our shores too closely they will be liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings. The money saved on coast defences would be used to build free picture palaces for the unemployed. Norty hopes to put in one of his scathing speeches when the Bill comes up.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.



BLAMELESS TELEGRAPHY.

JOHN BULL. "MY BOYS, YOU LEAVE THE COURT WITHOUT A STAIN—EXCEPT, PERHAPS, FOR THE WHITEWASH."

ONCE UPON A TIME.

LIMITATION.

ONCE upon a time there was a trout who lived in a stream much frequented by anglers. But though he was of some maturity and had in his time leaped at many flies and grown sturdy on them, they had always been living creatures and not the guileful work of man. Hence, although well informed on most matters, of the hard facts of fishing he knew only what he had been told by such of his friends as had been hooked and had escaped, and from watching the ancient hooksmith of his tribe at work in his surgery extracting barbs. For, just as children stand at the smithy door watching the making of a horse-shoe, so do the younger trout cluster round the hooksmith and observe him at his merciful task.

This trout was in his way a bit of a dandy, and one of his foibles was to be weighed and measured at regular intervals (as a careful man does at his Turkish bath), so that he might know how things stood with him. Fitness was, in fact, his fetish; hence, perhaps, his long immunity from such snares as half Alnwick exists to dangle before the eyes of undiscriminating and gluttonous fish.

But to each of us, however wise or cautious, a day of peril comes soon or late. It happened that on the very afternoon on which he had learned that he was fourteen inches and a quarter long and turned the scale at twenty-four ounces, the trout met with a misadventure which not only was his first but likely to be his last. For seeing a particularly appetising looking fly on the surface of the water, and being rather less carefully observant than usual, he took it at a gulp, and straightway was conscious of a sharp pain in his right cheek and of a steady strain on the same part of his person, pulling him upwards out of the stream.

Outraged and in agony, he dashed backwards and forwards, kicked and wriggled; but all in vain; and at last, worn out and ashamed, he lay still and allowed himself to be drawn quietly from the water in a net insinuated beneath him. In another moment he lay on the bank beneath the admiring and excited eyes of a man.

A pair of hands then seized him and the hook was extracted from his right cheek with very little tenderness.

It was at this moment that the trout's good fairy came to his aid, for the man in his eager delight placed him where the turf sloped. The trout saw the friendly stream just below, gathered his strength for a last couple of despairing struggles, and these starting him on the downward grade, he had splashed into the water again before the angler realised his loss.

For a while the trout lay just where he sank, motionless, too exhausted to swim away, listening languidly to what was being said about him on the bank by the disappointed angler to a friend who had joined him At length, having collected enough power, he swam away to safety.

That evening, you may be sure, the trout had plenty to tell his companions when, after their habit, they discussed the day's events in a little crowd. There were several absentees from the circle, and two or three fish who were present had swollen jaws where hooks had caught and broken away; while one actually had to move about and eat and talk with a foot of line proceeding from his mouth, attached to a hook which none of the efforts of the profession had been able to dislodge.

"But the thing that bothers me," said our trout, as he finished the recital of his adventures for the tenth time, "is men's curious want of precision. It is true they don't carry scales about with them as we do, but they oughtn't to make shots so wide of the mark. Not with all their advantages, they oughtn't. Look at their powers. Fishing rods and tackle and false May flies are alone a pretty good proof either that they have too many brains or we too few; but then there are all the other things. There's telegraphy and the telephone, phonography and the cinema; there's SHAKSPEARE, photography, MICHAEL ANGELO, and all the rest of it. Surely with such a record men ought to be able to do a little thing like guessing pretty nearly accurately the weight and length of a trumpery fish! Yet, while I was lying there in the water getting back my strength, I distinctly heard the fellow who had had me in his hands but had lost me, telling his friend that I was two feet four if I was an inch, and weighed not an ounce under three pounds."

"Prince Auguste Louis Alberic d'Arenberg, who has been President of the Suez Canal Company since 1896, is now in his seventy-sixth year of age, having been born in September 1897. In the absence of other information it may be assumed that his advancing age is one of the principal causes of the President's retirement."

The Egyptian Gazette.

Try again. Other information may put this right.

"Long jump (under 14), prize presented by George Griffiths, Esq.—1 Watson, 2 Geddes. Time, 11¾-secs."

Hoylake Herald and Visitor.

Very nearly aviation.

OCC. VERSE.

(*In the manner of "The Westminster Gazette."*)

To-NIGHT you will fare afar
Through the limpid aisles of space
To the amber shores where the spindrift soars
In a mantle of elfin grace;
And, though I may never share
In your swift translunar flight,
You will send me a hail o'er the star-strewn gale
When your haven looms in sight.

And I with a limpet's clutch
To our love will ever cling—
Our love that grows with the budding rose
And never outwears its spring.
And you, though your soul has flown
To glory, my Hildegonde,
In a vesture of bliss will waft me a kiss
From the boundless back of beyond!

Yes, you will asperge my brows
With the balm of Elysian dew,
Till the veil is drawn at the screech of dawn
'Twixt the astral me and you—
The veil that I hope to rend
When I quit life's fevered foam
For the argent isles when our sundered smiles
Shall merge in one monochrome.

Commercial Candour.

I.

"Intending Purchasers of Motor Cars are requested to inspect and try the '———' before deciding to buy another make. You can walk comfortably beside one when travelling on top gear."—*The Statesman* (Calcutta).

II.

"Furnished room, suitable for one or two gentlemen, for June, July and August; all inconveniences."—*The Pittsburgh Press.*

A Gleam of Journalistic Modesty.

"*The Times* to-day publishes the full text of the whole document. It is quite impossible for any ordinary morning newspaper to publish this in extenso, but below will be found a summary."—*Daily Mail.*

"Ordinary" is unexpected.

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gloyne, formerly of Rhyl and now of flint, have just celebrated their golden wedding."

Manchester Weekly Telegraph.

Can this mean that the happy couple have been hardened by their matrimonial experiences?

"Tennis player would like to meet another player, not necessarily first-class."

Bournemouth Daily Echo.

This is how we often feel.

Trop de Zèle.

"The Pastor will be glad to know of sickness in the homes of members of the Church."

Worthing and District Baptist Herald.



Hostess. "OH, I HOPE YOUR DOG WON'T GO INTO THE KITCHEN; THE FISH FOR BABY'S DINNER IS ON THE TABLE."
Caller. "I HOPE NOT, INDEED. HE ISN'T ALLOWED TO HAVE FISH."

THE SACRIFICE OF PAUL.

PAUL, when the great Panjandrum I obey
Says to me sometimes, as we leave the office,
"To-morrow morning I must be away,"
Think you I ask him where his game of golf is?

Ah no! I take his meaning; London lies
Hot as Sahara, pitiless and arid;
Of course he sorrows for some aunt's demise,
Of course some friend of his is being married.

Such strands of destiny the wise gods weave
When the long summer hours begin to try men:
Uncles pop off, and nephews have to grieve;
Our boyhood's chums are yielded up to Hymen.

Yes, one and all we have these private claims;
I, too, about a fortnight from to-morrow,
Mean to attend some knitting-up of names—
A mirthful push, oh Paul, not one of sorrow.

Already I can hear the choir-boys sing,
I see the happy pair, the priest bald-headed;
And why I want to warn you of the thing
Doubtless you've guessed: it's you I'm having wedded.

Hush! hush! *she* would not like to hear that oath.
I had some thoughts at first of Frank or Walter;
But you are dearer to me, Paul, than both;
I need the links, you need the nuptial altar.

As for the girl, of course your choice is free;
My blessings on your heads, you two dear sillies!
Her name, though, should be kept quite shadowy
And non-committal. Let 's say Clara Willis.

A quiet marriage, Paul. I hate to boast
In cases such as this about the presents
And who were there; I ban *The Morning Post*;
A simple country rite with all the peasants

Strewing the road with hay and flowers of June
(The Squire has dowered you with a silver cruet);
It must be in the country, and at noon,
Because I want the whole day off to do it.

You will not, Paul? Ah, stop, perpend again;
I think you always loved me as a brother;
This is a little thing; I must obtain
My two full rounds on some excuse or other.

I like you for the *rôle*. You gain belief.
I see you playing it with *verve* and unction,
And I shall love relating to the chief
The story of that blithe bucolic function.

But if you won't—ah well, I care not how,
Golf I must have—my brains are green with mildew—
Don't be surprised if three weeks on from now
You find me in full mourning, *having killed you.*

EVOE.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE FAUN."

ONE is familiar enough with the case of the Arabian *djinn* or of the Egyptian mummy revived and projected into modern stage-society, there to find many inventions and modes of speech and thought undreamed of in their philosophy of the remote past. The initial difficulty, for which a generous allowance is always made by the audience, is to give a colouring of probability to the resurgence of these antiques. Mr. KNOBLAUCH makes little attempt to account for the survival of his faun in the Italy of to-day; but his appearance in England is explained on the following grounds. He seems to have been studying the works of SHELLEY and, having acquired the language, he comes over to England to make the better acquaintance of a country that produced a poet so congenial to a child of Nature.

His first experience does not promise well, for the young gentleman from whose geraniums he emerges has just returned from dropping £70,000 at the races, and obviously has little in common with the author of *Hellas*.

However, as soon as the faun has doffed his unconventional skin-coat and got a little accustomed to the irritating coercion of twentieth-century dress, he proceeds gaily enough to the preaching of his gospel of Nature and natural selection; and the rest of the play—apart from some negligible distractions—is a sort of paganized version of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*.

There is an attractive freshness in the idea; but I venture to think that Mr. KNOBLAUCH has made one or two errors of judgment. It is true that the anthropomorphic imagination of the Greeks, seeking a symbol for certain forces of Nature, gave to the faun a human shape. (The Greeks, of course, called him a satyr, but the faun of the Romans, a variety of their Faunus, god of farmers, came to be identified with the Greek type. Pardon this pedantry). But, if more or less human in shape, in attributes he was animal; and only less bestial than some of the semi-deities, say, of Egypt, because he represented those instincts of the animal world which come closest to the primitive instincts of humanity. If, therefore, we attached to the sentiments of Mr. KNOBLAUCH'S faun the only meaning that they could conceivably have in a faun's mouth, the topic all the time was animal instincts. I am assuming, for the author's benefit, that he intended his faun to illustrate the more romantic aspects of love, but he could hardly expect this conception of the faun-nature to be accepted by anyone who thought about the matter at all, and certainly not by those who reflected that such aspects were barely recognised in ordinary life by the ancients who created this type.

At the end, after arranging the best part of the cast in couples on the lines of natural selection, the faun is made to say that he represented the joy of life in all its forms; but it was clear that he had really been insisting—not without tact, I admit—on one form in particular—the joy of animal attraction.

In a matter of detail, but a rather large one, I think the author was at fault in permitting his faun to play



BACK TO THE LAND.

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY (under cover) emancipates himself from the bondage of civilisation.

the part of a racing tipster. How he got the inside information which enabled him to spot the winner for his patron in every race that he touched I never thoroughly understood. His unusually nice sense of smell could hardly account for this success; and I viewed with scepticism the alleged activities of the bluebottle which served as an intermediary between him and the stables. I do not, of course, cavil at this magic; my complaint is that, while in his homilies he was denouncing the sin of worldly greed, he should have given so much practical encouragement to speculations on the turf.

Another slight flaw was found in the Suffragette element, which served as a side issue. It was rather *vieux jeu*. The author seemed to have written his play several years ago, and not revised it in the light of the latest developments of militancy.

I cannot say that Mr. MARTIN HARVEY in his skins recalled very closely any known representation of the faun in antiquity. Mr. FRASER OUTRAM, who piped and danced in Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT'S *Callisto*, came much nearer to the type. But as *Prince Silvani* (the title assumed by the faun) Mr. HARVEY suggested rather effectively the irksomeness of human clothes to a creature of the woods; and many of his movements and poises were in the right faun manner. And it is something to his credit that the air he had of pure joy in living, and making others live, lent a note of innocence to what might otherwise, without intention on the author's part, have been unpleasantly near to animalism.

Of the other actors, Mr. FRED LEWIS bore with great good-nature the reflections passed by the faun on his rotundity. Mr. BASIL HALLAM was a pleasant figure as young *Lord Stonbury*, and went through the preparatory stages of suicide—never a very eligible subject for light handling—with sufficient callousness. But, as no hero ever kills himself in the First Act, we allowed his courage a generous discount.

Miss MADGE FABIAN, who played the ultimate lady of his choice, gave an excellent account of herself as a good fellow with a fine disregard for sentiment; but I was very sorry for her when she was required to confess the latent instincts of sex by swooning in the arms of the first male who kissed her. It was the faun; and, though he assured her later that he had done it vicariously on behalf of the man she loved (who had not been consulted in the matter), still it looked rather bad at the time.

Both Miss MURIEL MARTIN HARVEY and Mr. STAFFORD HILLIARD (as a futurist) threatened at the start to be amusing, but they too became victims of the faun's incurable passion for pairing people off, and degenerated into common romantics.

Up to a point the play was fairly intriguing, for you never quite knew what the faun was going to do next. But, when once we were satisfied about his design (pseudo-renaissance) and examined the material of the fabric, we found it rather unsubstantial. Colour and a gay fantasy showed in some of the decorations; but there were surfaces also of rather dull plaster. Still the freshness of the scheme remains, and I thank Mr. KNOBLAUCH for that. O. S.

"At 102 Buckenham was taken at the wicket, and 10 runs later fell to a catch at silly point."—*Evening Standard*.

Then BUCKENHAM *had* to go back to the pavilion.

A MUCH-NEEDED REFORM.

LUMINOUS LETTERS.

THE revision of our Imperial nomenclature suggested by Mr. HARCOURT, in his speech at the Corona Club on Tuesday the 17th, has elicited a number of interesting letters from various notable and notorious publicists.

Professor Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER, C.V.O., writes: Mr. HARCOURT modestly deprecated the substitution of "Lululand" for "The East African Protectorate." For my part I can see no objection to the change. I should certainly have adopted it in his place.

Captain CRAIG writes: As the renaming of portions of the Empire is now being seriously discussed by the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES, I beg to suggest that the Orange Free State Province might very fittingly be re-christened "Carsonia," to commemorate the efforts of our great leader to free Ulster from the fetters of Home Rule. I have it on the best of authority that in the event of the Government Bill passing into law it is proposed to call Dublin "Devlin," and Belfast, "Patricksford."

The President of the Reading Radical Club writes: The complete exoneration of our gifted representative affords our fellow-townsfolk a splendid opportunity of testifying their appreciation in a concrete fashion. The derivation of "Reading" from the word "red" is well established by the best etymological authorities on place names. What more grateful way of linking town and hero together could be devised than by altering the name of the former to "Rufusville"?

Mr. BERNARD SHAW writes: I cannot see why the principle of shorter names should be confined to places. Take for example the case of Government Departments. What could be more cumbrous than the "Local Government Board" when the "Burns Board" expresses the same thing in one-third the number of syllables? Similarly "Burnsville" is a better because a shorter name than Battersea, and "Burnsland" is a great improvement on that pseudo-classical monstrosity, Nova Scotia. So, again, "Strauss Booth" is a better name than "Handel Booth," not only because it saves a syllable, but because Strauss means an ostrich.

Mr. FALCONER, M.P., writes: No one can study the question of Imperial nomenclature without becoming painfully conscious of its utter inadequacy. For example, we have the Solomon Islands, but so far we have neither the Samuel nor the Isaacs Islands. There are two Georgias—but one is in Transcaucasia and the other in the United States; Lloyd's Neck is a peninsula on Long Island; and Lloyd is a post-village of Jefferson Co., Fla., on the Seaboard Air Line. So, again, the Ural Mountains are not in Scotland or in Crete, but in Russia! And, lastly, there is no Oil City in the British Empire, though there are three in the United States, including one "on the Kickapoo River, 18 miles S.E. of Sparta"—I quote from *Lippincott's Gazetteer*.

Mrs. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, the famous American Suffragist, writes: While this Government is in office why not change the Scilly Islands to the Isles of Man and the Isle of Wight to the Isle of Whitewash?



WAR INCIDENTS.

(Oxford Street zone.)

Over-zealous P.C. (suspicious of concealed hammer). "NOW THEN, NONE OF THAT. MOVE ON, THERE!"

Perfectly Innocent Young Lady. "THEN PERHAPS YOU WILL KINDLY BLOW MY NOSE FOR ME."

"At the top is a finely designed solid silver ribbon with the words, "National Reserve Challenge Shield." The subject is the parting of Hector and Andrew Mache, which symbolises the spirit of the National Reserve. The figures of Hector and Andrew Mache are raised from a silver base, and at the foot is the motto 'For God, King and Country.'"

The Elgin Courant and Courier.

The Mache family was more remarkable than is generally supposed. Not only is there this Scotch hero, Andrew, but Papier Mache did wonders in France.

"This Attractive Residence, standing in grounds of 4 acres, near village church and post. . . . Garden would be left if required."

Advt. in "Bystander."

Personally we always take our own garden with us when travelling.

CELEBRATED TRIALS.

V.—REX *v.* SLATTERY.

Martha Slattery, described as a spinster of no occupation, was brought up on an indictment charging her (1) with having wilfully abstained from setting fire to or otherwise consuming or wiping out one of the statutory Golf Club Pavilions built in pursuance of the provisions of the Act for the Erection of Destructible Edifices; (2) with being an unsuspected person found at large without intention to burn.

Mrs. Knightley, K.C., and Miss Stoker appeared for the Crown. The prisoner was undefended by counsel.

Mrs. Knightley, in opening the case for the Crown, said the prisoner came of a good Irish family, but had for many years been settled in London, where she lived in a small way on an annuity of £150. She spent her time and a part of her income in advocating the cause of homeless dogs and in taking occasional charge of certain nephews and nieces of tender years whose mother had suffered the loss of a leg in a motor-bus accident. Though she had had a good education, having indeed resided for three years at Girton College, where she had secured first-class honours in the Moral Science Tripos, she had never taken any part in the movement for the enfranchisement of women by violence. She had refused to belong to the Flames Club.

Prisoner. I was never asked. They put me up for election without telling me and then pilled me.

Mrs. Justice Catmus. What is "pilling"?

Mrs. Knightley. "Pilling," my Lady, is a process employed by certain clubs and similar associations for declining the company of those whom they consider unworthy.

Her Ladyship. The word is not familiar to me.

Mrs. Knightley. That would be so, my Lady.

The Prisoner. It was like their impudence to pill me when they knew that nothing would induce me to become a member of their silly club.

Her Ladyship warned the prisoner that no good could come of these interruptions, the only effect of which was to damage her case. She (the learned Judge) was prepared to give considerable latitude in view of the prisoner's not having counsel to defend her, but there must be a limit to indulgence, and that limit had now been reached.

Mrs. Knightley, continuing, said the prisoner had had every chance. Many pavilions, country houses, and grand stands had been placed at her disposal, but she had refused to touch any of them, and had accompanied her refusal with contumelious expressions which had seriously offended many of her fellow-women. Her Ladyship would remember that before the passage of the Act there had been formed a benevolent society composed of those who, in the words of JUSTINIAN, "*suffragia sive combustione sive malleis appetunt.*" This society still existed, though with a diminished sphere of usefulness, and its Committee had on more than one occasion remonstrated with the prisoner on her inactivity and lack of loyalty to the fundamental principles of the Cause. It had all been in vain. She might remind the ladies of the jury that under the provisions of the Act two thousand pavilions were built every year, the cost being a first charge on the Consolidated Fund. It was necessary that all these should be duly burnt before the 31st of December of each year, and the combustionists were selected by inspectresses appointed under the Act.

Prisoner. You've got the vote. What do you want to burn things for now?

Mrs. Knightley. The Legislature recognised the high moral value of such burnings and for that reason, as the preamble stated, had decided to perpetuate them and make them part of the normal life of the State.

Police Constable Muttonfist was called by the prosecution. He deposed that when he originally arrested the prisoner she came quietly.

Her Ladyship. Be careful, constable. Are you sure she did not offer to slap your face?

The Witness. No, my lady.

Her Ladyship. Did she not strike you on the chest with her fist?

The Witness. No, nothing of the sort.

Her Ladyship (to the prisoner). You have heard the very serious evidence given against you by the constable. Have you any questions to ask him?

Prisoner (to the witness). If I had slapped you, what would you have done?

The Witness. Lord bless you, I shouldn't have minded. I should have took you just the same.

Her Ladyship. Restrain yourself, witness. Your tone of levity is unbecoming.

The prisoner addressed the Court at great length on her own behalf. She said she quite realised the gravity of breaking the law, but her principles compelled her, and whatever the government might do to her she intended to go on not burning pavilions to the end of her life.

After the Judge had summed up against the prisoner, the jury immediately found her guilty, and she was sentenced to a year's detention in the crater of Vesuvius.

OUR CANDID CRITIC

AT LAST SUNDAY'S CHURCH PARADE.

THE fine weather encouraged a notable display of fashion in the Park on Sunday. Seldom have we seen anything more ridiculous than the figure cut by Lady Southford, who should know by this time that purple doesn't suit her. Mrs. Freischutz called for no particular comment, but her lanky daughter, Baba, should remember her size in shoes before affecting a tight hobble. Colonel Dandrough was hardly less humorous in a tight blue frock coat that would have delighted the heart of GEORGE ROBEY. The Hon. Mrs. Bargess evidently felt the heat, and, had her dressmaker allowed her, would doubtless have patronised a chair. Mrs. Dumbarton Scott was not in good voice, and probably not more than half the people in the Park heard her inform Captain Maddison (whose tie was an insult to the public) that her husband had appendicitis. A ridiculous pug was leading the Countess of Camperdown into all sorts of trouble, and had it taken her right out of the Park it would have shown intelligence as to what is *not* the correct costume for a lady of fifty-five summers. Dear old Lady Titherinton was gambolling among her many friends in a gown of crushed strawberry, while Madame de Bouillon looked especially foolish in a hat that might go far to upset the Entente. There are some necks that make us thankful for the open neck craze. Miss Ponter's is not one of these, and the two Miss Croucher-Brownes should remember that, however shapely theirs may be, Hyde Park at mid-day should not be mistaken either for the Opera House or the Waters of Trouville. Altogether an amusing pageant not without its pathos.

A Boy of the Bulldog Breed.

"In the last two games on the Grange ground, A. S. Nicholson has come to the rescue of the home side. For four innings his average is 2. He has been twice not out."—*Edinburgh Evening Despatch.*

Another Higher Critic.

"An interesting and impressive sermon was delivered by the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, D.D. His text was taken from the 15th chapter of Corinthians, and the 32nd, 33rd, and 34th verses. He dealt with it in his own inimical way."—*North Herts Mail.*

HISTORICAL TABLEAUX.

(A feature we miss at the Imperial Services Exhibition.)



THE LATEST CONFERENCE AT THE WAR OFFICE TO DISCUSS THE QUESTION OF OFFICERS' PAY.



AUTHORITIES FROM THE WAR OFFICE IN THE ACT OF REALIZING THAT AEROPLANES CAN FLY.





HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

FOLLOW NOTABLE PEOPLE ABOUT AT PUBLIC FUNCTIONS (ASCOT, FOR INSTANCE) AND, AS THEY ARRIVE WITHIN RANGE OF THE SNAP-SHOOTER, ADROITLY CONTRIVE TO BE IN THE PICTURE, SO AS TO APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPERS UNDER THE HEADING, "THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DUMPSHIRE *AND FRIEND!*"

A TEMPLE FLOWER-SHOW.

NOT to go to the Temple Gardens on one of these summer evenings to see the Temple Flower Show is to miss a feature of the London season. Even though you dress in your best and fill your pockets with gold, you will not find it easy to get inside the gardens; the fuller your purse and the more glorious your raiment, the greater will be your difficulty in gaining admission. The Benchers have in effect ruled that unless you are something under five feet tall, with clothes whose glory has departed from them, and with nothing in your pockets but bits of string, cigarette pictures, portions of knives and pencils, tin boxes, odd buttons and treasures of that kind, you must stay without. But you can see through, and the whole show is visible to anybody who does not mind keeping his nose close against the railings.

Most of the flowers are wild. A splendid crop of scarlet runners is on view. One evening last week, I saw one of them hit a four perilously near to a K.C.'s window, and he ran them out as if a policeman were behind him. You will see climbers in great variety; it is one porter's work to keep them from going up the bank after the fuchsias and geraniums. I caught sight of a very pretty little creeping Jenny taking cover behind a big tree on her way "home," while her pursuer sought her in an altogether wrong direction; and all this, remember, within sight and sound of the L. C. C. trams.

"Rowsie, come 'ere, you norty girl, 'relse the gentleman 'll 'ave you," called a mother's help to her charge; and thus I learned that one of the most fascinating exhibits was a rose. Ladies' slippers were not so plentiful as might have been expected, the reason being that to run barefoot upon the grass is the pleasantest way. But away from the groups, in a corner by herself, surrounded, no doubt, by fairies which she alone could see, there was a little pink columbine, or my eyes deceived me!

Most of them are wild flowers, as I have said. There are a few of the more delicate kind, a little sickly-looking, wanting care; but the more they appear in this Temple show the wilder they will become.

A little before seven o'clock is a good time to walk from Fleet Street through the Temple to see the show; do not make it much later for fear that bedding-out time should come and cut you off from your enjoyment of the flowers.

"A lady's gold watch, between Drostdy Arch and Training College. Finder will be rewarded by returning same to the *Penny Mail* office."
Grocott's Penny Mail (Grahamstown).

Not sufficient reward for us.

THE RUNNER-UP;
OR, THE RIGHT WAY TO TAKE IT.

SHE moved to music up the aisle;
He tried to weep and had to smile.

He stooped and touched her bridal train,
Yet in his heart he felt no pain.

He heard her promise to obey
And knew 'twould be the other way,

And clasped his hands in silent prayer
For poor Augustus standing there.

Her heavy father's heavier wit
He bore as if he relished it,

And drinking deep of doubtful fizz
(At subsequent festivities)

He thought: "This courage in defeat
May seem inhuman; it is meet

That I should suffer for her sake
Some more or less authentic ache—
'*Two* slices, please, of wedding-cake!'"

"Piano for sale; would suit beginner; also handy D. B. Hammerless Gun."
Belfast Evening Telegraph.

The latter for the beginner's audience.

"Nothing but Praise. Our 4-course 1s. dinner. Grotto Café."
Manchester Guardian.

A too unsubstantial meal.



ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS.

[With *Mr. Punch's* respectful welcome to the PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 16.—The MEMBER FOR SARK, whose sympathies are as wide as his views are impartial, is elate at new turn of Opposition campaign. Never since Parliamentary history was written has a belated Opposition, weakened by internal dissension, had such stroke of luck as beneficent Fortune cast in its way in connection with Marconi business. Their management of unexpected opportunity was equal to its unexampled greatness. By skilful nursing, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand grew to a magnitude that bleakly overshadowed a Ministry which, achieving the GERMAN EMPEROR'S desire for his country, had long kept its place in the sun.

But, as SARK shrewdly points out, "We can't go on for ever or even for rest of session harping on one string. In forthcoming debate the Marconi affair will reach its climax. To persist in trotting it out would have effect of spoiling excellent game. The West End draper having by dint of bold advertisement done a fine thing in Spring goods doesn't continue to exhibit them through June and July. He has a clearance sale, and with necessary but slight alteration in text of advertisement brings out his Summer goods. Politicians not behind West End drapers in business aptitude. Marconi played out. Very well. Play in something else.

"And they 've got it. It 's oil—



A shaft from ARCHER-SHEE.

alleged fraudulent dealing in contracts for supply of oil for British Navy. That, as LATIMER remarked in quite another connection, may be counted upon to light a candle in England that will burn up anything left of Ministry after devastating result of what may be called Marconigrams."

During past ten days been rumbling fire indicative of attack on Government from this direction. To-night ARCHER-SHEE makes determined reconnaissance. Invites PRIME MINISTER to appoint Committee to examine books of stock-broker who took advantage of native simplicity of Master of ELIBANK "with view of ascertaining whether investments of Party Funds had been made in shares of Mexican Eagle Oil Company." Gallant Major explained that he was concerned by fact that this Company "had had and was now in contractual relations with HIS MAJESTY'S Government."

PREMIER gave one of the short but



The HOME SECRETARY moves the Second Reading.

circumstantial answers that don't always turn away intelligent curiosity.

"There is," he said, "no foundation for story of investment of Party funds. There has not been," he added, "and is not now any contract between the Government and the Mexican Eagle Oil Company."

In ordinary business assembly that would seem to knock the bottom out of newly projected enterprise.

"HERBERT H.," says SARK, "is much simpler than he looks if he thinks he has even temporarily checked the new hunt."

Business done.—Second reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill moved by HOME SECRETARY.

Tuesday.—"Mr. GLADSTONE!"

House half-startled to hear again echoing through the chamber name familiar in it for more than a generation. It was the SPEAKER calling upon Member for Kilmarnock to follow PREMIER in debate on Second Reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill.

In response there rose from bench at



A FRIEND OF COMPROMISE.
(Mr. W. G. GLADSTONE.)

his right hand a tall figure. It bore no personal resemblance to the illustrious statesman asleep in Westminster Abbey these fifteen years. Nor was there anything recognisable in the tone of voice or manner of speech. The latter unillumined by any spark of fire of eloquence that glowed round the orations of his grandsire, especially when there was a Church to be disestablished and disendowed. The House, fairly full, listened attentively to a modestly planned, quietly phrased, well reasoned speech, which obviously carried with it the weight of sincerity and honest conviction.



THE MINORITY REPORT.
(Lord ROBERT CECIL.)

Opponents of Bill had hoped much from the prospect, at one time promising, of having a GLADSTONE on their side. When it was introduced last session Member for Kilmarnock caused

surprise and mortification in Ministerial camp by frank criticism. He regarded the measure as too relentless in its destructive provisions. Something like a Cave was then formed. If its inmates were still active and would go the length of voting against Second Reading Ministerial majority would suffer useful set-back.

GLADSTONE speedily undeceived them. The compromise he and his friends suggested last year had been rendered impossible.

"The attitude of those representing the Church on the other side of the House," he said, "has been one of taking everything and giving nothing. As friends of compromise we are bound to do what we can against the Party most opposed to compromise."

So the Cave crumbled in, and the Moderates going into Division Lobby with the Government kept their majority up to ninety-nine—"99 in the shade" of the Marconi muddle.

Business done.—Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill read a second time.

Thursday.—After two nights' debate House, by majority of 78, having heard statements made by ATTORNEY-GENERAL and CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER in reference to purchase of shares in American Marconi Company, "accepts their expressions of regret that such purchases were made and that they were not mentioned in the debate on October 11 last, acquits them of acting otherwise than in good faith, and reprobates the charges of corruption brought against Ministers, which have been proved to be wholly false."

Strategic move indicated by this resolution started yesterday, when BUCKMASTER, following LORD BOB, still implacable in hostile criticism, moved amendment to resolution submitted by GEORGE CAVE on behalf of Opposition. Exultant shout went up from crowded Ministerial benches. It meant deliverance from grave dilemma. Opposition resolution cleverly couched in form designed to net Ministerial bird. As far as it went it probably broadly represented general opinion. Whilst regretting the Stock Exchange transactions of ATTORNEY-GENERAL and CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER it lamented "lack of frankness in their communications to the House."

Difficult for Liberals to plump a negative against declaration thus moderately set forth. But Parliamentary strategy is a game at which two can play. CAVE's card, at first sight bound to win the trick, was trumped by RYLAND ADKINS's with above result.

BONNER LAW's good generalship in selection of ground of attack followed up by admirable choice of Captain to lead it. GEORGE CAVE, a name not familiar to readers of Parliamentary reports, is one of most precious assets of Opposition in the Commons. Certain to obtain high office in next Unionist Ministry whenever, by whomsoever, formed. His speech justified his reputation for lucid argument presented in judicial form and manner.



THE *AMENDE*.

(Sir RUFUS ISAACS and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.)

Excellent effect partly nullified by HELMSLEY's performance in seconding motion. Whilst audience, thronged from floor to topmost bench of Strangers' Gallery, waited for the accused to offer their defence, the virulent VISCOUNT, with assistance of portentous bundles of manuscript, stumbled along for three-quarters of an hour saying nothing with wearisome iteration of phrases.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL's speech, when at length he found opportunity to make it, was set in a minor key. For one who, as he said in an eloquent passage, had for a period of eight months daily lived among his fellow-men "conscious of the pointed fore-finger" his manner was a little mild. LLOYD GEORGE, following, whilst equally submissive and regretful in acknowledgment of mistakes made, was in more militant mood.

In opening sentence it seemed as if he proposed to carry the war into the enemy's country. Confession of desire to "examine the traditions of the past with reference to the private connection of Ministers of the Crown with trading companies holding contractual relations with the Government" seemed naturally to prelude citation of leading case set forth in *Hansard*, reporting debate on Address in session of 1903. There it was alleged, and not contradicted, that of Government of the day thirty-three Members, including eighteen Cabinet Ministers, held between them sixty-eight directorships.

On reflection the CHANCELLOR sheared off, content to remain on the defensive.

To-day manœuvring for a place takes fresh turn. It was PRINCE ARTHUR who, in emergency re-asserting his natural place as Leader of Opposition, showed the way. In speech equal to highest effort of former days he suggested that a form of words should be adopted permitting unanimous acceptance. PREMIER eagerly held out hand to seize the olive branch extended across the table. There were consultations on Treasury Bench and in his private room. New amendment finally drafted, but, since it did not express regret of the House at conduct of Ministers inculpated, BONNER LAW would have none of it.

Accordingly, amid scene of intense excitement, House divided; Resolution quoted above was carried and will be entered on Journals of House.

Business done.—Marconi Committee's.

A "Circle" Train.

"A special train carrying police and newspaper reporters was rushed to the spot, and approaching the robbers quietly in the long grass, surrounded them."

Daily News and Leader.

"Referring to the purchase of American shares by Ministers, Lord Robert Cecil's daft report says:—"—*Yorkshire Post.*

And a Tory paper too!

"GUARDS PETROL
ASCOT COURSE."

Evening Telegraph and Post.

What is the Guards' grievance?

"Since the opening in 1898 of the Deptford baths and washhouses it has not been necessary to purchase a fresh supply of towels."

Evening News.

This sounds bad for Deptford.



HARD TO PLEASE.

Local Busybody (as new residents pass). "AWFUL PEOPLE, MY DEAR. THE MOTHER! SO DREADFULLY *LOUD*. I'M QUITE SURE SHE ISN'T A NICE SORT OF PERSON; AND AS FOR THE DAUGHTER——"

Vicar's Wife. "WELL, SHE LOOKS A NICE QUIET LITTLE THING."

Busybody. "MY *DEAR*, THAT'S JUST IT. I *DETEST* THOSE QUIET PEOPLE. STILL WATERS RUN DEEP, YOU KNOW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SUPPOSE the Novel with a Purpose to be infinitely the most difficult of any form of fiction to bring to a successful issue. It is so hard to mould a piece of special pleading into the shape of art. One remembers, for example, that unhappy work, *Danesbury House*, a story in which character and plot are alike submerged beneath a flood of alcohol. Mrs. FRANCIS BLUNDELL has been more fortunate. Her *Story of Mary Dunne* (MURRAY) never makes the mistake of sacrificing probability to purpose; and the result is a tale all the more moving for its careful simplicity. Much of what the writer wished to bring about, in the way of punishment for the scoundrels whose victims are the *Mary Dunnes* of real life, has already been done by recent legislation; but the work is by no means over. I have spoken of the book as designedly simple; its action is confined almost entirely to three characters, *Mary Dunne* herself, her peasant-lover *Mat*, and old *Father Delaney*, the parish priest, whose simple credulity in obtaining for his *protégée* a situation in England and handing over the girl to a plausible stranger is the innocent cause of her tragedy. Even Mrs. BLUNDELL has written no more poignant scenes than that in which poor *Father Delaney* tries (and fails) to tell the story of *Mary's* fate to her uncomprehending mother. I felt when reading it an emotion of reverence for the writer who has placed such gifts at the service of a noble cause; it is a contribution that can hardly fail of its effect.

Before I read Dr. FITCHETT's story of Australia in the making, *The New World of the South* (SMITH, ELDER), I was, whether I knew it or not, at the mercy of any enquiring child who cared to cross-examine me on the subject. Had one of these dread searchers after truth asked me how, why, or even when, we managed to attach a continent to our Empire, I should have resorted to a subterfuge and referred him back to his school-boy stories of the bush, advising him that in this instance the truth was duller than fiction. As usual in such cases I should have been hopelessly inaccurate; for the story of Major JOHNSTON alone, a man who crushed one insurrection in 1804 and carried out another on his own account in 1808, leaves the average fictitious hero standing, and the tales the learned author has to tell of the actual careers of the bushrangers are quite as startling as anything that has been imagined of them. I approached the work with some reluctance, as being confessedly historical and matter of fact; but in supposing that I had something to contend with I reckoned without Dr. FITCHETT. He has done all the contending, to produce ultimately a book of the size and price of a novel and also as easily read and digested. The dates and the statistics are there, but are kept well in control. If it is an Englishman's duty to his Empire to get to know it

thoroughly, and his duty to himself to do so in the most comfortable way, here is the opportunity to begin or, as the case may be, to finish.

Having myself a nice taste in short stories, I was especially glad to welcome so choice a collection of them as this that Mr. FRANK HARRIS has made under the title of *Unpath'd Waters* (LANE). The author has long been known as among the very few English masters of this medium, and you will not have read one of the present series without becoming happily aware that his hand has not lost its cunning. There is a fine variety of styles and subjects, but in each the same sense of distinction. Probably only the reticence of its treatment saves the first, "The Miracle of the Stigmata," from the risk of giving offence; granted the situation, it is handled with exquisite tact and delicacy. I have, however, a personal preference for the stories in which Mr. HARRIS can give free play to his somewhat caustic humour. Perhaps the best of these is "An English Saint," in which the progress of a good-looking fool, *Gerald Lawrence*, from being a nonentity at Harrow and Lincoln (under the mastership of *Luke Rattison*) to a position of fame and emolument in the Anglican Church, is traced with an irony none the less effective for its restraint. In one particular, it may be noticed, Mr. HARRIS displays a startling lack of this virtue. His employment of real names and easily recognised personalities is almost imperial in its disregard for convention. But, of course, this only adds to the fun. There are plenty of good things in the book, selected, as the catalogues say, to suit all tastes; I can only hope that there may be many more from the same factory.



Globe-trotter (from U.S.A., doing Europe). "SAY, WILLIE, WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS BLAMED COUNTRY?"

In one respect, at any rate, *The Law-Bringers* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is not short measure, for it is nearly four hundred pages in length, and has about fifty lines on a page. Mr. G. B. LANCASTER is also lavish of hyphens; from curiosity I counted the crop on page 23 until I came to "fine-tooth-combs" and did not know whether it ought to be recorded as a single or as a brace. The book is concerned with the lives of the Royal North-West Mounted Police of Canada, and so plentiful are the dangers through which the two heroes have to pass that it is greatly to the author's credit to have preserved them to the end. Relief, however, from the prevailing atmosphere of jeopardy is provided in the contrast between the characters of *Tempest* and *Heriot*; indeed, I cannot help thinking that Mr. LANCASTER is most in his element as a psychologist. *Tempest*, with his terrific love for Canada, is a most admirable study, and attracted me more by the workings of his mind than by his feats of physical endurance. Nevertheless, we are given so many hairbreadth escapes that readers who like their heroes to exercise themselves solely between the frying-pan and the fire must not be alarmed by my advertisement of Mr. LANCASTER'S analytical gifts.

Family spectres may always look to me for a cheery welcome, and when I found that a brown dog was in the habit of appearing to the *Holts* at disastrous crises in their lives I settled down to an earnest perusal of Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE'S *The Strength of the Hills* (STANLEY PAUL), for which, on the whole, I think I may say the merits of the story rewarded me. There are dull patches in the book, but not so many as to cause a reader to regret having allowed himself to make the trip to Yorkshire, personally conducted by Mr. SUTCLIFFE, who by this time has established as clear a title to the Haworth Moorland as the *Holts* had to Eller Beck Mead. *The Strength of the Hills* is the old, but always readable, story of the sport-loving son who turns his back on sport and goes to work at an uncongenial but profitable task in order to wipe off a debt of honour bequeathed to him by his dead father. When *Squire Holt*, having duly seen the brown dog, passed from this world, his son *Roger*, though not knowing shalloons from plainbacks, which, as I need scarcely tell you, is like not knowing tummits from oats, built a mill on Eller Beck Mead, and did so uncommonly well out of the shalloons that the debt of honour was paid off almost before he knew where he was. And, after all, for a young man of *Roger's* militant nature, there are worse lives. At any moment rioters may come and besiege your mill and have to be dispersed with guns. The description of the siege of Eller Beck mill was too brief for my taste. It is one of the best things in the book, and I should have liked to linger over it.

I think that Miss GREENWOOD, when she surveyed her study of *Horace Walpole's World* (BELL), suspected some inadequacy in her treatment, for she has given her book the alternative title of *A Sketch of Whig Society under George III.*; but even as a "sketch" her book is hardly justified. She has written certain amusing and well-informed essays on such subjects as "The Ministers of George III.," "Society in France," "Horry's Duchesses," and then clamped them together between two handsome blue covers. These essays, however, obstinately refuse to catch either the master of Strawberry Hill or his world. To anyone who knows nothing of this period very little solid ground is here to be obtained, whilst for anyone who knows a good deal there is no fresh discovery nor novel interpretation. I fancy that Miss GREENWOOD has been worried by the brilliance, the shining humour and vitality of the famous Letters and has found so much that is entertaining that she has been bewildered and has lost the central theme that would have welded her sketches together. Her pages are never dull, but they have not, at the end, quite justified their existence. "HORRY" has, I think, eluded her, and, smiling, has remained always just outside her vision. A word of praise must be given to the excellent illustrations. I like especially the frontispiece, which shows us the subject of the book more truthfully and with a finer gaiety than all Miss GREENWOOD'S pages.



MARCONI ECHOES.

IT was Henley, and the luncheon-interval drew drowsily to a close.

On the flowery deck of a houseboat, side by side—indeed they had paired for the day—sat two of our statesmen, full of meat and drink, and in a state of content which had dulled the last lingering doubt as to whether the Legislature would be able to carry on without them.

"I wish," said the Radical, fanning himself with a copy of the anti-gambling *Daily News*,—"I wish I could get someone to give me decent odds against New College for the Grand."

"My dear fellow," said the Tory, "nobody bets at Henley. It is one of the few purely sporting meetings left to this nation of sportsmen. You must have been reading the Majority Report of the Marconi Committee. It's all for gambling among politicians. In future any Minister has only got to say that he's been having a flutter on the Stock Exchange and he becomes entitled to a bucket of FALCONER'S best."

"I don't see why Ministers shouldn't gamble if they want to. What have their private affairs to do with their public duties?"

"Well, we pay some of them £5,000 a year not to."

"No, we don't. We pay them salaries for the work they do. You'll tell me next that a Minister mustn't marry because marriage is notoriously a lottery."

"But you wouldn't have approved if HALDANE, say, when he was at the War Office, had married the daughter of an Army Contractor, would you?"

"No; but then I couldn't have endured to see him marry anybody. To me, he is the perfect type of celibacy—a lesson to us all!"

"But seriously—we'll grant that your speculating friends in the Cabinet meant no harm, but mightn't they have been a little more frank about it all?"

"But they *were* frank. They admitted their mistake when they saw what a mess it had got them into. But at the time—on October 11th—they naturally wanted to avoid the very *appearance* of evil. Appearances, as you know, are so deceptive."

"I noticed, by the way," said the Tory, "that, though these Members confessed a sort of regret for their errors,

it was given out that, if a majority of the House expressed itself as sharing that regret, they were prepared to resign. How do you explain that?"

"Oh, a very natural and pardonable vanity. They wouldn't care to have their own original views appropriated by a lot of other people. Besides, when I cry *Peccavi*, I don't want you to answer, 'So you have; I thoroughly agree with you.' On the contrary, I expect you to say, 'Not at all, my dear fellow, not at all.'"

"Which is practically what the majority of the House *did* say. However, that chapter is closed as far as Parliamentary verdicts go. But I will just add this parting thrust. When the rest of the scandal has blown over, LLOYD GEORGE ought still to find his position rather embarrassing. I don't care whether he gambles in American Marconis or Sumatra Rubber; the point is that you can't preach from pulpits about the horrors of unearned increment after you've been doing a deal in speculative stock yourself. Unless, of course, he wants to illustrate his discourses with an awful example in his own person."

"But why," asked the Radical, "should you insist on his practising what he preaches? Give me a man of principles, I say, who knows how to lay down the law; and anybody else can carry it out. I never confuse the legislative with the executive function. I agree with BROWNING'S *Ogniben*, who had seen three-and-twenty leaders of revolt. 'Ever judge of men,' he says, 'by their professions and not by their performance; which is half the world's work, interfere as the world needs must, with its accidents and circumstances; the profession was purely the man's own.' No, I have no fears for LLOYD GEORGE'S future. Besides, he wasn't speculating at all; he was investing for keeps. He said so."

"If he meant it for a permanent investment," said the Tory, "he sold out rather soon—a couple of days or so later, wasn't it? But take him at his word and say that he intended this speculative stock to be a source of steady income for himself and family—then, in that case, I find him a shade too guileless. A man who claims to be such a child in business matters is far too beautifully innocent for a Chancellor of the Exchequer who has to conduct the financial affairs of the nation. Hullo! Who's the ancient Pierrot in the punt?"

The Radical turned and saw a strange figure: obviously a sage, by his air of philosophical detachment that contrasted curiously with the gay trappings of masquerade.

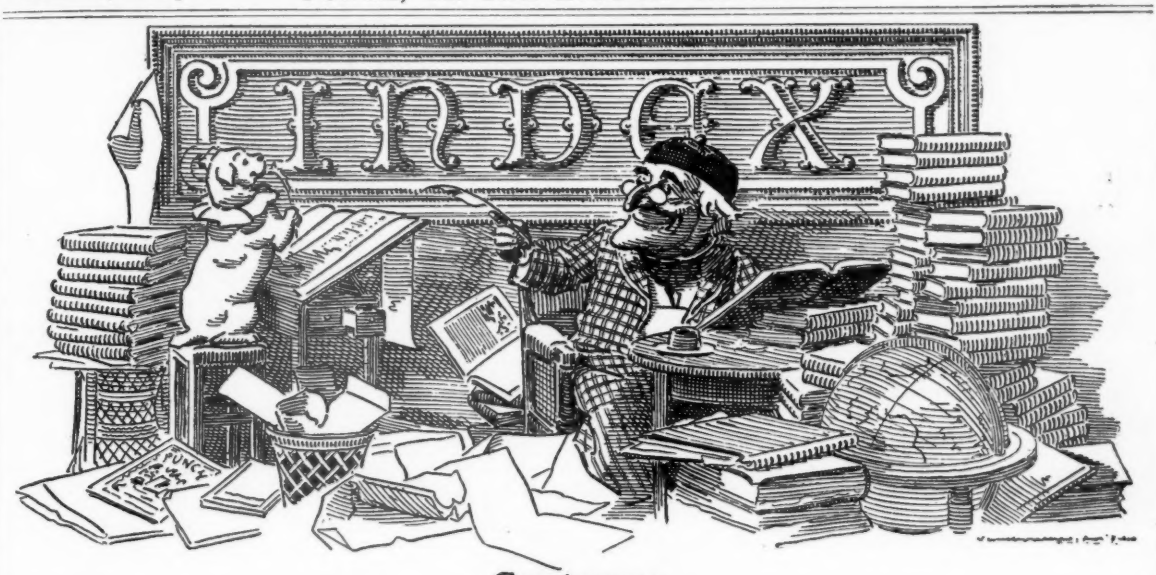
Conscious that he was the object of remark the Pierrot rose and addressed them.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, "if I have involuntarily overheard your conversation. I will not intrude upon your political differences, for in these matters I make a point of preserving a nice impartiality. But you were comparing speculation with investment, and here I have strong views of my own. I am in a position to recommend to you something which is at once a sound investment producing high interest and also a speculative venture promising a sharp rise in value. Permit me—"

Thereupon *Mr. Punch* (for his identity now shone very luminously through his disguise) exhibited, amid a murmur of applause from the surrounding pleasure-craft, his

One Hundred and Forty-Fourth Volume."





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